

HAROLD CHENEY, A Nephew of Miss Madora Knox of Grand Forks, may be said to have invented the job of aeronautical test engineer. At the age of 27 he is working at that job for a large airplane manufacturing concern in California, and is making good at it. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Glair Cheney who were residents of Grand Forks some years ago, and Harold attended high school both in Grand Forks and in Crookston. His parents live in San Antonio, Texas, where his father, who became famous as a barnstormer in earlier days, pilots planes for an aerial survey concern.

HAROLD GRADUATED IN 1936 from the University of Cincinnati. After spending that summer in an R. O. T. C. camp, he went to California to look for a job. Ten days later he was on the payroll of the company by which he is now employed. That sounds easy. But there is more to it. During his first two years at Cincinnati he majored in mechanical engineering. The next three years were spent in aeronautical engineering. In that department the student studies for a month in classes and spends the next month at a regular job in an established business, his pay being about 50 cents an hour. In the latter work he did everything from ordinary repair jobs to drafting and minor engineering work, and after three years of that grind, alternating month by month, he was ready to look for a job. His degree, which he says is essential, and his experience, helped him to get a job. His dependability and resourcefulness have enabled him to hold it and to develop it into a responsible position at the head of an entirely new department.

THE MAGAZINE "POPULAR Aviation" devotes four pages of text and pictures to the story of Harold's career. His position is that of test engineer. Until young Cheney's advent all the aerial testing of planes was done by the test pilot. But on a test flight the pilot is busy putting the plane through its paces, and it is impossible for him to make an accurate and detailed study of the reactions of the various parts to the stresses applied to them. Cheney developed the plan of having a trained observer accompany the pilot and report on the behavior of each detail of construction and design. Thus was born the position of test engineer, a man who works both on the ground and in the air, who must have a college degree as evidence of thorough training, and who must be equipped with a large fund of practical experience in order that he may deal certainly and promptly with facts outside the realm of books and classes.

POPULAR AVIATION SAYS of Harold Cheney that he was born at Packard, Ia., and that a younger brother is a naval aviation cadet at Pensacola, Fla. Harold made his first flight at the age of eight in a post-war barnstorming Jenny. His father was at the controls and held Harold on his lap. Harold designed his first airplane of two old boards while his father was flying World' war planes back in 1918. His life thus far has been such a busy one that he hasn't had time to get married.

FRAGMENTARY RETURNS from the primary election indicate that a surprisingly small number of ballots were spoiled by the voters jumping from one political column to another. Information that this practice would invalidate ballots seems to have been quite generally absorbed. There can be no sound objection to bona fide switching of parties. The trouble is that where switching is rendered easy and secret, it is possible for the voter to contribute to the nomination of undesirable candidates on the opposition ticket for the specific purpose of defeating them in the general election.

I WONDER IF ANY VOTER in the recent primary followed the plan which one woman voter is said to have followed at the time of the city election. Friends of all the candidates for alderman in her ward solicited her vote, and obligingly, she promised to vote for them all. And at the polls she kept her promise to the letter, putting a cross after the name of each of the several candidates and thus nullifying her vote.

WRITING FROM VOSS, N. D., W. V. Houdek furnishes this information about a summer frost:

"In your column, 'That Reminds Me' you say that not very long ago we had a frost every month of the year. That is just 25 years ago, 1915. I lived at Conway at that time and played with the Conway band. Jack McDonald was band leader, and on July 3 we played at Michigan City, now Michigan. After the dance, about 2 A.M. we started for home, and about 3 A.M. we reached Fordville where one of our boys worked in the bank and we had to wait for him to change his clothes as we were to play again at 10 A.M. at a Grafton celebration.

"WHILE WAITING AT Fordville some of the boys amused themselves by writing in the white frost on the walks. Fordville being in the valley was hit harder than on the higher levels. Some of the garden stuff was damaged, as well as field corn. The wheat, though black after the frost, came back all the stronger and we had a better wheat crop in 1915 than we have had since, at least in the Red river valley. I can't remember having frost every month in the year to amount to anything since that."

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE year 1915 that I had in mind when I mentioned frost having occurred every month in one year. Of course frosts in early June and late August are not unusual, but a July frost in this territory is a rarity. Thanks to Mr. Houdek for his information.

PRESS DISPATCHES A FEW days ago carried information of the death of Lady Conan Doyle, widow of the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his wife were firm believers, not only in the persistence of conscious human life after death, but in the possibility of communication between the two planes of existence. Conan Doyle's son by a former marriage was killed in the great war of 1914-18, and the father was convinced that from time to time he received intelligible messages from his dead son. Like Sir Oliver Lodge, an eminent scientist, he devoted much of his time during his later years to research in the field of the occult and mysterious.

BEFORE HIS DEATH SIR Oliver promised his wife that if possible he would communicate with her from the spirit world. Through mediums Lady Doyle received messages which she believed came from her husband. Later, she was convinced, such communications came to her from him direct.

BELIEF IN THE Possibility of such communications from the dead is rejected by many as being contrary to the teaching of scripture. Nevertheless it is accepted by many others who are profoundly religious. Most men of science are skeptical on the subject, but from the scientific standpoint thus far about the best that can be done is to render a verdict of "not proven." Believers in what is known as spiritism will object to that, for they can point to experiences in which the possibility of inter-world communication has been proven to their complete satisfaction.

STUDY OF THE SUBJECT has been complicated by the fact that fraud and deception have entered so largely into the demonstrations which have been given or attempted. It has been shown beyond question that many of those who have believed themselves to be the recipients of spirit messages have been the victims of fakers who prepared carefully stage-managed tricks, usually for commercial purposes. In other cases, where fraud was out of the question, there has been the possibility, and usually the strong probability of self-deception.

EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED under conditions intended to remove the possibility of deception, fraudulent or otherwise, have not been convincing. Almost always there has been some loophole through which error might creep in. Houdini, the famous magician, kept standing an offer of several thousand dollars for the presentation of any spirit manifestation which he could not duplicate by natural means, and so far as I know his offer was never accepted. The preponderance of evidence thus far supports the belief that all alleged spirit messages are the result of fraud, coincidence or wishful thinking. And it is rather significant that while we have been told of many messages from persons distinguished in many walks of life, there is no record of a message from one of the departed which was not trivial and almost meaningless. If those communications are genuine, great minds have shrunk badly in the other world.

FOR MANY YEARS THE Fourth of July was observed in all but the larger cities with exercises which followed closely a single pattern. There were variations in detail, but the general scheme was the same. The day's program included a parade which led the local population to the park, if there was one and the weather was fine, patriotic exercises which always included the reading of the Declaration of Independence and an address by an orator famed for making the eagle scream. The rest of the day was given up to sports, and a picnic dinner or supper was always one of the main events.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE communities in which that sort of program is still followed, but gradually the larger towns have omitted the formal Fourth of July celebration. In the early days the day was observed in the standard manner in Grand Forks, and as the trend turned more and more toward the practice of leaving such celebrations to the smaller places, heroic efforts were made to continue the old-fashioned celebrations here. But the movement was too strongly in the other direction, and for years Grand Forks has had no regular celebration. This is true of most other cities of about this size.

THE AUTOMOBILE IS responsible for much of this change and the change has extended to the smaller communities. Before the days of the automobile a journey of 20 miles, unless by rail, was quite an event. To go farther than to the county seat for a single holiday was a rare experience. Now the farmer can drive 100 miles to whatever place interests him to spend the day fishing, loafing or visiting with friends, and be back home in plenty of time to do the evening chores.

I ENJOYED THE PICTURE "Lillian Russell"—quite a lot of it. It brought back scenes and persons of many years ago. It revived memories of the old vaudeville days and of the days when people went to the theater in carriages drawn by horses. There was some good acting, and I couldn't detect a flaw in the costumes. The scenic effects were superb. In that field the motion picture is supreme. Before its advent stage managers often produced effects which were dazzling and which seemed impossible, but the most elaborate productions of those days were insignificant compared with what is now possible on the screen.

THERE WAS INCONGRUITY, however, in making Lillian Russell in her palmy days the central figure of stage scenes which could not even have been approached in her time. However, it made a beautiful picture, and from that standpoint it was excellent.

BUT THE THING THAT IS difficult for me to understand is why, in the production of a play which purports to reproduce the scenes and manners of half a century or more ago, there should be introduced music of a type that did not originate until a full generation later. Running through this play, most of whose scenes were dated in the late seventies, people played and sang "blues" numbers, and in the modern "blue" manner when that type of music and that sort of rendition were never even imagined when Lillian Russell was in her prime.

IN THE PLAY THE YOUNG lady who impersonates Lillian sings "After the Ball." That is quite appropriate. I suppose Lillian herself sang that song, for it was one of the popular songs of her time. But Lillian never sang it as it is sung for the screen. Those moaning crooning effects had not been invented in Lillian's time. I should be quite satisfied if they had never been invented, but a lot of other people seem to like them, and I don't have to listen to them very much or very often. But the irritating thing is that crooning and blue blazes should be lugged into a play dated 50 years ago. That is as much out of place as it would be to represent Caesar conquering Gaul with a flock of airplanes.

WHILE THE FOURTH IS over, the bombardment may be expected to continue for some time. Historically there is no reason why it shouldn't, for the day we celebrate was chosen from among a number of others, any one of which might quite reasonably have been chosen as Independence day. The declaration framed by Jefferson was formally adopted by the Continental Congress on July 4, but two days earlier the congress had adopted a declaration of independence which, while shorter than that prepared by Jefferson, was fully as specific. The text of that resolution follows:

"Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign Alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

JOHN ADAMS WAS SO firmly convinced that July 2 would be the national Independence Day that he wrote, in part, in a letter to his wife:

"The Second of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games and sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means. And that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions, even although we should rue it, which I trust God we shall not."

THE LEE RESOLUTION was moved and seconded on June 7, and the consideration of it was postponed until the next day when it was debated in committee of the whole, but no action was taken. The resolution was reconsidered Monday, June 10. On that day the committee of the whole resumed its debate and at its conclusion submitted to the Congress the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the consideration of the first resolution be postponed to this day, three weeks, and in the meanwhile that no time be lost, in case the Congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the first of said resolutions, which is in these words: 'that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connections between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'"

The next day there was appointed a "committee of five" to draft a proposed declaration based on this resolution, under the chairmanship of Thomas Jefferson. John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston completed the committee. Seventeen days later, on June 28, this committee submitted a draft of what has come to be known as the Declaration of Independence. It was then read and tabled.

The Congress, on Monday, July 1, once again considered the original Lee proposal and, after a debate of the committee of the whole, postponed action for a day. This resolution mentioned in John Adams' letter was the conception of the Declaration, which was later announced to the world in the form of the famous Declaration of Independence. The Congress adopted the Lee resolution the next day, July 2, by a vote of 12 states. Ten States voted unanimously; New York did not vote; Pennsylvania and Delaware cast divided ballots (three votes in the negative).

THE FORMAL Declaration of Independence, reported by the "committee of five" under Thomas Jefferson on June 28, was then considered by the committee of the whole on July 3 and again on July 4, when it was decisively adopted. Contrary to general opinion, the signatures were not affixed on the 4th as most of the delegates signed it by August 2. Fifteen signatures were added later in the year.

The people of Philadelphia on the following Monday, July 8, were the first to celebrate the adoption of the Declaration by a mass meeting in Independence Square. On July 9, the Declaration was promulgated to the army in general orders by General Washington.

THERE IS NO RECORD OF how the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence came to be celebrated, but a year later, on July 2, 1777, it occurred to someone in Philadelphia to arrange for a celebration dinner and Congress adjourned on that day. John Adams, who seemed to be a prolific historian of current events of his day, writing to his young daughter, described the scene that took place in Philadelphia. Great bonfires were lit in the streets and fireworks were set off in the evening, while bells tolled all day long and in the river warships were dressed with flags and at one o'clock companies of men were drawn up on the decks. Mr. Adams accompanied by the President of the Council and other gentlemen went aboard the "Delaware" and were greeted by a salute of 13, guns from each ship in succession, with music furnished by "a band of Hessians taken at Trenton."

The initiative action of July 2nd was in later years to be quite forgotten in favor of celebrating the 4th, the actual day on which the Declaration of Independence was approved and published to the world. The celebration of the Fourth of July thus became permanently stabilized and gradually spread through the country as new States and Territories were added throughout the Union, until at the present time it is a holiday in every State and Territory.

IN A PREVIOUS COLUMN I mentioned the incongruity of introducing modernistic music and manner of singing into a play featuring the early life of Lillian Russell. The introduction of the modern type bicycle into some of the early scenes of that play also struck me as inconsistent with the facts, though I could not be quite certain, for I had not in mind either the exact date of the play or that of the introduction of the modern "safety" bicycle which is now used everywhere.

I FIND, HOWEVER, THAT Lillian Russell began her professional stage career in 1877. One scene in the play is of the street in front of Tony Pastor's theater, where the girl from Iowa was about to make her first regular stage appearance. The street was shown crowded with horse-drawn carriages, which was appropriate, for the automobile was yet but a vague dream, and with the carriages there were bicycles, lots of them, all of the modern safety type. That was impossible in 1877, for at that time the only bicycle of which the public had any knowledge was the one with the high front wheel—48 to 60 inches in diameter—and the little rear wheel, with a saddle for the rider so placed that the rider was perched just a little aft of the center of the big wheel,

I BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE wheels second or third hand in 1880 and sold it in the spring of 1882 when I was about to come west, and the safety had not yet come on the market. It was not until 1885 that Starley's "Rover," an English machine, actually diverted attention from the high wheel, and it was several years more before the safety came into general use.

MY FIRST SAFETY WAS AN old Victor spring fork machine which I bought from Jim Lyons in 1895. I was teaching a school in the woods a couple of miles east of Manvel, and during the winter I had boarded with Peter Ferry, a fine old Irish gentleman, but when spring came I bought me a wheel and rode back and forth so that I could be at home nights with my family and tend to my garden. The Lyons brothers had a bicycle shop on lower DeMers avenue and I bought that Victor wheel of them for \$15. The best wheels then sold for about \$100. I hadn't ridden a bicycle for more than a dozen years, and I had never mounted a safety, but I found that after one learns to ride a bicycle, high or low, he doesn't forget, any more than he forgets how to swim after once learning.

I RODE THAT WHEEL night and morning until the school term was over. I had to miss some trips on account of rain. If it rained while I was at school so as to make the roads impassable I could stay over night with my old landlord. If it rained while I was home I could take an early train for Manvel, walk the two miles or so to my school, and arrive by school time. If I got caught in rain going or coming I was out of luck. There was nothing for it but to play through the mud and lead the wheel. It's astonishing what a lot of mud the two wheels of a bicycle can pick up.

I SOLD MY FIRST BICYCLE—the high one—to George Hargreaves, an old schoolmate who still lived on the farm but was attending school in town. My recollection is that I paid \$50 for it and sold it for \$40, but I don't remember the figures distinctly. It was with George Hargreaves that I had my last fight at school. Prevailing opinion was that the fight was a draw. I don't know about that, but for a week or so I had to do my school work with my left hand because my right was used up from pounding George on the head. I didn't know enough to upper-cut. Up to that time George and I had been good friends. After the fight our friendship was resumed and it remained unbroken. George became a missionary, I didn't.

I SOLD MY VICTOR WHEEL, too. It has served its time and was sadly decrepit, and I had got a new one. A neighbor who was a mechanic offered me four dollars for it—when he could raise the money. I accepted the offer and he took the wheel. Time passed and he hadn't paid, and I had forgotten about it, but he appeared one day and said he was moving to Iowa where a job awaited him. He apologized for not paying for the wheel, but said times had been so tough he couldn't make it. Neither could he pay now, as he would need every dollar he could raise in order to move his family. But he had an old muzzle-loading shotgun which he asked me to accept in liquidation of the debt. I assured him that he needn't worry about the four dollars, and that I hadn't the slightest use for a shotgun, especially a muzzle-loader. He thought it might come in handy to shoot a cat, or something. I said the cat would get away before I could load the gun, and I preferred to take; chances with a brick. But he was so honest, and so anxious to do something to square the debt that I told him to take the gun to a second-hand store and I would accept whatever he could get for it in full settlement. I never saw him again. I suppose nobody would make him a bid on the gun.

ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC episodes of the present war, a war in which one tragic superlative has followed another, was the battle between British and French naval units off the African coast. A few weeks ago France and Britain were allies, fighting shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy and in defense of common ideals. Yet in that epic encounter the guns of the two powers were turned against each other and one French ship after another was sunk by British fire and French sailors sank with their ships. It is no wonder that when Premier Churchill told the story to the house of commons his voice trembled with emotion and tears rolled down his cheeks.

WHEN THE PETAIN Government of France sought a truce with Germany it had to make the desperate choice between continuing the fight with broken and scattered forces, almost destitute of material, a fight in which the entire country would have been overrun by the enemy, its cities ground to powder and its people slain by thousands, and submitting to whatever terms the enemy chose to impose. In that desperate situation Petain chose to surrender. The terms called for recall of French Shipping and its surrender to the conquerors. Failure to comply would have entailed brutal penalties, and Petain undertook to comply. Undoubtedly from the standpoint of his government the act was one of self-preservation.

GREAT BRITAIN FACED the prospect of having the naval strength of the enemy practically doubled by its acquisition of the French fleet. Britain is now living in daily expectation of invasion in force by Germany. She has her back to the wall. To permit German acquisition of the French fleet would have been suicidal, and she was bound to prevent it by any means within her power.

THE GERMAN Government has assured France that French naval vessels turned over to it would not be used in its campaign against Britain. That promise is worth less than the paper on which it was written. Time and again it has been demonstrated that Hitler will make any promise that will serve his purpose at the moment, and will break that promise whenever it suits his convenience to do so. That is a part of his philosophy which he has avowed in so many words. The British knew, as all the world knew, that the French fleet once in his hands would be used whenever, wherever and however he could make it useful, and the British government accepted his pledge at exactly its true value.

FROM BOTH POLITICAL and military standpoints France occupies a confused and perplexing position. Nominally the Petain administration continues as the government of France. It moves from pillar to post, and all its acts are under duress. It represents, not the will of France but the will of Hitler, enforced by guns, tanks and bombs. In this situation a large body of the French people has been responsible for the setting up of a defense council which repudiates the surrender and declares its intention of continuing the war, on the sea, in the air, in the colonies, wherever arms and men can be found. This council has assisted in the turning over of a large part of the French fleet to Britain, and ships' officers have to make the difficult choice of which government to obey.

STANDING OUT STRONGLY through the shock of the recent tragic battle and the mists that peace rumors have created is the fact that the British government is not considering, and will not consider terms of peace with Hitler. In the nature of things it cannot do so. Cessation of hostilities now, no matter on what terms, would be merely an armed truce in which both sides would frantically build up their strength for another fight. In such a contest Germany, with her present control of all of western Europe, would have all the advantage.

WHATEVER IT MAY HAVE been at the beginning, the present war is no longer a contest between rival imperialisms. It is a contest to determine whether or not brutal despotism shall rule the world. In such a contest there can be no compromise. The fight must be to a finish, and all the evidences are that the British government and British people appreciate this fully and are prepared to fight it through to the end.

NEWS OF THE OCCUPATION of the Channel Islands by Germany was read with interest for many reasons. Of immediate interest is the fact that these islands are the first British possessions to be occupied by Germany in the present war. Being close to the French coast, and being unfortified, they would have been difficult, if not impossible to defend after the French surrender, and the British government demilitarized them and made no effort to defend them. The inhabitants were thereby saved the horrors which they would have experienced had resistance been offered.

PRINCIPAL ISLANDS IN the group are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, in the order of their size, and there are also many uninhabited islets. The area of the four larger islands is relatively about 45, 25, 4 and 2 square miles, and their population 45,000, 40,000, 4,000 and 500. Dairying is one of the great industries of the islands and the three larger islands have given their names to three of the world's most famous breeds of dairy cattle.

ORIGINALLY FRENCH, THE islands were retained by the English King John as about the last of his French possessions, and with brief interruptions they have since remained possessions of the British crown. The inhabitants are chiefly of Norman-French stock, and although they speak English, they retain much of their ancient language. Though British possessions the islands maintain their independent local governments and the people jealously insist on their right to be immune from British acts of parliament until such acts have been approved by their own local governments.

JERSEY WAS THE Birthplace of Mrs. Langtry, the famous Jersey lily. Victor Hugo spent the years of his exile on Guernsey, and there wrote *Les Miserables*, *Toilers of the Sea* and other books. My interest in the channel islands was reawakened a few years ago by the account of a visit there given by my good friend E. A. Tostevin, of the *Mandan Pioneer*.

MR. TOSTEVIN, HIMSELF A native of Wisconsin, is of Guernsey stock, and late in life he visited for the first time the home of his ancestors. There he found relatives by the dozen and was warmly greeted by them. Everywhere he was introduced proudly as "Cousin Edwin," and given the very best that the country afforded, which was mighty good. On an island so small agriculture is necessarily intensive. It seems as if every inch of soil is cultivated, and, fertilized by seaweed, a crop of, which there is an inexhaustible supply, the land yields bountifully. The tomato crop is one of the major crops of Guernsey. The plants are grown annually under glass, and amazing yields are reported. The bulk of the crop goes to the London market, or did until Hitler got his hands on the place.

TOSTEVIN HAD A Delightful time among relatives whom he had never seen and among others whom he met, kindly, hospitable, industrious people, whose land has been a land of peace for centuries. It is sad to think of such a people, who wish only to live their own lives and attend to their own affairs, being brought under the rule of a foreign dictator. But the islanders have a stubborn streak in them, and with centuries of independence behind them, they will not easily be made to goose-step after the German fashion.

ONE EARNEST WISH THAT I have for Mr. Willkie in his campaign for the presidency is that he will refuse to twist his face into a broad grin every time a camera is pointed at him. Maybe the photographers are responsible for the present practice. It used to be "now smile." Perhaps they are now satisfied with nothing less than a grin. There are times and places in which a grin is quite appropriate. But as one looks over the portraits that appear in the papers he might easily conclude that all the experiences of life are hilarious, which they are not. I imagine someone looking over a lot of those pictures a few centuries hence and saying "I wonder why those people back in 1940 were always grinning. Did they have somebody going around tickling them, or were they all too feeble-minded to look at anything seriously?"

NOT ONLY DO Grasshoppers destroy crops, but they may break up picnic parties. On the Fourth Louis Andraschko, one of the Herald's linotype operators, with his family and some friends undertook to have a picnic party in Riverside park. When the time came to eat a tablecloth was spread on the ground and on that the food was set out in orderly fashion. Within a few minutes the cloth was covered with tiny hoppers which swarmed over both cloth and food. As fast as they were brushed away more came to take their places, and the place was abandoned for one where the hoppers were less numerous. The insects were yet very small, but exceedingly active.

INSPECTING MY BIT OF lawn a few weeks ago I found it, as I supposed, literally alive with hoppers. Examining more closely I found that many of the tiny mites that I had called grasshoppers were really little flies, but so closely did they resemble hoppers that it was next to impossible to tell the difference. All the insects were about pin-head size, almost white, and they moved in about the same way. An application of poison bait seems to have cleaned out the hoppers, but the tiny flies are still there in swarms.

GRASSHOPPERS ARE OF many kinds, and they are widely distributed. Always in my boyhood back east we had grasshoppers, but nobody paid any attention to them. Undoubtedly they fed on green vegetation, but the damage that they did was so small that it was not noticed. The only complaint I ever heard about them was that they would chew holes in sheets and other fabrics which were spread on the grass to air. We heard stories of the great clouds of grasshoppers that destroyed crops and stopped trains in Kansas and other prairie states, and of course we knew all about the locusts that invaded Egypt in the days of Moses. But with us the grasshopper was never more than a mild nuisance. Small boys found the insects interesting because they could be teased into "spitting tobacco juice."

EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF the seventeen-year locust, around which there was so much mystery that many considered it a myth. Much of the mystery is still there, but the insect is a reality, and it does actually make its appearance regularly every seventeen years. The authorities tell us, however, that it is not even related to the familiar locust, or grasshopper, but is a cicada, which is something quite different.

IN 1923 THERE WAS A large infestation of these cicadas in an area generally following the coast down from New England through New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Nothing more was seen of them until late last month when new insects emerged from the earth where they had been developing for seventeen years. This is the fourteenth brood of cicadas in that area which have appeared regularly every seventeen years. The period of development varies somewhat with latitude. Broods that inhabit the south reappear every thirteen years.

LONG BEFORE THE Coming of the white man Indians attached a baneful significance to the appearance of this insect.' When the cicada appeared at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1634, the colonists from England, where it is unknown, assumed that God had sent another plague of Egypt, with which they were familiar from their Scripture-reading. The Egyptian locust, however, is the same as the grasshopper of the United States, and is not even remotely related to the cicada.

THE INSECT PLAGUE IS visited upon nearly every part of the world, and has been known from early Bible times. Some years ago South Africa was visited by great hordes of these pests. The sun was hidden by an enormous, almost solid, mass of flying insects. They passed in millions — billions — myriads. Upwards, as far as the human eye could see, the sky was completely hidden. In many of the streets of the cities these pests formed a carpet inches thick. Because of the great number of insects clinging to telephone wires, communication service was interrupted, while many houses had a roof of crawling insects. Trains were brought to a standstill because rails became so slippery the wheels could not grip. In a five-hour siege everything was penetrated — tea rooms and taverns, houses and offices. Closing of doors was of no avail, for the pests came in through pipes, chimneys and ventilators.

AFTER ABOUT A MONTH above ground, the cicadas die — first the males and then the females — littering the ground with dismembered wings and bodies. Innumerable larvae, hatched from the eggs laid on branches, twigs and stems, fall to the ground, burrow in, and attach their mouths to a nourishing root, where they wait for another thirteen or seventeen years to pass. Strange, indeed, are the ways of creation.

NORTH DAKOTA AND ITS state university are represented in the current issue of the Journal of the American Bar association by three articles by men who occupied important positions in the legal circles of the state. These are Professor Lawrence Void, former professor of law at the University of North Dakota, and now occupying a similar position at the University of Nebraska, Judge G. Crimson, of Rugby, who has held his present position of district judge for many years, and Judge Svenbjorn Johnson, former attorney general and later supreme court justice of North Dakota, and now professor of law at the University of Illinois and counsel of that university. Both the latter are graduates of the University of North Dakota. The Journal is the official publication of the American Bar association, and the articles by the above-named men are included in the same issue with others by distinguished American lawyers, one of the numbers being the text of an address by Chief Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court. North Dakota is traveling in distinguished legal company,

PROFESSOR VOID'S Article is entitled "Defamatory Interpolations in Radio Broadcasts." It discusses the hazards incurred by the broadcasting company through the injection of defamatory or other objectionable material into the addresses of persons not employed by the company who are given temporary access to the microphone. Professor Void points out that the broadcasting company cannot prevent such interpolations, which may be made instantaneously, and they may do serious injury to innocent persons. The writer holds, however, that the company may properly be held responsible for such injuries, and that it has a means of protection in that it may require the posting of adequate indemnity from advertisers and other outsiders who use the microphone. This practice, says Professor Void, is now being followed quite generally by broadcasting companies.

JUDGE CRIMSON AND Judge Johnson contribute separate articles on "Iceland and the Americas," appropriate selections because both men are natives of Iceland and are thoroughly familiar with its history, social life and form of government. Judge Crimson sketches the history of Iceland and describes its recent status as an independent nation whose sovereign is the king of Denmark, but over which the Danish government has no control. Seizure of Denmark by Germany made it impossible for the king to function in his Icelandic relations, whereupon the island parliament assumed authority to operate without the king's assent. Judge Crimson approves of the occupation of the island by British forces as a means of preventing use of the country as an air base by Germany. He thinks that because of its geographical position and the possibility of its military use against the United States Iceland ought to be included in the operation of the American Monroe doctrine.

JUDGE JOHNSON Discusses the German invasion of Denmark and says that it can have no bearing on the legal status of Iceland. Even though Denmark had willingly permitted occupation of her territory by a foreign power, and had signed a treaty to that effect, that would have had no effect on the position of Iceland, says Judge Johnson, for an independent nation cannot be bound by any act intended to govern its future unless that action is taken with its own consent. Iceland, therefore remains, as formerly, a separate and independent nation.

IN A FOOT-NOTE JUDGE Crimson adds:

"The author is not unaware that at the moment it may seem rather academic to speak of or rely on 'rights' resting in law or in treaties. Nevertheless it seems clear that if we are to strike that word from the vocabulary of civilized man, or erase its concept from the consciences of human beings who claim progress beyond the murk of the jungle, the only basis on which small nations, without military might, can exist has disappeared from the face of the earth."

NOW IT'S SENATOR NYE who is being or has been investigated, with reference to his pro-Nazi sympathies and associations, if any. Well, turn about is fair play. The senator himself has displayed a passion for investigating people, and it is only fair that he should be X-rayed. Not that it is likely to develop that the senator has been plotting to overthrow the government, or establish a dictatorship, or anything like that. But a well-planned and skillfully conducted investigation provides a lot of entertainment, and a diligent investigator, who knows just what to suggest and what to suppress, who has his mind firmly fixed on the task of discrediting the person investigated, can make out a case that will seem plausible to a lot of people who listen to only one side of the story. Senator Nye is experienced in that sort of thing, and as an accomplished artist, doubtless he will enjoy having his own methods tested on himself.

WILLIAM PARKER OF Cando would like to have the rest of the poem beginning: My father calls me William;
My sister calls me Will; My mother calls me Willie;
But the fellers call me Bill.

Mr. Parker writes that he knew the entire poem years ago, but has forgotten all but the first stanza.

I AM TOLD THAT THE Entire poem is often recited by school children, but for some reason I never learned more than the lines just quoted. Those have stuck, probably because my name, like Mr. Parker's, is William. Will someone who has the entire poem please send it in?

THE WEATHER RECORDS tell us of the rainfall—where it does rain—in inches and decimals. We buy water from the city at so much per thousand gallons—50 cents for the first thousand and so on down until for sprinkling we have a rate, of 15 cents per thousand gallons. Most of us have only a vague impression of what an inch of water spread over a given area means in gallons.

FIRST, WHAT DOES AN inch of water mean in rainfall? There are numerous cases of several inches of rain falling in an hour. Such downpours we call cloudbursts, although clouds do not burst. But as to what may be called regular rains, the elements have to hump themselves and pound away heavily and steadily to deliver an inch of rain in an hour. That would be a regular soaker, if most of it didn't run off.

NOW, AS TO AN INCH OF water in gallons. A city lot 50 by 140 feet contains 7,000 square feet. To cover that lot with water an inch deep will take a little over 4,000 gallons, which, at present sprinkling prices, would cost sixty-some cents. As thousands of gallons don't mean much to the average person let's look at it another way. One of those oil drums that we see so often contains 50 gallons. Take 80 of those oil drums, stand them side by side and fill them all with water, and you will have 4,000 gallons. Empty them all over the lot and you will cover it with an inch of water, the equivalent of one heavy rain. Yet a man will stand with the nozzle of a hose in his hand and squirt water from it for 15 or 20 minutes, and, quite weary, he will shut off the water, feeling that he has given his lot a thorough soaking. All he has done is moisten the surface.

ALL THE AUTHORITIES warn against mere sprinkling in a dry time except for the purpose of freshening small and shallow rooting plants. Otherwise sprinkling does more harm than good. It stimulates shallow surface rooting and renders grass especially nonresistant to even moderate drouth. For general watering the authorities say "Don't sprinkle; soak," And for once I agree with the authorities.

GRANTING THAT MAKING election predictions is hazardous business, William Allen White, famous Kansas editor, sticks his neck all the way out and predicts that President Roosevelt will not accept nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic convention which meets in Chicago next week. Not to be outdone in recklessness by William Allen White, I offer the prediction that Mr. Roosevelt will be tendered and will accept the Democratic presidential nomination next week. And if William Allen White wants to bet any reasonable amount—say, up to a quarter—on who's right, I'm the man.

SPEAKING OF QUARTERS, a man told me this story. When he was a very small boy, his mother, who was upstairs dressing to go out, called down to him and asked him what time it was. The boy looked at the clock and called back "A quarter past seven." A moment later the mother came down and saw that the clock said 7:25. The boy was well scolded for his inaccuracy He couldn't understand why. He knew that 25 cents is a quarter of a dollar, and why wasn't 25 minutes a quarter of an hour? It took him a long time to figure that out.

I SUPPOSE EVERY CHILD has been rebuked for sins that he didn't commit. He has done the wrong thing quite innocently because of lack of understanding, and his elders have rebuked him because they didn't understand him. Words have one meaning to an adult and another to a child. Childish acts committed with the best of intentions are attributed to stubbornness, perversity or destructiveness, and the child, being punished, can't explain and suffers under a rankling sense of injustice. I can recall punishments inflicted on me which were not merited at all, and I can remember the feeling that I had that the world was against me and there was no justice anywhere. My faith in the Tightness of things was often severely shaken. There came compensations, however. There were times when I escaped punishment for things for which I should have been spanked, so that when a balance was struck the world seemed fairly tolerable, after all.

DID YOU EVER TRY TO train a morning glory to travel in the way that it wouldn't want to go? I have tried it, and never made a success of it. The morning glory, as everyone who has grown morning glories knows, does not cling by means of a tendril, but winds its stalk around the supporting object, usually a string. They all wind the same way, making a spiral similar to that of a right-handed screw. And they will not twist in the opposite direction. I have tried winding them the wrong way and tying them so as to force them into a new direction but never once did I succeed. Invariably the tip would start new curve and begin its right-handed spiral again. Years ago I gave up as hopeless the task of reversing the morning glory.

EACH CLIMBING PLANT has its own habit of growth, and ill the ingenuity of man cannot change that habit. The tendril of the pea vine sends its tip around the support and continues to move around until several laps have been made. The cucumber vine first attaches the tip of its tendril and then forms a loop which it wraps around the support. Whatever the method, the plant adheres to it, and neither manipulation nor light seems to have any effect on it. I wonder if there are any left-handed climbers.

WHILE WATERING Shrubbery at his home on Skidmore my friend McAllister saw something moving on the ground where he was pouring water. Investigating he found that the moving object was a young oriole which was crippled and unable to get out of the way of the cold shower. The bird was dried off and placed in the sunshine to warm. One leg was badly deformed and the claws of the other foot were tightly closed. The little thing recovered enough to take food and water and was placed in a box where its mother could feed it. The mother continued to feed it and scolds vigorously when anyone approaches the box. The question is what to do with it. If turned loose when it has gained the use of its wings it seems certain to fall a prey to some marauding cat as it is unable to perch and must rest on the ground. Mac has been advised to kill it as an act of mercy, but he says that if it has to be killed somebody else must do the job.

ALL PREDICTIONS AND surmises to the contrary, President Roosevelt has had no public expression of his wishes or intentions toward a third term, although the opening of the Democratic convention is but one day distant and most of the delegates are already on the ground. A few days ago Mr. Roosevelt had a conference with Postmaster General Farley, who is also chairman of the Democratic national committee. It has been guessed that at that meeting the president told Farley what he intended to do, but Farley has refused to say whether or not any such statement was made or to discuss the conversation further than to say that it was "frank" on both sides. There has been a rumor that the president would make his position known today, but as this is written there has been no confirmation of that rumor.

DURING THE PAST WEEK the New York Times, for the first time, expressed an opinion on the desirability of Mr. Roosevelt entering the field as a candidate for re-election. The Times believes, and says without qualification, that in existing circumstances Mr. Roosevelt ought to announce that he will not be a candidate. This statement is interesting in the light of the paper's attitude toward Roosevelt for many years.

THE TIMES DESCRIBES Itself as an independent newspaper, and its independence has been shown on many occasions. It has, however, Democratic leanings and as a rule it has supported Democratic candidates for major offices. It gave Roosevelt powerful support in his campaigns for governor of New York and during his New York administration, although it was frankly critical at times. It supported Roosevelt heartily in his first campaign for president.

DURING THE ENSUING four years the New Deal came into being, and while it commended some of the acts of the new administration, the Times censured severely the lavish and uncontrolled expenditure of money and the setting up of irresponsible bureaucracies which characterized the new policy. Nevertheless, as the election of 1936 approached the Times recommended the re-election of Roosevelt.

DURING THE PAST FOUR years the attitude of the Times has remained unchanged. It has expressed admiration for many of the qualities of the president, but it has continued to oppose the unbalanced budget, the centralization of power, the growing national debt and the paternalism which have been associated with this administration and for most of which it is responsible. With reservations as to some particulars it has given vigorous support to Roosevelt's foreign policy during these critical war years, and to the reciprocal trade policy of which Secretary Hull is the sponsor and spokesman.

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING the nomination of Wendell Willkie as the Republican candidate for president, the Times commended that nomination warmly, saying that his was the strongest nomination that the party could have made. At the same time the paper declined to commit itself as to its position in the campaign, saying that it would make its stand known after both parties had named their candidates and presented their platforms and the issues of the campaign had become defined.

THAT BRINGS US UP TO the present. In an editorial last Tuesday the Times said that it would have been unfortunate if in the critical state of the world's affairs the nation had gone into a presidential campaign with the two great parties divided on the essentials of foreign policy. From that risk, it was said, we have been saved by the action of the Republican convention in presenting a platform whose declaration on foreign policy does not differ fundamentally from that which is to be expected from the Democratic convention and in nominating a candidate who is substantially in accord with the president on that subject. To all intents foreign policy has been eliminated as a campaign issue and the United States can face the world united.

IN VIEW OF THESE FACTS, and while still reserving decision as to its attitude in the campaign until both parties have spoken through their platforms and in their choice of candidates, the Times says:

"We believe that it is now the president's clear duty to announce that he will not accept his party's nomination for a third term and to throw his decisive strength in the Democratic convention to a candidate who is fully in accord with his own foreign policy."

IN THURSDAY'S COLUMN I referred to two articles in the Journal of the American Bar association, one by Judge Grimson of Rugby and the other by Judge Svenbjorn Johnson, now of the University of Illinois. I find that I inadvertently attributed to Judge Grimson a quoted paragraph on the rights of small nations. The quotation should have been credited to Judge Johnson. Honor to whom honor is due.

PROTESTS ARE BEING made by certain art groups against the removal from the administration building at Floyd Bennett field, Brooklyn, of several murals, the work of an artist employed on the local WPA art project. The paintings were removed on the ground that the artist had worked into them features which were obviously Communist propaganda. A description of the paintings indicates that the charge is fully justified. Those who protest against removal say that the order is in violation of that principle of freedom which should govern all artistic production.

THE INCIDENT RECALLS the flurry caused by the removal from Rockefeller center of a mural painted by the Mexican artist Diego Riviera because of their obviously propagandist nature. In that case also the principle of artistic freedom was invoked. It was stoutly maintained by those who protested against removal that a picture should be judged strictly as a work of art regardless of its political or ethical intent. In that case the Rockefellers had commissioned the artist to paint a picture for a stated price. When the picture was completed they didn't care to have it displayed in their building. They paid the artist the stipulated price and removed the picture. Thereupon the world was told, with tears and passion, that the principle of artistic freedom was being violated.

IN A SIMILAR WAY WE hear protests against the violation of academic freedom when a college or other educational institution undertakes to exercise some jurisdiction over the kind of teaching that shall be done under its sponsorship. When the appointment of Bertrand Russell to a professorship in the College of the City of New York was revoked because of his widely published sentiments on social and domestic relations there were protests on the ground that academic freedom was being violated, and that a distinguished man was being persecuted for his opinions.

SUCH PROTESTS MADE ME thoroughly weary. A painter is at liberty to paint whatever sort of picture he pleases, within the limits of decency, and a teacher may freely hold and express whatever opinions appeal to him, subject to certain very liberal restrictions. But a private individual has some right of choice as to the kind of picture that shall hang on his wall, whether the wall be that of his own home or of a great structure like Rockefeller center. The management of an airport has the right to say that the walls of its buildings shall not be used for the exploitation of the artist's own views on political or other subjects. And the management of an educational institution has the right to prohibit the use of its funds, its plant and its prestige to promote and dignify the personal opinions of those whom it employs as teachers. There are too many persons employed in our educational institutions as instructors of youth who couldn't get to first base with their half-baked opinions were it not for the prestige given them by the institutions by which they are employed.

SENATOR McNARY, Republican candidate for vice president, has advised the head of his ticket Mr. Willkie, candidate for president, to abstain from wisecracks in the discussion of matters of state and to be frugal rather than lavish in his use of speech. No one, he says, ever got into trouble by not talking too much. The advice is sound. Whether or not it will have much effect is another matter. Mr. McNary is reserved in public utterance. His reserve is natural, is becoming to him, and in his case is effective. If he were to try to adopt a different manner he would incur the risk of seeming artificial and being considered insincere. Mr. Willkie is of a different type. It is natural for him to express himself readily, tersely, and often in picturesque language. A different manner would not become him at all. And in the fine record that he has made he has shown good sense and an appreciation of fitness which will undoubtedly prevent his flippant treatment of serious subjects. The effect of what we call a wise-crack depends on what there is behind it. The professional wise-cracker is usually empty of everything else. On the other hand Lincoln a master of terse and humorous expression, often used a joke to drive truth home.

THURSDAY'S PAPER Containing the request of William Parker of Cando for the poem beginning "Father Calls Me William" was hardly out before I began to receive replies. The first two came almost simultaneously from John Bathgate and Dr. S. A. Saunderson, both of whom tendered copies of the book containing the poem. It is, as many readers will know, and as I should have remembered, one of Eugene Field's poems entitled "Jest 'Fore Christmas." The poem is longer than I am in the habit of using in this column, but because I know that many readers will be interested in it, and for the further reason that I shall be absent for a few days and must leave advance copy I shall use it in full. Here it is:

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

By Eugene Field. Father calls me William, sister
calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the
fellers call me Bill! Mighty glad I ain't a girl—Ruth-er be a boy, Without them sashes, curls an
things that's worn by
Fauntleroy!

Love to Chawnk green apples an'
go swimmin' in the lake— Hate to take the castor-ile they
give for belly-ache! 'Most all the time, the whole year
round, there ain't no flies
on me, But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as
good as I kin be.

Got a yellor dog named Sport,
sick him on the cat; First thing she knows she doesn't
know where she is at! Got a clipper sled, an' when us
kids go out to slide, 'Long comes the grocery cart, an'
we all hook a ride! But sometimes when the Grocery
man is worried an' cross, He reaches at us with his whip,
an' larrups up his hoss, An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh ye
never teched me!" But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as
good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionerer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibals that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But Gran'ma has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
ThatiBuff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Except' jest 'fore Christmas,
when I'm good as I kin be!

And then Old Sport he hangs
around, so solemnlike an'
still, His eyes they seem a-sayin':
"What's the matter, little
Bill?" The old cat sneaks down off her
perch an' wonders what's
become
Of them two enemies of hern
that used to make things
hum! But I am so perlite, an' tend so
earnestly to biz, That mother says to father:
"How improved our Willie
is!" But father, havin' been a boy his-
self, suspicions me When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm
as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an'
lots of candies, cakes, an'
toys, Was made, they say, for proper

kids, an' not for naughty boys; So wash yer face an' bresh yer
hair, an' mind yer p's an'
q's, An' don't bust out yer pantaloons,
and don't wear out yer
shoes; Say "Yassum" to the ladies, an'
Yessur" to the men, An' when they's company, don't
pass yer plate again; But, thinkin' of the things yer'd
like to see upon that tree, Jest 'fore Christmas be as good
as yer kin be!

WHAT KIND OF FOOD shall we eat, assuming that we can have whatever we wish? That would be a large assumption for a great many people. In many parts of Europe food is rigidly rationed, and there are millions who are likely to be suffering the pangs of hunger before next winter is over. In this country we are more fortunate, for here there are few who lack substantial food, and even what may be called the simpler luxuries are within reach of most of our people.

WHERE FOOD EXISTS IN wide variety we must make some sort of selection. We cannot eat it all. And as to the kinds of food that we should eat there is no lack of advice. But if one were to follow all the advice that is given by persons who profess to know, we should be in a hopeless state of confusion and indigestion. Last week some of us heard a little lecture on foods by a gentleman who could rattle off food statistics like a machine gun and who assured us that the American people are in a deplorable condition because of bad food habits. We eat too much bread, we were told, too much meat, altogether too much sugar, and not enough fruit and vegetables. When we do eat fruits we mix sugar with them and make them into jams and jellies. We suffer for years from heart, kidney, intestinal and other troubles and find the treatment of physicians unavailing when a few cups of radish broth a day would cure our ills and make us sound and whole. Marvelous!

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE had a man here a few years ago who told us that we were eating too little bread—bread, the staff of life. We had cut down our consumption of bread and substituted fruits which he calls frills. In consequence, he said, our people were losing their vigor and the bottom had dropped out of wheat prices. His remedy for that sad state of affairs was for everyone to eat an extra slice of bread at each meal. That would restore our impaired health, cause the wheat surplus to disappear, advance the price of wheat and put money into circulation. What could be simpler or more desirable?

THEN WE HAD A VISIT from Horace Fletcher from whose name was derived the word "fletcherize," meaning to chew. Mr. Fletcher posed as the discoverer of the great principle that food should be chewed. Of course people had been chewing food, more or less, for several million years, but they hadn't made a religion of it or reduced it to a system. Mr. Fletcher approached the subject from the scientific side and treated it with mathematical accuracy. The kind of chewing that had been done might be well enough in its place, but it was unorganized, unclassified and untabulated. That must be corrected. And Mr. Fletcher did his best to correct it. Chewing must be regulated and scheduled. To make sure that it was done properly the bites must be counted, so many bites for each bit of steak, so many for forkful of potatoes, so many for a fragment of bread, and so on, A dinner at which Fletcher presided and at which worshipping converts sought to derive inspiration from his presence and example was a sight to behold. Between keeping count of their own bites and watching the master the neophytes had no time for anything so frivolous as conversation. Fletcherizing was the thing.

WHO REMEMBERS DR. Coue? He didn't visit Grand Forks, but his representative did and brought us a message from the genius who taught that peace and happiness were to be achieved by saying over and over, "Every day, in every way, I am growing better and better." Dr. Coue did not profess to be a food specialist. On the contrary, he taught that food didn't matter much, nor did anything else matter much if one just kept repeating his magic formula.

THEN WE HAVE HAD Innumerable "cures" based on the use of amazing and intolerable quantities of this or the other sort of food, usually some kind of fruit. We have had orange cures, and grape cures, and raisin cures, and I don't know what else. Long ago I read of a peach cure, which called for the eating of peaches all day long. That cure originated in a small city in the center of some peach-growing district in Europe. There the people flocked in peach time. Peaches were sold on the market in little baskets convenient for carrying, and the person taking the treatment, after being served peaches at their meals, went about town carrying baskets and eating peaches from them. Many survived.

I BELIEVE IN FOODS, ALL of them. I like most of them, and there are few that I can't eat without suffering ill effects. And I have a system. It is to eat what I like, and what seems to agree with me, and to quit when I have eaten as much as is likely to be good for me. Vitamins, calories proteins, carbohydrates, lime, sulphur, iron, and all the rest I get about enough of each, and if I am short a vitamin or two today, probably I'll make up for it tomorrow. I refuse to be bothered counting my bites or repeating magic formulas. Perhaps I'm shortening my life. But of what use is a long life that has to be spent in counting, and checking, and weighing and measuring to increase the prospect of living another day? Better fewer days and merrier

WHILE THE NEW YORK delegation to the Democratic convention was preparing to entrain for Chicago the other day a Tammany spokesman declared that Tammany was for Roosevelt, not merely for a third term, for that, he said, was already in the bag, but for a fourth term. Going even further he thought it would be a good idea to extend the merit system to the presidency and have Roosevelt bound into office by civil service regulations. Tammany has not always been such an ardent champion of Roosevelt. It will be remembered that at a Democratic convention in Chicago eight years ago Tammany delegates fought desperately to prevent the nomination of Roosevelt even for a first term. And after it was all over the Tammany men went home with lowered brows, silent lips and sore heads.

WEATHER HAS ALWAYS had a certain fascination for me. As a small boy, and like multitudes of other children, I have no doubt, I gazed with mingled awe and curiosity at the rolling clouds and wondered whence they came and whither they went what started them to form and what guided their course. Answers to many of the questions which puzzled my childish mind have been supplied by science, but still much of the fascination remains.

WITH HUNDREDS OF Others I watched the storm that passed just north of Grand Forks last week and saw clouds moving erratically, regardless of the forward storm movement itself, torn to tatters by furious gusts of wind which could not be seen, but whose violence might be guessed. In the quiet of my own neighborhood, away from the sounds of street traffic, I could hear distinct the roar of the elements. Was the sound that of rushing wind or pounding hail? I could not tell. A little later I learned that both wind and hail had played their parts in that symphony. Such a spectacle is one of grandeur, and, if one could dismiss the thought of what may lie beneath, the possibility of ruined crops, wrecked buildings, maimed bodies and snuffed-out lives, it would be thoroughly enjoyable. Wagner never imagined anything more thrilling.

IT WAS IN SOME SUCH spirit as that in which many of us witness a storm that Byron wrote those lines on a thunderstorm in the Alps: The sky is changed! And such a change! O Night And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wonderous strong, Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light Of a dark eye in woman! Far along, From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, Leaps the live thunder!—not not from one lone cloud, But every mountain now hath found a tongue, And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud.

A THUNDER-STORM, Especially such a storm as we see often in the prairie country, is more than a local phenomenon. That storm which passed the other day was quite severe in a little strip a couple of miles wide and twenty or thirty miles long. But it didn't start and finish in our immediate neighborhood. Somewhere in northwestern Canada or in the mountains of Alaska, or in the Arctic ocean, perhaps, certain currents of warm and cold air met, humidity was condensed into cloud forms and unstable electrical conditions were generated. A great movement southeastward was started. Possibly at many points along the line local disturbances of great violence occurred and then subsided. One of these provided the spectacle which was witnessed from Grand Forks and which proved destructive in parts of Polk county. The local storm subsided, but the great movement of which it was a part continued. Many hours later it resumed its violence in southern Minnesota. Then it passed on, perhaps to spread terror and destruction in Illinois or Indiana, perhaps to be absorbed in some other mysterious movement of the elements and disappear. Who knows?

I RECALL A STORM OF many years ago which in places assumed the typical tornado form which wrecked buildings at Emerado and Thompson, which was traced accurately from northern Saskatchewan to southern Illinois. Its path was marked by a series of local and seemingly unrelated storms.

"GOD BLESS AMERICA" HAS become the most familiar patriotic song of the day. It will be still more familiar before the year closes, for it has been adopted by b o t h political parties. The Republicans spoke for it first, as their convention was the first to be held, but without knowing of that action Democratic leaders had decided on it as the song for their party. When informed that the Republicans had selected it one of the Democratic song directors said he thought that wouldn't make any difference. "I suppose," he said, reasonably, "they'll be singing "The Star Spangled Banner too." Naturally, a political party can't very well monopolize a good song.

WHILE "GOD BLESS America" has been sung by the public for only a year or two, it is not as new as most of us, I suppose, have thought. Irving Berlin wrote it away back in 1917 when he was a buck private at Camp Upson. For the entertainment of his buddies he wrote the comedy "Yip, Yap Yaphank," which later became a stage success. As a finale to the comedy he wrote "God Bless America," but he did not use it because its patriotic appeal seemed unnecessary in a soldier show.

THE SONG WAS LAID ASIDE and forgotten until 1938. Then Kate Smith wanted a song for radio use, and after two or three unsatisfactory attempts Berlin dug up the old song and touched it up a little and it went on the air. It was an instant success," and up to date nearly half a million copies have been sold. Berlin has established a trust fund into which all royalties from sales of the song are turned, to be used for patriotic purposes. Trustees are Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Gene Tunney and Herbert Bayard Swope. The fund has now reached the sum of \$43,646.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER has just had her face lifted for the third time, and the surgeon who did the job says it had made her look 20 years younger. I don't know how old the lady is, but she was a prominent figure on the stage so far back that she is no chicken. Face-lifting may straighten out wrinkles and otherwise change physical appearance, but it can't efface those years. And why should one wish to look 20 years younger than her real age? There is no greater beauty in woman than that which comes with the sweetness and mellowness of age. Imagine Whistler painting a portrait of his mother with her face lifted!

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BYRD and his companions at work in the Antarctic were sent by radio to New York the other day, and the newspaper reproductions were as clear as if the shots had been taken from just across the street. Radio transmission of pictures has become commonplace, and it is accepted just as casually as other marvels are accepted. As men have always done we accept as matters of course things which to most of us are incomprehensible.

I SUPPOSE THAT Everyone in this part of the world thinks of the Antarctic as "down, when in fact it is neither down nor up. One reason for this may be that early cartographers drew their maps with north at the top, and as knowledge of the earth was extended and southern territory was added to the maps it was of necessity placed at the bottom. However, English people often speak of Australia and New Zealand as "down under," not because of the way in which maps are drawn, but because those southern countries are approximately on the opposite side of the globe from Britain. They are literally down from the Englishman. I wonder if the Australian thinks of England as "up."

WITH BYRD AND HIS People the season is just past midwinter, and presently the weather will begin to moderate, although it will be some time before the sun is visible at Little America. The major work of exploration will scarcely be got under way until September.

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sent to the Chicago convention on Tuesday night a message that he had no desire to run for another term and releasing delegates from any pledges which they might have made to support his nomination, that statement was received everywhere, I think, for just what it was worth. It was a polite gesture which had no effect whatever on the convention and which was not intended to have any effect. Mr. Roosevelt knew, as everyone else knew that unless he declared unequivocally that under no circumstances would he accept, he would be nominated. He knew that if at that time he should make such a statement the convention would be thrown into hopeless confusion, for a situation had been created in which it would have been impossible for the delegates to unite on another candidate without a long struggle without unified leadership or sense of direction. The Roosevelt candidacy was the one thing that held the convention together.

THAT SITUATION WAS not of spontaneous origin. It did not spring from the grass litical manipulators who for months have striven to create the belief that Roosevelt was the one man whom it would be safe and wise to choose as the nation's leader for the next four years. Members of the president's cabinet and others who had been placed by him in positions of trust and influence had for months been proclaiming from the housetops that Roosevelt must be renominated and they had brought to insure the election of convention delegates committed to the third term program. Mr. Roosevelt knew that this was being done, and there came no word of objection or discouragement from him. That made the successful candidacy of any other man impossible, and all along Mr. Roosevelt has been aware of that fact.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has sometimes been described as another Hitler, or Stalin, or Mussolini, with a consuming lust for personal power and regardless of everything else. That, I think, is an inaccurate characterization. Mr. Roosevelt, it appears to me, is afflicted with an incurable conviction of his own indispensability. Probably he has his share of personal ambition, and he would be scarcely human if he did not experience a thrill in the possibility that he may be the first man to wield the great power of the president of the United States for twelve successive years. But above all he is convinced of his own Tightness and of his super-ability to guide the nation on the path that it should follow. Men who have entertained that conception of themselves have not hesitated to use whatever means might be effective in achieving the beneficent ends which they had in view. Mr. Roosevelt, I have no doubt, was convinced that it would be a national disaster for the Democratic convention to nominate for president anyone but himself, and he was determined to avert that disaster.

TOE TWO CONVENTIONS present some interesting contrasts. In Philadelphia the Republicans met with no cut-and-dried program and no pre-selected candidate. In the field were several available candidates for all of whom except one intensive campaigns had been made by men skilled in political leadership. But the convention, responsive to an overwhelming popular sentiment, threw into the discard all the carefully arranged plans and nominated a man hitherto unknown in the political field, but whose qualities had so impressed the people that the demand for him became irresistible. On the other hand, the Democratic convention was a ratification meeting for the endorsement of plans which had been meticulously prepared for months by the nominee's closest associates and with his complete knowledge.

THE ATTITUDE OF MANY politicians, both Republican and Democratic, toward each other in respect to national defense is a case of the pot and kettle calling each other black. Republicans censure the present Democratic administration for failure to provide adequate defense. The criticism is just in that during all of the past seven years the Democrats have had substantial, and usually overwhelming majorities in both house and senate and could have enacted whatever legislation they desired. But it must not be forgotten that during those seven years there has been vigorous opposition by Republicans in congress to every defense measure introduced. Conversely, while Democrats denounce past Republican administrations for reducing rather than increasing armament, the stock Democratic criticism of the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations was that armament was not being reduced rapidly enough. The fact is that professional politicians on both sides have played politics with defense.

BACK FROM WILLISTON, Fort Peck and intermediate points, I was reminded of the small boy who at the age of four ran away from home. He didn't go very far or stay very long. In the wood-lot beyond the pasture he got lonesome and decided to return and give home another trial. He arrived just as the folks were getting ready for supper. Nobody remarked on his return, for nobody had noticed his absence. Looking around to see what changes had occurred during his long pilgrimage the young prodigal caught sight of the cat. "Well," he remarked, "I see you've got the same old cat."

HOWEVER, DURING MY brief absence there were some real changes. Going westward across the state everything was parched. There had been local showers some time previous, but the hot sun had sapped the moisture from everything and the state was obviously athirst. Everywhere on the way back there was evidence of rain. Water stood in little depressions and earth roads were next to impassable because of mud. The state looked fresh and green, and even spots in the grain fields which had been burned brown had taken on fresh color — a decided relief to the eye, even though the crop in such spots is permanently damaged.

IT WOULD TAKE SOMEONE much better informed than I am to make even a fair estimate of this year's crop in North Dakota. From Grand Forks to Fargo, thence to Minot and Williston and back by way of Devils Lake the crop is spotted. There are areas in which the grain stands thick and tall, with promise of excellent yields, while in adjoining areas the growth is sparse and short, with headed grain scarcely six inches tall. Those areas vary so greatly in size and shape that a fair estimate seems next to impossible.

AT THE WILLISTON Meeting of the Greater North Dakota association I talked with men from every section of the state and their reports indicated that the spotted condition to which I have referred is general throughout the state except that through several counties in the northern tier there is a large area just south of the Canadian border where the crops are generally excellent. I was glad to hear that, because some of that territory had been hard hit in recent years, and it is surely the turn of the people there to have a crop. Another gratifying feature is the evidence practically everywhere of abundance of feed. There is plenty of hay, and where corn is grown there is prospect of a good crop of feed if not of grain.

THE MEETING OF THE G. N. D. A. was attended by about 75 directors and county chairmen, and it was undoubtedly one of the best meetings ever held by the association. Reports of the year's activities were impressive, as they always are. The work of the association covers such a wide field and involves so much detail that only a small part of it can come to the personal attention of the individual member. Such summaries as were given in the reports presented are of inestimable value as evidence that in every line of enterprise that can be of service to the state the association is diligent and active, representing an organized and effective co-operative movement to increase the income and improve the living conditions of all the people of the state.

WILLISTON PROVED ITSELF a most hospitable city. Its Chamber of Commerce had taken charge of arrangements for the care of the visitors and in that work the business and professional people had given hearty co-operation. Meetings were held in the fine Elks' building and local committees saw to it that everything which could contribute to the comfort of the guests was provided. On Thursday local cars took the entire party to Glasgow, Mont., and Fort Peck, concerning which I shall have something to say tomorrow.

WILLISTON PEOPLE ARE greatly interested in the two irrigation projects which are being developed in their locality, the Fort Buford-Trenton project and the Lewis and Clark project. The former, which contains a b o u t 13,000 acres occupies in general the site of a project which was undertaken many years ago, but was abandoned. The o r i g i n a l plans were not as c a r e f u l l y worked out as those of the present project have been, and the experiment of generating power for pumping by means of lignite did not work out satisfactorily. In the present project there is being constructed a main canal 15 miles long, which will be supplied with water from the Missouri by means of electric power from Fort Peck, The lift from normal river level will be 80 feet.

MEMBERS OF THE Greater North Dakota association were taken to the Buford project on their way to Fort Peck and were given an opportunity to see the work of grading in progress and to hear an explanation of the plan by the engineer in charge. It was intended to visit the Lewis and Clark project on the way back, but the return trip was made in darkness, so inspection of this project had to be postponed. The project is much than that at Buford and it is practically completed. Several hundred acres are now in crop, and good yields of both alfalfa and small grains are assured.

IT IS EXPECTED THAT THE irrigated lands will be used chiefly for the production of feed crops, especially alfalfa. This, it is explained, will give an element of security to the livestock industry by providing assurance of feed when the crop of grass on the uplands is short. It is also hoped that congress will adjust the sugar regulations so as to permit the expansion of growth of sugar beets into this area.

READERS OF MANY OF THE eastern magazines are familiar with sensational descriptions of the havoc wrought by drouth in the range country. We have been told that such native grass as was not killed by drouth has been tramped out by over-grazing, and that the fertile soil, no longer held in place by grass roots, has been all blown away. Some writers have told us that vast areas of those grazing lands have been ruined beyond reclamation and have become permanent desert. Other writers have suggested that grass may perhaps be made to grow on those barren lands after the lapse of half a century or so.

I WISH THE WRITERS OF some of those articles could see that North Dakota range country now. There are no mountains of dust visible, no sand dunes, no farm buildings buried in soil blown from the ranges, and no land stripped of fertility and vegetation. The ranges were hard hit, beyond a doubt, but during' the past year they have had what I they needed—water. In most sections rainfall has not been all that could be desired, but it has been sufficient to stir to life the grass roots, which were never blown away, but have merely been slumbering. Now the ranges everywhere, over which so many funeral orations have been delivered, are covered with fresh green growth. It takes a lot of rough treatment to kill grass or permanently ruin land,

FORT PECK HAS BEEN Described many times. I saw the dam four years ago, when it was about half completed, and it was interesting to see what changes four years had made. The dam, which is the largest earthwork ever built by man, is worth seeing as a great piece of construction. Its crest is 120 feet above normal river level, and the lake above it, when full, will be 189 miles long and 16 miles across at its widest point. Just now there seems to be a fairly large body-of water impounded, but there has been scarcely a beginning made toward the filling of the lake. How long it will take to fill the lake, if it is ever filled, is a question. Just now, we were told, more water is being released through two of the four discharge tunnels than enters the river from above, as there is demand for water in the lower river. At the peak of construction about 10,000 men were employed on the project. Now there are about 1,000. A force of a few hundred will be employed permanently on operation.

OUT IN WILLIAMS County, a few miles this side of Williston, is Wheelock, a station on the Great Northern. In passing through it last week I was reminded of the way that the place got its name. I have seen no account of that in articles on place names in North Dakota. Years ago Ralph Wheelock was a Minneapolis newspaper man who made occasional trips into the country, and in addition to his other duties wrote occasional humorous sketches. When towns were being started along the then new Great Northern Wheelock thought it would be nice to have a town named for him. The few inhabitants of the little Williams county settlement had not yet decided on a name for their town, and Wheelock proposed that if the local people would immortalize him by giving his name to their town he would show his appreciation by bestowing on the community a town pump. He was taken at his word, and the town of Wheelock was named. In due course the town pump was installed. I wonder if it is doing duty yet.

ANOTHER NAME Concerning which I have been curious is Brantford, a station on the Surrey line near New Rockford. That is the name of my home town in Ontario, and until it was given to the little Great Northern town I never knew of it being used elsewhere. When I first saw it used in this state I wondered whether someone had just run across it and thought it was a nice name or if the place was founded and named by someone from Ontario, possibly a next-door neighbor of mine. Some day I shall go there and find out.

DUNDAS IN EDDY COUNTY, N. D., is the next station to Brantford. In Ontario Dundas and Brantford are but a few miles apart, and this suggests an Ontario settlement in that corner of Eddy county. Dundas, however, is an old Scottish name, and the use of the two names in adjoining towns in this state may be accidental.

WEEDS ARE PUZZLING AND perplexing things, and one of the most annoying is that known as purslane. An old New England characterization is that someone 'or something is "meaner than pussley." It doesn't seem possible. There are many varieties of purslane, but that which is the thick-leaves, watery kind, one plant of which, if left alone, will spread until it covers several square feet. The puzzling thing about it is where it comes from. In the cultivation of my bit of garden many weeds have escaped my attention, but there are places which have been cultivated thoroughly all summer, where the soil has been loose and mellow, with not a weed in sight for weeks. Yet now I find little purslane plants by the thousand springing up in otherwise clean soil. Where do they come from, and why?

THE ANSWER CANT BE that recent rains have sprouted seed that has laid dormant during dry weather, because that particular part of the garden has I been watered often and thoroughly. Anyway, as soon as it dries enough I must go over the whole works again, whereas I thought; I was practically through with weeds for this season. Another; peculiarity of these purslane plants is that they are so full of water that if cut off or pulled up and left where they grew they will retain life sometimes through days of dry weather, and that will take root and grow I again after the first shower, "Meaner than pussley" doesn't seem possible.

AS I HAVE MENTIONED often before, I spent the summer of 1882 with a surveying crew in the James river valley. Much of our work, laying out townsites, was in unsettled territory, many miles from a plowed field or a human habitation. The sod had never been disturbed except where section corners had been marked by government surveyors with stakes driven into little mounds built of upturned sod. Almost always where the sod had been thus broken we found pigweed growing, although there was no evidence of that plant where the sod was undisturbed. How did that seed, which is fairly coarse and heavy, get to those remote places?

I NOTICE THAT THE Police department is taking steps to check upon suspicious characters such as always accompany the influx of harvest workers into this modern territory. The harvest season brings many transient workers into the territory. There are fewer of them than formerly because fewer men are needed to handle the crop than when more of the work was done by hand. In recent years, too, crops have been lighter than in the bumper years. In the earlier years there were harvest hands who followed the ripening of the wheat all the way from Texas north, through Kansas and Nebraska, and winding up, on the fertile fields of North Dakota. With those professional itinerants came many young farmers from states farther south who, having finished harvesting on their own smaller farms, joined in the gathering of the North Dakota crop.

THERE WERE SOME FINE workmen among those annual visitors. There were North Dakota farms on which the same workers appeared year after year and on whom local farmers depended with as much certainty as if they had been hired by the year. It was a pleasant relationship that was thus established. It was much the same kind of relationship that existed on many small farms in the east, where the "hired man" was to all intents a member of the family, industrious, dependable, and thoroughly loyal to the family. In North Dakota the service usually lasted only through the harvest months, but each year the worker who had served well in other years appeared on schedule and took his place as easily and naturally as if he belonged, which, in fact, he did.

THOSE TRANSIENT Workers varied, of course, in character and quality, but most of them were real workers. With them came, like scavengers a sprinkling of crooks and criminals of all descriptions, ready to pick up such plunder as they could find, whether from harvest workers in gambling games, in picking unguarded pockets, in pilfering from unguarded homes, and in more serious crimes. To keep tab on vultures of that type was one of the tasks of police departments.

IN THAT CONNECTION I think of Captain John Sullivan, of the Grand Forks police force. I suppose John knew more crooks and scallawags than did any other man in the northwest. He had an excellent memory for names, faces and facts, and when once a criminal came under his observation he was registered permanently in Sullivan's photographic mind. He knew all the places where crooks were likely to congregate and the people with whom they were likely to associate. He was invaluable in harvest time when men of shady reputation were likely to make return trips to Grand Forks.

SULLIVAN MADE IT HIS business to keep the town as free as possible of transient malefactors and in this his methods were direct and often forceful. I happened to be at the Great Northern station one day when a crowd of passengers debarked from a train just in from the east. I had been chatting with Sullivan, who was there quietly on guard. One of the passengers, a shifty-looking fellow, started for down town, but Sullivan intercepted him. "Hello," said he. "I see you're back again." "Well, what's it to you?" demanded the fellow, stiffening up. "Nothin' much," said John. "Nice day for travelin." Better not leave the station. Yer train'll be leavin in five minutes. That's it that you just got off of." "I'm not taking any train, said the stranger. I'm staying here. You got nothing' on me, and I got some rights, I guess." "Mebbe so, mebbe so," said John, agreeably. "But it would be too bad if ye should miss that train." The fellow scowled, mumbled, then boarded the train. He had a police record, Sullivan said, "as long as yer arm, and John made it a point to run him out of town every time he appeared. I'm afraid John would have been criticized sometimes by the Civil Liberties people, but he did a good job. Across his scalp was a crease made by a bullet fired at him by a burglar. John took the burglar in and then had his head sewed up.

AT THE RECENT MEETING of directors of the Northern baseball league in Grand Forks there were discussed various matters relating to the operation of the league, all beaming on the permanency of the organization. Naturally the question of finances occupied a prominent place in the discussions. I read with interest the remarks of President White on the subject, and it appears to me that the policy of caution which he advised is sound.

Several baseball leagues have been organized in this north central territory, to flourish for a season or two and then to disintegrate. In almost every case the rock on which the league came to grief was that of finance. Managers with large ideas overlooked the natural limitations which surrounded professional baseball in this territory and unbalanced budgets were followed by their usual penalties. League after league folded up. The Northern league has now every appearance of permanency. It has provided excellent entertainment for many thousands of spectators and it has stimulated popular interest in the greatest of American games. It seems to me that the president is wise in urging for it a policy of steadiness and caution rather than one of rash adventure.

L. R. NOSTDAL OF RUGBY appeals for information concerning the source of the quotation "He has lived the life of Reilley." I think the gentleman's name is usually given as Riley, but that doesn't matter. I have often seen and heard the expression, but have never known its origin. Any information on the subject will be gratefully received.

THERE WAS ANOTHER Riley, possibly a relative, about whom a song was sung some 50 years ago. Mr. Riley, it appears, was or had been a hotel man. He was greeted by an old friend who had not seen him for many years, and I recall just a little of what the friend said. As nearly as I can remember it went about like this:
Are you the same Riley That kept the hotel? Now if you're the same Riley That's spoke of so highly, Then by me sowl,
Riley, You're lookin' quite well!

HOW INCONSEQUENTIAL things like that will stick! Something solid and substantial, acquired by means of earnest effort, seems to vanish without leaving a trace, but some bit of nonsense, without point or meaning, becomes a fixture. Or, the bit of nonsense may remain buried in one's mind for years until a chance remark, a passage in a book or an unexpected incident brings it again to light.

THEN THERE ARE Memories which are repeatedly revived by chance experiences. I love the fragrance of new-mown hay. One gets that in driving past a field of alfalfa curing in the sun. And whenever I catch that odor I am transported back mentally nearly 70 years to a little field of red clover where bees hummed among the blossoms and the river, brilliant in the summer sunlight, moved slowly and smoothly by.

AND WHEN I GET HOLD OF a piece of fresh pine timber and catch its clean resinous smell, I skip back across the years to the lumber yard of a country sawmill where I played in the fresh sawdust and scraped pitch from the ends of sawlogs to be boiled into chewing gum. And the same fragrance filled the air.

SO WITH THE SONG ABOUT Mr. Riley who kept the hotel. I don't know where I picked it up, or when, but it etched a place somewhere in my consciousness, and something occasionally brushed the dust off, and there it is.

WHEN PAPERS TAKEN from a safe that had belonged to the old Bathgate state bank were being sorted over recently there was found among the collection a canceled check for \$60 drawn in favor of the Fargo Loan agency and signed by H. L. Holmes, president of the bank. Probably a penmanship expert would interpret the signature as being that of a vigorous man of positive character, which is exactly what Mr. Holmes was. For years he was a potent influence in the business and political circles of the state.

SOME DAYS AGO I commented on the fact that grass is now growing on the western ranges where several of the magazine writers said that no grass would grow for many years because the native growth had been killed by drouth and over grazing and the fertile soil had all blown away. One year's rain has brought the grass back. Miss Lyla Hoffine, of Minot, writer of charming Indian stories, has noted this change, and it has interfered with one of her activities which she found highly interesting.

MISS HOFFINE IS A Diligent collector of relics of Indian life. She has found the region north of Granville especially fruitful in such treasures. During the period of extreme drouth when there was scarcely any green vegetation and light soil had blown from exposed knolls, it was easy to find arrow heads, small stone implements and other evidences of the Indian life of long ago. Now the hunting for such treasures is poor for there is thick grass where not long ago there was only bare earth. It's better for the cattle, but not so good for the archaeologist.

QUITE OFTEN I FIND Satisfaction—not malicious, I hope—in the mistakes made by other people. Not long ago William Alien White made the positive prediction that Roosevelt would not run for another term. I predicted that he would, and that's what he is doing. William Alien was wrong and I was right. The idea is not that I know more about those things than William Alien does, for he is a man of great wisdom whom I respect and admire. But the fact that he has made the same kind of mistake that I am likely to make seems to place us on the same broad ground of human fallibility, which is exceedingly comforting.

JUST THE OTHER DAY THE great New York Times said that if there should be no majority vote in the electoral college for any candidate the president would be elected by the senate. Naturally the mistake was caught by readers who called the attention of the Times to the fact that in such a case the president is chosen by the house, and the Times acknowledged the error. That was quite cheering to me. There may be an abler paper than the New York Times, but I don't know of any, and when the Times stubs its toe on a simple fact like that I don't feel quite so discouraged over some of my own blunders.

AFTER ALL, THE Distribution of human frailty has its good points. Of course if we were all perfect, that would be something else. Things would be monotonous, for there would be nothing to correct, nothing to improve, and nothing to argue about, and what would life be without argument? But we are not all perfect, and it's a mighty good thing that the imperfections are not concentrated in just a few of us. If one were the only blunderer in the world his would be a lonely life, with an inferiority complex of crushing weight. But when the big people make about the same kind of mistakes that are made by the little ones we smaller fry can feel that there is still hope for us. Therefore I am cheered when I find William Alien White and the New York Times making mistakes.

THE FEELING WITH WHICH many of my acquaintances viewed the proceedings at the late Democratic convention in Chicago may be described as one of enthusiastic apathy.

I HAVEN'T YET HEARD from anyone concerning the origin of the expression "living the life of Riley, for which inquiry was made the other day, but I have learned a little more about the Riley song, of which I was able to recall just a few lines. Other lines are supplied by T. A. Suhr Sr., a retired railway man who lives at 413 C h e r r y street. Mr. Suhr is a native of southern Ontario, d o w n near Lake Erie, and in his younger days he was a telegraph operator in that territory. Also, he was a lacrosse player and played with his team in many of the Ontario towns. When he saw the lines quoted from the Riley song he recalled the days of his youth when the song was a popular vaudeville number. Like me, he remembers only snatches of it, and without vouching for accuracy he quotes from memory as follows: I'm Terence O'Riley, a man of re-nown;

I'm a thoro'bred to the backbone: I'm kin to O'Connor: my neighbor is queen Of China, some miles from Ath-
lone.

If ye'll just let me be, I'll have Ireland free;
On the railways you'll pay no
fare; I'll have the United States under
my thumb, And I'll sleep in the president's
chair. Chorus: Is that Mr. Riley, they speak of
so highly? Is that Mr. Riley that kapes the
hotel?

Now if you're the same Riley They speak of so highly, Then by me sowl, Riley, You're lookin' quite well.

A LOT OF INFORMATION, interesting, and sometimes useful, may be obtained by reading the gardening and home-
building departments in the Sunday papers. For instance, the reader is told by the writer in one of those departments that when it is necessary to do weeding or cultivating in hot weather it is much more comfortable to do it in the cool of the morning than in the heat of the day. What an origin al idea that is! The writer might have added that for those who like to sleep late in the morning the weeding and cultivating may be deferred until the cool of the evening.

AN AMATEUR GARDENER asks the expert why his snapdragons droop or his rose leaves turn yellow. He is told that he may have watered them too much, or that he may not have watered them enough. Or a fungus may have attacked the foliage or an insect may be at work on them. Or perhaps there are borers in the stems or rot has attacked the roots, With this fund of information the inquirer ought to be able to tell just what is the matter with his plants and what to do about it.

THE HOOME-MAKING Departments are equally full of valuabl e suggestions. Someone wants to know how to fix his leaky windows. He is given a lecture on weather-stripping and is advised to consult a reliable builder or architect, which is always good advice. One trouble is not that the people who conduct those departments don't know their stuff—though some of them don't—but that inquirers often approach their gardening and building problems just about as others approach the problems of health. Someone has a headache and seeks what causes it and what can be done about it. The real doctor would say that he doesn't know, as headache maybe caused by any one of a multitude of causes and he can't give the answer until he has more information. The quack might recommend off hand a nostrum of his own concoction or a course of treatment which includes the use of a lot of complicated paraphernalia and the making of mysterious passes over the body. In gardening, in building, in matters of health and in politics many of us are apt to look for short cuts and easy going.