

BEN HUSET OP CROSBY, who has been making weather predictions for several years, sends a copy of his forecast for 1938. Mr. Huset bases his predictions on the movements of the planets, and he claims a high degree of accuracy for the predictions which he has made. Jupiter's influence, according to Mr. Huset, should make this a rather wet year. But the reader is left uninformed as to the wide variations in weather behavior in different parts of the earth that are subjected to the same planetary influences at the same time. Thus, China was swept by floods during the driest period in North Dakota's history. This year, while North Dakota farmers were harvesting their crops through several weeks of fine, dry weather, crops in the eastern states were ruined by continuous downpours,

DURING THE WORST OF OUR dry weather in recent years many North Dakotans were irritated by suggestions usually coming from persons who had never visited the state, that a large part of its area should be abandoned as unfit for human habitation. Those who experienced irritation then may find cause for amusement in suggestions recently made that there be similar abandonment of large areas in the east that have suffered from floods during the past few weeks. With reference to eastern areas— exclusive of those struck by the great hurricane — which became flooded by excessive rainfall, it is proposed that farmers be moved out from those sections and the land be given up to forest growth.

THE VILLAGE OF Southampton, Long Island, which suffered severely from the recent hurricane, has declined WPA assistance in repairing the damage. After a meeting of the village board the mayor reported: "The village board has declined WPA aid in cleaning up the highways and for other rehabilitation work in the village. In Southampton we have always been able to handle our own affairs in the 300 years of our existence. The village board appreciates WPA offers of help, but the members feel that the sister communities of Southampton, which sustained greater damage, should receive what so ever assistance would have gone to us."

"NORTH DAKOTA Outdoors," official publication of the state game and fish department, has a picture of Ernest Haut, aged 15, of Gackle, N. D., with a prairie dog which he shot while hunting gophers. This is said to be the first prairie dog ever shot in Logan county. The statement is added that "prairie dogs are quite plentiful in the western part of the state."

I WONDER IF THAT LAST statement is correct. Prairie dogs were once numerous in western North Dakota, but three years ago I drove through many miles of territory where they had once been abundant without seeing one. I visited the site of an old prairie dog town in McKenzie county where I had seen many of the little animals a few years earlier, but there was not a dog to be seen. I asked a local man what had become of them and he said they had just disappeared. Whether they had died off or had moved to some other place he didn't know. He thought the drouth had something to do with their disappearance.

DURING THESE LAST FEW days the air in the Red river valley has been filled with smoke from brush fires near and beyond the Canadian border. In the early days it was the prairie fire against which the homesteader had to guard. The plains were covered with grass which became highly inflammable when touched with frost and subjected to drying winds. A spark would set it ablaze, and before a moderate wind the fire would outdistance any horse.

IN SUCH FIRES FARM Buildings and grain and hay stacks were often destroyed, and even lives were lost. I have heard, or read of human beings being overtaken in broad daylight by prairie fires and burned to death. I have never known of such a case, nor have I been able to see any good reason for such fatalities. Men have been severely burned while fighting fires, of course, or have been caught in burning buildings in the night. But a prairie fire running in short upland grass is no serious matter if one seeks only to escape from it. A fire can be seen miles away, and before it reaches one it is a simple matter, if matches are at hand, to start a back fire and be perfectly safe on the burned-over ground. If this is impossible a quick dash through the flames will bring one to safety with nothing more serious than singed hair and clothing.

A WEEK AGO THE WORLD faced what appeared to be the certainty of another great war, a war which presented not only the possibility but the probability of becoming the greatest and most devastating of all wars. Today there is a strong feeling of confidence that that threat has been removed. The clouds have not all been dissipated, but the light shines through and the forecast is for clearing weather.

OUT OF THE GLOOM THAT has enveloped the earth there emerges a heroic figure. It is not the figure of a man booted and spurred, waving his sword aloft and challenging the world to combat. It is the figure of a tired old man, pleading earnestly, ceaselessly, almost hopelessly, but at last gloriously, for peace. That man is Neville Chamberlain, premier of Great Britain.

THROWING TO THE WINDS all thought of personal prestige and national renown, Chamberlain had the supreme courage to face ridicule and misinterpretation and take upon himself the superficially humiliating role of a suppliant at the throne of the world's warmaker. Not once, but twice did he make his appeal in person, and in tones tragic in their hopelessness he declared himself willing to make a third attempt if any good might come of it. But there was no lack of dignity in his attitude, nor did he plead for peace at any price. Had war actually occurred, Czechoslovakia would have been its first victim. Almost immediately that country would have been occupied by hostile armies. In order to preserve in some form the existence of the lesser nation and prevent a world-wide catastrophe, Chamberlain agreed not to employ force to resist the acquisition of certain Czechoslovakian territory by Germany. At the same time he made it clear that his nation would fight to check the mad career of a man bent on world-wide conquest.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Warning, "Thus far, but no farther," was reinforced by the movement of the British fleet, by war preparations at home, and by certain evidence that if war came he would have the support of a united nation. That warning, with the knowledge of the marshaled legions of France, had its influence in Berlin, and when, in response to Chamberlain's appeal, Mussolini advised his neighbor to stay his hand, there followed the further negotiation which has removed indefinitely the threat of war. Men have been glorified for success in war. Chamberlain has earned the gratitude of humanity for averting war.

TWO APPEALS FOR PEACE were sent across the water by President Roosevelt. They were timely and impressive, and they served the useful purpose of calling the world's attention to the fact that though aloft from immediate controversies which have their center in Europe, the United States is an interested participant in world affairs.

IT MAY BE ASSUMED THAT Mussolini welcomed the appeal made to him by Chamberlain to urge Hitler to suspend his warlike preparations and talk things over further. For some time Mussolini has been in eclipse. Hitler has occupied the center of the stage, a position which Mussolini enjoys for himself. He has come forth now as one of the negotiators for and guarantors of peace. In spite of his loud talk there has been a question as to how far he would go in supporting Hitler in a general war. His country is in no position for war. In the agreement reached he avoids a war that he does not want, and he has helped to check. Hitler, of whom he has been fearful and suspicious.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS have chosen District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey as their candidate for governor. Dewey came into prominence as the successful prosecutor of racketeers. His greatest case, that against Hines, a Tammany leader, was postponed because of a mistrial. Had he won that case his chances of election would have been greatly strengthened. He is said to have been the only Republican whom New York Democrats feared. With the Hines case still to be tried after election his chances are materially lessened.

GOVERNOR LANGER HAS filed for the United States senate, not, as was predicted, in the Union party column, but in the independent column as an independent Republican. At about the time of his filing came the statement from social security offices that the old age pensions of \$40 per month would not enable the state to qualify for federal funds for old age pensions. However, Mr. Langer has made the gesture, and gestures often count for a lot in political campaigns.

WITH THE FALL ELECTION only a month away the coming weeks will be weeks of strenuous political activity. Mr. Nygaard, Democratic candidate for the United States senate, seems inclined to base his plea to the voters largely on what President Roosevelt has done for North Dakota in the way of distributing federal funds. John Moses, Democratic candidate for governor, deals more generally with state issues. Voters generally Republican in their sympathies, but who are not inclined to draw party lines in state elections, have before them the prospect that the election of either a Democratic senator or a Democratic governor would be interpreted as endorsement of the New Deal, and quite a number of people do not approve entirely of the New Deal.

AS THE CREDIT MANAGER of a Grand Forks store passed down one of the store aisles he saw standing at a counter a lady whom, from a partial side view, he supposed to be Mrs. Blank, a personal friend. Thinking to play a joke on her he seized the hand bag which hung loosely from her hand. Startled and indignant the lady turned, and the manager, equally startled, and greatly embarrassed, discovered that she was not Mrs. Blank at all, but a total stranger. Profuse apologies were made and graciously accepted, and there were no hard feelings. That, at any rate, is the story the credit manager told me and expected me to believe. I did believe it, and still do. The rest of you may form your own conclusions.

EARLY COPIES OF THE National Horticultural magazine have been received from Mrs. Pearl Heath Frazer, whose mother, the late Mrs. Fannie Mahood Heath, was one of the organizers of the National Horticultural society and its vice president for several years. Mrs. Heath will be well remembered in Grand Forks for her work in classifying and preserving many species of wild flowers native to North Dakota. The society which she was instrumental in organizing later became merged with the American Horticultural society, which has its headquarters in Washington, D. C., and which continues publication of the magazine under its original name. From a modest four-page publication it has become a handsome quarterly, well illustrated, and giving excellent coverage to horticultural facts assembled from the greater part of the continent.

MRS. J. E. ENGSTAD OF Grand Forks was regional vice president of the national society for the northwest midland district. Other Grand Forks pioneer members listed are: Mrs. Charles Allen, Mrs. R. M. Carothers, Prof. H. A. Doak, Mrs. F. B. Feetham, Miss Ava Graber, Mrs. O. S. Hanson, Miss M. Beatrice Johnstone, Mrs. H. W. F. Law, D. B. Morris, Geo. R. Robbins, Mrs. Janet E. Torgerson, Mrs. W. H. Witherstine, Prof. Edgar Baird, Olger B. Burtness, A.D. Keator, E. J. Lander, Mrs. Pearl Heath Frazer, Mrs. R. A. Sprague and Mrs. C. E. Warriner.

ONE ITEM IN THE APRIL, 1938, issue of the magazine tells of the passion of a Professor Sargeant for subdividing and classifying plants. He is said to have divided up the genus to which the hawthorne belongs until he had 654 species and many more varieties. A friend sent him two branches from the same shrub with a request for classification. Professor Sargeant promptly gave each branch a different name.

I OFTEN WONDER IF OTHER specialists in this line are not equally extreme. We have peonies, gladioli, lilacs and other flowering plants presented under many hundreds of different names, yet the differences between some of the varieties are so slight that no one but an expert could detect them, and the expert would need a powerful microscope.

I RECALL THE STORY WHICH I suppose has gone the rounds of every biological laboratory in the country of the bugologists whose students concocted an elaborate trick to spring on him. They gathered a number of bugs, and to the body of one they fastened with invisible glue the head of another, the wings of another, and the legs of another. Laying the composite specimen on his desk they asked him to classify it. After examining the specimen for a moment he said gravely: "Gentlemen, this is a hum-bug."

IN AN ARTICLE DESCRIBING the famous Big Tree, "General Sherman," in the Sequoia national forest in California, said to be the oldest and largest living thing in the world, there is told the story of a man caught in the act of carving his name on the bark of the tree. The justice before whom he was taken lectured him on the enormity of his act, sentenced him to a fine of \$25 or 25 days in jail and asked him if he were not sorry for what he had done. Indifferently the culprit replied: "Oh, I suppose so." Thereupon the justice amended the sentence to \$25 and 25 days in jail, and required the offender to efface his handiwork under the direction of a ranger.

IT HAS LONG BEEN Accepted that when a man bites a dog, that is news. The fact that a motorist hands a summons to a traffic cop seems to fall in the same category. This reversal of the usual process occurred the other day in Yonkers, N. Y. A traffic officer stopped a car to sell the driver a ticket to a policeman's ball. The driver had the officer pinched for violation of an almost forgotten statute which makes it a misdemeanor for any person to stand in a roadway for the purpose of stopping a private vehicle to solicit rides from or selling the occupants of such vehicle.

THE POLICEMEN'S BALL IN Yonkers is an annual event, and the sale of tickets for it nets the benevolent fund many thousands of dollars. Everybody is for it. But for years it has been the habit of local traffic men to hold up cars for the purpose of selling tickets to drivers. Not only is the practice an annoyance to local people, who regard it as a species of blackmail, but it annoys drivers passing through who may be hundreds of miles away when the ball occurs. The local automobile association has dug up the old statute and intends to make it work.

MANY PERSONS WATCHING the paving work now in progress in the city have commented on the change which has come about in paving methods within a very few years. The work is now done with rapidity and exactness unknown only a dozen years ago. Screened and washed gravel instead of pit-run is used and the mixture is so handled as to eliminate all guess-work with reference to strength and durability. Reinforcement is more securely bound, and ingenious devices provide for shrinkage and expansion of large blocks without cracking. Formerly pavement was protected during the three weeks required for curing by being covered with moist earth which has to be first spread, then gathered up and carted off. Now the surface is sealed by being sprayed with oil, and a week suffices for curing.

THE DIFFERENCE IN THE quality of the work is apparent where it has been necessary to cut into pavement laid years ago side by side with that laid during the past few years under scientific methods. In the older pavement the cement often strips away from the pebbles in the aggregate. In the newer the stones are broken through, evidence of more thorough knitting together. Incidentally, the newer pavement costs less than the old. We live, and, little by little, we learn.

MANY OF OUR YOUNGER residents may not know it, but the first pavement in North Dakota was laid in Grand Forks. That was in 1896. Paving of the down-town streets was preceded by a spring in which the mud was the worst on record. For several weeks wagon traffic was completely suspended. Many vehicles were left hub-deep in the streets where they had bogged down. Merchandise was carried home by the purchasers or delivered by means of bicycles, hand carts or toy wagons. Wholesale houses had their goods wheeled in hand carts to cars spotted on the sidings. And in spite of all that, there was vigorous opposition to paving on the ground that the tax would amount to confiscation of the property.

OUR FIRST PAVEMENT WAS of rather primitive type. The streets were leveled and shaped up and covered with about two inches of sand. On that a covering of plank was laid and on the planks cedar blocks six inches long were stood on end and gravel was raked in to fill the crevices. Patrick McDonnell of Duluth was the contractor, and he did a good job and earned his money.

THAT WAS NOT THE BEST sort of pavement, but it cost only about a dollar per square yard, and it kept us out of the mud. Some of it remained in use for 12 or more years. It represented one step in an evolutionary process. After it came creosote blocks, several tar combinations, and then straight concrete.

LYLE V. PLIMB, OF OSLO, writes:

"I saw in your paper that you wanted information about some stone burrs and as there is a set in use here thought I would tell you about them. John Passa of Oslo is running a public feed mill which is fitted with a set of old stone burrs. He told me that he bought them 38 years ago from Wilson's at Ardoch. He did not know where the Wilsons got them. The inquiry made by an earlier correspondent was concerning another set of mill stones. Doubtless there are several sets in use throughout the north west which were formerly used in flour mills, but are not used in grinding feed."

MILLSTONES WERE Commonly called "burrs." The name is derived from an old English word spelled "buhr." The dictionary says that the term "buhr-stone" was also applied to the whetstone.

AN ARTICLE IN THIS column about James J. Hill has reminded Donald Robertson of Argyle, of pleasant associations with the great railway builder. He writes:

"It was my good fortune to have known Mr. Hill personally. We were born in the same county in Ontario, and our mothers were friends. On his first visit to the valley as a speaker I met him at Crookston and was introduced to him by our mutual friend, Banker Wheeler. In our talk I said something about livestock in old Wellington county. He said "What are you going to do after this meeting?" I said, "Nothing in particular." Well," he said, "when I the meeting is over you come to I my room and we'll talk cow." I did, and we talked cow.

"IN 1911," CONTINUES MR. Robertson, "I was a member of the Minnesota state legislature, and we had a mix-up with the powers at our university because the curriculum did not provide for the teaching in a practical way of domestic science, manual training and agriculture. A bill was drawn under the supervision of Mr. Hill and Professor Green and referred to the house education committee of which I was chairman. The bill became a law, being at first applied to 14 high schools as an experiment. At the next session it was given general application.

"THROUGH HIS INTEREST IN this work Mr. Hill conferred untold benefits on posterity. The work inaugurated by him is now carried on by 4-H clubs throughout the state and by other agencies."

AT THE AGE OF 80 MR. Robertson is living quietly at Argyle, where he has lived for 55 years. He has watched the development of the Red river valley from the days of the homesteader and the ox-cart. Not only has he witnessed that development, but he had been a part of it and has made his own contribution to it. What a host of memories must crowd upon him as he views in perspective the events of more than half a century!

JAMES J. HILL'S in livestock dates from his boyhood on an Ontario farm. Stock-raising was then and still is one of the principal industries of Wellington county, in which he was born, and Guelph, the county seat, is the home of the province's agricultural college, an excellent and progressive institution. Although far removed from his old home geographically, Mr. Hill kept in close contact with its livestock work.

ANOTHER INSTITUTION which did much for livestock development in Ontario was the Bow Park farm near Brantford. The farm was established by Hon-Geo. Brown, owner of the Toronto Globe, and was devoted chiefly to, the raising of Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses. From its staff Mr. Hill obtained several men to aid in the development of his livestock work in the northwest.

PORTLAND CEMENT IS ONE of our commonest structural materials. Of that substance, mixed with sand and gravel or crushed rock to give it bulk and wearing qualities, we build our sidewalks and pave our streets. Thousands of miles of public highways are paved with it. Our basement walls now seldom are built of other material. It forms both walls and floors of tall buildings. The largest dams in the world owe their strength and durability to it. Yet as recently as half a century ago the use of Portland cement on any considerable scale in this country I was unknown.

TOM BERGE, OF THE Northern Construction company, which is now paving several Grand Forks streets and doing other construction work, knows a lot about cement, for he handles tons and tons of it, and he has told me some things about cement which, to me, were both new and surprising. Tom's first recollection of the use of cement dates back to 1893. In that year a relative of his had the contract to build walks around the new residence of a railroad president in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. The mansion was of palatial proportions, and everything about it had to be just right. The walks were to be of cement concrete, and when that fact became known the neighbors all shook their heads and said the stuff would never do for that purpose. The owner persisted, however, and concrete it was.

THERE WAS NO CEMENT manufactured in this country. The little that was used was imported, mostly from Germany. It came in barrels and cost \$8 per barrel, and in each container were printed directions for its use. The directions were followed religiously and the workmen did a beautiful job. Still the neighbors shook their heads. The stuff, they insisted, couldn't last. And it didn't. The soil on which it was laid was clay, and when the severe freezing of winter came, the heaving of the soil cracked the walks all into little bits. In the German climate no problem of frost heaving was met, and the instructions contained no provision for it. Local popular opinion that concrete was no good for sidewalks stood confirmed.

THE FIRST CONCRETE building of which Berge had any knowledge was the county courthouse at Elbow Lake, Minnesota, built in the early nineties. When it was reported that a concrete building was contemplated there was again a shaking of heads. Nobody had ever heard of such a building, and everybody knew that it wouldn't carry its own weight. The county authorities rather favored concrete, but they were timid and reluctant to assume responsibility for its use. The contractor, however, had faith in it, and agreed to assume all responsibility for the material himself. On that basis the courthouse was built, and it still stands, intact.

AN INTERESTING METHOD of handling concrete under a special condition was described here recently by a speaker. The towers carrying the cables from which the great San Francisco-Oakland Bridge is suspended rest on immense hollow steel cylinders which, in turn, rest on bed rock away, below the water level. The lower part of each cylinder is filled with concrete for anchorage. Fresh concrete, it appears, is ruined by contact with salt water. It was desired to avoid the labor and expense of pumping the cylinders dry for the application of the concrete. Instead, large "cartridges," each holding several tons of concrete, were lowered through the water to the rock case, where the concrete was automatically discharged. Through that layer of wet concrete the cartridge bearing the next load was forced, and that also deposited at the bottom, forcing the first layer upward. That process was continued until the job was finished, so that the concrete first dumped is now the top layer.

IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT A construction material which had been in fairly general use in Europe for a century was scarcely known in the United States until near the twentieth century. But in the early years in this country wood had been plentiful, and brick and stone were readily accessible. And in Europe there had been no such general use of concrete as has developed since. Of course cement mortars, some of them of excellent quality, had been used by the ancients for binding in brick or stone work, and in some ancient structures the cement is still in perfect condition. On some of the old forts in the West Indies the plaster applied on the outside walls 300 or 400 years ago is still intact where it has not been subjected for many generations to the driving spray of salt water.

WE HAVE FRESH LILACS ON the table at our house, and they weren't imported from the tropics, either. They came, from the garden of O. H. Halstenson, of Pilot, N. D., who writes that he has "a few" of them and generously favors me with a dozen sprays. The blooms, I take it, are of the common, old, fashioned lilac, which on this occasion has demonstrated its vigor by unusual fall blooming.

The only plants on my premises which have shown a tendency to bloom out of season are the syringa. A large blossom was picked from one of the shrubs on October 6. This is not unusual, however, for the syringa, after its first crop, is apt to bloom irregularly through the summer.

ABSENCE OF SEVERE FROST has prolonged the productive season of our plants far beyond the usual limit. Flowers which survived the dry period are blooming as freely as ever. On October 6 Mrs. L. K. Raymond Jr. gathered a quantity of fine ripe tomatoes from her garden, several of them weighing a pound each. Tomatoes are likely to keep on producing until frost kills the vines, but usually the late fruit is small. A tomato weighing a pound is some tomato.

I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED in watching the behavior of a bed of portulacca, a plant which, of course, blooms all summer. Recently the plants in my little bed seemed to have finished their work for the year and there was no sign of new growth. But now they have taken on new life, and on a sunny day the bed is as brilliant as at any time in the summer.

PUBLISHERS OF THE Saturday Evening Post are likely to receive indignant letters from some of their Minnesota readers. The magazine has been running a series of stories by M. D. Chute which are built around the character of Sheriff Olson of a county. In the state of Minnewashta, which, of course, is a thin disguise for Minnesota. The descriptions, which the distant reader will be likely to accept as typical of the entire state, are about as representative of Minnesota as some of the radio hillbilly stuff is representative of Tennessee, for instance. Aside from that, the story rings in a pair of utterly impossible French characters.

WHY DOES ONE READ Magazine short stories, so many of which are away below par? One answer to that is that a fellow doesn't know what a story is like until he has read at least part of it. But why read them at all when there is so much "improving" literature available? Perhaps one answer is that many of us are limited in our capacity to absorb improvement, no matter in what form it may be presented, and undigested improvement is apt to cause moral and intellectual stomach-ache, to say nothing of graver disturbances.

LIGHT FICTION SERVES AS mild entertainment. It places no strain on the intellect and burdens one with no new problems. It may be romance, adventure or mystery—it makes little difference. The psychologist may hold that it is sought as a means of escape. For the same reason sleep may be considered an escape mechanism. At any rate, I'd rather go to bed fresh from a well-told yarn which I shall immediately forget than with a mind weighed down with the problems of the universe, including that of how to pay my second installment of 1937 taxes.

ON OCTOBER 6 THE NORTH Dakota highway death record for 1938 stood at 78. On the same date a year ago it was 89. Earlier in the season the record for this year ran regularly a little ahead of that of last year. Does this mean that in the first half of the year we were driving more recklessly than a year ago, and that of late we have mended our ways materially? Nothing of the sort. No worthwhile conclusions can be drawn from statistics representing such small numbers. Where figures run into thousands, or hundreds- of thousands, they may have real meaning. But where a single accident or two may reverse the percentages the figures are too small to be conclusive as to anything except that accidents are too numerous.

THE STATE OF THE WORLD today, with the immediate prospect of war removed, suggests to me the condition of the chicken which has had its feathers blown off by a tornado. Stripped of its natural covering, the bird sees around it the shattered remnants of things which it had considered permanent and substantial. Its immediate thought is, "Well, I'm alive any way." There is some satisfaction in that, but the future is too uncertain to provide cause for jubilation.

IT IS WELL THAT WE ARE still alive, and that the prospect of immediate wholesale destruction has been removed. But we are surrounded by the wreckage of sacred promises broken, of human liberty destroyed, by selfish advantages gained by brute force, and by the threat that force is to be the governing influence in human relations. The peace that has been achieved is merely an armed truce, and the agreement reached, so far as there is any agreement, represents only what could be saved out of a situation otherwise hopeless. Those who were instrumental in preventing immediate war are receiving deserved applause, but underlying the applause is the conviction that we have still a long way to go before we can feel that we are actually doing constructive work.

TO ME THE SIGHT OF Children going to school is always stimulating and impressive. Just starting out in life, many of those children are experiencing for the first time discipline other than that of the home. They are eager and joyous. Another page of life is unfolding for them. They know nothing of the past, and for them the future is full of promise. What lies before them? What brilliant successes are some of them to win. What contributions are they to make to science, to intellectual culture, to right ways of living? How many of them are to be sacrificed to the demons of speed and recklessness on the highways? Before how many of them lies the drunkard's life of failure, or the prison cell? And what are the rest of us doing now to make possible the realization of their hopes and to strengthen them for encounter with forces that would hamper or destroy them? To see their eager hopefulness is stimulating; to think of what their future may bring brings sober thought.

IN CALIFORNIA THERE IS conflict between the advocates of a pension of \$25 every Monday and those of a pension of \$30 every Thursday. The Thursday faction seems to be winning more converts. A pension of \$40 every Saturday should prove still more popular. Even the fear that many persons have for Friday plight be overcome by the prospect of an extra five dollars on that day.

PERHAPS BECAUSE IT WAS first in the field, perhaps because it proposes lavish gifts in actual cash without the complication of credit slips and stamps, and perhaps because it has been more widely publicized, the Townsend plan seems to be the most popular of the lot. There are many advocates of that plan who have already derived great satisfaction from the fact that for the past two years they have been spending the pension money, mentally. Also, an ingenious appeal is being made for church support of the Townsend plan. It is pointed out that many church members are elderly persons of small means who are unable to contribute much to church maintenance. If each of those persons had a steady income of \$200 a month, which must be, spent every month, what a boom there would be in church subscriptions! That, at any rate, is the way the thing is presented, and it is having some effect.

FRANCE, ONE OF THE greater democracies, is now operating under a dictatorship. But there are differences in dictatorships. In Germany, Italy and Russia, the machinery of government was seized by main force, and it has since been held by main force. The dictators in those countries are responsible to no one but themselves and the system under which they operate contain no promise of restoration of power to the people to whom it belongs. In France the legislative body has conferred on the premier greatly enlarged powers for a limited time and for a particular purpose. There is danger in flirting with dictatorship of any kind, but the dictatorship which France has imposed upon itself is not to be compared to the others.

THE QUESTION OF Minority rights now comes to the front in Ireland and a plebiscite is proposed for some of the northern counties which are governed by a separate parliament. Premier de Valera, of the Free State, thinks that the people of those counties should be permitted to say whether they wish to remain as they are or to join the Free State. De Valera holds that all Ireland should constitute one nation, an opinion which has merit, but the plan cannot well be worked out on the principle of self-determination carries to its ultimate conclusion. Persons from northern and southern Ireland live amicably together in other parts of the world, but it seems difficult for them to do so at home.

IT IS ANNOUNCED THAT President Roosevelt will make no political speeches in this campaign with the possible exception of one in New York. Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches during these past few months have not yielded large dividends, and he is taking counsel of prudence in deciding to leave the people of the several states to their own devices in the selection of senators and representatives.

THE MAIL BRINGS A Circular offering a home medical book which, for all I know, may be a good thing to have. But I am always a little doubtful about those home treatment systems. I suppose if I were going in for the treatment of disease I should have taken a regular medical course. Then, if anything got the matter with me I should do as others in the profession do, get another doctor to look me over and prescribe for me. One story that went the rounds some years ago is of a physician who left his dinner half eaten to answer the telephone and then hurriedly got into his overcoat and grabbed his satchel. His wife asked him the nature of the urgent call. He replied: "Willie Simpkins has a bad cold." "Surely," said his wife, "if that's all, you will have time to finish your dinner." "You don't know Mrs. Simpkins," said the doctor. "She has a book on 'What to Do While Waiting for the Doctor,' and if I don't get there in a hurry she's likely to do it. Then there'll be hell to pay."

ACCORDING TO A RECENT court decision New York women are eligible for grand jury service. The defendant in a criminal case moved for quashing of the indictment against him' because a woman sat on the grand jury, and he contended that only such persons may serve on grand juries as are not exempt from petit jury service. In New York a woman may claim exemption from petit jury service and if she does so she must be excused. The court held that as women are exempt only upon claiming exemption the statute applies only to those cases in which exemption is claimed.

THE NATIONAL, WOMEN'S party demands removal of all legal discrimination on account of sex, which, of course, would deny to women all special privileges as well as removing from them all special restrictions. Presumably the party would oppose the policy of permitting a women to be excused from jury duty merely because she is a woman when a man may not be excused merely because he is a man.

OSCAR SORLIE OF BUXTON, has been considering the plight of the men who have followed the profession of shocking grain, and many of whom have been thrown out of employment by the use of that nefarious piece of machinery, the combine. Oscar thinks that the shockers are entitled to as much consideration as are those who are being induced to circulate petitions for increased old age pensions and who, also, are being industriously canvassed for votes. Therefore, in collaboration with his friend Ole Varmeland—who may or may not have physical existence—he has caused to be organized a shockers' union the purpose and method of which is set forth in a prospectus as follows:

"ALL GRAIN BROUGHT TO market, harvested and threshed by combine, shall be subject to a discount of 10 cents per bushel. The elevator buying such grain shall be held responsible under bonds to make a report to the head office of the Shockers Union, not later than November first of each year. This money so collected shall be a fund for the purpose of paying every member of this organization (who did not get a job) a salary for the shocking season of not less than \$2.00 per day, for the average number of days the members of this organization did work.

"NO MEMBERSHIP FEE shall be charged for joining, or receiving the annual card, which must be signed, acknowledged and stamped, by a notary public. With such a card in your possession you will be entitled to full membership benefits.

Any officer of this organization who will make use of his official influence for political purposes, will be discharged. Should anything happen to him in the future, this organization will assume no responsibility.

OLE VARMELAND, President.

P. S. No membership card will be issued to Bill Langer.

MRS. SADIE ROUTZAHN, WHO has been in Grand Forks for sometime visiting her sister, Mrs. T. J. Smith, has received letters recently from her daughter, Mrs. George A. Benson, of Providence, Rhode Island, telling of experiences in the hurricane which swept the New England coast. Mr. Benson, for many years a member of the Herald's editorial staff, later with the Fargo Forum, and more recently special correspondent in Washington, D. C., is now an editorial writer on the Providence Journal. The Bensons' home is on the beach several miles from the city, and when the center of the great storm struck Providence Mrs. Benson was at home with her son, George, junior, while her husband was at the newspaper office in the city, detained by emergency work. Ordinarily at that time he would have been on his way home on the highway parts of which were swept by an enormous and destructive wave. Two days after the storm Mrs. Benson wrote her mother:

"YOU PROBABLY HAVE heard by this time of the terrible disaster that struck Rhode Island. We are all well and safe. Fortunately our house held. The beautiful grove of trees on the estate next to us was nearly leveled. Georgie and I stood at the dining room window and watched fifteen huge pines go down. Even then we didn't realize how awful it all was. We have been without telephone, gas, electricity and water ever since, and they said this morning that it would be three good days before we have them.

"OUR PHONE WENT OUT AT 5 o'clock, and George was still in Providence, and didn't get home until 1. It was a blessing he had to stay and do an editorial as he would have been coming right in the peak of the storm. Many people were drowned coming out our way as part of it is very low and the tide swept over the highway and submerged many cars. So we have a great deal to be thankful for.

"I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL, you of the terrible sights we have seen — unbelievable things. The bridge between here and Warren was piled high with sail boats, yachts and cars wedged in the strangest places. The Providence Journal will suffer a tremendous loss as the water came clear up several feet above the first floor. The presses are nearly ruined and it will take a lot of money to get them running again. About two blocks from the office eight people were drowned. I can't begin to describe how awful it was. The Journal has been printed in Woonsocket and the Bulletin in Boston.

"Georgie is cutting the wood up as we have two trees in our yard. I am so sorry you couldn't have seen how pretty it was before this happened. Just imagine — people were swept across the bay on roofs and hanging to anything that would keep them afloat. They have picked up fourteen bodies down here on our beach.

"GEORGE HAD A BAD TIME getting home, but the little bus came right along. He had it parked on a parkway, but the water got up to the hub cap. The tide started down, so we were lucky. Thousands of cars were completely submerged right in the business district. This letter is terribly disconnected, but it is the best I can do under the circumstances. There are no trains in and no telegraph yet, just one highway open to New York, so you can see we are completely cut off, Don't worry about us."

A FEW DAYS LATER MRS. Benson wrote:

"I keep pretty busy as it seem; more difficult to keep house this way after one has been used to having things to do with. Fortunately on Friday we got the electricity, so we have lights and an able to have the oil burner on when we need it. Tonight we have a fire in the fireplace as it warmed up quite a bit this afternoon. I was able to be outdoors for several hours picking up some wood and doing a bit to the lawn. Of course Georgie does a lot when he is here. We still have no gas or drinking water. Being without gas is quite a handicap as we use it for refrigeration besides cooking, and we have no telephone now, either."

MRS. BENSON WRITES Further of visiting Newport and gazing at the wreckage at Bailey's beach, exclusive resort of the very wealthy. There nothing was left but ruins.

LAST WEEK PRESIDENT Roosevelt found a number of young chestnut shoots growing in the woods on his estate at Hyde Park, New York. Believing that he had made a real discovery Mr. Roosevelt gave instructions for the protection of the miniature trees, as their growth seemed to foreshadow the possibility of restoring some of the splendid chest-nut groves which were destroyed years ago by blight. Mr. Roosevelt's heart was in the right place, but he was sufficiently informed, and, like many other amateurs, he thought he had made an original discovery of something that had been known to others for years.

SINCE THE HYDE PARK discovery there have been reported several cases of chestnut sprouts springing up from the roots of old stumps. In one case the informant reports that he has been watching such growths on his own grounds for a dozen years. Some of the young trees have reached the blossoming stage, and when that occurred he called in a professional horticulturist and had the blossoms fertilized with pollen from the Japanese chestnut, which is immune to blight. In this way he hopes to produce a hybrid which will be both hardy and immune to blight.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT writes that he has watched such growths on his own grounds for some 12 years. But always before the young trees have reached considerable size, they have died. One was protected until it had become 15 feet tall and produced a few nuts, but it also succumbed. This writer has noted that the new shoots spring up in clumps around old chestnut stumps, but never around standing dead trees. This leads him to suspect that the stumps are of trees that were cut down before blight swept the country, so that their roots were not affected.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE chestnut has been a matter of sincere regret to those who remember the magnificent groves of those trees which once were found in eastern forest areas. These warm October days bring recollections of eastern Indian summers, with the woodland landscape glorious with the hues of autumn. Night frosts had hastened the coloring of the foliage and had begun to bring down the leaves in showers. The earth was already covered with a gay carpet and the leaves rustled pleasantly beneath the feet. In the quiet air one could hear now and then the opening of a chestnut burr and the slight impact of the released nuts as they dropped upon the leaves below. Such recollections lead one to hope that some of the forest beauty that is gone may be restored, and that what remains will be preserved.

THE CITY AUTHORITIES ARE making commendable effort to check the practice of speeding on the city streets. Offenses are not confined to any particular streets, but on Belmont, Fifth and University the tendency to "step on it" seems to be most noticeable. Also the resurfaced drive on the University campus has presented to some drivers a seemingly irresistible temptation. Speeding on that drive is especially dangerous because of the numerous curves and the movement of students across the campus. Another offense that needs to be curbed is that of running engines with open cutouts. The chief offenders in this line are motorcyclists and drivers of trucks. On some streets the early morning hours are rendered hideous by bombardment from unmuffled engine exhausts. By the time Chief Hough and his able assistants have suppressed these illegal practices I may have thought up something else.

AS ONE MEANS OF DEALING with the parking problem some cities have installed parking meters. They come in several forms, but in general the meter is installed on a post and your car is locked to it and the longer it stays the more nickels it takes to get it released. In some places they call them "itching posts," because of their activity for nickels. Derived from "itching palms," you know.

FRED REDICK, A FORMER resident, who paid a brief visit to Grand Forks along in the summer, is back at his filling station at Tarzana, Calif., where, as time permits, he reads The Herald. Fred's affection for Grand Forks is beyond the influence of time or place—he has it in his blood. He writes as follows:

"Your editorial dated October 1 headed "Fantastic California" is being circulated over the state, with many expressions pro and con. I can't figure out how you could hit it so well, never having been in California, but, maybe, you talk with people who have been there.

"MY GUESS IS THAT SEVEN out of 10 people are in favor of the \$30-a-week pension plan, which, by the way, is not payable in money. Most of them want it because they think they will be getting something for nothing, even if it should bankrupt the state. Many of them declare that if the people vote in favor of it they will get the pension, whether or not it is against the constitution, good government and sound financial business. It will be interesting to watch the outcome, as several other states are taking up."

LET'S HOPE THAT FRED IS mistaken and that California is not quite as fantastic as the editorial suggested.

AN AUTOMOBILE BATTERY ad has a map of the United States with lines running irregularly across it showing the average dates of the first killing frosts. The map is a copy of one prepared by the federal weather bureau from observations extending over many years. For the latitude of Grand Forks September 15 is given as the average date of the first killing frost, which just about checks with our general expectations from year to year. But here it is the middle of October, and while we have had frosts severe enough to injure tender vegetation and bring down many of the leaves, there hasn't been a real freeze yet. And except for a few chilly days, we have been basking right along in summer weather which has sometimes been too warm for comfort.

THIS WEATHER HAS KEPT flowers blooming far beyond their usual season, and there have been numerous reports of second crops of blossoms from plants which, in the ordinary course, should be sound asleep by this time. Mrs. J. M. Gillette phones me that she has been checking over the plants in her garden and she finds that she has 14 separate kinds of flowers now in bloom. The proximity of her garden to the river may have some influence in extending the flowering period.

THAT ARTICLE IN THE Chicago Tribune describing North Dakota as a one-crop state attracted the attention of a man at Riverside a suburb of Chicago, who dug up a lot of facts to refute the statement. In a letter to The Tribune he mentions the North Dakota livestock and dairy industries, whose products rank in value with that of wheat, and other products, such as poultry, wool and honey, which yield the state substantial sums. He overlooks the potato and sugar beet industries, both of which are highly important.

IN A DISASTER SUCH AS that which New England suffered in the hurricane of September there is demonstrated impressively the extent to which modern mankind has come to rely on forces outside of the individual for the ordinary means of living. That reliance is more marked, of course, in urban than in rural communities. Even on the well-equipped farm water is still likely to be drawn from the farm well, heating and cooking facilities are supplied by individual plants, and an individual plant may supply electricity for light and power. But for all these things the city dweller must look beyond his own immediate sphere of activities. When the power and telephone lines go down, the gas mains are broken and the water mains break, the family is thrown on its own resources, and there are few resources. The backwoodsman had at hand the materials and the implements with which to provide, fire and light. His well might be flooded, but he could dip his pail in the flood and obtain water which usually was safe to drink. If his house were destroyed he, could soon chop down trees with which to build another. His furniture was the product of his own hands and his food came from his own field, garden and little stockyard. He was his own master, but also he was his own servant, and the latter state had its disadvantages. His modern descendant has thousands of servants to minister to his wants.

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO, when bicycles became so common that everybody was riding them, a small boy was asked if his little sister could walk yet. "Walk?" he exclaimed. "Naw! She can't even ride a bicycle." That was a fair illustration of the universality of the two-wheeled vehicle. Then came the automobile, and bicycle riding was almost abandoned. Even children lost interest in it, and it seemed that the bicycle was about to become merely a relic of a past civilization.

JUST WHAT LED TO THE Revival of the bicycle nobody seems to know exactly. Its increased use, of course, is chiefly among the younger generation. Visit any school yard during school hours and you will find there ranked up bicycles by the score where only a few years ago there would not have been more than two or three, and children on bicycles have increased greatly the traffic hazards on city streets. Several distressing accidents have occurred from this cause, usually through no fault of the car drivers.

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACES were once the rage. Perhaps they have them yet, but we don't hear much about them. I never saw one, and I can imagine few things more wearying and depressing than one of those things, with riders, half asleep, wobbling mile after mile—unless it is the legitimate descendant of that sort of bicycle "race," the walkathon, now also thrown into the ash-can.

THERE WERE, HOWEVER, some real bicycle races, and some fast time was made. I discovered the other day that the record time on a bicycle was made in 1899. On June 30 of that year Charles M. Murphy, known thereafter as "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy, paced by a Long Island train, rode his wheel a mile in 57 4-5 seconds. The marvelous thing, it has been said, is not that Murphy was able to ride so fast, but that the train was able to keep out of his way. So far as I know that is the best time made by a human being propelled by his own power.

TIRES, LIKE BICYCLES, have experienced the evolutionary process. The first bicycles, the high-wheelers, carried tires of solid rubber, about an inch in diameter, fastened to the rim with cement. Those were also used on the early safeties. They stretched with use and were apt to slip off, and to untangle one from chain and gears presented a problem of some proportions. Next in order was the cushion tire, which was simple a large hollow ring of thick rubber. It was resilient, and it could not be punctured, but its weight made it unsatisfactory. Then followed the pneumatic tire, early examples of which were about three inches in diameter.

THE AUTOMOBILE TIRE also passed through similar stages. At first it was just a ring of solid rubber around the wheel. Then people began to "ride on air." When I first began to drive a car the standard rule for inflation was for one pound pressure for each inch of tire diameter. Mine were 3-inch tires, requiring 60 pounds pressure. A 5-inch tire called for 100 pounds. As the casings were much lighter than are made now, is it any wonder that we were always having blowouts? Now we ride on 30 pounds pressure or thereabouts, and today's casings have doubled the strength of the former ones.

BEFORE THE DEMOUNTABLE rim came in there was no way whereby an inflated tire could be applied to the wheel. It had to be applied flat and then pumped up. One carried in his car a spare tube or two—if he had the price—and, when a puncture occurred, got out the tire irons and other paraphernalia, demounted the casing, extracted the flat tube and inserted a sound one, put everything back in place, and then pumped. On some hot day try putting 60, 80 or 100 pounds of air into a tire with a hand pump. For the accommodation of those who didn't care for that quantity of exercise there were devised several forms of engine-operated pumps. One which I recall was geared to some part of the engine and could be thrown in or out of gear as required. A long rubber tube could connect it with any of the four tires. Another was carried with the tools in the car and for use was clamped to the running board. Its piston rod was attached to a rear wheel, which had to be jacked up for operation.

RECENT EVENTS IN Europe have caused renewed discussion of the proposal that before the United States engages in any war that step should first be authorized by a popular vote. Fortunately there was no immediate prospect of the United States engaging in war. That was not the case in several other countries, France and Great Britain, for instance. Suppose the referendum plan had been in force in Great Britain and a vote on the subject had been ordered. It would have been necessary either to have the vote taken so quickly as to make discussion impossible, in which case the decision would have been based on the emotions of the moment, or to give the prospective adversary ample time for preparation. In either case the German authorities would have been as well informed of British sentiment as the people at home, and could have predicted accurately the result of the vote. If a vote for war had seemed probable, would Germany have waited? Her planes would have been showering bombs on London before the vote was taken.

IN DENYING ADMISSION TO the United States to the English writer and lecturer, Strachey, the State department has created an issue where no issue existed, and has done more to popularize Strachey and his opinions than anything that the gentleman could have done himself. It has done more. It has given an impetus to extreme attitudes which Strachey categorically disavows.

STRACHEY IS AN Advocate of Socialism. He has been described as a Communist, though he says he has never been a member of the Communist organization. He believes that Socialism is destined to supplant other forms of government, and he advocates that change. He does not believe that it should be brought about by violence. That is a fair summary as stated by himself. He has a regular passport, which was given the customary visa by an American consular officer in Great Britain. While he was in the middle of the ocean the visa was revoked, and when his ship reached New York he was not permitted to land. If he had been permitted to land and speak his piece, only a few people would have known that he was here. Now his case has stirred up radical sentiment all over the country and opponents of Socialism are faced with the charge that they know their cause is weak and are afraid to have the light turned on it.

THERE HAS BEEN SOME discussion of what the attitude of the British dominions would be if Great Britain had become involved in the war that threatened a few weeks ago. The premier of Australia made a statement on the subject a few days ago. In answer to a question from the floor of the Australian parliament he said that there had been no commitments or agreements as to what Australia would do in the event of a European war, but he volunteered the statement that in a war involving Great Britain could not be neutral. And if it became a question of where the fighting should be done, on Australian soil or elsewhere, he preferred that it should be elsewhere.

CARDINAL INNITZER OF Vienna is virtually a prisoner in his palace because he dared to urge Catholic families in his jurisdiction to rear their children in the faith of their church. Under Nazi rule no faith is permissible other than that promulgated from Berlin. The amazing thing is that intelligent human beings will submit to an authority which claims jurisdiction over their lives, their property their innermost thoughts and their immortal souls.

CHAIRMAN FARLEY Declares unequivocally that the Democratic national committee of which he is chairman will give its support to all regularly nominated Democratic candidates for congress. President Roosevelt said not long ago that in substance he would prefer a liberal Republican to a stand-pat Democrat. Predictions are made that the conflict thus indicated will result in separating Farley from Roosevelt for the purposes of the 1940 campaign.

USING THE ECENT threat of war as a text, President Roosevelt preached a little sermon on the desirability of abandoning such practices as the calling of names and the rattling of swords. That may mean that Mr. Roosevelt himself will henceforth refrain from making threats against the business men of the country and will hurl no more such epithets as "Tory," "Economic Royalist", and "monopolist." It may mean that, and again it may not.

CHAIRMAN GRAY, OF THE state Republican committee, has announced that he will support only four of the candidates nominated on the Republican ticket. He offered to support them all if they would support each other, but only four were willing to do so. Gray occupies a difficult position. As chairman of the party's state committee he would naturally be expected to support the entire ticket, but when some candidates refuse to support others it leaves the chairman up in the air.

GOVERNOR LANGER IS making vigorous campaign use of his \$40-a-month pension plan. He has not yet explained where the money is to come from, but he promises to tell all about it in his annual message to the legislature in January. By that time the election will be over. The governor says there are several ways whereby the money for the pensions can be raised. Any magician can explain several ways of taking the rabbit from the hat, but in every case it is necessary that the rabbit first be put in the hat.

A FEW MONTHS AGO THERE was discovered in Baltimore a document dated 1683 and bearing the purported signature of James Duke of York, brother of King Charles II of Great Britain, and afterward king himself under the title James II. Genuineness of the signature is questioned in some quarters. It might be supposed that the signature could have no possible interest except to the collector or antiquarian. In fact, it has a very direct bearing on the relations of two states of the American union and on the rights of their respective citizens in matters affecting their livelihood.

ALONG THE SHORE OF Delaware bay, on the New Jersey side, is an area of several miles of good fishing territory. Fishing and wharfage rights in that area have for many years been the subject of dispute between the states of Delaware and New Jersey and the dispute has resulted in numerous fights between fishermen from the two states. The Delaware people base their claim on a grant which King Charles II made in 1664 to his brother James. But on the part of New Jersey it is alleged that James subsequently returned his letters patent to the king. The Baltimore document seems to confirm this. Everything hinges on the genuineness of the signature. If the signature is actually that of James, New Jersey has exclusive right to the oysters and other marine life in the locality, and to wharfing and other privileges along the shore. A British expert in handwriting of James has been brought over to pass on the signature.

WHILE THE THIRTEEN Colonies renounced allegiance to British royalty, they accepted as valid many things that British royalty had done. The title to much of the real estate in the eastern states is based on grants made by British kings, and the right of a Maryland fisherman to take oysters in a certain part of Delaware bay depends on whether a British prince did or did not sign a certain document two hundred and fifty-five years ago.

MOST OF US WHO LIVE IN the newer western states have only slight occasion to think much of the processes through which title is established. One buys a farm or a city lot, received a deed and an abstract, submits the papers to his lawyer and accepts his assurance that the title is good and the transaction regular. Little further attention is given to the subject. But back of it is quite a history.

IN NORTH DAKOTA, FOR Instance, every land title goes back to a patent issued by the United States, and no further, or to a grant made by the United States, for some special purpose, as in the case of school lands. How the United States came into possession does not appear on the record. Every subsequent transaction affecting the title, whether by direct sale, mortgage, sheriff's sale, lien, grant of right-of-way, or easement for a special purpose, is entered in full to the county records and a notation to the proper effect appears on the abstract.

IN MOST OF THE ORIGINAL states, however, the United States has not appeared as a land owner. Before the nation was established occupants of the land held title by virtue of grants made by British sovereigns. In some cases lands passed directly from grantees to individuals. In other cases the state itself became the owner. And, notwithstanding the severance of political relations, the titles remained undisturbed, and it is upon this basis that they are valid today. In such cases the United States did not enter into the picture at all.

IN THE NEW WEST WE have the range, township and section system of describing real estate. In the newer districts of the older states and Canada there are several methods of describing land by lot numbers. But in the older territory, where land was divided before it was surveyed, many of the descriptions are still by metes and bounds in which natural objects, such as streams, trees and rocks were used to fix boundaries. W. K. Treumann, local abstractor, tells of an interesting method of describing property which came to his attention years ago while he was soldiering along the Rio Grande. In many cases a piece of land would be described as having so many feet frontage along the river, and "thence north." How far north the land conveyed extended the documents did not say. The idea seemed to be that the title covered everything as far north as the owner wished to go, or as far as he could get.

FROM TIME TO TIME I HAVE mentioned the Farringdon church near Brantford, Ontario, which was attended by three generations of my family. A newspaper article, forwarded by an old friend, describes the dedication of a monument in the cemetery of the old church. The monument is the gift of a member of a family identified for more than a century with the history of the church. The beauty of the thought represented by the gift, and of the verses inscribed on the stone, leads me to pass on the story in brief to others who, though strangers to the locality and personnel, share with me sentiments of affection for such associations,

FARRINGDON CHURCH, Denominationally independent, was founded a little more than a century ago by a little group of English immigrants to Canada who in England had been associated with a church of like faith. Because many of its members were farmer a site for the church building was chosen about two miles out of town. The original wooden building was succeeded by one of brick which has since been enlarged and embellished, and there the descendants of many of the original families continue to worship.

COMPLETELY INDEPENDENT in government and creed, the Farringdon congregation constituted a close-knit group resembling a large family. Until recent years it employed no pastor, a pastoral work and devotional exercises being cared for by the elder or persons selected by them from the congregation. In late years pastor has been employed.

THE CHURCH BUILDING stands on a little eminence over-looking a beautiful valley. Back of it is the cemetery where, one by one, the bodies of its older members were laid to rest. Always the grounds have been carefully kept, and now the cemetery is a place of rare beauty, adorned with shrubs and flowers, to which many families, not of the Farringdon congregation, have removed their dead from other resting places, that they might rest in its serene quiet.

THE MONUMENT, Dedicated October 12, is the gift of E. L. Cockshutt, son of Ignatius Cockshutt, merchant and philanthropist, who was one of the founders of the church. Formed of granite, and designed as an open book resting on a lectern, it stands over no grave and commemorates no particular person or family, but is dedicated to the memory of all whose bodies repose within the grounds and of those who are to join them in that hallowed sanctuary. It is set in an artistically designed sunken garden, and it was dedicated on a beautiful October afternoon, amid the warm tints of autumn foliage.

CARVED IN THE STONE the open "Book of Memories" are the following lines, written by a local poet, W. H. Webling, whom I know only by his family name:

FARRINGDON.

I pray that when my day is done
A modest peace I may have won
Amid the peace of Farringdon,
So blest.

And there with friends I used to
know
In happy days of years ago To sleep thro' life's long afterglow,
At rest.

Within God's holy acre fair
Its cloistered calm I fain would
share With those I knew now sleeping
there
So still.

To wait the call that sets us free, Once more united then to be With all we love, eternally,
God's will.

THE DONOR OF THE Monument, E. L. Cockshutt, has a beautiful home just where the highway leaves the city. The residence overlooks the river valley, and the, sloping grounds, several acres in extent, run down to the river. The grounds have been artistically planned, with drives and walks winding among trees, shrubs and flower beds, and that beauty spot is thrown open to the public, local residents and chance passers-by, so that others may share the pleasure that the owner has had in creating and maintaining it.

WHEN THE STROUD TWINS were delivering their inanities on the Charlie McCarthy program a lot of us thought that any change in that spot would be an improvement. Since hearing that hillbilly stuff that they have substituted, I have my doubts. Of course one can take a walk while the lady whines moth-eaten jokes through her nose in an impossible falsetto, but then one might miss Charlie. And still Dorothy wails her way through those lugubrious things that some people call songs. I'll bet the girl has a good enough voice, too, if she would only sing something that is something.

A POPULAR MAGAZINE HAS an article on alcohol which says that beer is made from hops, wine from fruit juices and hard liquors from grain. How soon are the lessons learned during prohibition forgotten! Beer is not made from hops, dear friend, but usually from malt, which is a preparation of grain. Hops impart its bitter taste and a few other properties. As to hard liquor, it is true that whisky is made from grains, but brandy, which is often even harder, is a fruit product, and rum, equally hard, is derived from the innocent I sugar cane.

ANOTHER WRITER, Describing the life of Charles Wesley, the great hymnologist says that Wesley wrote many of his hymns while riding on horseback, and probably others while riding on trains or stages. It happens that Charles Wesley never rode on a train and never saw one. He died in 1788, some 40 years before Stephenson's first train made its first trip.

IT KEEPS A FELLOW BUSY correcting mistakes like those noted above. And I shudder to think of what a task it would be to correct all the mistakes that I have made.

MRS. N. B. JENKINS, WHO lives on a farm on the North Dakota side of the Red river, one mile north of Oslo, writes:

"While walking near my home October 14, on the south side of a grove along the bank of the Red river, I noticed several tiny grasshoppers hopping along the road. They looked as if they were just hatched out."

UNDOUBTEDLY THOSE Hoppers were newly hatched. Several such cases have been noted. The prolonged spell of warm fall weather has speeded up the hatching of eggs which under normal conditions would have remained in the ground, unhatched, until spring. Those that have been hatched out will freeze to death when cold weather sets in. Hope has been expressed that such premature hatching would be general, as that would help to solve the grasshopper problem for another year. It appears, however, that the insects which have hatched may be of relatively harmless varieties. Entomologists have been making a study of this, and I have not yet seen any report on the subject. I didn't know that any grasshoppers were harmless. I supposed that all were destructive if they appeared in sufficient numbers.

MRS. JENKINS ALSO SENDS a clipping from a Duluth paper reproducing a story of the great forest fire in which the little town of Cloquet, Minnesota, was destroyed October 12, 1918. It was on the anniversary of that disaster that the forest fires in northern Minnesota were about at their worst. In the 1918 fire 453 persons were burned to death, 85 died later from burns, more than 100 died from influenza induced by the fires, and more than 2,000 were injured. Practically all the timber on 1,500 square miles was burned, and a total of 52,371 persons were affected. The fire destroyed 4,089 houses, 6,366 barns and 41 schools. During that fire the wind, caused directly by the heat, reached a recorded velocity of 76 miles an hour at Duluth.

MRS. H. AXTELL OF LANKIN, sends in an old postal card picture which she thinks is more than 30 years old, showing three persons in an old-style open automobile, but whose identity she does not know. Quite easily I recognize the driver of the car as W. L. Wilder, and one of the passengers on the rear seat as Mrs. Wilder. The lady on Mrs. Wilder's left I do not recognize.

Mrs. Axtell is right as to the age of the card. The picture was taken on the grounds of the old Town and Country club, now Lincoln Park and the scene was used on one of a series of picture post cards issued to advertise the beauties of Grand Forks. That would make it more than 30 years old. The car shown in the picture has right-hand drive, no top or wind shield, and fastened above a rear fender is the large box or basket such as was used for carrying tools, lunch and small baggage. Mr. Wilder is shown wearing the duster which was then one of the indispensables of automobile travel.

WHILE THE PICTURE DOES not show it clearly, I am sure that the car had a carbide lighting system. The earliest device of that kind had a tank holding about two quarts attached to the side of the car, containing water and carbine in separate compartments, with tubes running to the lamps. When light was desired a valve was opened, permitting water to drip onto the carbine and the gas was then lighted with a match at the lamp burners. An improved outfit had compressed gas in a tank carried on the running board.

CARBINE MADE AN Excellent light. Even if the lamps were injured the gas would burn in a high wind, and rain did not affect it. Sometimes the carbide-and-water device failed to work properly. Once, returning home at night, I had that trouble. I could make the thing go by jiggling the valve dingus, but in a few minutes the lights would die down. However, we solved the problem. The outfit was on Mrs. Davies' side of the car, and I had her reach out and jiggle the valve whenever I called for more light, and we got along famously.

IN THOSE DAYS A JOURNEY of 100 miles called for elaborate preparation. One had to overhaul the light plant, to make sure that it was in working order, for it was a miracle if one got anywhere before dark. Spark plugs had to be taken out and cleaned or one was pretty sure to have missing cylinders. And it wasn't a bad idea to take off the engine top and scrape out the carbon, of which there was always plenty. Of course one carried along a little vulcanizing outfit with which to mend flats, for punctures were the order of the day. To travel for a day without a flat tire was a greater feat than it is now to make a hole in one at golf.

I ONCE HAD OCCASION TO make a trip with a truck and driver to the Minto neighborhood. In the vicinity of Levant we found a car standing, with the driver and his passenger, both elderly men, sitting by the side of the road. We stopped and made inquiries and were told that the engine had stopped and refused to start. My driver was a skilled mechanic and he started an examination. The car was an old one and the engine was in terrible condition. Yet it seemed that it should run. At length, pointing to a complicated set of wires, my man said to the owner, "These wires are on wrong." "Is that so?" said the owner. "I took them off to see what was the matter, but I put them all on again. "Do they have to be on some particular way?" My mechanic assured him that such was quite necessary. He sorted out the wires and replaced' them properly and made a few adjustments and the engine again performed.

THE OWNER SAID HE WAS from St. Cloud and was on his way to Winnipeg. How he got as far as, Levant is a mystery, and whether or not he got to Winnipeg we never knew. With child-like innocence he had started out on a long trip, in a machine of whose simplest functions he was utterly ignorant. But he had faith enough to trust himself to the unknown, confident that everything would turn out right, which, in all probability, it did.

THE BOY WHO HAS Occasion to present to an audience his own father as a political candidate has a job that calls for tact. Young Peter Lehman, six-foot son of the governor of New York, exhibited that quality when he introduced his father at a young voters' rally. He said:

"I am sure none of you will be in the slightest bit critical of the governor and his record. In presenting the gentleman who is to address you, let me say that he is just the finest father that any boy could ever have and to my mind an ideal governor for the people of New York state."

MR. AND MRS. GLENN CRAIG and their two children, of Muncie, Indiana, are attracting attention down east because their family was selected as complying more nearly than any other with the specifications of the "typical American family" in a recent sociological study. For those who wish to know what the "typical American family is like, here are some of the specifications:

MR. CRAIG IS 34 YEARS OLD, his wife a little younger. He is employed by the Muncie water works at a salary of \$125 a month. He was born in Ohio, of Scotch-Irish stock and his wife is a native of Alabama. The reporter who interviewed the couple wrote:

"DRESSED IN A DARK BLUE serge suit with blue shirt and tie, Mr. Craig insisted there was nothing unusual about him or his family. He revealed that he pays \$20 a month rent for their four-room apartment and that food costs them about \$40 a month. He does not gamble or drink, but smokes one pack of a 10-cent brand of cigarettes daily. He revealed also that his wife does not smoke or drink, simply because she does not like the taste of either; that they are Protestant, but attend church only occasionally; that he does not belong to a lodge; that he has a small car.

"MR. CRAIG SAID HE WAS A lifelong Republican but that he had voted for President Roosevelt in the last election because he believes the president has done more to restore prosperity than the Republicans.

"I think Mr. Roosevelt's social security is a wonderful thing and I am all for it, he said. Other Roosevelt projects are worthwhile too. Out our way the WPA has done a lot of good work."

MR. CRAIG EXPLAINED that he had no particular ambitions except to provide for his family. Having had only a grammar school education himself, he is anxious that his children should go to college and has purchased insurance policies to provide the funds for their education.

ONLY WHEN CALLED UPON by her husband did Mrs. Craig make any comment. She admitted that she was fond of movies and attended at least once a week—sometimes twice "when the shows are good." In the winter, they entertained friends in their home and usually played some kind of card game. 'Neither of us play bridge,' she said; 'we like euchre'."

OBVIOUSLY THE Reporter was a mere man, and one with a very imperfect sense of values. You will observe that he mentions Mr. Craig's suit, shirt and tie, as if anybody cared, while there is not a word about what Mrs. Craig wore.

THERE MAY BE SOME Question as to just how typical the Craigs are. It is true that Mr. Craig is a public employee, and doubtless a good one, and employment by the public seems to be rapidly becoming the normal in American life, but how about a man who supports a family, smokes cigarettes and runs even a small car on a salary of \$125 a month, which is about a thousand dollars a year less than some of the newer sociologists tell us is necessary for decent existence?

THEN IT WILL BE NOTED that Mrs. Craig spoke only when invited by her husband to do so. Is that typical, or isn't it?

Another fact which seems to remove the Craigs from the typical field and make them really extraordinary is that they don't play bridge, but like Euchre. I'm that way myself, but I am not typical. I am a left-over from a past generation.

ACREAGE REDUCTION, dumping and other devices having failed to work, proposed to apply the "two-price" system which bears some resemblance to a double-barreled gun. With one barrel he hopes to bring affluence to the farmer, and with the other abundance to the impoverished. In its bare essentials the plan consists in buying food from the farmer at prices materially above the normal market and selling it at a loss to those whose low incomes constitute them an under-privileged class.

DISTRIBUTION TO THOSE in the low-income group of selected commodities on which the government has already paid a substantial bonus will of necessity be through local agencies conveniently placed, which will operate in direct competition with the "small business man" for whose welfare the administration has often expressed solicitude. One thousand dollars a year has been named as the income below which recipients will be entitled to buy the subsidized goods at the low prices fixed.

IN ORDER TO PREVENT persons having higher income: from buying at the low prices fixed it will be necessary to maintain lists of those entitled to receive this concession, and probably to issue identification cards to those so entitled. It will be necessary, too, to make sure that none of those once on the low-price list continue to enjoy that privilege after increasing their incomes, and the recipients of the bounty will need to be on their guard against earning so much money that they will have to pay regular prices for their goods.

IT HAS NOT BEEN STATED that manufacturers of red tape are secretly behind the scheme, but the plan would call for quantities of red tape hitherto unheard of. With one-third of the people, the farmers, subsidized by high prices, and another third, in the low-income group, subsidized by low prices, those in the other third, who must pay all the subsidies out of their own earnings, are not to be envied.

AFTER WATCHING AND participating in elections for fifty years I can recall no general election in which there was so little evidence of interest as that which is to be held in North Dakota only two weeks hence. Politicians, I gather, are as busy as they usually are, but nobody else seems to know or care. People gathering by chance in little groups talk about almost everything under the sun except the election, and if that subject happens to be mentioned it is quickly dismissed as something devoid, of importance. Not only is there lack of interest, but people seem to be hopelessly confused over what it is all about and what to do about it. The prospect is that there will be a hopeless tangle of split tickets. "Vote your convictions" is a fine old slogan, but the voter who this year can pick out a ticket which will fit his convictions will be entitled to a prize for his skill or for the accommodating nature of his convictions.

WE ARE ENJOYING A little melodrama, in the news about the government's latest spy hunt. It appears that some spying has actually been done, and the drama is given flavor by the appearance in it of the usual red-haired woman. She isn't a very romantic figure, but for lack of a better she will do. Among the others associated with her there has thus far appeared no dark and elusive villain, skilled in all the chicanery of his diabolical craft. On the contrary, the conspirators seem to be rather a dumb lot, whose selection reflects little credit on the righer-ups who are said to have employed them.

SPYING ON EACH OTHER is a game in which all governments seem to engage, more or less, but most of it seems to be rather stupid business. Naturally any government wishes to keep itself as closely as possible information concerning essential features of its latest designs in ships and their equipment, guns, fortification and so forth, but according to persons who seem to know, there is little of such information that is likely to be obtained by spying methods which could not be obtained without such elaborate circumlocution. Still, we enjoy the thrill of a spy-hunt, especially if there is a red-haired woman involved.

HITLER HAVING Appropriated as much of Czechoslovakia as he needs for the moment, Poland and Hungary are clamoring for theirs. The wolf having gorged himself, the crows are cawing stridently over the remains of the carcass. Hitler, however, has told his neighbors to keep their distance until he further matures his plans for apportionment of the world.

DOWN IN ALABAMA AIR Pilot Hissing, 1400 feet aloft in a big plane carrying 13 passengers, saw one of his motors burst into flame and drop to the ground. With death staring him in the face he maneuvered his ship to a safe landing and he and his passengers stepped clear of the plane, unhurt, just an instant before the entire structure took fire. Such an act calls for coolness, nerve, courage and skill, and Hissing had them all.

ANOTHER FEAT CALLING for such qualities was performed under different circumstances by Commodore Irving, commander of the giant liner Queen Mary when he docked the ship at her slip in the Hudson river without the aid of tugs. Ordinarily twelve tugs are used in docking the Queen Mary, but all the tugs were tied up by a strike. The commodore decided to do the job himself. In size the Queen Mary resembles a row of 12-story buildings three city blocks long and half a block wide. She weighs something over 82,000 tons. The task was to inch that enormous mass into position under her own power, taking all the chances of fitful winds and contrary currents. Fortunately the day was quiet, the air and the water, and the job was completed without mishap. This was the first time that a ship of anything like comparable size was docked without the aid of tugs at any port in the world.

IT COSTS THE CITY OF NEW YORK a quarter of a million dollars a year to repair damage done in the public parks, principally by mischievous children and youths below the age of 21. A report just made the park engineer lists scores of instances, typical of a comprehensive program of willful and malicious destruction of grounds and equipment provided by public taxation at great cost which the vandals themselves, with others, are free to use and enjoy.

EVERY COMMUNITY IS confronted with the problem of dealing with the destructive tendencies of some of its members. There is a species of low mentality which delights in destruction for destruction's sake. In every city and village that spirit manifests itself most conspicuously and offensively about Halloween when a few hoodlums, scorning the harmless tricks appropriate to the season and its traditions, conceive it to be the essence of humor to smash and, destroy.

THAT CONDITION, Disagreeable and injurious in any community, assumed appalling proportions in a great city, where evil traits seem to be stimulated by congestion. Even the partial list of destructive acts reported by New York's park engineer, which constitutes but a minute percentage of the total, is a shocking one. It includes broken and uprooted shrubbery, barked trees, broken benches and playground equipment, thousands of windows broken, plumbing plugged or broken and comfort stations flooded, paving blocks torn up, doors of park buildings smashed, lockers broken and contents strewn on the ground, bonfires made of broken furniture and a multitude of other acts of vandalism.

THESE ACTS ARE Committed at night, when only a few I guards are left on duty. It has been suggested that the city would save money by employing more guards and reducing the damage loss. Steps are also being taken to provide stronger fastenings for the woodwork of park benches, to have playground equipment more substantially built, to cement paving blocks down, and to use other precautions which will make the work of destruction more difficult. It is a sad commentary, however, on the conditions which exist that it is deemed necessary to create such safeguards against destructiveness which is utterly lacking in incentive or purpose, in which there is neither wit nor humor, and which betrays a type of mind either thoroughly vicious or lacking in even elementary intelligence.

ONE REMEDY WHICH HAS been proposed, and which seems a sensible one, is a stiffening of the attitude of courts toward acts of deliberate vandalism. Leniency is often shown where it has no place and often magistrates have been cowed by the indignant protests when their children have been haled into court for malicious destruction of public property. An excellent expedient, which, of course, is not likely to be employed, would be the use of a stout hickory whip-stock vigorously applied to that portion of the anatomy created by nature for that, precise purpose.

A FEW YEARS AGO THE American bison, which had roamed the western plains in millions, seemed on the verge of extinction. Within a generation its numbers had dwindled from millions to almost nothing. This year the Canadian government is having slaughtered 2,000 buffalo, the surplus of great herds that have been rebuilt in the northwest. The herds have now reached about the capacity of the ranges provides, and each year surplus animals are killed in order to prevent over-stocking. Prime meat from these animals is sold to dealers to be used fresh. The rest is processed and canned. As the slaughtering is done while the pelts are in prime condition the hides from this annual slaughter are of superior quality and they find a ready market. All the work of killing and dressing is done under official supervision.

MRS. CHARLES M. FISHER, who died at her home in Devils Lake on October 20, was one of those fine characters whose presence brought to many of our pioneer communities standards of life whose beneficent influence was a directing force at the beginning and has remained so until the present. That influence tempered life which otherwise would have been wholly rough and uncouth and kept fresh ideals which might have been forgotten.

JESSICA MINA BLANDING was born in Wisconsin in 1855 and came with her parents to Dakota territory in 1872. Her father, J. W. Blanding, had served as deputy United States surveyor general coming to the territory in 1869 with headquarters at Yankton. Attracted by the possibilities of the Red river valley, he homesteaded near the present site of Wahpeton and shortly after his arrival he laid out the Wahpeton townsite. The first school in that district was established at Breckenridge, and the young Wisconsin girl was its first teacher. She also taught during the summers in the Blanding home and later taught for several years in Grand Forks.

HER MOTHER WAS A Leader in the movement to organize a church, and presently there was added to the work of public school instruction that of teaching Sunday school, first in a railway coach provided by the Great Northern at Breckenridge, then the end of the road, then in the depot, and finally in a small church building.

DURING HER RESIDENCE at Wahpeton the young woman met officers of the army post at Fort Abercrombie, and she was at the fort when Major Reno left with his command for the west to join Custer in the latter's fatal expedition to the Little Big Horn. Married in 1878 to Charles M. Fisher she moved with him after a few years to Devils Lake, which was thenceforward her home. Her husband established and became president of the Ramsey county National Bank, of which their two sons Blanding and Sam K. are respectively president and vice president. A third son, Dr. Carl Fisher, lives in California.

I AM INDEBTED TO A. O. Arneson, of McVille, for a copy of a poem, "Lines to a Skeleton," once popular, but now practically forgotten. Mr. Arneson obtained the poem from his friend, Alex Sutherland of Aneta, who writes of the lines:

"THEY ARE TAKEN FROM A First Aid Hand-Book which I used to study in Auld Scotland. Published some hundred years ago in the London Morning Chronicle, they excited a good deal of attention, every effort even to the offering of fifty guineas was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and colour, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincolns Inn, London, Eng."

AS SEVERAL READERS MAY wish to preserve it, the text of the poem is given below:

"LINES TO A SKELETON" Behold this ruin; 'twas a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full. This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat. What beauteous visions filled this spot?

What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone a bright and busy eye. But start not at the dismal void— If social love that eye employed, If with no lawless fires it gleamed, But through the dews of kindness beamed. That eye shall be for ever bright.

Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained, And where it could not praise was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke, This silent tongue shall plead for thee When time unveils eternity.

Say did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine? To hew the rock and wear the gem
Can little now avail to them. But if the path of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame,

Avails it whether bare or shod These feet the path of duty trod; If from the bowers of ease they fled To seek
affliction's humble bed, grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned, These feet with angels' wings shall
rise, And tread the palace of the skies.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of the U. N. D. Homecoming was provided by nature itself. It was the circling of a great flock of wild geese around the bonfire which, according to custom, illuminated the campus. Attracted, and perhaps confused by the light from the big blaze, hundreds of geese flew quite low around the fire, and the reflection of the light from the white plumage of their wings and breasts was a pleasing and interesting sight. Chilly weather in the distant Canadian north had convinced the birds that it was time to be moving. Those flights vary, not with what the weather is going to be, but with what it is. It is true that in this latitude one may expect colder weather soon after seeing geese flying south in the fall. That does not mean that the geese have the gift of prophecy. It means, merely, that the weather having turned cold where they were, they had started south and, as those great air currents move rather slowly, the geese had arrived ahead of the storm. Meeting a warm wave, geese often break their journey and they may remain feeding for days or weeks before resuming their flight.

THE GREATEST Assemblage of migrating geese on the continent is around James bay, the southern extremity of Hudson's bay. There flights from north, northeast and northwest converge, and during the fall the vast area of swamp around the bay is literally alive with geese, accumulating fat before taking off on the last lap of their flight toward the Gulf. It is estimated that about one-third of all the geese that are hatched along the shores of the Arctic congregate in those feeding grounds each fall.

THE QUESTION "WHAT HAVE we to do with abroad?" once asked contemptuously by a member of congress, represents the extreme of the isolationist spirit. The fact is that we have a good deal to do with "abroad," and "abroad" with us. One of the numerous bulletins on the same subject issued regularly by the department of commerce mentions the arrival of commercial agents from several foreign cities, among them Shanghai, Melbourne, Australia, London, and Kaunas, Lithuania, all interested in the purchase of American goods of various types. Among the commodities in which they are interested are food stuffs, chemicals, optical and scientific instruments, agricultural machinery, electrical goods and machine tools.

THROUGH Correspondence the department learns that Bogotá, Colombia, wants insecticides, fungicides and animal dips. Cairo, Egypt, seeks welding apparatus; Manila, storage batteries; Medan, Sumatra, condensed milk; Dordrecht Holland, oil - burning stoves; Bristol, England, machines for sawing and bending pipe; London, England, road-making machines, electric mowers and power shovels; Brisbane, Australia, cardboard milk-bottle tops with embedded flap; Tel-Av, Palestine, dental furnishings; Alexandria, Egypt, soda-fountain equipment and ice cream freezers. and Singapore, Straits Settlement, hospital furniture and equipment.

Probably there is no American industry whose products, in some form, do not find a market in some foreign country.

OFFICE OF THE PANAMA canal report the passage through the canal of the 100,000th commercial vessel of more than 300 tons. The Steel Exporter, which rounded out this number of passages, is a 5,000-ton vessel, bound from Los Angeles to London with a mixed cargo, chiefly dried fruits and canned goods. In addition to the above number, 7,512 small commercial vessels and 9,574 non-commercial ships have passed through the canal.

THE PANAMA CANAL WAS opened to traffic August 15, 1914. Construction cost of the canal was \$380,000,000 and the capital now invested in it is \$541,000,000. Tolls collected up to September 30 of this year amount to \$435,000,000. The canal can accommodate a ship 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide. The largest vessel to pass through was the British naval ship Hood, weighing 44,800 tons and the toll charges on that passage were \$22,400. In nationality of vessels using the canal the United States stands first, Great Britain second and Norway third.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE HOW a familiar name seems to jump right at you from a page of miscellaneous type? You may not be looking for that name at all, but if it is there you are quite likely to notice it even though you may be merely glancing idly over the columns without any intention of reading.

I am told that use is made of that visual and mental phenomenon in the offices of the large clipping agencies. A client instructs the agency to clip for him whatever appears in print relating to this or that person or subject. The topics are assigned to the agency's staff of readers, each reader being given only a small number. Papers which may contain desired references are scanned with incredible rapidity, and it is said that a trained reader can pick out almost a glance all the desired items from a newspaper page of close print.

I RECEIVED FROM A. M. O'Connor, of St. Thomas, a column clipped from his old home town paper, the Renfrew, Ontario, Mercury, and as I unfolded it what at first I took to be my own name stood out as distinctly as if it had been printed in the biggest and blackest of capitals. The name wasn't quite my own, however. It was W. H. Davies instead of W. P., which made some difference.

I LEARNED THAT W. H. Davies is a Welsh poet, probably no relative of mine, as Wales is full of people with that surname, which is derived from that of St. David, patron saint of Wales. On a visit to Canada he was struck by a train at Renfrew and for some time he was a patient in a local hospital. At his native town, Newport, Wales, he was honored by the unveiling of a tablet in the house where he was born. Among the guests at the ceremony were John Masefield, poet laureate and Mrs. Masefield. Perhaps the poet is a relative of mine, after all. I'd be proud to think so.

SEVERAL, RECENT HIGHWAY accidents have occurred under circumstances which eliminate all thought of drunkenness or recklessness as that term is generally understood. One which comes to mind was caused by a blow-out. Blow-outs and their equivalent, large punctures, are always dangerous, and especially dangerous at the speeds which are now common on the highways. We may rail at high speed as we will, but we are no more going back to 40 miles an hour than we are going back to the horse and buggy. We may as well accept that fact and adjust ourselves to it as best we can. Obviously, one necessary safeguard is to have the car equipped with good tires and to have them kept in good condition.

OTHER RECENT ACCIDENTS have been at curves where, apparently, the turn was not noticed in time to negotiate it safely. Such accidents may be due to a variety of causes, some of them involving grave culpability on the part of the driver. But undoubtedly many of them are due simply to temporary lapse of attention. As cars are now built driving one on a good road is one of the simplest of operations, and the slight movements required tend to become automatic. The attention of the driver tends to wander far afield, and probably there are few drivers who have not at some time been aroused with a shock, as from a dream, to realize that they were dangerously near a curve and still going at high speed.

ON MAIN HIGHWAYS CURVES and other departures from normal are usually sufficiently well marked. Perhaps something could be done by marking more conspicuously curves which, for some reason, seem to be especially hazardous. It is possible, too, for drivers to cultivate the habit of watching road signs until attention to them becomes almost as automatic as driving itself.

RIGID ENFORCEMENT OF law against those who recklessly invite disaster, whether by drinking or by other misbehavior, will do much to lessen the number of casualties. But when all accidents due to such causes are eliminated there will remain a large field which laws cannot touch and in which greater safety can be attained only through the effort of rational and law-abiding drivers to improve their own technic.

SOME FELLOW OBSERVES that in order to get real home cooking one must go away from home. There are restaurants which profess to specialize in it, where as, he says, at home one eats out of tin cans. A traveler recently complained that to enjoy the finest products of a particular locality one must go some where else.

Thus, in Florida the traveler was served warm canned orange juice because ripe oranges brought a better price when shipped out of the state. At Miami he was served finnan haddie instead of pompano, and at West Palm beach, California prunes instead of fresh grapefruit. In a Bar Harbor hotel, near by where fine lobsters flourish, he got Oregon salmon, and at Cleveland he was served deep sea fish from the Atlantic instead of the white-fish for which Lake Erie is famous.

THIS REMINDS ME OF THE person who, looking forward to his first visit to California, anticipated with pleasure "picking ripe oranges right off the trees." When he gets there he will find that if he does any such picking he may be required to do 30 days in jail. There are plenty of people who have lived for years in California without ever picking an orange. Orange groves there are more jealously guarded from pilferers than are hunting preserves in North Dakota from casual hunters. As a rule they are posted with warnings to trespassers. If a stranger is skillful he may wangle an invitation to pick an orange, but promiscuous picking just isn't done.

THE DUKE OF KENT IS TO be sent to Australia as governor general of that commonwealth. The appointment has been interpreted as a fine compliment to Australia and one which will tend to fix more firmly the position of Australia as a unit in the empire. There is also a different interpretation of the appointment. It is that the Kents are being sent to the other side of the world in order to relieve Queen Elizabeth of the presence of the duchess of Kent, who seems to have crowded her majesty off the center of the stage.

THE DUKE OF KENT HAS often been described as the favorite brother of the duke of Windsor, formerly King Edward VIII. The two shared similar tastes for life in its more amusing aspects, and the two were inseparable companions. Edward's insistence on marrying a social butterfly led to his abdication. Kent married Princess Marina of Greece, also a lover of the bright lights. The young queen is very much a family person, quiet and home-loving, and with no taste for display. Hence it is the movements of the duchess that attract attention and her new clothes that are copied, and the queen, it is said, doesn't like being pushed into the background. Hence the duke and duchess are being removed to Australia, to live in the capital Canberra, a raw new city, without a single night club or any of the other conveniences which fashionable people find essential to their happiness.

I NOTICED CITY Electrician Bentley stripping signs from a light post. I didn't have time to stop and ask him why, nor did I notice what particular advertisements he was removing. But I was reminded of a pet grievance of mine, namely, the persistent disfigurement of the city by the announcements of political candidates. Just now they are plastered all over the city, chiefly in telephone and light poles. Some of them are announcements of candidates who, defeated at the primary election, have not thought it worth while to have their cards taken down. In some cases such announcements have remained public eyesores for years, in defiance of wind and weather.

THE POSTING OF SUCH Notices is a violation of law. A city-ordinance, enacted years ago, and never repealed, makes it illegal to "paste, stick up or post handbills, placards or posters, or make, print or mark any word, letter or advertisement upon any private house, store or other private property without consent of the owner." Similarly, the posting of notices on public property is prohibited. Telephone poles are private property. Light poles are public property. For violation of the provisions of the ordinance the offender is subject to a fine of not less than \$10 and not more than \$50. Exception to the above is made as to the posting by public authority of official notices.

IT IS ASSUMED THAT THE illegal posting of each notice constitutes a separate offense, subject to separate penalty. It makes one dizzy to think what would happen to the campaign funds of all the candidates whose announcements "adorn" our streets if someone should take the trouble to file complaints covering all infractions. And what a lot of things the city could do with the proceeds at 10 dollars a throw!

M A N Y OBSERVERS ARE wondering whether or not the coming general election will bring into prominence some new presidential possibility. In that connection thought turns first, and naturally, to New York. There, at the urgent request of President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman is running for reelection instead of for the senate, as he intended. Lehman's independence and his opposition to some of the Roosevelt policies, would have made him an embarrassment to Roosevelt in the senate. It has not been suggested that he may be a candidate for president two years hence, but his excellent record as governor may prevent the state from falling into Republican hands this year.

DEWEY, GOVERNOR Lehman's Republican opponent, was brought into prominence through appointment by the governor himself. Appointed special prosecutor his work in breaking up gangs of racketeers was so successful that he was elected district attorney, and even though his most important case, that against Hines, the Tammany leader, was halted midway by a mistrial, he was drafted by the Republicans as the most promising candidate for governor. His election this year would give him a great boost toward Washington.

THE GERM OF ANOTHER presidential candidacy has sprouted in Ohio, and it will be interesting to see whether it continues to grow or is nipped by a November frost. Charles P. Taft son of the former president and chief justice, is making a vigorous campaign for the senate against the present incumbent Bulkley. Taft's success in winning the Republican nomination was one of the surprises of the primary period. His election would immediately place him in line for presidential honors, and it would administer a more severe shock to the New Deal than the loss of New York by the Democrats. Bulkley is one of Roosevelt's yes-men, and proud of it, and more than in any other state the campaign in Ohio is being fought out on the issue of the New Deal. Taft has been prominent in Cincinnati public affairs for years, and the improvement which has been brought about in the government of that city is largely due to his energy and initiative.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has seen fit to lecture a congressional committee with reference to its duties. Unsparingly he denounced the action of the Dies committee in having admitted evidence derogatory to Governor Murphy of Michigan just on the eve of election. He complained that the committee had been unfair to Murphy in giving prominence to charges that Murphy had shown sympathy with lawless elements in industrial strikes in his state.

THE DIES COMMITTEE IS preponderantly Democratic and its chairman is a Democrat. Roosevelt's entrance into primary campaigns in several states aroused hostile feeling which is bound to be reflected in the attitude of Democrats in congress at the approaching session, and his action in lambasting the Dies committee will not tend to allay that feeling. It is significant, too, that Mr. Roosevelt had not a word to say in criticism of the gross unfairness of the Black committee, the trend of whose investigation was favorable to the New Deal, and in recognition of his services the president made the chairman of that committee an associate justice of the supreme court. Again, it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

SOMEBODY HAS DUG UP letters written by President Washington to LaFayette in which the Father of his Country made it clear that he had no objection, on principle, to a third term for president. In the statement on that subject which has been most frequently quoted. Washington merely expressed his own wish to retire, for personal reasons. All of which is not conclusive as to whether or not it is good policy to elect a president for more than two successive terms, or whether it is wise to do so in a given case.

I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED, and do not believe now, that President Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate for president in 1940, or that he will actively seek re-nomination. It is possible that if he were determined on that course he could influence the selection of enough convention delegates to nominate him, but in doing so he would invite almost certain defeat. Old-line Democrats would oppose him bitterly in the convention and many of them would refuse to support him if he were nominated. Either they would vote the Republican ticket or they would set up a new candidate and split the party, as Theodore Roosevelt did in 1912. Certainly, Mr. Roosevelt will try to name his successor, but that he will attempt to succeed himself seems highly improbable, unless, following the nomination of a conservative Democrat, he should head a revolt and undertake to create a complete New Deal party.

MANY NORTH DAKOTANS who do not like the Langer-Hagan association would like to vote for John Moses for governor of their feeling that the election of a Democratic governor in North Dakota at this time would be twisted into the appearance of endorsement of the New Deal, for which they have no use whatever. Mr. Moses is making his campaign on state issue, but were disapproval of the New Deal exists it is hard to overcome. When the voter considers the various contradictory elements in this campaign he is led to wonder how one holds his nose with his fingers crossed.

ALL THE BUSINESS Forecasts of late are optimistic. Increased activity in several lines has already taken place, and everywhere there appears to be confidence that improvement will continue for some time. Inasmuch as business has often been accused of sitting back in the harness in order to discredit the present administration, there is presented a puzzle which no one seems able to solve. Why should business, hostile to the administration, start moving all along the line just before election?

SOME CURIOUS THINGS are done for the purpose of making unproductive labor. I have been told of the shipment by the surplus commodities administration of two cars of apples, one to Dickinson and the other to Medora, to be distributed either gratis or at low prices to persons in the low-income group. Through some error the shipment intended for Dickinson went to Medora and that for Medora went to Dickinson. Thereupon the two shipments were exchanged by truck, so that the underprivileged of each community might have exactly the apples originally assigned them. I have known people, short of money, who were mightily thankful to get any apples at all. But times are different.