

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT I DO any figuring on baseball percentages. It isn't necessary. All the figuring is done by those whose business it is, and the team standings are there for me to examine if I am interested. Many years ago, when I did a little sports editing in the time available between other jobs, every sports editor did his own figuring and errors were frequent. There is nothing difficult about calculating the percentage of a team on the basis of games won and lost. All that is required is a little elementary long division, but in a hurry of preparing copy it was easy to clip a cog, and then there would be angry protests from aggrieved readers.

TO SIMPLIFY AND SPEED up the procedure Charlie Scott and I collaborated in the preparation of a table of percentages which eliminated all the daily figuring. All that was necessary was to look at the table, and there was the percentage, right before our eyes. We considered the preparation of that table a brilliant achievement. It did save a lot of work. Now all such things are systematized and syndicated, and such ready-reckoning devices as ours are in use the world over, and the individual sports editor is relieved of a lot of brain fag.

I HAVE OBSERVED WITH satisfaction that the Grand Forks' Chiefs have been pretty consistently maintaining their position at or near the top of the percentage column. But it may or may not have occurred to anyone else that the table, while accurate, doesn't give a quite complete picture of the situation.

HAVING BEFORE ME THE table published Thursday morning, which, doubtless, will have been changed by subsequent games, I note that the higher percentages are as follows: Grand Forks, .632; Superior, .571; Winnipeg, .553; Crookston and Duluth, .500 each. That seems fairly close for the leaders. One day's games might make material changes in the order.

BUT THAT ISN'T THE whole story. On the basis of the same table Grand Forks has played 19 games, Superior only 14, Winnipeg 15, and Crookston and Duluth 16 each. The higher percentage of Grand Forks is on the greater number of games. If each team should be required to play 19 games, Superior would have to play five games and win four of them to tie Grand Forks. Winnipeg must play four games and win all of them. Crookston and Duluth must play three games each, and if they should win all of them they would still be several points below Grand Forks. That may be some comfort to Grand Forks fans if the local team should slip a notch or two.

OF ALL OUR LOCAL TREES the box elder is one of the most diligent in its effort to perpetuate itself. Every gardener whose plot is in the vicinity of a box elder is kept busy during the summer rooting up seedlings. And in spite of all his effort he is pretty sure to overlook some of them, and next year he will find a lusty box elder growing right in the middle of a pet shrub where it is hard to get at, or in some other place where it isn't wanted. The seedlings are easy to kill if they are taken in time, but they are so numerous that some of them are certain to escape attention.

EVEN MORE PERSISTENT is the ash. We haven't so many of them as of box elders, and from many standpoints the ash is a thoroughly desirable tree, while the box elder has several objectionable features. But in the matter of seeding itself the ash is a problem. Its seeds are similar in form to those of the box elder, and both are scattered by the wind and will take root in almost any soil. But to the gardener the ash is even more objectionable because of its deep-rooting habit. The roots of the box elder seedling are mostly near the surface, and the little plant can be uprooted without difficulty. But the miniature ash immediately sends a tap root down to unknown depths and gets a firm grip on the earth. Attempts to pull it often break it off, and if the break is at the surface a new shoot is likely to appear. It has seemed to me that because of its rooting habit the ash would be a fine tree for a farm grove. It is not a rapid grower, but it is one of our most valuable timber trees.

I FIND NO PUBLISHER'S Imprint on the North Dakota publicity pamphlet. If I were a printer I should not like to have my name attached to such a job. The typography is blurred and smeared, and as to the portraits, many of them look as if the subjects were suffering from a bad attack of smallpox. Inasmuch as the law requires newspaper publication of all measures to be submitted, the publicity pamphlet seems to be superfluous.

MR. LANGER BASES HIS Appeal for votes as published in the pamphlet on his pledge that he will never vote to send the boys to Europe. If the present rate of going is kept up there will soon be no friendly territory in Europe on which our boys could land if they were sent across, and the landing of an army on ground held in force by a hostile power would be some job. Yet, if we should get into a war some of our boys would be fighting, if not in Europe, very close to it. Nobody wants a war, but some times people are forced into war in spite of what they want. The Norwegians didn't want war, but they got it, as did the people of several smaller countries. And if war should come the best defense measure would be to keep the fighting as far as possible from our own territory. With the United States at war American ships would be fighting all over the planet wherever the water is deep enough.

THE ITALIAN ATTITUDE IN this war has been that of the jackal that hangs around until the lion has made his kill and gorged himself. And the more desperate the case of the Allies becomes the more courageous the Italians grow. If Germany should win in the final roundup, probably Mussolini would be graciously permitted to extend his sway over such unconsidered trifles of territory as Hitler doesn't want, with the distinct understanding that at all times he must be obedient to orders from Berlin.

IN AN ADDRESS Broadcast the other night J. B. Priestly, speaking from London, said that the British public had been slow to appreciate the real significance of this war as something immediately concerning them. As an illustration he quoted a remark made by a kitchen maid in his household. The girl said, "I wonder if Hitler knows what a lot of trouble and expense he is making for us." Priestly assured her that Hitler does know, and likes it.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT would have been glad to include two or three prominent Republicans in his cabinet, and there are those who have thought that this would be a good thing. But prominent Republicans have not responded, and it is just as well. In support of the plan there has been cited the practice in Great Britain and some other democratic countries in the creation of coalition cabinets in emergencies.

OUR SYSTEM OF Government, however, is entirely different from that in the parliamentary countries. There the parliament is the supreme and exclusive governing body and the cabinet is its agent, which can be deposed at the will of the main body. A coalition in those countries can last only so long as it has the confidence and support of the parties represented in it. The coalition is definitely representative of the several parties.

IN THIS COUNTRY Congress is not supreme. The president has large powers which congress cannot abridge, and the cabinet represents, not the congress, but the president. Its members are his personal representatives, and Republican cabinet officers appointed by a Democratic president could not be considered in any effective way as representatives of the Republican party.

THE IDEA OF THE Defense commission is far better, and the commission has vast possibilities. It will be responsible only to the president. In his attitude toward it Mr. Roosevelt will have an opportunity to show to what extent he is willing, in a great national emergency, to subordinate political considerations to the urgent requirements of the nation. If he tried to make a political machine of the commission the whole thing will be a dismal failure.

WHEN THE BOY BROUGHT the evening paper I thought it would be a neat idea to read it in the shade of the back yard. The sun was still high, and the air, though quiet, retained much of the heat of a blazing afternoon. The sprinkler was going full force for the grass was showing the effects of heat, and I thought I could afford the luxury of a few barrels of water at the 15 cent rate. Every little movement of air brought the perfume of lilacs, and all the surroundings were so peaceful that the conditions seemed ideal for reading the paper and learning the worst about the war up to date.

I HAD READ A FEW Headlines and found nothing encouraging in them when a robin attracted my attention. I had just filled the bath, and he was enjoying it. Some birds bathe rather daintily as if afraid of getting wet. Not this robin. He plunged right in where the water was breast deep, and soused himself. That's exactly the word—soused. Time after time he immersed himself until his feathers were wet and draggled, but, after shaking himself vigorously he perched on the sweet pea fence and in a few minutes he was as dry as ever.

THUS FAR I HADN'T DONE much reading. I had just read a paragraph indicating the probability that Mussolini was about to jump in and get his when I noticed that my robin had started to dig. Robins live chiefly on worms and bugs. I have read that a robin can hear the sound of an angleworm burrowing beneath the surface, and that that's why a robin digs. I wouldn't know about that. I have never been able to hear any sound made by an angleworm, but probably a robin's hearing is more acute, and it is closer to the ground.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, MY robin made the dirt fly, and presently he pulled out of the hole a worm that looked large enough to make a meal for him. But one worm was just a taste. He went after more, and got them. His digging was interrupted by the arrival of another robin. Promptly he attacked the intruder and drove him away. This was repeated several times. The yard was big enough and contained worms enough for a whole flock of robins, but it appeared that this robin, like Hitler, demanded it all for himself. I began to dislike him. Then I discovered that he was not quite the greedy monopolist that I had supposed. He permitted without protest the presence of several other robins, several sparrows, a goldfinch and a catbird, and attended strictly to his digging while they were foraging or bathing. But whenever one particular robin appeared he would drop everything and drive that bird off. For some reason he had a hate on for that particular bird.

EVIDENTLY THERE WAS A deep-seated private quarrel. I had no means of learning anything about its cause, but the evidence of its existence was unmistakable. In between these battles I had read occasional paragraphs in the paper, but I had not made much progress. The wild life around me was too interesting. Birds came by the dozen to enjoy the bath. A tiny goldfinch bathed as vigorously as the robin had done. A purple grackle flew straight for the bath, but when he saw me too near he swerved and took his station in a tree across the lot where he scolded me in that rasping tone of his. I heard the note of an oriole at some distance and presently the oriole itself approached and doused its brilliant plumage. So it went until I decided to give up reading the paper until night when I could read it in the house without interruption.

PERHAPS WE ARE TO HAVE here a colony of whip-poor-wills. Mrs. J. Bell DeRemer heard one a couple of weeks ago. It may, of course, have been the one heard by Mrs. Saunderson, but it seems more likely that separate birds have started housekeeping in different parts of the city.

PLACE NAMES, LIKE Other names, have their peculiarity. Many of them have historical associations, being used to commemorate important events or to do honor to individuals who have been conspicuous for one reason or another. Many places derive their names from local topographical features. The name Grand Forks is one example of this among a vast multitude. In many Indian names there is evidence of lively imagination and poetic spirit, as in Minnewaukan, meaning Spirit water, which English speaking pioneers reduced to bad prose in the form "Devil's Lake."

IN MANY OF THE PLACE names of the west and southwest we read evidences of the pious spirit of the early missionaries, who named the missions which they founded in honor of saints. California has a whole string of cities large and small which were once mission stations founded by that devout and amazingly industrious missionary Junipero Serra.

MANY OF THE PLACES IN the western world were named after the European — usually English—homes of the early settlers. New York is named after the city of York, England. Toronto was once Little York. Boston was an old English town long before the name was given to an American village which was to be a great center of culture in the United States.

THEN THERE ARE NAMES whose origin has been completely forgotten. In Brantford, Ontario, when I lived there we had two names which I have attributed to somebody's coarse humor. They were Whisky Hollow and Vinegar Hill. The name Whisky Hollow was usually considered appropriate. The locality was down by the river bank, quite off the beaten track, and many of the less desirable members of the community, among them a large proportion of blacks, gravitated there. Expansion of the city changed the character of the district and it was given a more euphonious name. It had been Holmdale for many years.

THE NAME VINEGAR HILL used to puzzle me. In the first place, it wasn't much of a hill. It was just a slight elevation spread over considerable area, and I could see no reason for calling it a hill when we had plenty of real hills in other directions. Nor could I see anything vinegary about it. Physically it was rather attractive, and its population was orderly and industrious. It contained a black colony of a few dozen families, but they were of the better class and were generally respected.

GLANCING THROUGH A Biographical sketch of Sir John Moore, the famous English general who was buried "darkly, at dead of night," I stumbled upon a background for the name of a district in an Ontario city. At one time during his long and brilliant military career Sir John Moore was in command at the battle of Vinegar Hill, Ireland. Some patriotic Irish had evidently settled years ago on that gently sloping hill and had named it for another Vinegar Hill in Ireland which they had just left. Why the Irish town or hill was named is beyond me.

OCCASIONALLY WHEN I have confessed ignorance of the French language my statement has been received with surprise, for I have met those who supposed that the population of Canada is so largely French that everyone there must have at least a smattering of knowledge of the language. Those persons do not realize that the French population of Canada is confined chiefly to the province of Quebec and to certain sections of the northwest where the fur industry attracted many of the Quebec people. There may have been a very few French families in Brantford, though I never heard of any, and I was thoroughly familiar with the town. We had a few hundred negroes, who, with the exception of the small Whisky Hollow crowd, were good people in every way. The rest of the population, so far as I have recollection of it, was English, Irish and Scottish. So far as I know the Scandinavian countries were not represented by a single family.

LILAC TIME IN GRAND Forks has been a decided success this year. The season was somewhat later than usual and blooms were rather slow in getting started. In most years this is an advantage as there is less likelihood of damage from late frosts. But when growth did get started it came on apace and the spring rains had provided plenty of moisture to insure good development. The result has been an unusually fine display of blossoms which have held their form and color well. This has given the city a fine display of this, one of our earliest and most beautiful flowers.

I THINK I HAVE SEEN somewhere that there are some 300 named varieties of lilacs. Such infinitesimal divisions are meaningless except to the expert, and I suspect that the experts would have difficulty in classifying some of the varieties which resemble each other so closely that differences among them are scarcely perceptible. There are, however, differences which are so marked that they can be recognized even by the unskilled amateur. These differences are in color, form and character of growth.

MY FRIEND TOM HARIG, who grows a lot of interesting plants at his home on Thirteenth avenue south, had just given me an armful of the most remarkable lilac blooms that I have ever seen. The flower spikes are large and well set with clusters of individual blossoms of unusual size, and their color is the deepest purple that I have ever seen in a lilac. Tom obtained his stock a few years ago from a lady at Angus, Minnesota, who had grown the plants for a long time. She had no knowledge of their name or origin. In addition to the fine form and deep coloring of the blossoms the plants have the advantage of being free from suckers, a feature which makes them especially desirable for the small garden.

SO FAR AS I CAN LEARN the lilac is not a native of the western hemisphere. The earliest known plants were found in Asia and southeastern Europe, and the first plants on this continent were brought to New England by settlers in whose English gardens they had grown for generations. Thence they were carried across the continent and the lilac has become one of the most prized and most familiar flowers of the northern states and Canada.

OUR MOST FAMILIAR Variety is the old-fashioned "common" lilac which, if untrimmed, grows to a height of ten or twelve feet and in a good year is covered with masses of richly tinted purple blossoms. It is a persistent grower and will stand all sorts of rough usage. In the small garden it has the disadvantage of being difficult to control. Its roots are rapid travelers and unless there is vigorous action to check the growth of suckers one plant will soon occupy much more space than one wishes to give to it.

HORTICULTURISTS HAVE developed from the common lilac many new types. We have now the Persian and French lilacs, and I never can tell which is which. These vary greatly in form and color, and most of them are free from suckers. Fully opened some of them are deep purple while others are so faintly tinged with color as to appear almost white. There is, of course, the pure white lilac, which has the growing characteristics of the common lilac, including that of suckering.

THERE IS AN INTERESTING difference between the common and the French and Persian lilacs in the coloring, respectively, of unopened and opened buds. The unopened buds of the common lilac are deep purple, but when opened the flowers are much lighter. With some of the other varieties the unopened buds are only faintly colored, many having a faded appearance, but the opened flowers have an even deeper color than those of the common lilac. With them the color scheme is reversed.

IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD there is an interesting lilac freak. One bush, which may be a Persian, has a fine crop of lacy blossoms that are almost white, but one twig has two clusters of deep purple blossoms. Because of the plant's habit of growth cross-fertilization does not seem to account for this curious variation. It presents a problem which I leave to the authorities. It is too much for me.

I HAVE JUST HAD A LITTLE job of painting done. I have had many jobs of painting done, by several different kinds of workmen, and under many different conditions. Sometimes I have done the job myself, though I am not a painter. Though not a painter, I have usually been able to do a plain, straightaway job in a fairly satisfactory manner, but, being unaccustomed to the work, the task has taken me twice as long as it would have taken a regular painter.

OCCASIONALLY IN AN Emergency, when no other painter was immediately available, I have employed a stranger and taken a chance. And sometimes I have wished I hadn't, for an unskillful painter can do damage in a day that it will take a long time to repair. Hence, when I have a job of painting to do, I prefer to employ someone regularly in the business who has a stake in his work and a reputation to maintain. My little job this time was done by professional painters.

I SAID "PROFESSIONAL." You may ask when housepainting became a profession. I'm sure I don't know, but I suspect that ever since housepainting was done the work has demanded several of the qualities which we associate with what we call the professions. It demands intimate knowledge of the materials used technical skill, and manual dexterity. But the finished workman must have more than these qualities. He must have a lively interest in his work and take pride in doing a good job. There are Ph. Ds who could not meet all those requirements, and housepainters who can. Therefore I say that my job was done by professional painters, and, of course, it was well done.

SOME YEARS AGO I HAD A job of plastering done by a man whom I should classify as a professional plasterer. Plastering is manual work of a strenuous sort. One part of the work required both skill and good taste. My plasterer—he is no longer living, I am sorry to say—went at it with the enthusiasm of an artist. He touched the materials as if he loved them, and when the work was done, and well done, he was as proud of it as a painter is of a fine picture, or as a sculptor is of a fine piece of statuary.

AS A BOY I LIKED TO visit the village blacksmith shop and watch the sparks fly in showers from the glowing metal under the blows of the hammer. Sometimes, as a rare privilege, I was permitted to strike alternate blows with another hammer, the blacksmith and I playing what was to me a merry tune. That blacksmith was more than a manual worker. He was an artist. For him the horseshoe had to be turned just right; the weld must be made at just the right heat; and every curve and joint had to be finished smoothly and accurately. He knew that his work would stand up wherever it was put, and he was proud of it.

HOUSEPAINTERS, Plasterers and blacksmiths do not wear white collars at their work. Their working clothes are rough and soiled. But the youth who has the soul of an artist can make a profession of any job that he tackles. Like the quarry man who, shaping a block of stone, who told the inquirer that he was building a cathedral, he can see through the task on which his hands are employed a vision of beauty, symmetry, strength. He works for wages, of course. So do we all. He must have wages with which to provide food and clothing and shelter. Those necessities are things of a day. But the joy that comes from worthy achievement is a permanent reward whose value is not subject to the fluctuations of the market or the uncertainties of weather.

THE CENSUS BUREAU HAS removed from its rolls the one farm which, until now, has existed on Manhattan island. When the Dutch bought the island from the Indians for \$24 they paid all that it was worth to anybody at that time, and contrary to many statements which have been made, the Indians were not defrauded. Whatever value the island has now has been created by forces with which the Indians had nothing to do. Although most of the island was worthless for agricultural purposes there were a few spots which could be cultivated with some success.

Villages were spotted here and there, and the rest of the area was either cultivated or grazed by the cattle of the early inhabitants. Gradually brick and mortar took the place of grass and cultivated fields, but year after year for some decades past there has been recorded one "farm" on the island in what is known as the Inwood section. That bit of land, occupying the space of a city block, is no longer a farm; it is a parking lot, and Manhattan is no longer agricultural territory.

HOLLAND'S TULIP CRAZE is historic. The craze subsided, but there developed a substantial industry based on real values, and that industry thrives today. A few years ago we had the Belgian hare as a source of try, a craze which in some of its aspects was as fantastic as the tulip craze. There was a sudden development of interest in the Belgina hare as a source of food and fur. People began raising hares in expectation of fortunes. Agricultural publications were filled with advertisements of breeding stock and enormous prices were paid for animals having what were considered choice pedigrees. A lot of money was actually made by the few who got in on the ground floor and supplied the demand for breeding stock, but when people settled down to the prosaic business of raising the animals for food and fur there was a slump. I suppose Belgian hares are still raised somewhere, but they are not bringing fancy prices.

FUR FARMING PASSED through somewhat similar stages. A few persons discovered that foxes could be raised successfully in captivity, and to many that appeared an easy way to becoming rich. Fur farms were established all over the country, and there was an insistent demand for breeding stock. But the business didn't pan out the way that many hoped that it would. It required constant attention, lots of hard work and an intimate knowledge of the ways of foxes. Most of the amateurs dropped out and left the field to the professionals. The original craze has given place to a solid industry.

FOX FARMING GOT ITS start in the Canadian province of Prince Edward Island, where it still flourishes. The pioneers in the industry reaped a rich harvest during the craze from the sale of animals for breeding. As high as \$35,000 was paid for one pair of silver foxes for breeding. Now the price is about \$100. But there is a steady demand for pelts, and to meet that thousands of fox farms are in operation.

A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT bulletin tells of the growth of the fur farming industry in Canada, the revenues from which in 1938 amounted to nearly \$6,-500,000. The greater part of this was from silver foxes, although other foxes are also grown for market, as well as minks, muskrats and other fur-bearers. There are now more than 10,000 fur farms in Canada, and these farms now furnish almost 50 per cent of Canada's large fur output. Grand Forks has a successful fox farm just north" of the city, and the industry is well represented in many of the northern states.

ONE OF THE MOST Precocious bloomers that I have seen is a columbine seedling which I set out this spring. When planted it was a tiny thing, no larger at the crown than a knitting needle. It has established itself slowly, and I supposed that it would make some growth this summer and made a few blooms next year. Yet that tiny plant has already produced a full-fledged blossom which is as big as all the rest of the plant.

IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY the administration is taking steps to speed up the job of supplying to the Allies war material of which they are desperately in need. The navy department is turning back to the manufacturer certain plans made during the past two years in exchange for others of improved type which are now being manufactured. The planes thus turned in will be delivered immediately to the Allies, who will thus be supplied immediately with equipment for which otherwise they would have been obliged to wait for months. This plan, it is said, is to be followed by the return to manufacturers in similar manner of other "surplus" material by both navy and army, the material to be sold at once to the Allies by the manufacturers.

THIS METHOD CAN BE followed without special authorization by congress and without violating any existing law. It is an indirect, but very useful method of helping the Allies, whereas the direct sale of material by our government to the Allied governments is opposed by some members of congress on the ground that it would be interpreted as an act of war against Germany.

I HAVE LISTENED OF LATE to many conversations on the subject of helping the Allies, and from men in many walks of life I find a pronounced sentiment, expressed in various ways, in favor of doing whatever can be done to help the Allies in this fight short of sending an army across the seas. On that point I find opinion reserved, pending future developments.

INVOLVED IN THAT Attitude, I find, are consideration of sentiment and idealism, but aside from such considerations it is defended as a cold, practical matter of business. Until recently we have rested secure in the belief that the Allies would win the war, or that at worst the war would end in something like a draw which would leave the great democracies intact. That belief has been shattered, and we face now the definite possibility of a German victory which would leave the democracies prostrate with Hitler master of the world.

THE IDEA THAT WHAT happens in Europe is of no concern here has been pretty thoroughly dissipated. Events in Europe are now affecting us most intimately. Already they have had a demoralizing influence on our entire economic system. They have imposed on us a five billion dollar defense program, the cost of which will affect the way of living of every American. And, if Hitler wins this war, our five billion dollars would be merely the beginning of an expenditure of many times that sum in an effort to build defenses strong enough to afford even reasonable security. If, in spite of all that, we should be forced into a war with Britain and France already destroyed, we should spend scores of billions, and no one can say what the outcome would be.

THOSE FACTS ARE Becoming more and more clearly recognized, and there is a growing feeling that it is better to act now than to wait until it is too late. To the statement that supplying material to the Allies on a large scale through direct government action would of itself involve us in war it is replied that that may be true, but that it would also provide the best assurance possible that we shall not be involved in war. If, by aiding the Allies now in this manner we can prevent a Nazi victory, we should be insuring our Immunity at a comparatively low cost.

SENTIMENT THAT I FIND is almost unanimous in going from the entire distance in support of the Allies short of sending an army abroad, and men who are not accustomed to talking loosely in terms of money have said that we should not sell, but give outright to the Allies whatever can be helpful to them as a part of our contribution to a cause in which we have a vital interest. Every gain made by Hitler's armies is a menace to the United States. In strengthening the forces of France and Britain we shall be contributing to our own security and the untrammelled maintenance of our way of life.

WESTERN NORTH DAKOTA in pioneer days is the background of a new novel entitled Medora," by Miss Zdena Trinka, of Lidgerwood, N. D. Another novel by Miss Trinka, "Jenik and Marenka of Czechoslovakia," gained for its author free entrance into and travel privileges through Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. Her sojourn in Europe was interrupted by events leading to the Munich compact, and Miss Trinka returned as a refugee on the Queen Mary, among whose passengers on the same trip were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. I have not seen her new work, therefore I cannot pass judgment on it, but it has been thus described in a printed article:

"MEDORA' IS THE FIRST novel ever written with North Dakota for a background. It is the story of the Marquis de Mores of France, of his beautiful American bride, Medora, after whom a town was named; and of their Chateau in the famous Badlands of North Dakota where they set up a bit of Old Europe; of Theodore Roosevelt in the days when he was a Wild West cowpuncher; of a Wall Street banker's millions invested in a losing gamble on the future of a new country; of Alexander McKenzie when he "sat the roost" as Czar of Dakota's political destiny; of cattlemen, rustlers, and desperadoes. It is the story of the day of feuds and gunfire, stark tragedy and ridiculous humor. It is the story of a man's chivalry and a woman's tender devotion that rivals the classics of love. It is a story that supplies the missing link to the Dreyfus affair and sees its finale on the burning sands of the African desert. It is a book for which a large sale is predicted not only in America but in France and England."

VITAMIN B-1 IS BEING featured as an aid to gardeners and horticulturists. Amazingly diluted solutions of it are supposed to do remarkable things to plants. We are being shown pictures of plants treated with this solution which are several times as large and sturdy as similar plants which have not been so treated. Some of the statements made concerning it sound too good to be true, but I am open to conviction when satisfactory evidence is available. I have already doped some plants with one of the commercial preparations and am awaiting results.

IT APPEARS THAT Vitamin B-1 is but one of the many chemicals which enter into the composition of what is called the Vitamin B complex. Dr. Martin B. Vorhaus of New York, who is recognized as an authority on the subject, says that in the Vitamin B complex there are 16, and possibly as many as 20 separate elements, each having an important influence on the physical well-being of mankind. By a simple mathematical computation Dr. Vorhaus finds that there are a possible 43,046,720 combinations of these elements with only one containing them all in the proper proportions requisite for good health.

OUR PRESENT DIET, SAYS Dr. Vorhaus, is deficient in some of these important properties. Another authority, Dr. Fritz Lowry of Philadelphia, says that paupers in England 300 years ago were provided three or four times as much Vitamin B as the wealthiest classes in England now receive. The statement that there is only one chance in more than 43 million of having our vitamin content just right will be welcomed by those who like to have something to worry about, and it will provide them with opportunity for worry that will last a lifetime. As for me, I shall go right along eating such things as are set before me and which appeal to my taste, with leanings toward a thick steak, medium, every so often. When there's only one chance in 43 million of being right, one may as well forget it and enjoy life as well as possible while it lasts.

SOME TIME AGO IN Writing about matters dramatic and operatic I told of an incident in which a group of University students assisted in the presentation of the opera "Aida" which was being given here by the famous San Carlos Opera company. Extra men were needed to fill out the picture in the choruses and several boys from the University volunteered to serve. They could wear their costumes and carry their spears quite competently, but when it came to singing the choruses, they didn't know the language. However, being anxious to do their full duty, they improvised with the best Italian they knew and sang "Macaroni, spaghetti, vermicilli," with all their power and to the great delight of the regular performers.

THE FACTS IN THAT CASE were relayed to me by a friend who knew the story, but I didn't learn the names of any of those amateur performers. I have now learned that one of them was Min Hin Li, a native of Hawaii and son of an eminent Chinese family there, who was then a North Dakota student, and another was Donald McCormick, a North Dakota resident, both students in the University school of medicine.

MIN HIN LI IS NOW DR. LI, a leading practitioner in Honolulu, one of the most influential citizens of Hawaii, commander of the Hawaii American Legion, and a delegate from Hawaii to the Republican national convention in Philadelphia. Dr. Donald McCormick has for years been a resident of Philadelphia where he has attained a commanding position as a surgeon.

DR. LI FLEW FROM Honolulu to Fargo in 30 hours in order to attend the North Dakota Legion convention at Devils Lake and to visit old friends in Grand Forks. His classmate Dr. McCormick flew most of the way from Philadelphia to meet his old friend here and to revive memories of school days at the U. N. D. The incident of the opera was recalled, together with many others. While he was at the University Dr. Li, finding himself in contact with many classmates of Norse origin, thought it his duty to learn something of their language. He applied himself so well that he became able to sing the Norwegian national anthem correctly and with great enthusiasm. That was many years ago, but on his visit here, when as many as possible of the old gang were rounded up he demonstrated that he had not forgotten. He can, and occasionally does, sing the Norwegian national anthem as well as ever.

DR. LI COMES OF A Distinguished medical family Among his forbears have been some of the outstanding physicians in China and several of his immediate relatives are now practicing medicine there. His father, long a resident of Hawaii has for years been a leading physician in Honolulu, and his mother also holds a doctor's degree. A brother and a sister are both physicians and another sister is married to a member of the medical staff of the University of Hawaii.

DR. MIN HIN LI'S MOTHER was one of the representative citizens of Honolulu who, 20 years ago, organized the cities United Welfare board, and during the two decades that has elapsed she has been an untiring worker in the service of that organization for the promotion of local health and welfare. Recently she was honored by having presented to her in recognition of her service a testimonial script containing a record of that service.

HAWAII IS NO STRANGER to U. N. D. graduates, several of whom are or have been engaged in important work there or in the surrounding Pacific. To Richard Black, now with the Byrd Antarctic expedition, was entrusted the responsibility of taking possession in the name of the United States of Canton, Jarvis and Enderbury islands and of establishing American colonizers on them. Displayed in Reuttell's store window just now is the tattered remains of the American flag which he first raised over Enderbury. Alex Budge, another Grand Forks man, heads the company which owns a string of Hawaii's finest hotels, sugar plantations and other large enterprises. Boyd Begg, still another Grand Forks man, is just now engaged on the construction of the six million dollar dry dock at Pearl harbor, the largest in the world. His company has the contract for one third of the construction, a job which will be completed in two years. When that is done there will be similar jobs in the Palmyra islands. With these are other former University people, some of them classmates, Dr. Li keeps in as close touch as possible.

THUS FAR, WHILE THE United States feels the influence of war in every department of its life, and the possibilities of the future are unknown, our people are free from actual participation in the conflict. But only a few miles away, with only an invisible line separating them from us, the people of Canada are actually at war. War for them is no theoretical concept; it is an actuality. From the farms and the offices and the factories of Canada young men are being mustered into service and thousands of them are already overseas and more are preparing to follow. War in its grim aspects, short of actual invasion of the country, has entered the homes, the families, the lives of our nearest neighbors, and the entire country is being readjusted to a war basis.

A LETTER JUST RECEIVED from a friend in the driest section of Saskatchewan tells of continued drouth there through the spring and of poor crop prospects for the summer. Many families there have been reduced to dire straits by the succession of bad crop years, and for many of them the problem of maintaining bare existence has become acute. But even in this distressing situation of destitution and war the writer sees a ray of hope. She writes:

"THE WAR HAS AT LEAST done one good thing for us. It has brought about among us a greater disposition to help each other."

EMERGENCIES AND Disasters do have their compensations. Misfortune does sometimes help to brush aside the artificial distinctions which separate human beings and bring about a clearer realization of our common humanity. Those experiences may help us to understand the relative unimportance of material things and the enduring nature of such human qualities as kindness and neighborliness.

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO, when the field was being searched for possible candidates for the presidency there were a few suggestions — not many, but some—that Senator Nye of North Dakota might develop considerable strength in the forthcoming Republican convention as a candidate for the party's presidential nomination. Mr. Nye had become one of the best known speakers in the country. He had addressed large audience in many states, and always he had impressed his audiences by his excellent platform manner and delivery, by the orderly arrangement of his material, his ready and effective choice of words and the impressive manner in which he made plausible statements. He was sure of an ovation wherever he went.

FOR SOME REASON NOT much has been heard of Senator Nye of late. His presidential boomlet, if that term can be used to describe it, appears to have collapsed without anything even so impressive as an explosion. His remark just after the invasion of Norway that nothing was happening abroad that was worth the price of an American mule didn't help him in this part of the country, but in other sections also there has come about a realization that some of the things which he has been in the habit of dismissing lightly and casually are of real importance, and that some of his generalizations do not fit into the hard and sometimes cruel facts of life.

R. J. MOORE, WHO HAS just returned from a bankers' convention in New York, tells of the business confusion which had been brought about by the war. Funds amounting to hundreds of millions have been brought from Europe and deposited in New York banks for safe keeping. The banks do not want this money, as they already have more than they need. Its acceptance imposes obligations on the local banks which they do not wish to assume, and for which there is no adequate compensation. Moreover, because of the uncertainties surrounding life in Europe, elaborate provisions are made to prevent such funds from falling into hostile hands. One device which is employed is to have the money deposited in joint accounts against which drafts may be made by any one of several persons, sometimes up to a dozen. The custodian bank must be constantly on guard to have the identity and authority of claimants properly checked, a task which keeps many personnel busy.

FOREIGN COMMERCE, says Mr. Moore, has been utterly demoralized by the war and its reactions have extended to domestic business. Lined up at New York docks are scores of vessels loaded with freight for which there are no markets available. Ships destined for neutral countries were caught in mid-ocean by the invasion of those countries and the closing of their ports and were forced to double back and dock again in New York. Some shipping concern deprived of their ordinary revenues, have been unable to pay their help and sailors and freight handlers are idle. All of this tends to stagnate domestic commerce and industry.

WHEN I RECEIVED THE publisher's announcement of Miss Zdena Trinka's new book, "Medora," and noted the statement that it is the first novel with a North Dakota background, I felt sure that objection would be made to that statement if I used it. With curiosity as to the source from which the first protest would come I used the statement just as received, and awaited results. I didn't have to wait long. Almost before the ink on the newspaper page was dry I received a letter about it from E. W. Butler, who teaches high school classes in Grand Forks when he is not engaged with sports, radio and other duties. Mr. Butler writes:

"IN THIS MORNINGS 'THAT Reminds Me' I noted a statement somewhat as follows: This is the first novel ever to be written with North Dakota as a background. Without much recourse to records I'm sure that there are many other novels that would give a bit of rebuttal to this statement. Here are a few that come to mind on the spur of the moment:

"ARROWSMITH (WHICH won the Nobel Prize for Lewis), part of the early doctor's experience was in North Dakota, probably Amenia, Buffalo, or Casselton.

"The Desert of Wheat, Zane Grey's yarn of harvest and wheatfields; entirely North Dakota.

"Last of the Thundering Herd (probably not a novel, . . . but 100% North Dakota).

"Even one of the episodes (and remember that the Virginian was a series of episodic stories woven into one) of Wister's Virginian dealt with Medora (same setting as book referred to as 'first novel, etc.)

"How about "The Prairie Wife", by Arthur Stringer? Isn't that presumed to be North Dakota?

"JUST AS A SUGGESTION, without time to verify, what about Knut Hamsun, Hamlin Garland, even Martha Ostenso's Wild Geese, the first Harper prize-winning novel was about an area either in North Dakota or so close to it that it might qualify. There are several references in her stories so the Metropolis, which is unquestionably Grand Forks?

"I THINK A LITTLE Discussion with the librarian would disclose the fact that there have been several novels with North Dakota backgrounds the name of which escape me: one ran in the S. E. P. a year ago; an other actually had Medora as its locale; probably Charles G. Norris "Hands" had the harvest episodes in North Dakota; oh there are many more I'm sure

"To the fellow who wrote that advertising blurb about the "first novel," you might thank him for us for his build-up . . . but insist upon the fact that many other writers have found North Dakota a fertile habitat for their characters."

SOME OF THE BOOKS Mentioned by Mr. Butler I have never read, but I know something about most of them. It is many years since I read "The Virginian," but my recollection of it is of unadulterated pleasure. My impression has been that the setting of "The Virginian" is in Wyoming, but I have no doubt that for his material Owen Wister drew on his knowledge of life in the great range country without paying much attention to territorial boundaries. I am willing to accept Mr. Butler's summary, and I thank him for saving me a lot of trouble in checking up on the background of literature dealing with North Dakota scenes and incidents, a task which I should have felt it my duty to undertake if someone else had not done it for me.

THERE IS A WEALTH OF material in the early history of North Dakota awaiting the touch of the literary craftsman. Some of it has been used or touched on incidentally, but writers have given their attention chiefly to the range country. The history of the early cattle industry is full of spectacular incidents which lend themselves easily to the purposes of the dramatist and melodramatist. But North Dakota is not all cow country. The Red river valley has a dramatic history of its own, a history into which the hard-riding cowboy does not enter.

THE RED RIVER ITSELF was once a great highway upon which the explorer followed the Indian, and he in turn was followed by the fur trader and the homesteader. That road teemed with traffic as varied in its nature as the famous East Indian road traversed by Kipling's Kim. There was conflict of interests. There were tragic and comic incidents. Over that road came a great migration of solid, substantial people, seeking, not adventure, but homes. There were women among them, and young children, who were severed from associations which were dear to them, to whom the level prairie was a vast empty space which they hoped to people with a new life. Woven into their experience were stirring drama and intriguing romance, none the less real because of the pervading atmosphere of comparative quiet. Fragments of such material have been used, but there is an abundance of it which has scarcely been touched.

FROM THE PRESS OF Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, comes a little volume of poems by Florence Bowen Hult, wife of Dr. Coried Hult, professor of classical languages at the University of North Dakota. Friends of Dr. Hult have become familiar with much of his work in poetry and the drama. Many of them know, too, that Mrs. Hult has collaborated with him in the preparation of much of his work, suggesting, criticizing and assisting. Less familiar to most of us here is her own published work, which had appeared for many years in many periodicals in the form of verse, short stories and essays.

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS a collection of Mrs. Hult's poems all of them brief, some consisting of less than 20 words, each presenting a distinctive thought, sharp as a finely-cut cameo. Several of the poems have appeared in standard magazines of nationwide circulation, while others have been published in periodicals devoted especially to verse. As peculiarly fitting in this time of soul-searching I quote the following:

SODOM'S APPLE.

By FLORENCE BOWEN HULT.

I heard
how God laughed softly
in his beard.—

'Dark ball, clutching,
let go your drowsy motes; " call."

The coaxing fingers of the light
stirred the reluctant ooze;
for suller oil arise
small lumps of clay
that leap and glide and wing;
rhythmic with light's desire
glows petaled colored fire
to apprise--
in time with the seasonal sun,
in waltz with the tossing air—
of joy at the core of things.

Then—

shuddering and with a
mighty cry, Man!

Again I heard, or think I heard, God's laughter;
how it rumbled through His word—
"Last fruitage of this Eden earth,
star-scaling, curbless mind, aware
of chemic birth,
the ferment of the playing dust and light;
see pushing forth
midway in the garden among
the sun-warmed fruits—
where the first tree of knowledge stood—
a monster growth.

"And if, beguiled, you eat the fatuous painted fruit of Knowing-but-to-know, sheened with the child-race dream of ultimates, its drying stuff shall turn to ashes and the dust of dust,
that poisons while it waits upon the tongue; till with the cry, 'Of such am I!' the goalless mind shall die."

" MR. LANGER HAS Presented to the public a platform and program which seems to indicate about everything that anyone could want. In one breath he promises strict economy a n d lavish expenditure. Everyone is to be given his heart's desire, no matter what it costs, and at the same time the taxpayer is to be relieved of the burden of heavy taxation which is now consuming his substance. Mr. Langer has proceeded on the theory that when one is making promises he may as well promise plenty. It costs no more.

STEP BY STEP PROGRESS has been made toward the realization of what was once merely a dream—the diversion of surplus water from the Missouri across the state so that uncertain and fluctuating supply may be replenished and stabilized. To this progress Senator Frazier of North Dakota has made no perceptible contribution. Mr. Frazier is understood to approve of the diversion plan—in principle—but it is not of record that he had done anything in particular about it.

WORK ON SUCH STREAMS as the Missouri is under the jurisdiction of the war department, and before the diversion plan can be made effective it must be worked into shape by army engineers and have their approval. Senator Frazier has been thoroughly consistent in opposing appropriations for army purposes of whatever nature. The army people have learned that no matter what requests were made for army personnel, equipment or training, they would be opposed by the senator from North Dakota. Men being human, it is not strange that the desire of Senator Frazier for water diversion, or anything else, should be regarded with something less than enthusiasm in army circles.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA OF New York is mayor of a city which contains about a million inhabitants of Italian birth or origin. That is about 15 per cent of the total. Though born in the United States Mr. LaGuardia himself is of Italian parentage. In the former Great War he fought with Italian troops against Germany. Italian traditions and associations are dear to him, as he knows they are to his fellow New Yorkers of like origin. But when Mussolini plunged his dagger into the back of France, the echoes of his tirade had scarcely died away before LaGuardia was on the air with an address to the general public and especially those of New York's Italian section.

IN THAT ADDRESS THE mayor spoke in terms that could not be misunderstood. In scathing sentences he denounced the action of Mussolini and the whole totalitarian concept of which it is a part. He urged Italian residents not to be swayed by racial sympathies into approval of brutal and conscienceless aggression. He warned that there must be no demonstrations, and in assuring the consular representatives of all nations in his city of complete protection, he added the further warning that those representatives m u s t confine themselves strictly to their proper consular duties. It was a downright, forthright speech.

CIVILIZATION WILL Applaud the decision of the French authorities not to defend the city of Paris from within and to make no use of the city as a military headquarters. The opposite course would have subjected the city to a bombardment in which, in addition to the loss of life such as marks every stage of the war, the world would have lost forever treasures of art and science and works of beauty such as have made Paris the cultural capital of the world. With that decision made and announced officially, the bombardment of Paris would be an act of pure vandalism, destruction for destruction's sake, which would make still more tragic a situation abounding in tragedy.

COLONEL LINDBERGH thinks that effective aerial attack on the United States by a foreign power will not be possible during our lifetime. Colonel Lindbergh's opinion on matters pertaining to aviation is entitled to respectful consideration. Colonel Lindbergh is thoroughly familiar with the technical aspects of aviation. But his experience has not been in the military use which may be made of air craft. That is something quite different. His statement that before an air force could operate successfully against the United States from a South American or Central American port it must have there machine shops and all the equipment necessary for maintenance and ground operation will not be questioned. But there was an, impressive demonstration in Norway of how quickly such facilities could be made available by the preliminary work of a "fifth column." The fifth column is diligently at work in Latin America. It may or may not be used for military attack on the United States, but the possibilities are there, and to ignore them would be mere recklessness.

AROUND OUR CORNER WE have been eating Cavalier county mushrooms of late. First came a donation from a neighbor who had received a consignment from a L a n g d o n friend. Then another lot came from Ed Franta of the Langdon Republican. They are by all odds the thickest, fattest mushrooms I ever saw, and the manner of their growth is one of the curiosities of a very curious fungus growth.

Those mushrooms grow on the bottom of an old lake bed a few miles from Wales in Cavalier county. Like many others, that lake went dry, and the level bottom was plowed up to make a wheat field of it. Last year, for no reason that anyone has been able to explain, the field was covered with mushrooms. Local people gathered all that they could use, and told others about the find. People came and filled baskets and sacks, then others came with trucks and loaded them. Several truck loads were brought to Grand Forks and were sold by local stores, although I didn't happen to see them. This spring they appear to be as plentiful as ever, and I am told that one can go out to the old lake and gather a bushel of mushrooms in a few minutes. For best results they should be gathered in the early morning as exposure to the sun toughens them and develops worm infestation.

MUSHROOMS GROW, NOT from true seed, but from spawn which, in a proper medium and under the right conditions develop threadlike filaments and presently start little buttons which in a short time become mushrooms. Mushrooms are grown commercially in carefully prepared beds and are maintained at a temperature of 55 to 60 degrees. Natural or artificial caves or cellars are used for this purpose, as the mushroom thrives without light. In the cliffs along the Mississippi at St. Paul are several large caves which are used for this purpose.

WHILE MUSHROOM Culture as an industry demands diligence, care and just the right conditions, volunteer mushrooms grow under a great variety of conditions, some of which seem impossible. Often they are found around old barnyards or in odd corners where fresh stable manure has been partly covered with earth. But they will also grow in raw soil where there seems to be not the slightest excuse for their presence. Some years ago a drainage ditch was run along the north and south road a mile or two west of Schurmeier. The clay from to bottom of the ditch was heaped up on the road, making a higher grade. For a season or two thousands of mushrooms grew right out of that clay, many of them right in the wheel tracks which were hard as bricks. Ultimately the supply died out.

I HAVE GATHERED Mushrooms by the bushel on unbroken prairie sod. Often I have found them growing on the prairie in rings perhaps 100 feet in diameter, and I wondered about that strange distribution. Those rings were such as would be described by an Indian pony tethered to a stake in the center. I have suggested to some of my scientific friends that this may account for the appearance of mushrooms on such a narrow circular path, but my scientific friends knew no more about it than I did.

I HAVE GATHERED Mushrooms ever since I was a boy, but I meddle with only one kind. I know that there are many varieties of edible mushrooms, morels, shaggy manes and what not, but, I feel perfectly sure of only one kind, and those are the ones that grow on the bottom of the old Cavalier county lake. Why millions of them grow there is a mystery.

CAMPUS DRIVEWAYS ON the University campus were surfaced with something that looks like tar or asphalt, but it hasn't stood up worth a cent. In hot weather it is soft and tacky, and it is peppered with holes that, are hard on automobile tires and that tend to loosen the back teeth of car occupants. However there are other places where surfacing has not worked out just right. The coating given the new plane landing field in New York City is too soft. It must be removed and replaced with a firmer one at a cost of \$100,000.

LAST WEEK AT WARREN there was held the annual convention of the Ninth Minnesota district convention of the W. C. T. U. One of the prominent figures at that convention was Mrs. Lucy Chapin, for many years a resident of Euclid, for 53 years a member of the Euclid W. C. T. U. and for thirteen years president of the district organization. At the Warren gathering it became the duty of Mrs. Chapin to announce that the Euclid society, with which she had been identified for so many years, had ceased to function. Back of that announcement is the history of the devotion of three pioneer women to the cause of social wellbeing.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Esther Murney and Mrs. Rachel Teal were leaders in the organization of the Euclid W. C. T. U. Euclid's population never exceeded 100, and the membership in the organization was necessarily small. There were changes due to death, removal and other causes, but through all the changes the organization was maintained and continued active in the work of promoting temperance education. Mrs. Murney and Mrs. Teal confined their activities to the local field. Mrs. Chapin became an influential member of the district organization and was for many years one of its officers. Mrs. Chapin moved from the village, but continued her membership. Members drifted away, and at one meeting only Mrs. Murney and Mrs. Teal were present. They redoubled their efforts and increased the membership to six, but again it shrank, and after the death of Mrs. Teal Mrs. Murney was the only resident member. Regretfully Mrs. Chapin announced the disbanding of the organization.

AS A FAREWELL GESTURE to the union which had lasted so long, Mrs. Murney recently called Mrs. Chapin, now past 82 years of age, from her home in Crookston and invited fifteen old friends and former members to meet on the school grounds, where, with appropriate ceremony, she planted a tree, dedicating it to Mrs. Chapin in memory of her long and faithful service.

THE EUCLID COMMUNITY is small, but it has had some outstanding members. They have not made a great deal of noise in the world, but their influence has been upward and forward, and it has permeated the local life and helped to give it form and direction. The community is fairly typical, for in almost every village and hamlet of the northwest there have been at least a few whose quiet influence for good has left its mark. The tree planted in recognition of the work of Mrs. Chapin of Euclid may be considered symbolic of that growth which communities experience as they respond, quietly and often unconsciously, to forces set in motion long ago by devoted and self-sacrificing women.

SENATOR FRAZIER HAS reached the conclusion that, after all, the nation needs some defenses, and that its defenses ought to be expanded. He is making progress. Not long since he was unable to see the need for any defenses at all. Because he was afraid that some of the money appropriated for defensive purposes was being wasted he opposed any appropriations whatever. Defenses having been neglected in part, a sudden spurt becomes necessary, and that spurt is bound to involve far greater cost than if the work had been conducted steadily and consistently through the years. However, Mr. Frazier is to be congratulated on the progress that he is making, even though it is slight and belated.

IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT some arrangement will be made which will make unnecessary the use of passports and other formalities by residents of border territory traveling back and forth between the United States and Canada. It goes without saying that whatever steps may be necessary must be taken to prevent undesirables from either country entering the other, but it seems that some arrangement is possible which will permit bona fide residents against whom there is no cause for suspicion to make their usual trips back and forth without the inconvenience of passports and visas and the attendant cost.

"WELL, IT LOOKS AS though Hitler wouldn't last long," said the man on the street to the inquiring reporter.

"What do you mean?" asked the reporter. "I thought Hitler was having everything his own way."

"It does look that way," said the man on the street. "But haven't you heard what the Minneapolis fortune teller told the Grand Forks teacher?"

"No, I hadn't heard," said the reporter, "and I don't believe in fortune anyway."

"I don't take much stock in it myself," said the other, "but this is so unusual that it looks as if there might be something in it. The story as I got it is like this."

"THESE TWO GRAND Forks teachers drove down to Minneapolis a few days ago, and just for a lark they went to a fortune-teller's to have their palms read and all that sort of thing. They got the usual line of hooey until one of them, the owner of the car, asked "How long will it be before Hitler crashes?"

"Hitler will crash and go all to pieces," replied the fortune-teller, "just twenty days after you find a dead man sitting on the rear seat of your car."

"THAT STRANGE REPLY gave the girls a creepy sort of feeling, but they soon forgot about it and started for home. On the way they overtook a hitch-hiker, and, as he looked respectable and harmless, they picked him up. After driving some distance they stopped at a filling station, and, looking at their passenger on the rear seat they found that he had passed out. Yes sir, dead as a doornail. Now what do you know about that? Doesn't it look bad for Hitler?"

"I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD of it," said the reporter. "Who were the Grand Forks teachers, and where did you get that yarn, anyway?" His friend said "I don't know that I heard their names, and I don't know many teachers, anyway, but Jim Blank told me about it, and he got it straight. He can tell you all about it."

SKEPTICALLY, BUT Wondering what might have happened to serve as the basis for the story, the reporter hunted up Jim Blank and inquired. Blank had no original knowledge of the facts, but the story had been told him by Charlie Dash, who knew who the girls were. Charlie was found. He had repeated the story as it came to him from his sister, and that's all he knew. The sister was called. She knew the whole story. She had heard it in a beauty parlor which was patronized by Miss X, the owner of the car in which the dead man sat, and Miss X had told of the incident

THERE WAS SOMETHING! At last the reporter had the name of the teacher who had had such a remarkable experience. Miss X was called and the case was stated to her. She laughed. Yes, she had driven to Minneapolis and back, but she hadn't consulted any fortune-teller, and she hadn't given a ride to a dead man. Somewhere on the way she had heard such a story in which a Fargo teacher was said to have inquired about Hitler and later driven with a dead man on the back seat of her car. As an illustration of the manner in which wild yarns will be constructed out of nothing she had mentioned this story in a local beauty parlor, and someone hearing it had supposed that she was telling of her own experience.

SO THE STORY JUST Evaporated and the reporter was left without a thing to hang on Hitler. There are many incidents of similar nature. Few of them are traced as this one happened to be. If it were worth while, and were possible, it might be interesting to trace this story still further and learn of its origin. In most cases there is no particular origin. Seldom is such; a story the result of pure and deliberate invention. Something happens which is a little bit unusual. Someone tells a friend about it, and the friend passes the story on with slight and quite innocent embellishments for dramatic purposes. So the story travels, and grows, and if it travels far enough it assumes a sensational form in which it would not be recognized by the original narrator.

A WELCOME CALLER THE other day was Jimmy Malone, who was a member of the Herald force years ago, and who looks just about as he did then except that he had filled out and matured. But he is the same old Jim. Jim is here for the fair, at which he will stage the auto races, of which he is in charge. That has been his job for several years, and he has made repeated visits to Grand Forks with his cast of daredevil riders. In that occupation he tours the entire country each summer. During the winter he operates from his Tampa headquarters, promoting the Florida state fair, which is one of the biggest things in the country.

AS HE MOVES ABOUT JIM has an opportunity to see a good deal of what the people of the United States are doing, and it's quite a lot. Just now he finds evidences of activity in everything pertaining to national defense. Those of us who merely stay at home and read the papers know of large appropriations made by congress for defense purposes, of arrangements under way to coordinate the productive capacity of the country to the end that the entire machine may work smoothly and effectively. We know that it will take time to get all these operations under way and we learn that production in this line is expected to begin in about six months, and that mass production in that line is likely to be in full blast in a year or so.

JIM HAS AN OPPORTUNITY to see something of what is actually being done. He finds factories in one city operating 24 hours a day in three shifts of eight hours each. He finds access to such establishments barred to all but employees and those who have official business there. Just what is being done behind the screen the general public does not know, but the army or navy people do know. Down in Florida a big airport is being built as rapidly as men and machines can build it, and trucks and trains roll in with tons of material for the construction work. Down in Florida, too, they are building ships as fast as they can be put together, not fighting ships, but freighters, which are to carry goods to and from this country under conditions of peace or war, as may be demanded.

JIM SAYS THAT Conditions in Florida have become fairly well stabilized since the days of the big boom and its subsequent collapse. The fantastic speculative prices of real estate which prevailed in boom days have not been restored, and many of the paper developments of those days still exist only on paper. But there has been real and permanent growth where conditions warranted it.

ONE OF THE MOST Peculiar episodes of Florida's growth has been the development of Davis island in Tampa bay. That project was started during the boom, when there was no island there. There were blueprints showing streets and avenues, but the only evidence of reality at the site was a lot of little flags attached to buoys afloat on the water. Those markers, with appropriate labels, indicated the streets and avenues and squares, and the prospective purchaser of a lot was shown his property by being rowed in a boat to the proper marker, and then he could use his imagination. Now Davis island is a reality. It has been built up well above the surface of the bay and the streets and avenues have taken form according to plan, and there are homes, business places, trees and flower gardens where a few years ago there was an unbroken sheet of water.

I NOTICE THAT PAUL Satko, the man with the home-made "ark", has reached Ketchikan, Alaska, with his wife and seven children, after what must have been a thrilling voyage from Tacoma. It looked like a foolhardy undertaking, but I'm glad he made it. In a case of that kind one's sympathy is apt to get the better of his judgment. Satko is not a sailor or navigator, but a welder. Out of a job at his home in Richmond, Virginia, he built himself a boat 40 feet long with which to transport his family to Alaska where he hoped to make a fresh start. Instead of sailing his craft around the Horn or through the canal he took the simple method of hauling it across the continent mounted on a trailer. Arriving at Tacoma he ran into difficulties. The authorities looked over the family and the boat, learned of the projected voyage, and said it wouldn't do. That inside passage is a treacherous stretch of water, full of swift cross-currents and menacing rocks. To navigate it successfully required skill and experience such as Satko did not have, and his little boat was pronounced unseaworthy for such a voyage. The officials refused to permit the family to embark on such a hazardous journey. As one of them said, if disaster overtook the family, with all those children, the authorities would have received, and merited severe criticism.

THE AUTHORITIES HAD all the argument on their side. The plan was wild, fantastic and almost certainly fatal. The Satkos didn't think so. One night they slipped out of the harbor and before the officials could head them off they were on their way. After several weeks, during which nothing has been heard from them, they have arrived, and I'm glad of it. I agree completely with the officials, but my sympathies are altogether with the Satkos. May they prosper, and, with their courage, resourcefulness and determination, I don't doubt that they will.

CONSIDERABLE Attention has been given of late to the origins of place names here and in Canada. Often it is impossible to trace those names with any degree of certainty. Sometimes the reason for giving a place a particular name has merely been forgotten and no one is left to give any information concerning it. Some names are clearly Indian in origin, but the titles have been distorted until their original meaning is obscure. The most complete work on the subject that I have seen is a book of 300 pages entitled "Origin and Meaning of Place Names in Canada," by G. H. Armstrong, of Toronto, who, in more than half a century of teaching and inspecting Ontario public schools, devoted such spare time as he had to delving into the history of place names in Canada. The result is a collection of several thousand names, to each of which is attached a bit of local or general history. It is a valuable and interesting collection, and its preparation represents a vast amount of reading and research.

MANY RESIDENTS OF THIS locality have visited Kenora, the pretty little town on the north shore of the Lake of the Woods. Its euphonious name is appropriately suggestive of some beautiful Indian maiden, but the word had a less poetic origin. The Lake of the Woods was part of an ancient Indian highway. Where its waters are discharged through the northbound river there were rocks and rapids, requiring a portage. The whites gave that portage the prosaic name "Rat Portage," and for years a village built there carried the same name. Close by were the villages of Norman, and Keewatin, which to the Indians meant "home of the northwest wind." The three villages were combined into a single municipality, which was given the name "Kenora," the name being composed of the first two letters of the three titles, KEewatin, NOrman and RAAt Portage.

There is still a village of Keewatin, about three miles from Kenora.

THAT IS THE Explanation of the name as found by Mr. Armstrong. There may be a different explanation. The only large boat that navigates Lake Winnipeg, traveling between Winnipeg and Norway House, is called the Keenora, with two e's. I inquired about that a few years ago and got no definite information, but the impression was that the name is of Indian derivation.

THERE IS A LUTHER TOWN-ship in Wellington county, Ontario, and another in the adjoining county of Dufferin. Someone may have wondered why there should be Luther townships in a territory where there were never any Lutherans. One of the townships, it appears, was originally called Melancthon, subsequently changed. An explanation of the naming has been given by a man who assisted in the survey, which was made in 1821. He says that the surveyor first ran his lines around those latter townships, and on his plat he marked the enclosed space "All swamp." The plats were sent back and he was ordered to survey the land into farm lots. He did so, and because! it was the meanest lot of land that he had ever surveyed, he, being a pronounced Catholic, with positive opinions, gave the two townships the names of the two men whom he considered the meanest on record, Luther and Melancthon. Anyway, that is the story as told long ago by a man who worked on the job.

KITCHENER IS A Thriving manufacturing city in Waterloo county, Ontario. The first settler is said to have been Joseph Schneider, who moved there from Pennsylvania in 1807. The first name of the place was Sand Hills, followed by Mount Pleasant. In 1830 a group of settlers arrived from Germany, and the village was named Berlin. It bore that name until 1914, when German names became unpopular, and the descendants of the early German settlers had the name of their county seat changed to Kitchener, in honor of the great British general and war secretary.

ISOLATIONISTS Generally are conceding now that something must be done about our national defenses. Even Senator Frazier, who once proposed the scuttling of our navy and the disbanding of our army, has discovered that our defenses demand some attention. What has brought about this change of attitude? We have been told repeatedly that this war is a war of rival imperialisms, that the United States is in no way concerned with the result, that it make no difference to us which crowd wins, that we need only go along quietly attending to our own business and all will be well with us.

THE ONE THING THAT has aroused interest in defense even among the most pronounced isolationists is the fact that Germany thus far has been winning, and that there exists the possibility, which some believe a certainty that before long German victory will be complete, with both France and Great Britain prostrate before her. If the tide had set in the other direction and there had been good prospect of an early, or even an ultimate Allied victory, there would have been no talk on this side of the ocean of immediate and drastic increases of our armed forces, no thought of speeding up the organization of our industrial forces that the country could go into production on a war basis on short notice. We could, and would have rested comfortably in the assurance that we had nothing to fear from Allied victory. We should have had no anxiety over enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, and nowhere in the world would there have been any doubt that the nations, big and little, would be able to shape their own affairs in their own way, free from interference by powerful neighbors.

PROSPECT OF ALLIED Victory would have left us and the world generally with a sense of complete security. Prospect of German victory has brought us face to face with a situation in which even the most pronounced pacifists admit that there is danger ahead, and in which no one now questions the importance of giving attention to our defenses. Notwithstanding numerous and vociferous statements to the contrary, it seems to make a difference, after all, which side wins in this war.

COLONEL STIMSON AND Colonel Knox have been formally read out of the Republican party for accepting cabinet positions in this Democratic administrations. Clearly, under our system of government, in their new positions they cannot be considered as representatives of the Republican party. Colonel Knox recognized that fact when he resigned his position as a delegate to the Republican national convention upon accepting the president's tender of the navy secretaryship.

FOR THE TIME BEING AT least the official connection of these two men with the Republican party is severed. But unless all that is known of Stimson and Knox is misleading, and they are to exhibit characteristics which they have not shown in the past, they will be henceforth in all essentials as consistent Republicans as they have been in the past. Their attitude toward problems which have been before the country for years will not be changed. They will devote their great energies, not to the strengthening of a president's political machine, but to the organization of their departments in the manner which will best serve the vital needs of the nation.

APPEARANCE OF EVEN the remote possibility of war on the eve of a presidential election create perplexing political problems. To deal with those problems from the standpoint of public interest rather than from that of partisan advantage is the mark of statesmanship. The Republican national convention which meets in Philadelphia this week faces that test. One element in the party seems inclined to make a major issue of foreign policy and to adopt the attitude of narrow isolationism in complete disregard of the demonstrated fact that isolation is impossible. If that attitude should prevail at the convention, in my humble opinion the Republican party is in for another trimming in November.

WEATHER IS VARIABLE and unaccountable, which is one thing that makes it interesting. We had frost the other morning, when we were within a few hours of mid-summer, and when, according to the calendar, we should have been basking in genial warmth, if not gasping in stifling heat. The calendar doesn't tell the whole story, not by several degrees Fahrenheit. One year, I don't remember the date, but it wasn't very long ago, we had frost in every month of the year, but I don't recall that it did much damage.

THIS RECENT FROST WAS spotted, as most summer frosts are. Some places escaped altogether, while others near by report the forming of quite thick ice. That, however, may be misleading as an indication of the severity of the cold, for the evaporation of water in shallow containers such as bird baths and chicken fountains may lower the temperature several degrees below what it is a few feet away.

ACCORDING TO THE Reports that I have heard tomato plants were the greatest sufferers from the recent frost. Many thousands of plants were destroyed in a single night. The tomato plant is about the most sensitive to frost of our garden plants, and one seldom receives after being just touched by the icy fingers of Jack Frost. Potato plants on many fields were frosted, but the damage to them is not likely to be great. Except after a severe freeze potato plants that have been frosted will send up fresh growth and show no signs of injury later. Some growers believe that a light frost may be beneficial to potatoes, as the bottom growth is stimulated while the top growth is held back. I haven't heard from the beet fields, but I should expect considerable damage there as young beets are tender plants.

NORTH DAKOTA Approached midsummer rather badly in need of rain. There had been sufficient rain to give vegetation a good start, but two or three hot days, with absence of surface moisture, browned both pastures and grain fields. The western part of the state, where average precipitation is much less than in the east, led off last with good showers ahead of the Red river valley. Watford City, the center of a section which was stricken with drouth year after year, reported 1.40 inches of rain in one period of 24 hours, the greatest reported in the state.

THREE OR FOUR YEARS ago I was interested in watching the weather reports from various stations in North Dakota. For most of the state the worst of the drouth was over. Districts in which there had been no crop for years were getting rains— all but Crosby, up in Divide county. There it seemed as if it couldn't rain. Time after time there were showers all around Crosby, but day after day Crosby appeared in the table with precipitation represented by zero. It was with some gratification, therefore, that one day a few weeks ago I noticed that Crosby was the only station in North Dakota that reported rain. Crosby was coming into its own at last.

WHILE RAINFALL HAS been scant here, elsewhere there has been plenty of it, in some cases more than as wanted. A letter from a southern Ontario friend received a few days ago said that at that time, about June 15, it has been impossible to get garden work done because of excessive rain, and that some farmers had not yet finished their seeding. In that section practically all of the wheat grown is winter wheat which, of course, would be well along by this time, but the delay in seeding would affect coarse grains and cultivated crops. Across the lake Ohio has also had a prolonged rainy spell, which has impeded farm operations.

RAINY WEATHER HAS ALSO affected attendance at the New York fair, but it has removed from the city the menace of water shortage which last fall and winter was quite serious. Reservoirs which a short time ago were away below the danger level are now full to overflowing. Water shortage in a city of seven million is a serious thing. It is serious enough in a small city, as Grand Forks has reason to know.

A CIRCULAR LETTER Issued by a large business concern having branches in many countries calls attention to a ruling by the British ministry placing the company on the enemy black list. The published announcement of the ruling leaves the impression that all the company's products, no matter where manufactured or offered for sale, are thus blacklisted because of some association with government or its agents. We have here an illustration of the manner in which a war may involve business interests not even remotely related to the war or its causes.

THE CORPORATION Affected by this ruling is a great corporation which has large units in several European continental countries, in Great Britain, in the United States and in South America. Plants situated in European countries occupied by Germany have, with other industries in those countries, passed into German control, and the central company can no longer direct their operations. It is against such plants that the British order is issued. The order specifically excepts from its restrictions the plants in Great Britain and the United States, but the popular inference is necessarily that the entire concern is placed on the black list because of some suspected affiliation with German militarism.

GERMANY INVADED AND annexed Czechoslovakia on the pretext of rescuing the inhabitants of the Sudeten district from Czech oppression. It was asserted that the Sudeten Czechs were really being held under Czech rule against their will, and that they wished to join the Reich. Just north of us a different idea may be obtained from Czechs who migrated to the western world rather than pass under the domination of Hitler.

IN NORTHERN Saskatchewan there is a colony of 600 men, women and children, former residents of the Sudeten district, who, rather than accept German rule, left their belongings in the home of their forefathers and came to the western hemisphere to make a fresh start. Assisted by the Canadian government they moved into northern Saskatchewan upon the seizure of their country by Hitler's armed forces. There they settled on farms which had been selected for them, and there they are preparing to harvest their first crop.

CANADA HAS A VAST AREA, and relatively few people. Its government has encouraged immigration, but has made the process strictly selective. It has steadily opposed promiscuous and mass immigration on the ground that this would tend to increase congestion in already congested districts and that it would increase the supply of idle labor in industries already overcrowded. But it has encouraged and assisted the entrance of needed workers in specific occupations and of settlers on unoccupied lands.

EACH OF THE 147 SUDETEN families moved into Saskatchewan was granted a loan of \$1500 to enable it to reach its new home, and was supplied land, two horses, one or two cows, depending on the size of the family, several pigs and chickens. Fifty-two houses were built and several others reconditioned.

THESE SETTLERS ARE bound by contract to remain at least two years on the farms allotted them, but since most of them were farmers in Czechoslovakia, they are expected to adapt themselves readily to the life. Others are artisans, and among them is one former grand-opera singer. He is not expected to remain on the land after his contract expires, although family connections of his are expected to retain the property and work it. He is reported already to have advance contracts to sing in Canada and the United States when he is free to do so.

MANY OF THE COLONISTS were members of the republican militia of Czechoslovakia and have sought to enlist in the Canadian army, but as they are not yet naturalized citizens, this is not permitted. It is an interesting commentary that these people who had dwelt for centuries in Czechoslovakia should prefer to migrate to a distant and cold country rather than live under a Nazi regime.

INSECT PESTS THAT trouble the gardener may be divided roughly into two classes, eating and sucking insects. To the first class belong a wide variety of bugs, grubs and worms which chew stalks or foliage and which are controlled by dusting or spraying plants with poisons which, being eaten, cause death. In the second class are the aphids or plant lice, usually green, which do not chew, but pierce the tender covering of young growth and suck the juices, thus impoverishing the plant. Poisons have no effect on these insects. They are controlled by the application of a contact material which kills them.

FOR THE EATING INSECTS arsenical poisons are most commonly used. Paris green was the first of these to come into general use, and for years it was the only poison generally used for the control of potato bugs. Then came London purple, and more recently arsenate of lead, both containing arsenic. Arsenate of lead is now more widely used than the others, as, among other things, it sticks longer to the foliage and is likely to be blown or washed off.

FOR THE APHIDS THERE are used various preparations of nicotine sulfate and of pyrethrum powder. The nicotine sulfate preparations must be handled with care, as if the solutions are made too strong they will burn foliage as well as kill insects. All such preparations are prepared by reliable manufacturers and sold by dealers, and it is important that the instructions accompanying them be followed carefully.

SOME CHEWING INSECTS are not controlled readily by the poisoning of foliage. One of these is the cutworm, whose depredations are often confined to biting through the stalks of tender plants near the ground. For cutworms many gardeners scatter poisoned bait such as that which is prepared for grasshoppers, and where the work is effective the worms are attracted by the bait, eat it and die. This is true of grasshopper treatment. It is scarcely feasible to spray large areas with poisons and do the work so thoroughly that all the food for young hoppers will be reached. Years of experimentation have demonstrated that the best treatment for hoppers is the spreading of poisoned bait which the insects will eat in preference to green food. Grasshoppers can be controlled in that way, but the work must be thoroughly and systematically done, and often it must be repeated so as to catch new crops of insects that are hatched.

ROSE GROWERS FIND THE rose beetle one of their worst pests. This beetle does not chew foliage, therefore arsenical poisons have no effect on it. It has a hard shell and is immune to ordinary contact poisons. It pierces the rose buds and lays its eggs in them, and the blossoms, if they develop at all, are deformed. The only known treatment that is really effective is that of picking or shaking the beetles off and killing them. Where there are just a few bushes this can be done by hand. Another practice is to spread a sheet on the ground under the bush and shake the insects off. Usually they will "play dead," and they can be gathered up and destroyed. The best preventive measure is to pick off and destroy all defective buds and all the rose haws after the blossom is gone and destroy them, and to keep the soil under the bushes thoroughly stirred through the season and late in the fall. This will prevent the hatching of the insects in the soil and the appearance of a new crop of beetles next spring.

THEN THERE ARE THE Fungus diseases, wilts, rots and so forth, for some of which treatment with lime-sulfur sprays are effective. There are certain forms of root rot for which there is no known remedy. In such cases there is nothing to do but dig up the diseased plant and destroy it and avoid using the same soil for the same kind of plant for several years. One famous grower of delphiniums, who has developed many fine varieties, says that he knows of no method of controlling root disease in those plants. He expects his plants to last only two or three years, and when they show signs of disease he digs them up and destroys them, using new ground for his next lot of delphiniums.

ONE OF THE MORE OR LESS interesting sights at the average polling place during the recent primary election was that of the voter with an enormous sheet of paper spread before him valiantly trying to interpret the thousands of words in small type in which were stated the terms of the ten measures on which voters were expected to express themselves. It is safe to say that not more than one person in a dozen had read any of these measures before election day, and that scarcely any person read them all. Yet the voters were expected to decide, yes or no, whether or not those measures should be enacted into law.

THE MEASURES Submitted covered a wide range of public policy affecting the welfare of the state and the conduct of its affairs. They dealt with such matters as the organization and conduct of highly important branches of state government, the distribution of millions of dollars raised in taxes and terms of office of important state officials. If enacted they would affect the building and maintenance of our roads, the operation of schools, the relief of indigents and the financing of every county in the state. Because of their specific provisions with reference to the distribution of tax money they would have made necessary readjustments in the entire tax structure of the state.

THOUSANDS OF VOTERS went to the polls without more than the haziest notion of the meaning and effect of any of those measures. For the voter to read those measures at the polling place was a physical impossibility, and the mere reading of the text would have served little purpose unless the voter were reasonably familiar with the political structure of the state and with the impact of each of those measures on public interests and activities which were not and could not even be mentioned in the text of the measures themselves.

THERE COULD BE NO intelligent voting on such subjects without close advance study of the measures, yet under our system of direct legislation every voter is expected to pass on such proposals whenever a few thousand persons petition for their submission. And, if every voter were to spend the time necessary for a conscientious study of each measure submitted, the decision would still be largely in the hands of voters who in the very nature of things cannot understand them. Our voting population is probably as intelligent as any in the country, but a large proportion of our people lack the training and experience which is essential for the intelligent framing and enactment of laws. Their knowledge of how the machinery of the state operates is limited by their education and the conditions which surround their daily lives. Usually they are worthy citizens, but seldom are they competent lawmakers.

NOT ONLY IS THE VOTER confronted at the polls with measures which he does not understand, but at the primary election he is expected to vote for the nomination of candidates for Offices concerning whose duties he is completely ignorant, and he is expected to choose for such positions persons from a bewildering list of aspirants, most of whom are perfect strangers to him even by name.

DURING HIS TERM OF Office as president, Woodrow Wilson returned to his Princeton home to vote. He was given the usual blanket ballot, studied it and did the best he could with it, but afterward he remarked that he found it impossible to vote that ballot intelligently. Woodrow Wilson was a scholar and a life-long student of public affairs. Probably he was as familiar with the theory and practice of government as any man in the country. Yet, like the rest of us, he was confused and bewildered by the size and complexity of the current election ballot.

OUR NATIONAL AFFAIRS are organized on a much simpler basis than those of our states and municipalities. The federal government is as truly a people's government as is the government of a city or a township. But we do not undertake to enact federal laws by direct action, nor do we undertake to fill all the federal offices by popular vote. Next November the North Dakota voter will vote for president and vice president of the United States by the archaic method of voting for electors instructed for that purpose. He will vote for one person for United States senator and two for representatives. And that is all. The conduct of our federal government leaves much to be desired, but on the whole the federal government seems to operate as efficiently and as greatly in the public interest as do our state and municipal governments, which we try to conduct in detail for ourselves.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE THE mail brings material from some person—there are many of them—who unravels prophecy and what is in store for the future. The latest of these is just received. The interpreter is a little vague as to exactly what will happen to-morrow or next day, but he leaves no doubt as to his ability to read the entire future in the light of Biblical prophecy. I gather that his interpretation is more specific in the several books which he publishes and the prices of which are given in his circular. Apparently one need only buy the entire collection, costing only a few dollars, to be able to face what is left of the future with complete certainty instead of muddling along as most of us have to do.

THESE PROPHETIC Interpretations follow pretty much the same pattern, a pattern which had been familiar through many generations. The war that is now raging is the opening of the great battle of Armageddon, the final clash between the powers of evil and of good. Just now it is Hitler who is the great beast whose appearance is foretold in Scripture, and it is comforting to know that presently he will get what is coming to him, and that good will triumph in the end.

THROUGH THE Centuries there have been these interpreters, and each of them has had his following. The prophecies of Daniel and the symbolism of the book of Revelations have served as the basis for the work of latter-day mystics, and each of these has applied the cryptic utterances of centuries ago to the events of his own time. Each has insisted that in his own time, the battle of Armageddon was to be fought, the beast was to be chained and Christ was to reappear in person. A little over a century ago Napoleon was the beast who was leading his forces in the Armageddon which was then being fought. A quarter of a century ago the Kaiser was the beast and the World war the Armageddon. Now Hitler is the beast and Armageddon, the real and final one, is now on.

I HAVEN'T KEPT TRACK OF these things, but I have no doubt that all through the middle ages there were such interpreters who applied the symbolism of ancient writings to the events of their own day and saw in those events the literal fulfillment of predictions made by men long dead and buried. It is quite certain that in the early Christian church the belief was strong that the end of the world was just at hand, and that those then living would participate in person in the great events leading up to it. But the earth has continued to spin on its axis much as usual, the battle of Armageddon has not yet been fought, and the several persons who have successively been identified as the prince of darkness have passed away and their remains have crumbled to dust, and the millenium has not arrived.

THERE ARE MANY OF these prognosticators who are just plain fakers, trading on the credulity of others for commercial purposes. But there are many against whom no charge of fraud or insincerity will lie. Earnest and sincere, they represent in acute form the mysticism which I suppose is inherent in most of us, and which is represented among primitive peoples by ad diction to charms and incantations and wierd ceremonials.

NINETY YEARS IS A GREAT age, and while there are many in the aggregate who reach it, their proportion to the total is small. Today Dr. James Grassick of Grand Forks attains that age. Necessarily the years have diminished his physical vigor, but two score years after reaching what has been described as the ordinary and normal limit of life he is mentally and spiritually alert and as receptive to new thought as in middle life.

BORN IN SCOTLAND, Living his youth in Canada, Dr. Grassick spent many of his mature years as a horse-and-buggy doctor on the North Dakota prairie. With his office in Buxton, Traill county, his clientele was distributed over a wide area where many of his patients could be reached only by long drives over trails which often were next to impassable and in weather which tested the endurance of both man and beast. Through the service of those years he was not only the professional counselor but the sympathetic friend to an untold number of human beings whose days were darkened by distress. Into the homes which he entered he brought hope and cheer and renewed strength and faith. To those to whom he thus ministered he became the symbol of faith and courage.

MENTALLY AND Spiritually such a man as Dr. Grassick does not grow old. He has ripened and matured, richly and abundantly, but his love for his fellow beings, his interest in their work, and his keen observation of whatever transpires around him, from the weaving of an Indian blanket to the discoveries of science in the great universe itself has kept him eager and forward-looking, regardless of the passage of the years. On this, his ninetieth birthday, I pay tribute to him and wish for him that his remaining days may be filled with happiness.

WE ARE OFTEN TOLD THAT miracles don't happen, and about as often we are astounded by the occurrence of something that we have considered impossible. We have another such example in the fact that a Republican national convention had just nominated as its presidential candidate the head of a great utility corporation who until recently worked and voted as a Democrat. A few months ago such a thing would have been dismissed as a utter impossibility. A few weeks ago it might have been regarded as theoretically possible, but altogether improbable. And even when the balloting began there were few who would have been willing to make more than a small wager, at considerable odds, on Willkie's nomination. Yet that incredible thing actually occurred.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE thing is the fact that Willkie was nominated by a convention remarkably and conspicuously free from machine domination. Traditionally big business and machine politics work hand in hand, and the nomination of a corporation magnate would be expected to be achieved, if at all, in a convention of puppets moving as a few bosses pulled the strings. But the Philadelphia convention outstanding in its freedom from that sort of nomination and the freedom of its delegates to exercise their own intelligence and act in accordance with their own judgment. Traditions which have grown hoary with age were violated by that convention.

THE SIMPLE FACT IS THAT Willkie was nominated in response to a growing and insistent demand based on recognition of his qualities. At first a stranger in the political arena, he became known gradually as an unusually successful executive, a sturdy defender of things in which he believed and an equally forceful critic of things which he believed to be wrong, a man who had never trimmed or straddled, who catered to no special interest to make himself popular, and who expressed his own convictions freely and frankly regardless of their popularity. As the public came to know him, to study his qualities and observe his conduct there came from all parts of the country the exclamation "There stands a man!"

THAT, IT SEEMS TO ME, IS the real secret behind what we may well call a political miracle. The nation is surfeited with trimmers and compromisers who are ready to trade with any interest for the prospect of a few votes, who evade every critical issue for fear of giving offense, and whose whole attitude is that of smooth plausibility rather than of sound conviction. In the weariness which has followed the interminable repetition of pleasing platitudes and the making of promises which cannot be fulfilled the appearance of a man like Willkie has come as a refreshing breeze in a dense fog, and as the mists are blown away and the air clears it will be possible once more to get our bearings and straighten our course.

LISTENING TO THE RADIO on the night of the nomination we could hear distinctly the clamor for Willkie that came from the galleries. The gallery at a political convention is not a trustworthy index of public sentiment. The gallery crowd is made up largely of local people of the convention city. One can recall the gallery demonstrations at the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1932, where the gallery was filled with violent supporters of Al Smith whose noise made it almost impossible to carry on the work of the convention. But Al Smith was not the popular Democrat of that year. At another convention held in Minneapolis the clamor of the gallery for James G. Blaine brought from a delegate the statement that "the gallery doesn't vote." But the fact that galleries do vote was demonstrated in the election a little later when Harrison, the convention nominee, was defeated by Cleveland.

THE GALLERY MAY BE packed for a purpose. It may be filled with local people who are quite out of touch with the sentiment of the country at large. Or, as at Philadelphia, it may actually represent a sentiment which springs from the grass roots and which represents the very soul of a people.