

WENDELL WILLKIE OBJECTS as many others of us do, to the continued use of the word "defense" with reference to what the nation is doing in respect to the war. It is true that we are engaged in a war for defense of certain things. But we do not seek merely to defend the territory of the United States from physical attack. There are those who seem to believe that our effort ought to have no other or further purpose, and even now some of those are insisting that we recall our men and ships and planes from the distant regions where they are now engaged, so that we may build a wall around our part of this continent, within which we may be secure, while the rest of the world goes to ruin.

SUCH AN ATTITUDE OF NARROW provincialism characterized those who, from the very beginning of the present war, opposed even the most simple and obvious defense measures, insisting that behind the shelter of the two oceans the United States was secure from attack, that no hostile power could reach us, and that no power would try. Their attitude was successful in impeding some of the measures that were proposed, and which, had it not been for such abstraction, would have stood us in good stead now.

IN SPITE OF OPPOSITION WE did take some important steps, not only toward defense of our continental area, but for defense of principles essential to maintenance of wholesome life within that area. We called those measures defensive, and in a sense they were. But in order that they might be really effective, even then we assumed the offensive in respect to the immediate activities which it became necessary to undertake. For the time being we did no fighting, but we supplied those who were fighting in the common cause with means wherewith to fight, and in that way made our valuable contribution to the cause.

WE ARE STILL FIGHTING IN defense of immutable principles and of liberties which make our way of living possible. But in order that such defense may be effective we are not engaged in physical combat in which we cannot entrench ourselves behind barricades and wait for the enemy to approach at his pleasure. This is a war of action which can be won only by attack. When and where and how attack shall be launched, what degree of preparation is necessary before the grand movement begins, are matters to be determined by those who are versed in military science, but in the ordinary use of the term this is not now, if it ever was, a war of "defense."

OUR SHIPS CARRY THEIR BIG guns and their torpedoes, not to keep the enemy away from our coasts, but to destroy his ships and harry his commerce wherever they can be met on the seven seas. Our bombers and tanks are being built, not to repel invasion, but to meet and destroy the enemy in positions where he has chosen to entrench himself. Our ground forces are being trained, not to hold back the enemy's advance, but to drive him back and annihilate his armies. What term may most fittingly be used to characterize our war effort is not particularly important, except that "defense" conveys the wrong impression. We are in war, a war of action and attack and I should like to see the government issue "war" bonds instead of "defense" bonds, and our industries engaged in "war" work rather than "defense" work.

JAPAN HAS DECLARED FOR the policy of "Asia for the Asiatics." if the purposes of Japan are to be realized the basis on which that ideal is to be realized will be like the basis on which Hitler intends his plan of "Europe for the Europeans" is to be put in practice. Long ago Hitler pronounced for such a plan, and in so far as occupation of territory goes, he has gone some distance toward putting it into effect. Hitler's Europe would be a Europe with all power centered in Berlin. Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, Frenchmen, Poles and the inhabitants of the Balkans would be the passive and obedient servants of Berlin, hewers of wood and drawers of water for a gigantic military machine. The Japanese plan is identical in spirit. Japan's Asia would include four hundred million Chinese serfs, nearly as many Indian slaves, and many millions of inhabitants of the rich islands who would take their orders from the Japanese war lords, just as those in Europe would take orders from Hitler.

AS A WAR MEASURE THEY'RE GOing to abolish vests and suspenders, according to information from the clothing centers. That seems to me to be carrying a good thing too far. We have been told that cuffs are to be omitted from trousers, which is sensible, for the trouser cuff never was anything but a nuisance. The cloth can be put to a lot better purpose. But without vests, where are we going to put things? I use one pocket for pen and pencil, one for spectacles, one for watch, and one for matches. Are these to be j u m b l e d together with the other stuff that is carried in coat and pants pockets? I resent the idea.

I AM AWARE THAT MANY PERsONS do not wear suspenders. For a little while in the summer I try to get along without them, but I feel more properly dressed when I have them on. It depends on the build, and while the government may fix it so I can't buy any more suspenders, I shall keep on wearing what I have until they're worn out. I haven't hoarded, but I have several pairs in varying stages of obsolescence and elasticity, and when I wear those out I'll braid new ones out of binder twine, by gum!

THEN THERE'S THE MATTER OF fastenings. Zippers, I understand, will be out, and I have seen somewhere that buttons will be scarce. For that matter, there are six buttons on a pair of coat sleeves whose only use is to catch into things. We could very well get along without them. If it comes to a pinch, a serviceable button can be whittled out of wood, and even a plain little wooden skewer can be used to hold clothing together. The Amish use hooks and eyes, but those also may be hard to get, as they are of needed metal.

TODAY WHEN A TAILOR MAKES A suit the usual custom is for him to furnish all the material that goes into it. Back east we did it differently. There the custom was for one to buy cloth, lining and trimmings from a merchant, then take the stuff to his tailor to have the suit made. Seven yards of single-width material were usually bought for a man's suit, and the customer was entitled to all the pieces, which varied in number and size with the size of the customer and the skill of the tailor in cutting. Some tailors were accused of stealing patches. A story was current about a crabbed old fellow who believed that all others were crooked, and that he was clever enough to outwit them. Intending to have a suit made, he boasted that the tailor couldn't steal any of his patches, for he would watch the cutting and take the pieces home with him. He went to the tailor, was measured, and watched the cutting with an eye. He received his bundle of patches and went, satisfied. One day, as he passed, wearing his new suit, he was greeted cordially by the tailor, who stood before his shop, his coat open and his thumbs in the armholes of a new vest which the customer recognized, to his dismay, as being made from his own cloth. Right under his eyes the tailor had snatched cloth enough to make it.

AMONG THE LEASE-LEND MATERials that are being furnished by the United States are 60 million fish-hooks. The British fishing industry has been disrupted by the war, but around Iceland fishing is still relatively safe. The Icelandic fishermen need more hooks. Accordingly, an American factory is making 60 million hooks to be sent to the Icelanders, who will catch more fish for the British market. Five years ago a Victoria, British Columbia, man, caught, banded and tamed a wild duck which frequented his private pond. Each fall since then the duck has joined the southern migration, and each spring, identified by its band, it has returned and shown every sign of pleasure at being "home" again. It will follow its patron for food, and will even permit him to handle it.

PROBABLY NO HUMAN LIFE HAS been more carefully studied, with respect to all its aspects, associations and origins, than that of Abraham Lincoln. Thousands of records have been searched meticulously for the slightest of fragments of information about Lincoln and his family, but occasionally some new fact or incident comes to light unexpectedly. In a letter recently received by Mrs. Josephine Bales, 119 Cottonwood street, from Fay Loveridge, a friend living at Latah, Wash., the writer makes reference to his regard for Lincoln and c o n t i n u e s : "My grandfather was orphaned when eight years old, and Abe's folks took him in and kept him for about a year until they could find some of his relatives. He and Abe were about the same age. Abe's mother, Nancy Hanks, and my grandfather Robbins were second cousins."

MRS. BALES HAD NOTED THE LETter in this column sent by Mrs. Working in which mention was made of a hotel at Carmi, Illinois, where Lincoln and other notables of his day often stopped. That hotel, according to Mrs. Working's information, was built by John M. Robinson, an early Illinois congressman. There occurred to Mrs. Bales the possibility that the names Robinson and Robbins might refer to the same person. This seems scarcely probable, but at any rate it appears that a distant relative of Abraham Lincoln is now living in the state of Washington. Who knows that among his possessions there may not be some document relating to Lincoln which would be welcomed by biographers?

W. S. MADDEN OF ROTH, N. D., CONtributes this:

"I read in your column a while ago about a pig that got into a garden through a hollow log. Perhaps you would be interested to hear of a steer we had a few years ago. One day it lay with its head under the pasture fence where the wire happened to be higher than anywhere else. When we got up he was outside the fence. Every day thereafter during the summer he would lie there about the same length of time, then get up and be outside. He wasn't doing any harm on the side of the road, so I left the lower wire the way it was as I got a great deal of amusement from the steer's daily performance."

MR. MADDEN'S STEER SHOWED greater intelligence than is generally attributed to animals of the bovine kind. Among domestic animals I should classify the sheep as the least intelligent of all, with the cow next. The imitative tendency of the sheep is illustrated by the ancient story of the flock of sheep jumping over a rail. The sheep were about to pass through a gateway which had been guarded by rails. All the rails had been removed except one, which lay flat on the ground. The bellwether approached the rail and passed over it with a little skip. The next sheep jumped over the obstruction. Each sheep following repeated the jump and improved on it, until those at the end of the procession were jumping over that rail as if it had been four feet

high. We should call that a dumb performance, yet there are people who perform in just about that way.

EVERYONE WHO DRIVES A CAR knows that a cow on the highway is just about as apt to walk smack into an approaching car as away from it. Mr. Madden's steer might have done differently. And one of my neighbors long ago had a cow that would take down a fence panel neatly and expeditiously in order to get into the adjoining field. Those were rail fences of the "snake" variety. When bossy wanted to change fields she would pick out a panel, and with her horns begin lifting rails and throwing them right and left until the fence was low enough to suit her.

CHARLES E. NELSON, FORMERLY engineer in the Grand Forks fire department, writes from Newfolden, Minn., that there was once a wooden Indian which stood on the sidewalk in front of the late Max Rabinovich building on DeMers avenue in Grand Forks. At that time, says Mr. Nelson, the building was occupied as a pool room and cigar store by Ole Hanson, now of East Grand Forks.

THE BLACKOUT OF THE MOON ON Monday night, total in some areas, had nothing to do with anybody's war plans. It was just one of those things. Among primitive peoples an eclipse of the moon has not usually been considered as grave a matter as an eclipse of the sun. A popular Chinese belief of long standing is that when a solar eclipse is under way a monster is attempting to devour the great luminary. To avert that catastrophe the people beat gongs and shoot firecrackers to frighten the monster away. Similar customs have prevailed in many other parts of the world. Fraser, in his Golden Bough, attributes to the American Ojibways the custom of shooting fire-tipped arrows at the sun during an eclipse, hoping to rekindle the expiring flame. The same writer says that the Peruvians followed a similar custom, but their purpose, like that of the Chinese, was to drive away the monster that was attempting to destroy the sun. In ancient Egypt the king, as the representative of the sun, walked solemnly around the walls of a temple, to insure the orderly progress of the sun around the earth. Some of these ceremonies attended lunar eclipses, though the moon was regarded as of lesser importance than the sun.

SOME OF WHICH RECALLS AN OLD wheeze concerning a dispute over the shape of the earth and the movement of the sun. One disputant held that the earth is round and revolves; the other that it is flat and that the sun moves over it. "Then tell me," said the first, "if the sun moves over the earth, how does it get back again?" "That's easy," was the reply. "It goes back at night when it's so dark that nobody can see it."

TIME WAS WHEN FUR WAS THE only exportable product of the great Canadian northwest and when the unit of value in that vast territory was the beaver-skin instead of the dollar. All the commerce of the territory revolved around the fur trade. From across the sea goods were brought in to maintain the widely separated trading posts and to supply the Indian trappers with implements for their craft and to gratify primitive passion for finery. Outgoing ships took the season's catch to be manufactured into luxurious garments for the wealthy. The territory was the world's great fur producing area and for some time it was not thought likely to produce anything else.

THEN CAME THE RAILROAD AND the homesteader, and the trapper was pushed back into the remote wilderness. Unscientific methods of trapping depleted the stocks of wild animals and the fur trade languished. It seemed likely to become extinct. But enterprising and imaginative men here and there undertook the business of fur farming, and after many failures found ways to make the business pay. It became realized that there were great areas in which fur could be produced profitably where nothing else would thrive, and it was discovered that fur was a public asset of great commercial value. Government sought the aid of science and fur production was put on a new basis. Today it is a promising industry, with possibilities whose limits are not yet apparent.

A BOOKLET JUST ISSUED BY THE department of mines and natural resources of Manitoba describes in an interesting way the work that has been done under direction of the Manitoba government for fur conservation and the development of fur farming. Among other things, great tracts of drouth-stricken lands have been reflooded by the building of dams and other works, so that permanent homes are provided for large colonies of fur-bearing animals. The work has been carried forward on a modest scale and appreciable portions of the government's investment have already been repaid. The value of the fur catch of 1940-41 was more than three million dollars, and that is but a beginning.

THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE criticism of the appointment of Clarence Buddington Kelland as publicity director for the Republican party. I know nothing of Mr. Kelland's qualifications for the office of publicity director, but I hope he makes a better job of it than he did with his latest book, "Sugarfoot," which was given serial publication in a popular magazine, and which, presumably, is soon to be issued in book form. Mr. Kelland has achieved a fairly good reputation as a writer, but, like some other writers with one or two good books to their credit, he has been traveling of late on that reputation without doing much, it seems to me, either to improve or to sustain it.

PERHAPS TWO OR THREE YEARS ago Mr. Kelland wrote a book, "Arizona," which dealt with the wild days in that embryo state shortly after the Civil war. The book was a typical "western," full of hairbreadth adventure not very convincingly described, and with principal characters either very black or very white. "Sugarfoot" is cut from the same cloth, with the pattern scarcely disguised and the characters almost identical except as to their names. It is an expanded and embellished dime novel, interspersed with rhetorical platitudes about the glorious future in store for Arizona when the United States government recognizes that there is such a place.

THE HERO IS ON OF THOSE stern, uncompromising, invincible he-men with whose like we have long been familiar, and as for the heroine, though born in pioneer environment and compelled by force of circumstances to perform as a singer in a frontier gambling room, she is pure as the driven snow, and the sentiments which she utters in dictionary language are such as would have done credit to Lady Clara Vere de Vere. The villain is of the deepest dye, which is proper in such a story, and for no reason that I have been able to discover, both he and the hero know instinctively, at their very first casual meeting, that between their souls there is conflict that can be ended only by death. That conflict continues through many months, in which there are excursions, alarms, Indian raids and other thrilling entertainment, until, in the grand climax, the hero slays three powerful armed men with his good right hand, and the sun shines bright over hero, heroine and the future of Arizona.

IN THIS BOOK MR. KELLAND HAS rehashed a lot of stuff that has served several generations, in the dime novel of cherished memory, in the melodrama that had a hair-raiser in every scene, and in many of the pulp magazines of the present day. He is capable, or was, of better work. It is to be hoped that as a political publicist he will display greater originality and will not be content merely to warm over the thin gruel, samples of which have been served up in many a previous campaign.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER COMES a clipping containing the following:

A CHILD'S PRAYER. By Melissa Wood.

"Before the war, a prayer I said: There are four corners to my bed—
But now, although so very small, I haven't any bed at all!

For every night the Siren goes, And Mummy bundles up the clothes,
Takes me out, all helter-skelter, To our garden air-raid shelter.

But Mummy says to say a prayer, O Lord, in shelters Thou are there,
And though I haven't any bed, Please cover my defenseless head.

SOME WEEKS AGO I QUOTED AN indignant citizen who made a vigorous protest against having to buy inferior potatoes, or go without. He could see no reason why, living in a territory that produces the finest potatoes in the world, he should be unable to buy any except culls, those that are diseased, cut or otherwise defective. Just now I am enjoying potatoes that are in every way perfect, even in size, smooth-skinned, sound, and good alike for baking, boiling or frying. They were supplied by a local wholesale dealer, with the remark:

"Let that fellow who was complaining about his potatoes tell his grocer that he can buy all the potatoes he wants, of just that kind. If he prefers to handle culls that's not our fault."

IN A LETTER TO AN EASTERN paper a correspondent confesses himself in a state of confusion over what constitutes hoarding. He writes:

"A year and more ago some of my friends interested in real estate declared that as far as they could see ahead the prospects were for a scarcity of buildings, homes and apartments. They held the belief that their money would be safer and returns more profitable if taken from bank accounts, industrial bonds, stocks, etc., and put into real estate. They acted on their belief. As far as I can discern, no one is calling them hoarders. They are considered intelligent and far-seeing."

THE WRITER FOUND THAT WHILE his friends were trying to protect themselves by providing themselves with new homes at prices which were then within their reach, others sought to promote their own interests in other ways. Labor leaders organized strikes to increase wages, and in one way and another wages were advanced. In congress a farm block fought for legislation which would permit unlimited increase in farm prices, Concerning his own case he writes:

"WHERE DID ALL THIS LEAVE THE white-collar worker who did not have thousands to invest and had no pressure group working for his interests at Washington? I for one took the little savings I had and in the Spring of 1941 invested in a new car, a new piano, some good woolen clothing ahead for my family, and perhaps a hundred dollars in canned goods, soap, light bulbs and 100 pounds of sugar. It was my hedge against inflation. It was done long before there was evidence of scarcity. It was done in anticipation of a price rise.

"I CANNOT YET CONVINCCE MYSELF that I was unpatriotic. I was doing what the real estate man, the banker, the business man, the farmer and the laborer were all doing. In so far as I was able, I was preparing myself to suffer as little loss of my savings and security as possible. I did what advertisements in newspapers by the dozens were advising at that time—purchasing at the old prices in anticipation of future needs and rising costs.

"My guess might have been wrong and I would have lost on my investment. I do not feel as though I were a "panic buyer." I cannot see how I, any more than the others I mentioned, endangered our American economy.

"TONIGHT I AM GOING TO VISIT friends who have just moved into their newly built home. They weren't planning to build for several years, but last summer they got worried about inflation and a threatened scarcity of building materials, so decided to go ahead immediately. They are now happy in their new home, perhaps the more so because they know that three months later it would have cost them a thousand dollars more, if they could have built it at all.

"THOUSANDS OF OTHER AMERICAN citizens for the same reasons speeded up the building of their new homes and I have not yet heard them referred to as hoarders or as perpetrators of economic sabotage. They paid an honest price for their houses, as I did for my groceries and sugar. Is my hedge against inflation more reprehensible?"

IT IS TO BE NOTED THAT THE writer's purchases, like those of his friends, were made approximately a year ago. Some of them earlier, when the United States was not officially at war, and when there was no visible scarcity of goods. He stocked up the family larder as a provision against advancing prices. Others built houses for the same purpose. What's the difference?

SENATOR THOMAS DEMANDED the other day that Japanese cities be bombed—now. That, he said, is the only effective way to deal with Japan. And the idea is attractive. Japan's military power is spread out dangerously thin. She has forces in the Philippines, in Malaya, on the Burma front, and at a score of points in the Dutch Indies. Presently she likely will be in complete possession of Java. She will hold everything in that part of the world except Australia and New Zealand, which she may choose to attack at any time.

MAINTENANCE OF A FRONT go extended is no small task. In order to maintain it there must be a constant stream of supplies from Japan itself. Undoubtedly the Japanese have accumulated large stores in occupied Chinese territory, and from such stores supplies can be drawn for the men on the southern front without requiring the long voyage to and from Japan proper. But the main source of supply is and must remain Japan itself.

JAPANESE INDUSTRIES ARE concentrated within small space, simplifying the problem of attack when once the islands are reached. It seems certain that heavy bombing raids directed at Japanese munitions factories and other important industrial works could do tremendous damage within a short time. Production would be practically suspended and essential supplies for the southern armies would be cut off at the source. The forces in the south would be forced to live off the country, which they could not do long.

BOMBING JAPANESE HOME plants would be an exceedingly useful form of attack. Undoubtedly both the Japanese and the American military commands have that fact in mind. They are aware, too, of facts that some of our arm-chair strategists seem to overlook. Before Japan itself can be bombed effectively there must be available enough bombers for the job. There must be available a sufficient number of light, swift fighter planes to accompany the bombers and protect them from the Japanese fighters that will be sent into the air against them. Naturally the Japanese are not going to sit still and let us shower bombs on them without doing something about it. In order that such a campaign may have any hope of success either Alaskan bases must be equipped to take care of a major operation or there must be enough carriers employed to get the fighter planes within range. Perhaps both expedients will be necessary. There must be ground crews, and stores of material and a great many things about which the layman knows nothing. By all means let Japan be bombed, but let's not go off half-cocked about it.

ANOTHER THING ABOUT THE bombing of Japan is that we must not be carried away with the idea of bombing because Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. There is something more important at stake. No man had a more abiding hatred of slavery than had Abraham Lincoln, but Lincoln thought that there was something more important than the immediate solution of the slavery question. First in importance in his mind was the saving of the union. Writing to Horace Greeley he said: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

THE PARAMOUNT OBJECT now is to win this war, not to inflict punishment. To win the war it is necessary to kill and destroy. But we cannot afford to fritter away our energies in killing and destroying merely for revenge. We shall find need for the best we can do in work that will contribute to final victory.

FRANK J. DUGGAN, FORMERLY OF Grand Forks, who returned last year after spending some years in teaching on the Hawaiian island of Maui, left for his island home shortly after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He sends a sheaf of clippings from Hawaiian newspapers describing the defensive work that is in progress on the islands. Aside from the military operations in progress, which cannot be described, the civilian population has been organized to guard against air raids. Secure and comfortable shelters have been constructed at easily accessible points, and even school children have contributed their share to this work.

ONE NOTICE ASKS THE PARENTS of children attending the 18 schools of one district to report on the following Sunday to work on shelters adjacent to the schools. They are asked to bring their own lunches, and, if possible, their own tools. The schools are named in the notice, and the names, most of which are typically Hawaiian are interestingly suggestive of word formations which appear strange to those familiar only with the English language. The school names are:

Kaimuki intermediate, Liliuokalani, R. L. Stevenson, Kalihakai, Kapalama, Lanikila, Liholiho, Likelike, Lincoln, Lunalilo, Maemae, Manoa, Palolo, Pohukaina, Puuhale, Royal, Thomas Jefferson and Waialae.

MY FRIEND DICK HALL OF THE International Harvester company, was afraid I should get into trouble if I carried out my threat to make suspenders of binder twine when the present supply gives out. He read me the text of a regulation promulgated in Washington prohibiting the use of binder twine for any but agricultural purposes and prescribing severe penalties for violation. However, I'm quite in the clear, for those galluses, when made, will be worn while I am working in the garden, and if that isn't agricultural work I'd like to know what is. I think I'm entitled to priority rating.

A CHATTY NOTE COMES FROM Judge J. F. T. O'Connor of Los Angeles whose building on Third street has just been rebuilt for the Bray store. This recalls to his other incidents, some of which he mentions as follows:

"C. P. TREPANIER, THE JUDGE'S brother-in-law, built the Trepanier block in 1884; my father, Edward O'Connor built the corner building where the drug store now is, in 1885. Some years later St. John erected the largest building in town and then the Security Building followed. Fifty-seven years have passed from the time of the erection by my father of the corner building to the one I have just completed for Mr. Bray—in this more than half a century a great many things have happened, but with all of the world changes, Grand Forks has remained a fine, happy community with probably no millionaires and no paupers, with no social barriers—one great family. The University with its high educational standards and low cost of education has contributed much to the city. We had a large North Dakota picnic here this year and a very successful U. N. D. dinner."

SALES OF A BOOK ARE NOT NECESSARILY a trustworthy index of its value. Sometimes a book has elements of immediate popularity which cause the public to buy it, and to read it eagerly—for an hour. Then the book is "forgotten because it contains nothing of permanent value. Further, best-sellers sometimes become so because of skillful sales promotion. They may not even be popular in any real sense, but they sell, for a few days.

I HAVE JUST BEEN LOOKING over a list of best sellers as reported by dealers in more than a dozen of the larger American cities. In each case there are listed the six leaders for the preceding week in the reporting city. It interested me to note that Pearl Buck's "Dragon Seed" was one of the six reported in every city but one. I imagine that the popularity of a book is not often so widespread and uniform.

ONE OF THE CURRENT MAGAZINES has an article on the desirability of brass and copper kitchen utensils, the inference being that it would be a good thing for the householder to lay in a stock of such utensils for utilitarian and decorative purposes. Inasmuch as all the copper obtainable is needed in the munitions and other war industries, and brass is principally copper, the timeliness of such advice is doubtful. The article may be well enough to file until after the war, but just for the present it does not seem to have much point. Another feature of the article which attracted my attention is the statement that brass and copper were used largely in pioneer kitchens because their warm color imparted warmth to otherwise drab surroundings. Doubtless our grandparents enjoyed the glow and sheen of well polished metal, but I don't think they bought many pots and pans particularly for their beauty. My revered grandmother had a copper kettle which was a family treasure. It had accompanied the family across the ocean and it was meticulously polished with ashes inside and out until it shone. Actually it was beautiful, but it had not been bought, nor was it kept, because of its beauty. It had been bought for use. A copper kettle was lighter than one of thick iron, and because it didn't check and crack it was more durable. It was principally for such reasons that our forefathers and foremothers preferred brass and copper.

MANY WRITERS HAVE THE HABIT of attributing to the early settlers artistic purposes of which they were entirely innocent. We read much of early New England architecture, a term that is applied, not only to the more pretentious edifices in which conscious attempts were made to follow some artistic pattern, but to the ordinary houses on farms and in villages. These are praised for the simplicity of their lines and their economy of material. They were simple and economical, but as I to most of them there was no architectural consciousness about their construction. The colonial farmer needed a shelter for his family, which meant four stout walls and a roof that would shed water. He wasn't interested in following anybody's architectural ideas or in establishing a school of architecture of his own. His house, weatherproof and durable, was about as beautiful as a drygoods box with a roof on it. It answered his purpose admirably, but in building it he wasn't striving after beauty, and usually he didn't achieve it.

SO THE LOG HOUSE, IN A PROPER setting, may be a thing of beauty, but whatever beauty attached to them was accidental. The settler in the great forest built with his own hands, using the material that was most available. The settler on the prairie built a sod shanty or a board shack, neither of them beautiful, but each serving its purpose until something better could be built. It seems to me it would be as sensible to hark back to the sod shanty as an example of "prairie architecture" and reproduce its features on our modern dwellings as to use the bare, bleak outlines of the typical New England farmhouse as something to be admired for its beauty and incorporated in our modern building.

THERE ARE ALSO SOME ARCHITECTURAL monstrosities in the south. The Spaniards, who were the earliest white settlers in California and Florida, brought their own architecture with them. They reproduced it in their churches, mission buildings, and to some extent in their homes. Climatic features of the new environment made this appropriate. Late comers imitated them and added touches of their own. The result is that in many of the resort cities there is a conglomeration of style which is neither Spanish, nor Forty-second street, nor Choctaw, but has fragments of all three and a lot more.

I'VE JUST BEEN THUMBING OVER the pages of a new book, "A Subtreasury of American Humor," which looks as if it might be entertaining. Not that one would want to read it all at once, which would be like making a meal of apple pie, or pickles. But a few pages now and then should help digestion, for the book contains selections from the writings of many of the best-known American humorists. I suppose every reader will wonder why some of the selections were included and why some by the reader's favorite writers were omitted. Every anthology is like that. The book was compiled by E. B. and K. S. White, husband and wife, both literary persons, and both associated with numerous publications. In an introduction to the work Mr. White makes some observations concerning the nature and quality of humor, and quotes several critics on the same subject. There are references to the sense of humor, and the lack of it, which recalls to me an incident.

AT A MEETING OF THE GRAND Forks Fortnightly club, long, long ago, the speaker was Dr. S. P. Johnson, a local dentist, who dabbled in bits of more or less humorous prose and verse, and who wrote and had published one book. He read a paper that night on "Wit and Humor," in which he quoted from some of the great humorists and discussed both the production of humor and the receptiveness to it of various kinds of people. The paper was well received, and its reading was followed by lively discussion. Sidney Clarke, a local banker, asked, earnestly and with apparent anxiety: "Doctor Johnson, do you think the sense of humor can be acquired?" That question brought down the house, for it was a matter of common knowledge that Sidney Clarke hadn't an ounce of humor in his make-up, and that he wouldn't recognize a joke if he met one on the street in broad daylight. Both he and Dr. Johnson left this earthly sphere long ago. Perhaps, somewhere, the doctor is giving his friend needed lessons in humor.

PICTURES OF MRS. GEORGE E. Black and her son-in-law M. R. Menschel, were published in a recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle, together with Mrs. Black's comment on differences between educational methods of a generation ago and those of the present. Mrs. Black, for many years a resident of Grand Forks, is spending the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Menschel, of Berkeley, Calif. More than 50 years ago Mrs. Black taught school in Steele county, North Dakota.

FOR REASONS RELATED TO THE war the publication of weather information is restricted, and some types of information are withheld altogether. But it is still permitted to publish information about what is in progress on the sun some 90 million miles away, and to speculate on the effect of solar changes on mundane meteorology. Thus, one day last week we were told that big spots were developing on the sun and that we were likely to be treated to auroral displays. Sure enough, we have had two or three brilliant displays of northern lights, for which we may thank the sun spots, unless we are to accept the ancient theory that those flaming displays are supernatural messengers of evil.

ACTUALLY, THERE IS SOMETHING awe-inspiring about a brilliant display of northern lights. We who live in northern latitudes have been accustomed to them from childhood and are apt to regard them quite casually. But I am told that educated and intelligent persons from the south who during northern visits have for the first time seen the aurora in all its glory have sometimes confessed that in spite of their familiarity with what science has to say on the subject, their sensations have been those of real fear. It isn't much wonder that primitive people's have seen in the aurora the forerunner of disaster.

AS THE MIDDLE OF MARCH APPROACHED many residents of this section of the northwest who were able to take their minds off their income tax reports were thinking of the coming anniversary of the great blizzard of March 15, 1941 and wondering if the date this year might be marked by something similar. Tuesday's snow storm came a few days ahead of the anniversary, but it bore no resemblance to the blizzard of a year ago. That was a storm of tornadic proportions, while this was a straight snowstorm without any of the characteristics of the blizzard. We who have lived in the northwest many years have been accustomed to regard with tolerant superiority those who have come more recently, those who have talked of recent storms as if they were important. Many a dialog has run something like this:

"Bad storm out in the country today."

"You call this a bad storm?"

"Why, yes, don't you?"

"How long you been in this part of the country?"

"Ten years, coming this spring."

"Ten years. Let me tell you somethin'.

You ain't seen nuthin'. Why back in
eighty-five, . . ."

And the newcomer would be silenced, if not convinced.

THAT STORM OF LAST MARCH DEPRIVES us old-timers of all opportunity to boast. In nearly 60 years spent in this prairie country I never saw anything like it for sudden, violent, concentrated fury. It wasn't exactly a tornado, but it was more like one than any other winter storm I ever saw. The loss of life in it was due in the first instance to the suddenness of its onset. If it had followed the course of other blizzards there would have been some warning and fewer persons would have been caught on the roads.

ONE MAN FROM SOMEWHERE IN the east who arrived in Grand Forks, a week after the storm and heard people still talking about it couldn't understand how or why any lives should have been lost in it. He thought that quite unnecessary. "Know what I'd do if I were caught out in a storm like that?" he asked. "I'd just keep my head and walk with the wind until I came to a house. I wouldn't I go wandering off every which way and wearing myself out. Just walk with the wind. That's the idea." Someone patiently tried to explain to him that if he started walking with the wind the first house that he struck might easily be in South Dakota or Nebraska, but it didn't sink in.

I HAVE BEEN IN MANY BLIZZARDS. Fortunately for me, I never was lost in one. Sometimes it was a close shave. As a result of my experience I have a wholesome respect for blizzards, and I'm not taking chances with any of them if I can help it. But the tenderfeet who were here a year ago can have the satisfaction of knowing that, recent though they are, they have seen a worse blizzard than any of the old-timers ever saw before.

A LITTLE OPTICAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED to optical matters says that all the inhabitants of the island of Limfjord, north of Jutland, Denmark, are reported to be color blind. This is attributed to constant intermarriage among the inhabitants, of whom there are 200. While color blindness in some degree is not unusual, few persons are totally color-blind. Usually the defect consists in inability to distinguish between two particular colors. Railroad employes are tested for color recognition, as inability to interpret signals correctly might mean disaster. In the early days such tests were not given. I have read of one yard man of whom it was discovered after many years of service that he could not distinguish red from green. For years he had been responding to those colored signals without knowing that they were different. Some sixth sense seemed to have taught him what to expect when a red or green light was turned on, and he had never had an accident.

JUST NOW WE ARE "STREAMLINING" everything. We have added a new word to the language, but by the time the next dictionary is out that new word may have been forgotten and we shall have popularized some other. The term "streamline" is a recent invention. Like many other new expressions it had a legitimate and appropriate origin, and, like many others, it has been applied to a multitude of things to which it even remotely relate in the sense.

THE WORD CAME into rather general use in connection with airplane designing. As such it had a legitimate place. The purpose of the designer was to develop a form of wing and fuselage which would present the least possible resistance to the air. Then came the automobile designer who sought to streamline the car, and he was followed by the designer of the streamlined train. By analogy the term came to be applied to the simplification and smoothing out of every form of organization, industrial, commercial and what not. And we have followed the usual course in applying it to all sorts of things with which has no possible connection until the word has become one of the most abused in the whole catalogue. It's a way we have.

TONY SARG DIED LAST WEEK. OF the millions who had enjoyed his work, few knew anything about the man. He was born in Guatemala, his father a German and his mother an English woman. Educated in Germany he entered a German military academy and received a lieutenant's commission. His father had planned a military career for him, but the idea did not appeal to Tony, who at the age of 23 left Germany never to return. He went to England and was naturalized there, but later transferred his citizenship to the United States.

FROM CHILDHOOD HE WAS ADEPT Sit drawing comic caricatures, and contact with a traveling puppet show aroused his interest in those miniature figures of which he afterward designed so many thousands. It is difficult to say whether his marionettes or his drawings contributed more to his fame. Perhaps one should not try to differentiate between them, for both expressed the same spirit of genial and grotesque humor. Like another artist Tony Sarg made money and in quantity, and lost it as easily, and at 59 he died a relatively poor man.

THE WEEK WAS MARKED BY THE death of another man, famous in another field, and of type very different from Tony Sarg. He was J. R. Capablanca, for many years the world's chess champion. Capablanca was a Cuban to whom chess was almost his native language. He played the game at the age of 4, was a first-class club player at 11, and at 12 was chess champion of Cuba. He played during his school years, and while at Columbia for his higher education he was one of the leading players of New York. In 1921 he won the world championship from Lasker, and with only a few setbacks he held it for many years.

UNLIKE MANY OTHERS WHO HAVE distinguished themselves in chess, Capablanca was highly developed in many other directions. He studied engineering and made an excellent record as a student, but interest in chess prevented him from making engineering his profession. He was a cultured gentleman, and he performed valuable service for Cuba in the diplomatic service. He suffered a fatal stroke while watching a game of chess between two friends.

COMMENTING ON SIDNEY CLARK'S desire to acquire a sense of humor, Fred Goodman remarked: "You couldn't have chosen a more fitting example of total lack of the sense of humor than Sidney Clarke. I knew Sidney for many years, but I never saw him give the slightest evidence that he saw anything funny in a joke or knew what a joke was about."

IF WE MUST QUIT USING AUTOMOBILES perhaps the city council should bestir itself to see that there are places to tie our horses. There are three or four rings in the curb in front of the Ontario store, but we shall need more than those. Then there will be the problem of the few remaining automobiles left being scared off the road by the unwonted appearance of horses. Many an automobile has never seen a horse.

IN THE HEARINGS ON THE Langer case the senate has been wasting a lot of time over matters of procedure which are too simple to require a moment's debate. While the question has not yet been raised on the senate floor it has been clearly intimated that on behalf of Mr. Langer it will be maintained that he can be excluded only by a two-thirds vote. Doubtless much time will be consumed over that. Some of the senators have argued that the committee whose report is now under consideration exceeds its authority or proceeded in an irregular manner. The fact, in brief, are these:

BEFORE THE ASSEMBLING OF Congress last year and the swearing in of new members petitions protesting against the seating of Mr. Langer, were filed with the senate. It was evident that examination of the charges would require considerable time, and it was decided that pending investigation Mr. Langer should be permitted to take his seat "without prejudice." It was clearly intended that his retention of his seat should depend on the decision made on the charges and that if the charges were sustained by a majority vote he would be "excluded" rather than "expelled" by a two-thirds vote which would have been required had he been seated unconditionally.

THE PROTESTING PETITIONS were referred in the regular course to the elections committee and by it to a sub-committee of 17 members, to determine whether or not the charges were of such a nature as to demand further attention. The committee decided that the charges merited investigation. To facilitate this investigators were appointed to visit North Dakota, not to try the case, but to find such evidence as might be available in support of the charges and submit it to the committee. This was done, and on the basis of the report of the investigators the committee held hearings at which witnesses in support of the charges and against them were examined and cross-examined. Full liberty was accorded to both accusers and accused to present witnesses and submit testimony.

MUCH TIME WAS SPENT BY the committee in digesting the evidence and preparing reports. Thirteen of the committee members joined in a report recommending to the senate the exclusion of Mr. Langer. Three members recommended that he be confirmed in his seat. For obvious reasons Senator Nye did not participate in the decision.

IN FOLLOWING THIS PROCEDURE the committee did just what the senate intended it should do. The most convenient method was followed in determining whether or not the charges merited attention. Some of the charges were dismissed as of no account, but others were considered of sufficient importance to be presented to the senate. The committee is presumed to be a fair-minded body, but if it has erred in its conclusions the senate has authority to examine all the testimony, which is of record. The debate in the senate ought now to be confined to the merits of the case and not to the procedure followed. That procedure has been regular, properly authorized, and calculated to facilitate arrival at a just conclusion.

FOR SOME WEEKS WE HAVE been told that Hitler is preparing for a grand spring offensive. Doubtless that is true. Hitler cannot stand still. He must keep moving or be destroyed. But it appears that the Russians also have been preparing for something in the nature of a spring offensive. Reports from the Ukraine are that General Timoshenko has been assembling an army of 1,500,000 men with which he proposes to launch an attack against the German positions. If this is true Hitler must be greatly annoyed. Time after time his most elaborate plans have been frustrated by the inconsiderate actions of the Russians who have given not the slightest indication of desire to co-operate. Now they propose to take the spring offensive out of Hitler's hands.

IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF "Flight to Arras" in the March Atlantic Captain Antoine de Saint Exupery describes the memorable and hopeless flight of his escadrille to Arras and records some of the thoughts borne of the catastrophe which overwhelmed France. Like others less able than he to give voice to their thoughts he seeks to know "Why?" And in the following lines he indicates something of the character of his conclusions:

"T H E R E WAS A time," he says, "when my civilization was action. It transformed man-kind, freed slaves, cast down the cruel, reigned over empires. And am I to snivel and whine, call myself a poor bullied lamb. I do not feel that I was born to play this miserable part. If I am feeble, the reason is that somewhere I was false to the rules that once made me strong. I know what happened. I waited until I was in jeopardy before taking thought of my civilization. As soon as danger threatened I took shelter behind my civilization. What." I cried. 'Are you not ashamed to attack such a beautiful cathedral?' But I had long ceased to be the builder of that cathedral. I had been living in it as sexton, as beadle. Which is to say, as a man defeated. I had been taking advantage of its tranquility, its tolerance, its warmth. I had been a parasite. It had meant to me no more than a place where I was snug and secure.

"MY CIVILIZATION HAD GIVEN ME the right to believe in the community of men. Trapped, I had cried out to that community for help. My enemies, I cried, are betraying our community. But my friends pleaded other business. Thus they too betrayed it. And I had been filled with indignation over their treason. But, was I myself not guilty of treason?"

A FRENCH LADY, A REFUGEE from her native country now living in New York, writes scathingly of the German command which followed the British bombing of the industrial suburb of Paris. She contrasts the hypocritical expressions of horror that emanated from Berlin following that incident with the acts of the Germans immediately after German occupation of the city. She mentions particularly which occurred while she was still in Paris. French workers in the Renault arms plant were invited to "volunteer" as workers in the same plant to manufacture arms for Germany. Seventeen men refused, and those 17 were immediately shot. This lady writes that for all she knows her own home near the Seine may have been destroyed in the recent raid. She accepts that possibility willingly, welcoming anything that will help to destroy the Nazi monster.

HOW MUCH OF A HARDSHIP WILL it be for us to get along without rubber heels, as we shall be obliged to do in the near future? Most of us like rubber heels. Their elasticity takes off some of the jar in walking and reduces the noise which shoes make. Many of the younger generation have known no other kind of heels. But one need not be very old to remember when there were no such things as rubber heels. We knew of nothing but leather heels, and actually we got along with them quite comfortably. Custom has made a lot of things "necessary."

SPRING ROBINS HAVE BEEN SEEN in many places. A few of them, doubtless, are holdovers, having spent the winter in the shelter of groves and timber belts, and the warm weather has tempted them into the open. This is also true of many woodpeckers. But undoubtedly a good many of both species are new arrivals from the south, encouraged to come north by the fine spring weather. Let's hope that they will not be disappointed.

I SEE THAT ALL MANUFACTURERS of washing machines and ironers is to be suspended by May 15, and that the suspension is to apply to the larger manufacturers April 15. I suppose this applies to electric machines, and probably to those driven by gasoline power. Probably there will be no restriction on the manufacture of some of the older types if anyone wishes to make them and can get the materials. I wonder how many have ever thought of the evolution of the washing machine. It seems as though the subject might provide material for a doctorate thesis. In this advanced scientific and mechanical age, clothes are still being washed in the most primitive way of all, by pounding the wet fabrics on stones. Down in Mexico, in the West Indies, in almost every corner of the world in which primitive people are to be found, women are now pounding wet clothes on rocks by convenient streams, using exactly the same method that was used by Egyptian women on the banks of the Nile some five thousand years ago. The technique has not varied in the slightest degree. It would be futile to speculate on who discovered or invented this method of washing, as it must have been developed spontaneously and independently in a thousand tribal communities. It is about as natural as eating when one is hungry.

PROBABLY THE FIRST STEP TO ward the washing machine was the substitution of a crude tub as a container for clothes and water, together with some cleansing material, lye, soap-bark, or, in later years, manufactured soap. In such a container the clothes could be agitated by the hands or feet. Washing appliances of that type must have been used in very ancient times, and in very primitive form probably they are still in use somewhere.

ONE OF THE WASHING APPLIances in fairly common use as recently as my own youth was the tub, or puncheon, which was just a medium-sized barrel, stoutly built, into which clothes, water and soap were placed and vigorously tramped with the bare feet. Just as good a job can be done that way as with the most modern machines, and it's easy on fabrics.

THE FIRST DEVICE OF A MECHANical nature to be used in washing was the "dolly", which in its most highly developed form consisted of a contraption resembling a four-legged stool with a stout shaft projecting from the center and a cross-piece near the top. With that device the goods could be agitated in a tub, just about as in the later machines. Wringing the home washing must have been done by hand until vulcanized rubber was available for the domestic wringer. Perhaps the large laundries used mechanical wringers of some sort. They must have been hard on buttons.

WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR electric power, or even gasoline power for washing machines. At a time when electric power was but a dream and gasoline was being dumped in the ocean to get rid of it, I furnished the motive power for a washing machine in the family kitchen. It was of the rocker type, and all one had to do was take hold of the handle and rock, rock, rock, when there were so many more interesting things to do. There was also a hand-operated machine which used an agitator of the dolly type.

SIMPLEST OF ALL THE WASHING devices, which can scarcely be called a machine, since it was no moving parts, is the old-fashioned washboard, which dates back I don't know how long, and is still in regular use for minor washings. Probably when the present washboard is worn out and another of the same kind can't be got because of scarcity of metal for the covering, we shall have them made with wooden corrugations on which to skin our knuckles.

IRONING MACHINES HAVE BEEN in use for a long time. Remember Mr. Mantalini in "Nicholas Nickleby"? After he had gone to the "demintion bow-wows" it became his fate to operate a mangle, an occupation which makes his life "one demd horrid grind." So they had mangles more than a century ago. But in the home laundry ironing was done by hand, as it is quite generally today. But the old-fashioned iron was made just of plain iron and was heated on a stove. Flat-irons, sometimes called sad-irons for some reasons unknown to me, were sold some half-century ago at the rate of five cents a pound. For 50 cents you could get a monster.

WHILE VIGOROUS EFFORTS HAVE been made by public bodies and public-spirited unofficial groups to conserve the wild life of the state and the growth of trees and shrubs wherever such growth is possible, an eastern commercial organization has been destroying what can be replaced only after many years, if at all. This is the substance of a story told by Charles M. Bryant in "Horticulture," a little magazine published by the North Dakota and South Dakota horticultural societies.

MR. BRYANT, A Great Northern railway man of St. John, N. D., writes as follows: "The Turtle Mountain area is noted for its abundance of wild fruit, June-berries, pin cherries, plums and high-bush cranberries, the latter ranking of first importance, for they are not found in many places, and without doubt we had the finest and greatest number for a given area of any place in the United States.

"But now our hills are being denuded to help fill the coffers of a patent medicine company in Lynn, Mass. They have been in business between 70 and 80 years, and it appears that they have cleaned up in the New England states and other sources of cranberry bark, and have come half-way across the continent for ours.

"This is how it is handled: Cut a load of bushes, take home, peel off the bark, dry it and get 20 cents a pound. Now here is what will stun you. It is hard for the writer to believe. They have shipped from: five to eight carloads of this bark. I did not suppose there were enough bushes in the United States to make this, quantity.

"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO about it? Isaac Walton league of America, Chapter No. 1, of St. John, North Dakota, has signed up for the duration of the war, and if we can't win we better fold up the flag and hand it to a worthy organization. This organization goes on record as demanding some action, legislative or otherwise, immediately prohibiting the above-mentioned shameful practice, and saving to North Dakota her highly prized high-bush cranberry."

WITH OTHER WILD FRUITS THE high-bush cranberry has helped to make our too few wooded areas attractive to many thousands of residents who enjoy gathering the fruit in autumn. Perhaps even more important is the fact that such fruits provide food for millions of birds. Certainly the shrubs should be preserved, not destroyed.

THE STATE OF MINNESOTA HAS taken steps to preserve its natural growth which would otherwise be destroyed. No Christmas tree can be taken out of the state except under license and upon payment of a small fee. Exportation of certain wild flowers is prohibited altogether. Such regulations require legislation. But it seems that authority must be vested in some public conservation body to take emergency action to prevent continuance or repetition of such practices as that above described.

ARRIVING JUST A LITTLE TOO late for St. Patrick's day, a faded, dusty copy of an old newspaper found its way to my desk. The paper is the Irish Standard of Minneapolis, and the issue that of March 23, 1907. The paper is filled with extended accounts of celebrations in honor of St. Patrick, among them one in Chicago addressed by Vice President Fairbanks. The report says that while the gathering was in no sense political, there was evidence that Mr. Fairbanks had won a warm place in the affections of Irish-Americans present and that he might expect the hearty support of those of the race identified with his party in his presidential aspirations. However, the next Republican convention nominated Taft.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING BITS IN the paper is the story of a visit paid by John L. Sullivan to Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore. The visit was enjoyed by both John and the cardinal.

THERE ARE MANY FORMER CANadians now living in North Dakota who will remember a singer and entertainer named James Fax, who became popular as a local amateur along about 1880, then became a professional entertainer and in that capacity t o u r e d Canada from coast to coast for many years. He retired many years ago, and lives in Toronto. He must be at least 85 years old. A clipping from a Toronto paper announces his appearance, with two other veterans, on a program given for veterans' relief. Portraits of the three are given, but, while Jim was a fellow townsman of mine, I can see nothing of the youth I knew in the picture of the octogenarian presented by the paper.

JIM FAX IS ONE OF A FAMILY OF four boys and two girls, of whom he, I believe, is the only survivor. All were unusually talented singers, and with good voices they had the kind of talent which caused them to be in demand as entertainers. The youngest of the boys, Reuben, chose the stage as a career, After playing small parts he starred for some years in Trilby. Later he joined the company headed by James H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," in which he played the comedy part of Posty. In that character he played in Grand Forks twice. He and Stoddart died within a few months of each other. It brings back recollections of old times to see that Jim is still living and still able to entertain crowds. I'd like to see him perform once more.

THIS BIT IS FROM THE NEW Yorker:

"In to a drug store in the Deep South came a lad from Deep New England and asked: 'You got any greeting cards?' The girl behind the counter replied, 'Why, no, we don't sell vegetables.' It was some time before they got together on this, and the explanation was not simple. She thought he'd been asking for green carrots."

The point there might be that carrots are not green, but orange-colored. That suggests the query. Do they eat carrots in southern Ireland? How one thing brings up another!

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THERE arises the question what title to apply to a foreign visitor, a diplomat such as Litvinoff, for example. Should he be addressed as Mister, or Monsieur, or Comrade, or what? I don't see why Schlasinger was elected University valedictorian, winning over Marion Severson; Albert Wisner was salutatorian. there should be any perplexity about that. If an American is visiting in a foreign country I take it that he is given the courtesy title customary in that country, Monsieur, Herr, or whatever the usual form in that country happens to be. And if a foreigner is visiting in the United States why not follow the same rule and call him Mister?

SINCE THE WAR BEGAN WEATHER reports have been very concise and sketchy. Predictions are usually confined to the immediate locality of the station. Exceptions are made when severe storms are expected so that travelers may avoid unnecessary road hazards and farmers may see that animals are given proper shelter. About two weeks ago stations in this general area issued warnings of a disturbance which was expected to be accompanied by high winds. The time was so near the middle of March that there was some speculation whether or not there was to be a repetition of the big storm of last year on its anniversary.

GRAND FORKS HAD NO STORM. There was a little wind flurry for a few hours, but nothing of any consequence. Probably most of those who thought about it at all dismissed the subject as another example of weather bureau inaccuracy. But I am informed that at Grand Forks the meteorological conditions when the forecast was made were almost identical with those which immediately preceded the historic storm of March 15, 1941. The Turtle mountain region had fairly high winds for a short time, but nowhere else in North Dakota was there anything approaching a real storm.

THE FORECASTS OF THE WEATHER bureau are based on observations and computations as exact as science is able to make them. The process is somewhat similar to that employed in estimating the time of arrival of the crest of a river flood at a given point when the river at an upper point and the velocity of the stream are known. But a storm may be dissipated, may take an unexpected course or may develop unexpected strength because of an infinite number of variable conditions which nobody has yet been able to chart with accuracy. The weather bureau must be credited with a high degree of accuracy, but allowance must always be made for a margin of error.

A CURRENT NEWS ITEM SAYS that there was received at the Washington, D. C. postoffice addressed to "George Washington, Washington, D. C." inquiring about some physical characteristics of the first president. The letter was passed on to Congressman Sol. Bloom, who is supposed to know more about the original George Washington than anybody else does.

IT HAS BEEN GENERally understood that there are several George Washingtons about the capital, the name Washington having been adopted by numerous former slave families after emancipation. According to one story a white resident of the capital who employed a colored man for odd jobs asked the new man's name. "Washn'ton, sah," was the reply. "Oh," said the employer, intending to be facetious. "Any relation to George Washington?" "Boss," said the darkey, "Ah IS Gawge Washn'ton."

WHEN THE SLAVES WERE LIBERated they had no legal names. Each had been known customarily by a single "first" name, and for purposes of identification the owner's name was often included. Thus a slave might be known to outsiders as "Washington's Sam," or "Lee's Susy." With emancipation those slaves became persons, and persons had to have names. There was no system or order about the naming of those thousands. Selection of names was a go-as-you-please affair. Many slaves adopted as surnames the names of their former owners, and thereafter wore those designations with pride. In other cases the names of heroes were chosen. There were many Washingtons, and there must have been a lot of Lincolns. Custom fixed those names, and they have come to be accepted as legal designations.

IN THE ENGLISH - SPEAKING world surnames have come to be quite popularly regarded as natural inheritances, like the color of hair or eyes, and there has been imparted to our names such a degree of stability that we are apt to forget that all our names originated in accident, whim or other adventitious circumstances. John Smith's name has come to him through many generations of Smiths, but back of them all was a blacksmith who, if his given name was John, was known to his neighbors as "John, the smith," and whose occupation; became the basis of a family name.

A SURNAME MAY INDICATE THE occupation of a distant ancestor, his place of residence, the estate which the ancestor owned or on which he was a servant, or any one of scores of things which helped to distinguish him from others. Away back in the family line of General Douglas MacArthur there must have been a Scot named Arthur whose children were known by the name of their father with the Sottish equivalent of "son of," or "daughter of" attached, and from them descended generations of "MacArthurs" of which our present general is the splendid representative.

COUSINS AND OTHER MEMBERS of the same family often have the same given and surnames and some other designation is needed to distinguish them, Back east I knew two Highland Scots,' each named Donald McTavish. One was I known as Red Donald because of his red hair, and the other was Blue Donald because of the blue-blackness of his hair. Over in Polk county, Minnesota there were two James Sullivans. One owned a timbered farm along the river, and to all the neighbors he was "Timber Jim." The other was "Prairie Jim" because his was a prairie farm.

A FEW WEEKS AGO WHEN DONald Nelson was given charge of wartime production he was lauded to the skies. Now they are throwing bricks at him because he hasn't yet brought perfect order out of confusion worse confounded. General MacArthur's magnificent performance in the Philippines started a lot of people nominating him for president. If he doesn't presently pull a rabbit out of his hat some of the same people will be demanding his scalp.

GERMAN GENERALS WHO were dismissed, suspended or otherwise retired have been recalled and are in conference with Hitler, preparing plans for the Nazi spring offensive. The fact that such a conference is being held amounts to a confession by Hitler that his winter campaign has failed. Dissatisfied with the management of the war operations by his generals, Hitler, with the usual flourish of trumpets, announced that he was taking over in person supreme command of the nation's armies, relying on the "intuition" which he believes to be infallible. But under his direction the German armies have suffered more severely than they did before, and now the generals whom he supplanted are called into conference and their experience and judgment are to be substituted for Hitler's intuition.

HITLER HAS UNDERTAKEN TO soften to the German people the disasters to their armies on the Russian front by the explanation that this Russian winter has been the most severe in 140 years. While that statement may or may not be strictly according to the record, it is a fact that this winter in that area has been unusually severe. Only a few days ago reports were received of temperatures ranging from 13 below zero in the Crimea to 30 below in the territory along the northern end of the line. The Crimea is the most southerly point in European Russia except for a small area in the Caucasus. The peninsula is almost surrounded by the Black sea, and in time of peace it has been a great winter resort, with a balmy and salubrious climate, and a temperature of minus 13 there is something sensational.

IT MAY BE REMARKED, HOWEVER, that while the weather on the Russian front has been unusually severe, it has been just as cold for the Russians as for the Germans. And not only have the Germans been unable to make progress in the intense cold, which is understandable, but the Russians have made progress against them, driving them back mile after mile, cutting off and destroying division after division, and carrying on a vigorous offensive which is as menacing today to the Germans as at any time in the winter. Cold weather does not sufficiently explain all of that.

JAPAN STILL HOLDS THE Initiative in the Orient. The United Nations are bracing themselves and organizing for the offensive which they must undertake if they are to win the war, but thus far the Japanese continue to attack and to make gains. In the great battle of the Java sea the Allied sea force suffered a major defeat, the exact proportions of which are not yet known, but their losses in that battle were sufficient to remove for the time being all prospect of Allied naval control of that area.

THE MOST CHEERING INFORMATION that has come to the Allies during the week is from Australia. News that General MacArthur had gone to Australia to take command of all Allied army operations in Australia, the Indies and the Philippines was acclaimed with enthusiasm, for the achievement of MacArthur on Luzon had created unbounded confidence in him. But his transfer was only part of it. It would be of little use to give him command unless he had at his disposal an adequate force to direct. And with announcements of his appointment came news of the arrival of American forces in "considerable number" in Australia.

FOR REASONS EASY TO UNDERstand the war department's announcement on this subject was guarded and in general terms, but it is now known that a large American expeditionary force has been on the way to Australia for weeks, that a substantial force has already landed, and that our ships are still carrying men, guns, tanks and planes across the wide reaches of the Pacific to the great island continent "down under." While some of us have been wondering why "nothing was being done" those ships were on the way, and thus far the transfer of men and material has been achieved without the loss of a ship or a man.

A COMMISSION HAS BEEN created by the Indian congress to receive Sir Stafford Cripps and study the proposals which he carries from the British government for Indian self-government. The commissioners are men whose record is such that they are thought likely to approach this knotty subject in a constructive way, seeking to devise a plan which will be acceptable alike to the Hindu

majority and to the great and powerful Moslem minority. Conflict between these groups is the rock on which former plans for real self-government in India have been shattered.

MUCH HAS BEEN DONE TOWARD establishment of intimate and cordial relations between the inhabitants of the United States and those of Latin America. One obstacle is difference in language. Most of the people of the United States speak English; Brazilians speak Portuguese; most other South and Central Americans speak Spanish. That difference presents a barrier to freedom of intercourse. To learn another national language in order to surmount that barrier is a task which only the few are likely to undertake. For a long time there has been felt the need for an international language which could be easily learned and which would serve as a means of communication among the peoples, not of two languages, but of many, and that need seems to be most nearly met by Esperanto, in which there has been increasing interest in recent years.

FOLLOWING ARE EXCERPTS FROM an article on the subject by Ismael Gomez Braga, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, published in Esperanto, and translated by Mrs. Paul Nuss of Grand Forks:

"Goodwill ambassadors of our New World often pay friendly visits to our countries to reaffirm the mutual friendship between the American peoples, and they serve their purpose well . . . Politely they smile at us and we at them; they speak to us in a foreign language, and we do not understand, but in return we address them in polite sentences in our clear national tongue, which they regrettably also do not understand. They make beautiful speeches in their own and we in our language. Banquets, flowers, joy, pictures in the newspapers, groups walking, where the visitors are speaking to their own countrymen, and where our groups are also animatedly speaking in our language. Everything very beautiful! It is only to be regretted that the visitors become acquainted only with mountains, cities, smiles, but do not even get an inkling of our intelligence. An eminent university professor or a simple waiter seem to them quite equal . . .

"A FEW YEARS AGO CAME FROM North America as many as one thousand eminent teachers. A huge boat served as their enormous hotel. They visited schools, theaters, museums, and groups of our own teachers guided them on their visits. Everywhere groups of learned, experienced teachers held animated discussions—the Brazilians among themselves and the North Americans also among themselves. Are they or are we unenlightened? Not at all. All are very intelligent and learned men, but unfortunately they speak English and we Portuguese, and those two languages are totally different in conversation, although in writing they have some similar words.

"NOW WITH JOY WE RECEIVE TWO really effective and brilliant goodwill ambassadors from North America, namely two truly charming people, Mr. Geo. A. Connor and Miss Doris E. Tappan. Both speak very plainly and show their high level of culture and intelligence. They do not stay in official circles; quite on the contrary, they come to our homes and fraternally live our life, eat with us quite informally, altogether at home, because they truly belong to our large family circle; they are real Esperantists—according to the language, which they know thoroughly, and according to the idea, which they live courageously. Miss Tappan has sincere friends in our families, her visit is a real and sincere joy in our homes. Our young girls very much enjoy walking with her. What a mysterious power has language! Would that charming young lady be equally able by means of national languages to become friends with our Brazilian young ladies? Although she is a very charming person, certainly if she did not know Esperanto, she would have to be a "foreigner" to us, equally whether we should speak English or Portuguese among each other, because both languages are terrifyingly difficult for foreigners.

"OUR DEAR VISITORS HAVE ALready been for four weeks actually in Brazil, not only in North American circles living in Rio. They telephone us, they visit us, they walk with us, they live our life. How many people from other countries live in Rio tens of years, but remain always foreign to our land, because they really know nothing about us! Although their bodies are in Brazil, their spirit we do not know, it is closed to us, the same as ours to them.

"With our whole heart we greet our dear visitors and request that they tell every North American, as we promise to tell all Brazilians: "If you truly desire Pan - Americanism, learn Esperanto!" Without a neutral inter-American language, Pan-Americanism would simply remain Utopia."

SAP'S RUNNING! GET OUT THE buckets and wash them; hurry up with those tapping spikes; nick the trees and catch the flow; scour out the big iron kettle; get a move on for the flow is away ahead of time and it may be over before we get started. We're to have sugar rationed to half a pound a week, and millions of gallons of good syrup are going to waste.

YOU MAY HAVE thought, if you thought about it at all, that those wet streaks down the trunks of the box elders were from melted snow. They weren't. They were made by sap flowing from cuts or abrasions in the bark of the trees, and as the day warmed the sweet sap oozed from the wounds and trickled down the trunks, or drip, drip, dripped from the tips of broken twigs. Perhaps, if you walked under the trees, you got some of it on your hat.

SUGAR IS CONTAINED IN THE SAP of many trees. In some there is but a trace. Richest of all in sugar among our northern trees is the maple. Pioneers in the east depended for their sweetening on wild honey and the sap of the maple, and maple syrup and maple sugar are still important commercial products of thousands of eastern wood lots. The box elder is of the maple family and seems to be next to it in the sugar content of its sap. I have thought that its sap flowed even more freely than that of the maple, but that may not be true.

C. C. STEW ART, WHO HAS NOTICed the early flow of sap here, tells me that in his boyhood in eastern Canada he has known maple trees to yield three or four big pails of sap each per day. In such cases the work of collecting kept everybody busy, as the buckets would be full before the sled with its barrels made its next round. Those who once lived in t maple country can remember the work of tapping trees, collecting sap and boiling it down into syrup. Then came the sugaring off, which was often made the occasion for a big party, with the pulling of taffy that had been cooled in the snow, winding up with a dance to the music of the best fiddler in the neighborhood.

BOX ELDER SAP CONTAINS LESS sugar than maple sap, yet it is perceptibly sweet. Youngsters along the street are quick to discover this, and they may often be found licking from the trees the syrup that has been left by the partly evaporated sap. In localities where there are no maples the Indians collected the box elder sap and boiled it down to syrup. I do not know whether or not they made sugar, but I have tasted box elder sugar. It resembles maple sugar, but is lighter in color and milder in flavor. If I had a boxelder grove I should make me a barrel or two of syrup—enough to last for the duration of the war.

STEPS ARE BEING TAKEN LOCALy to assemble information on salvage and have it on tap, so that the householder may know what waste material it is useful to save and how to dispose of it. The saving of paper is already pretty well organized, but from time to time people want to know about the saving of tin cans, glass and other material.

Contact is being made with the authorities in control of such matters, and as soon as information is received it will be available to the public. The fact that certain waste material is regularly collected in Cleveland or Boston does not mean that salvage of such material is feasible in Grand Forks. The matter of transportation to processing plants is an important factor.

It may be that out of the experience of the war we shall develop methods of salvage which will be found useful in peace, and that material which has heretofore been dumped on unsightly refuse piles will be used again in the industries.

THOSE WHO READ ABOUT A LION being at large in the vicinity of Lansford, Bottineau county, may be prepared to learn of elephants being on the rampage somewhere else in North Dakota, and of whales attacking swimmers in the Mouse river. The L a n s f o r d "lion," however, seems to be a real beast, though not of the kind they have in Africa. There are no real lions in the western hemisphere, e x c e p t in menageries, but there are several species of animals of the cat kind w h i c h are popularly known as lions, among them a northern animal known as the mountain lion, and it may be one of these that has strayed into Bottineau county.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CASES in which wild animals have strayed far from their native ranges and appeared unexpectedly in long-settled communities, sometimes startling city dwellers by their appearance. Occasionally a deer or a moose will be seen scores of miles where such an animal would be expected, and in a district which has known no similar wild life for generations. Only a few years ago a deer appeared on the streets of Grand Forks one morning, and after wandering about in apparent confusion, jumped through a downtown plate glass window.

AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE Greater North Dakota association in Grand Forks Secretary Groom told of the yarn that was widely circulated a few years ago of Valley City being terrorized by a pack of wolves which had invaded the city. That was an unadulterated fake But a winter seldom passed that we do not read of the appearance of wolves within the city limits of Duluth, and that isn't a fake. Duluth's city limits extend over the crest of the hill and for some distance into the brush land beyond, and occasionally a wolf does sneak in from the distant timber into one of the outlying districts in search of a chicken or other morsel of food. On the basis of that fact innumerable sensational stories have been written giving the impression of packs of howling wolves raiding the best business and residence districts.

ONE OF THE WILDEST OF THE "wild west" yarns ever published was based on the "discovery" of an alleged petrified man on a farm in Marshall county, Minnesota. A plaster cast of a man's body, quite well done, was planted in the earth on the Minnesota farm, and at a convenient time it was "found" by the conspirators, who exhibited it as the petrified remains of a real human being. The body was claimed by two men who maintained that it was that of their father, who had been killed by Indians. In the ensuing litigation the "petrified man" received wide publicity, but eventually the fake was exposed.

WHILE INTEREST WAS ABOUT AT its height a space writer prepared a story of the petrified man for the New York World, which made a front-page Sunday feature of it, with appropriate pictures. And what the writer and artist did to that story was plenty. They had rival claimants for the plaster cast chasing each other all over the territory, mounted on galloping steeds and with guns blazing, and for the purpose of the chief illustration the artist had moved the Rocky mountains over into the Red river valley so as to make the scene more thrilling.

BUT THINGS ABOUT AS QUEER AS anything in fiction have occurred in real life. One night some years ago a sea lion escaped from the Bronx zoo in New York and started traveling. A belated New Yorker met the animal and breathlessly reported to the first policeman: "There's a sea lion back there in the next block!" "Yea," said the cop, wearily, "and there's a flock of pink elephants just round the next corner. But you toddle along home, buddy, and I'll see that they don't bite you." That sea lion got to the river and enjoyed himself there for several days before he was recaptured.

DURING THE PAST YEAR THE Rockefeller foundation supplied free of charge 4,260,000 doses of yellow fever vaccine to the armed forces of the United Nations, and in its report just issued it is said that a still larger quantity will be supplied this year. That is a practical use of scientific knowledge the value of which can scarcely be overestimated. But back of it were years of patient study and investigation which seemed to lead nowhere, and innumerable experiments which yielded no concrete results. The investigators were merely trying to discover the how and why of things not yet understood. Yet without that research thousands of men would now be dying of yellow fever in tropical jungles who are now safe from that scourge.

IN SOME WAYS THE SEARCH FOR scientific truth is like the search for the right way out of a jungle that is criss-crossed by many trails that lead nowhere. Path after path must be followed to its end. Following the wrong path may seem to be failure. But the knowledge that a given path is not the right one is a necessary part of the knowledge that must be accumulated. When the wrong ways are eliminated the right one will be easier to find.

AMONG THE NUMEROUS ARTICLES on war conditions is one which discussed Germany's supply of various materials essential to the carrying on of the war. The writer believes that the greatest and most immediate need of Germany's armed forces is not weapons or food, but for clothing, especially shoes. Reserves of other supplies, he says, may be depleted, but they are not exhausted. The nation's civilian population is living on restricted rations, but in general the armies are well fed, but the soldiers are inadequately clothed.

THERE HAS BEEN EVIDENCE OF this in the appeals and orders that have been issued for the people at home to turn over their blankets and warm clothing to the government for army use. The point is also made that while passable substitutes can be made for almost any sort of clothing, an army is in bad straits when it is not well shod. An army with sore feet is a crippled army. For shoes for army wear no acceptable substitute for leather has been found, and the writer says that in Germany there is acute shortage of leather, and neither leather nor hides can be imported fast enough to meet the requirements.

DENMARK'S CATTLE WERE KILLED wholesale, partly because the Nazis wanted meat, and partly because the feed for them could no longer be imported. Some hides are entering Germany by way of Spain and France, but shipments are watched by the enemy and the quantity received is far from meeting the requirements. There is a familiar saying often quoted by old-time cobblers: "Say what you will, there's nothing like leather."

LONG-CONTINUED MILD WEATHER has started growth of vegetation far ahead of time. Green grass is showing through the brown remains of last year's growth; buds on many of the shrubs are swelling perceptibly; and the sap in the trees is running freely some weeks earlier than in the normal season. Tulips that have the advantage of warm southern exposure are unfolding their leaves and threatening to put forth blossom stalks. Even in the open garden there are signs of growth. Oriental poppies are quite visibly green, and iris plants exposed to whatever winter has to offer, are putting forth fresh green shoots. Dandelions are asserting themselves, reminding one of the hours to come necessary to keep them under control.

ONE WOULD WELCOME AN EARLY spring—the earlier the better—if it were not that premature growth is so apt to be nipped by frost. With many plants late frosts make little difference, but lilacs, which are among our most attractive spring flowers, are very apt to suffer if they are forced into bloom too early. However, we can't do much about it, and here's hoping.

IT IS ALWAYS PLEASANT FOR THE people of a community to know that the useful work performed by one of their number is understood and appreciated on its merits by others outside of the home circle whose experience and training qualifies them to pass judgment on that work. For that reason residents of Grand Forks have reason for gratification in the fact that one of the greatest publishing houses of the country has undertaken the publication of Vera Kelsey's several works on Latin American countries. The Harpers have already published several of Miss Kelsey's books and will issue others on which she is at work.

IT IS GRATIFYING ALSO TO KNOW that not only is Miss Kelsey's work given high rating by the publishers' readers and critics, but that inhabitants of the countries whose institutions she describes and whose life she depicts are impressed by the cordial and sympathetic spirit manifested in her writings and by the accuracy of her descriptions. Evidence of that appreciation is found in an article in "A Gazeta", daily newspaper of Sao Paulo, Brazil, by Dr. Angyone Costa, eminent college professor of Rio de Janeiro and head of the science department of the University of Brazil. Dr. Costa's article is entitled "Pleasant fruits of the good neighbor policy," and in the following paragraphs, translated from the Portuguese, he makes reference to Miss Kelsey's work:

"THE POLICY OF THE GOOD NEIGHBOR has many facets turned directly on the development of good will, fraternity and understanding. One of them is allocated to various studies of our culture and their mutual exchange between our two countries which formerly, though well esteemed, were little known to one another.

"AMONG THE AMERICAN AGENCIES that have worked to bring our two peoples together, none, in this hour, surpasses the effort and value of a woman, the senhora, Vera Kelsey, an American writer. With that engaging sincerity and candor, so characteristic of her people, she threw herself into the resolute work of learning the truth about our people and introducing them to her countrymen.

Vera Kelsey is a writer of reputation and an acute judge of peoples. Before writing, two years ago, her first book on Brazil, that scholarly as well as delightful book of understanding of Brazil and Brazilians, *Seven Keys to Brazil*, Vera Kelsey—a feminine spirit, poised and gracious—had already published *Four Keys to Guatemala* with notable success in her country.

"BRINGING TO BRAZIL, THAT fund of moving ingenuity which seems to exist in the soul of intelligent women, she was responsive to everything, from the man of the soil, our materialistic achievements and past history to the present. These her chronicle supplies, with acute observations, conclusions and analyses that makes this book one of the best interpretations of Brazil written by a foreigner. *Seven Keys to Brazil*, already in its second edition, with that perfection of format typical of American books, opened the road for her new book, *Brazil in Capitals*.

"I AM READING *BRAZIL IN CAPITALS*, a rich volume of 326 pages, and already it has told me many things about my country that I had to learn from her. That vow made by Count Itamaraty to give the weight of his son in gold to the saint of his worship was a new discovery that many people are going to learn from her. As well as various other things, because the thick volume is rich in delightful observations on the most varied phases of Brazilian life.

Nothing escapes the penetrating vision of Vera Kelsey who sees, examines, inquires into everything, and does it with an honesty of observation that makes her beautiful book a veritable volume of Brazilian doctrine.

"*BRAZIL IN CAPITALS IS WRITTEN* in a pleasing style, the author going directly to her subject. This does not prevent her, however, from writing many pages with beauty and poetry because the writer completely dominates the idiom in which she writes. And she has an acute sensitivity for observing customs and traditions, penetrating the very soul of the people on whom her sympathetic understanding falls.

To carry out the work she has undertaken, that is, to write about our country, Vera Kelsey first travelled it in all directions, living amongst us, received and entertained in the breast of our families; surrounded by the poor on the streets; and presented in high circles by Itamaraty (The Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Dr. Oswaldo Aranha).

"THUS VERA KELSEY MANAGED to create good books, honest because they are true and revealing a marked sympathy for our ways that only with difficulty could be equalled by others. And launching these books in great America, in a language spoken by one third of the human race, Vera Kelsey has performed an admirable work of information and good will for Brazil."

"DURING A SHORT "VACATION" IN Grand Forks, most of which has been spent in hard work, Miss Kelsey has addressed many groups on Latin American topics and has assisted many of our people at home to a better understanding of their southern neighbors. Within a few days she will leave for New York to continue her work there for a time, returning a little later to Brazil.

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE effects of Thursday's storm was that it impaired the attendance at the Americanization meeting held at the High School auditorium under the auspices of the Parent Teachers' association. That meeting was preparatory to one which is to be held later at which new voters who have just attained majority will be welcomed into full and active citizenship. With commendable patriotic zeal the P. T. A. has assumed sponsorship of that event, preparations for which are being made by a committee organized by the association.

THE THURSDAY EVENING meeting was intended to impress on the public the significance and importance of the gathering to be held later, and the speaker on that occasion, Hon. A. G. Burr, justice of the North Dakota supreme court, delivered an inspiring address on national morale which will long be remembered by all who heard it.

IT IS THE HOPE OF THE P. T. A. officials that other citizens associated with them in the movement that the meeting which is to be held sometime in May will be truly representative in character, so that those who are about to assume the obligations of citizenship may feel that they are joining a great company of earnest men and women whose rights and privileges they are to share and whose work for the strengthening of American character and the perpetuation of American ideals they are to carry on. Judge Burr's address was a fitting introduction to the program which has been launched.

DEMANDS THAT BOTH CONGRESS and the administration cease puttering with inconsequentials and address themselves with all earnestness to the winning of this war are pouring into Washington from all parts of the country. From some official quarters have come charges that the protests that are being made against official dilatoriness represent the work of an organized conspiracy whose purpose is to discredit the administration for political reasons. President Roosevelt himself has indicated that he is inclined to accept this view. Anyone even moderately familiar with the manner in which public sentiment has developed knows that there is no foundation for such a charge.

FOR MONTHS THE AMERICAN people in their home communities have been watching the shaping of public affairs in Washington, and they have grown more and more impatient as they have seen time wasted on frivolous details and have seen public servants apparently terrified by threats made by this or that special interest and have been afraid to apply the ax to abuses of the grossest kind. And as impatience has grown it has found expression in a thousand localities, like steam under high pressure escaping from a thousand vents. And there are evidences that the vigorous protests and demands that are being made are making an impression in official quarters.

NO MATTER WHAT BLUNDERS may be made in plans honestly undertaken for the prosecution of the war, the American people will carry on. But they will not accept without vigorous protest either negligence, inefficiency or corruption. They will denounce in unsparing terms unwarranted demands of business blocs for extravagant profits, or labor blocs for extravagant wages and farm blocs for extravagant prices. And when sufficiently aroused they will wreak vengeance on any who obstructs the essential work of this war by putting their own petty and puny selfish interests in the way. They are not partners in a conspiracy. They are American citizens speaking what is in their own minds, men and women, many of whose sons are now risking their lives in defense of American homes, American institutions, American ways of living.

THIS IS A WAR, NOT ONLY OF material weapons, but of diplomacy, In every capital in the world representatives of governments are engaged in contests of wills and wits, of sentiments, ideals and ambitions. In this great diplomatic effort the one man who has perhaps the most difficult task of all, and upon whose success the most far-reaching results seem likely to depend in Sir Stafford Cripps, who is charged with the formidable task of inducing the numerous conflicting and hitherto conflicting elements in India to agree upon some form of government for India which will give that country a unity which it has never yet possessed. If India can become, in reality one of the United Nations, it

will be a tower of strength to the Allied cause. Disunited, suspicious and resentful, India will be fertile ground for Axis propaganda, and a possible military link between the two great eastern and western powers.

RATIONING OF SUGAR IS TO BEgin soon, and we are told that restrictions on purchases of tea are probable. New automobiles cannot be bought and new tires are completely out of reach except for those who can demonstrate that they need them for some recognized essential purpose. Other restrictions are in sight. It will be good news to the housewife, however, that there is no likelihood of a shortage in the supply of condiments and spices. We are promised ample supply of pepper for our pickles, mustard to smear on our hot dogs and nutmeg to flavor our rice or Tom and Jerry. The top man of one of the big spice companies tells the public that so far as he knows the supply of most spices in stock is sufficient to meet all normal demands for a long time, and that even during the war shipments will be available from areas which are not greatly affected by the war, if at all. Of the 25 spices commonly used the "big five" are cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, pepper and cloves. Mustard is classed as a condiment rather than a spice. Every one of the five leaders can be obtained from countries out of the immediate war zone. Ginger is successfully grown in the West Indies, and while the other four have been obtained chiefly from The Netherlands Indies, all can be obtained in some quantity from other sources.

THE CINNAMON WHICH HAS BEEN commonly used, according to one of the big spice men, is not cinnamon at all, but cassia, a botanically different plant. It is predicted that American housewives will presently be using true cinnamon, which comes only from Ceylon. Apparently there are ample supplies of this spice on hand.

ONE OF THE SPICE MEN WARNS users against buying large quantities of ground spices as a backlog against possible shortage, as ground spices, he says, definitely do not improve with age, but deteriorate rapidly as their flavor is lost by evaporation. His advice is to buy ground spices in small cans and buy them often. Whole spices, on the contrary, retain their quality for a long time without deterioration. Whole pepper has been known to last for 100 years without perceptible deterioration.

IN MY YOUTHFUL CLERKING DAYS back east our store never bought ground spices. The spices came whole, in large sacks, and were taken from time to time to the local spice mill to be ground as the retail custom demanded. All ground spices were kept and sold in bulk, as the practice of putting goods in tin containers was then in its infancy.

IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF INTERnational trade practically all the world's spices were produced in the East Indies and the adjacent continental area. Great caravans carried the spices overland to the Mediterranean and sometimes across Europe. Europeans generally liked their foods and drinks highly seasoned. Refrigeration was unknown and meats were preserved altogether by dry-salting or pickling and spices were used both as preservatives and to disguise the odor and flavor of over-ripe meats. The rise of hostile Moslem power placed a bar across the caravan routes, and a water route to the Indies was sought. The Portuguese found one by way of the cape of Good Hope. Then Columbus, seeking a shorter route westward, bumped unexpectedly into a hemisphere whose existence he had not suspected. Those explorers were not after spices exclusively, but the rich spice trade was one of the major features in the case.

PASSING FROM SPICES TO CONDIments we come to the subject of mustard. Colman, the great mustard man, who died quite recently after accumulating an immense fortune, said that his profits came, not from the mustard that people ate, but from what they left on their plates. It is understood that enough mustard seed is produced in the United States to keep the nation supplied. Some of our North Dakota farmers have found cultivated mustard a profitable crop. Of wild mustard we have had abundance for many years.