

THE SONG HAS IT THAT

"There's something about a soldier." Just what it is may be a little vague, but most of us will agree that there is "something" which appeals to the imagination. To me, in a somewhat similar way, there is "something" about bagpipe music, something which I cannot define or describe, but which, sets the pulse throbbing and the mind wandering through distant lands that I have never seen. I should not choose bagpipe music as a form of parlor entertainment, for bagpipe notes close-up have a quality to which my ear is not attuned, but at a comfortable distance I find the pipes fascinating.

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THE BAGPIPE IS NOT EX-clusively a Scottish instrument. There are Irish pipers, many of them, and the bagpipe in one form or other has been in use for centuries in some of the European countries. But it is with Scotland that the pipes are usually associated, and it is visions of the Scotland of which I have heard and read that are conjured up by the sound of the pipes. As I hear the deep drone of the instrument serving as background for notes that are sometimes martial, sometimes gay and sometimes mournful, I think of misty mountains, and green glens, and heather-clad hills, of gaily plaid-ed merry-makers dancing on the village green, of armed clansmen assembling at the call of their chief, or of the dirge played which marks the passing of a loved leader.

BAGPIPE MUSIC IS BEING

used more generally than formerly in the British army. For some reason the soldiers seem to like it. It has been especially popular in the Canadian forces and all the Canadian contingents that have gone overseas have carried bagpipe bands. The other night there came over the radio the sound of a bagpipe band playing in London, and as I listened I thought, not only of the Scottish scenes which I usually associate with that music, but of a story that I read many years ago, of forgotten authorship.

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THE STORY WAS OF THE

relief of Lucknow, the Indian city which was beleaguered for months during the great mutiny of 1857. The story described the desperate straits to which the inhabitants of the city had been reduced during the long siege, how day after day the approaches were anxiously scanned for signs of a relief column, and day after day passed with no relief in sight. Then on a morable day Jeanie, a Scottish girl who had been watching with the others, held up her hand and cried "Whisht! Dinna ye hear it? The Campbells are comin'. The Campbells are com-in'! Thank God!" Her quick ear had caught the faint sound of pipes in the distance playing the familiar highland air, and relief was at hand.

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ENGINEERS IN THE ANCI-ent city of Jerusalem spoiled a miracle for many of the inhabitants and rendered themselves unpopular in doing so. Women before the famous Wailing Wall found clear water running from crevices in the wall, crevices through which no water had come since the wall was built. Clearly, they thought, this was a miracle, portending some happy event. Eagerly they drank of the water and bathed their faces, then went to tell others. There was great rejoicing until engineers discovered that the water was coming from a cistern which had sprung a leak. And the engineers were then blamed for the fact that there was no miracle. Child-like and superstitious? Of course. But the Jerusalem women are not alone in disliking whoever awakens them from pleasant dreams.

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MR. WILLKIE HAS BEEN

having trouble with his throat, not an uncommon experience with campaign speakers. Speaking out of doors is trying on the voice, especially if the speaker is unaccustomed to addressing large audiences. Taft's voice gave out on him during his first campaign. When he visited Grand Forks he was very hoarse and it was difficult for him to speak at all. Taft had not trained his voice for public speaking. Neither, I suppose, has Willkie, and training counts for a great deal. Ttye speaker of today has a decided advantage over his predecessor of a generation ago in that the ipud-speaker is usually available for the large audience whether indoors or out of doors, and all that the speaker needs to do is talk in an ordinary tone into the microphone.

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FEW MEN MADE MORE

speeches and under more varied conditions, than did William J. Bryan. Not only had his voice carrying power, but he was able to make long-speeches day after day without apparent effort, and without straining his voice. He had trained himself for that work, and had brought his vocal equipment just about to perfection. The elder LaFollette also had trained himself effectively for speaking. In Grand Forks one night he spoke for five tfolid hours and quit, apparently, Is fresh as when he started.

AT A RECENT HIGHWAY

meeting in the east a speaker called attention to the great number of accidents which occur at or near hilltops where the crest of the hill prevents the driver from seeing what is just on the other side. The speaker thought that attention should be given to some means of warning in such cases. The cost of cutting down all hills so as to provide for perfect visibility would of course be prohibitive, he said. A practice which one of my driver friends says is very prevalent is for the driver who may have kept on the right side of the road most of the way up a hill to swing over to the center just before reaching the top. I haven't noticed this practice myself, but my friend says it is very common. There may be a psychological reason for it.. * * *

A FEW YEARS AGO SOME

attention was given to a scheme for providing greater safety on hills by means of a system of mirrors in which a driver could see the reflection of a car on the other side of a hill. So far as I know nothing came of it. Very respectfully I suggest a different plan. Let the roadway over the hill crest be widened just a little—two or three feet on each side, and in the center of that stretch of road build a low concrete division, marking it with reflectors to warn drivers at night. That, at least, would make it necessary for each driver to keep on his own side of the road and would prevent much dangerous passing.

A CORRESPONDENT SENDS

me a copy of the pamphlet "Facts In Review," published by the German library of information, New York. The correspondent thinks that the government should prohibit the circulation of this periodical. It is quite certain that if the United States had the kind of government that Germany has the circulation of that publication would be prohibited in short order. Fortunately, we have a different kind of government, operating under laws which guarantee freedom of conscience, freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

"FACTS IN REVIEW" IS

propaganda. It is issued regularly by a committee or other organization in New York acting for and in the interest of Hitler. Its purpose is to influence American sentiment in favor of the Nazi government of Germany. And, so far as I have observed its contents, it is perfectly legal. It cannot be suppressed legally except for counseling insurrection of something of that sort. It says a great many things that I do not believe and expressed opinions with which I am wholly out of sympathy, but I should not approve of its suppression on that account.

FROM TIME TO TIME I SEE

propaganda from German, British, Italian, Japanese and other sources. I know that it is issued for the purpose of influencing sentiment in this country. Much of it is misleading and some of it false. But so far as I know, the publications which have come to my attention are quite legal. The reader may accept or reject as much of their contents as he pleases. With respect to official German publications, it is necessary in reading them only to keep in mind what has been the consistent course of the Nazi government since its inception. That may safely be used as a test of the reliability of any statement emanating from or inspired by the government in Berlin.

IT IS QUITE SOME TIME since anything was heard of the project for building a tunnel under the English channel. The idea of such a tunnel is almost as old as railroad transportation. One could go anywhere in Great Britain, or anywhere in France by rail, but to pass from one country to the other one had to travel from Dover to Calais across what is often described as the meanest 20 miles of water in the world. Hence engineers made soundings and made tentative plans, and financiers studied the possibility of making a tunnel pay. It is con-coded that a tunnel is an engineering possibility presenting problems of no greater difficulty than many others which have been solved. Financially it seems to be agreed that a tunnel could be made to pay its way. But no tunnel has been built.

WHENEVER SUCH A PROTECT was proposed military reasons were advanced against it, sometimes in England, sometimes in France. Possibility of the capture and utilization of the tunnel by an enemy, or of its destruction at a critical moment, presented so many unknown quantities that the tunnel has remained unbuilt. Persons interested in figuring out "what might have been" may find some netertainment in speculating on how a channel tunnel in existence more than a year ago might have influenced the course of the present war.

IT TAKES A LOT MORE

stuff to equip an army than just guns and powder and bullets. The government has asked for bids on two million woolen blankets, bids to be opened October 9. This is in addition to 3,400,000 such blankets recently purchased. Other bids I soon to be opened are for 800,000 pairs of dismounted canvas leggings, 350,000 pairs of breeches laces, and the manufacture from government material of 326,000 olive drab worsted shirts, to be completed within 75 days.

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CONTRACTS HAVE BEEN

awarded for about 400,000 bath towels, averaging about 24 cents each, nearly 2,000,000 huck towels, average about 9 cents, and about a million feather pillows at prices ranging from 46.5 cents to 65 cents. Bids have been opened on 42,000 bakers and cooks white caps and 85,000 bakers and cooks white aprons. Prices on the caps range from 13.9 to 35 cents each and on the aprons 26 to 42 cents. Rubber companies have been given contracts for 580,000 pairs of cloth-top, Arctic type overshoes from \$2.01 to \$2.07 per pair. Some of these purchases are being made as part of the regular routine, the material being required for the regular army.

Other purchases are necessary as part of the expanded defense program. Getting ready for a war which may or may not take place involved more than just grabbing a pitchfork and trudging off to where the fighting is expected to be.

THE GOVERNMENT IS PAY-

ing 36 cents a bushel for potatoes in Grand Forks county in car lots. In New York potatoes are being sold in neighborhood stores 5 pounds for 8 cents, which figures to 96 cents a bushel. Those are potatoes grown in the immediate vicinity of New York. Comparisons are often made between the price which the original producer receives and that which the ultimate consumer pays, and the conclusion is reached that the middleman is getting an undue share of the proceeds. Thus the farmer who receives 10 cents a pound for a prime steer on the hoof may pay a dollar for a steak from the same steer if he orders it in a de luxe restaurant.

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IN REACHING GENERAL conclusions from such bare facts the statistician overlooks several other facts. The steer has to be got to market, which costs something. At the packing plant it must be killed, dressed and divided, in which process a large proportion of its weight is cast into the fertilizer vat. Large bony portions must be sold for low prices. The carcass will yield only a few steaks of the quality which commands a fancy price, and after passing through the various and necessary stages of distribution before the restaurant is reached the steak must still be cooked and served. With it go soup, bread, vegetables and dessert, all of which are often included in the single dollar price. And the restaurant furnishes table and kitchen service, table linen, silver, china, often music, and toilet facilities. The cost of all of these, with that of rent, light and heat, must come out of the dollars received for steaks and other foods.

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IF THE POTATOES BEING

retailed in New York were Grand Forks potatoes, the freight on a car from here to New York would have to be paid, the potatoes would be unloaded and stored in safety in a warehouse until they were needed, they would then be delivered in lots of a few bushels at a time and the grocer would break up a bushel into 12 packages, each of which he would sell for 8 cents. When one takes all these facts into consideration the spread doesn't seem to great, after all.

TEMPERATURE IN NEW York got down to 42 last Thursday, which doesn't seem very remarkable here for a late September day. But that was the coldest September 27 in the history of New York City which is something to talk about.

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THAT ROSE GERANIUM went the day that I offered it. I don't know how many calls I have had for it since, but I had only one to dispose of, and it was a case of first come, first served.

PROMPTED BY THE DISCUSSIONS of English foods and English cookery that have appeared in this column a friend has brought to my attention an article in the May Harpers entitled "The Long Watch In England," whose American authors, Eugene and Arline Lohrke, lived for some months last year in a house in Sussex on what had once been a well-kept estate, but which now shows visible signs of neglect. The authors give the result of their observations in the magazine article.

NOT TO WEARY READERS

with a prolonged discussion of English foods I will pass that subject with the remark that the authors cite a ministry of health report as authority for the statement that 50 per cent of the people are afflicted with some form of malnutrition. The authors studied living conditions in England, and offer comments on the changes which have been wrought in the social structure in recent years, and they express the fear that something has gone out of the spirit of the people.

THE ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED in the May issue of the magazine, which means that it was printed early in April, and that it must have been issued at least some weeks earlier. Since it was written the British people have passed through some trying experiences. One by one their European friends have been subdued and their territory occupied by invaders, and of all the European countries Britain is left alone to bear the brunt of the most savage attacks that the baleful ingenuity of man can devise. Yet from some source or other the people have summoned strength, not only to endure passively, but to strike vigorously in defense of the things that they believe worth fighting for. Apparently there is something substantial left in England, after all.

WITH THAT ISSUE OF HARPERS there has come also a copy of a book entitled "Practical Housekeeping," published by the Buckeye Publishing of Minneapolis in 1883. That seems a long time ago. Many pages of the book are devoted to recipes for all sorts of cookery, which have been drawn from a wide area, as many of them are credited to ladies, some in the northwest, some in the south and many in the east.

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I STUMBLED ON ONE FOR keeping eggs by packing them in salt, which reminded me of a family experience on the farm. We packed eggs that way, in a barrel, and filled the barrel, first a layer of eggs and then a layer of salt. The eggs were packed in damp summer weather, and the salt was moist. In the dry air of winter the salt dried out and solidified until it was like a mass of stone. The eggs kept perfectly, but we broke a lot of them petting them out, until it occurred to someone to pour water over the salt and soften it up.

AN INTERESTING DEPARTMENT in the book is that devoted to kitchen utensils, illustrations of which are shown on many pages. Many of the articles listed may be found in the modern kitchen, such as the familiar hand egg-beater. There is a waffle iron which looks just like the one now in common use, only it has to be heated on a stove. There was no electric kitchen gadgets in those days. One device shown is an attachment to be fitted over a gas jet for heating a cup or teapot.

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A NOTE IN THE MISCELLANEOUS department which interested me relates to glue. Today many waterproof glues are made with skim milk as a base. That is a modern idea. Yet in a book published more than half a century ago we are told that if a pound of glue is boiled in two quarts of skimmed milk it will resist water.

ON TUESDAY WAR NEWS

was a little later than usual in arriving and for a time it seemed that there wasn't much doing abroad. Someone offered the suggestion that they were waiting for the first game of the world series to be over. This recalled to one Grand Forks man a story told to him by President Hambro, of the exiled Norwegian parliament on his latest visit to Grand Forks. In the confused relations among the Scandinavian countries during the early years of the nineteenth century there was fighting between Norwegian forces on one hand and Swedes on the other. Swedish messengers came to the Norwegian camp under a flag of truce and explained that they were planning a revolution of their own at home, and would the Norwegians be so obliging as to consent to a suspension of hostilities until that little matter was arranged. The Norwegians courteously consented and agreed to a truce for 60 days. The Swedes went back to Stockholm, had their revolution, proclaimed Marshal Bernadotte crown prince, and the fighting was resumed where it had been left off. Bernadotte, as all Scandinavians, and many others know, was the ancestor of the present king of Sweden. Upon the death of King Charles he succeeded to the throne, and, though a Frenchman, he proved to be a very good Swedish king.

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MY FRIEND ROWLAND, OF

the University music department, has an inexhaustible supply of information on a great variety of interesting subjects, and every once in a while something that has appeared in this column suggests to him some interesting fact of observation. I am glad to pass on to my readers the following letter which I have just received from him:

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"SEVERAL THINGS IN YOUR always interesting column have intrigued me lately. Without entering into the controversy concerning the culinary ability of the American and British cooks, I should like to say that I have enjoyed excellent food on both sides of the Atlantic, and since the years during which I have been critical of such matters are about evenly divided between the two continents, I am willing to call it a draw.

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"YOUR LADY CORRESPONDENT wrote about the well-fed appearance of the Wardens of the Tower of London—the Yeomen of the Guard—who are familiarly known as Beef-Eaters. They may look well-fed but the word 'beefeaters' has nothing to do with their occupation or appearance. The word is a corruption of 'Buffeteers' and they were so-called because they once wielded weapons with which they could buffet their enemies. I realize that the 'buffet' part of this word may easily be confused with gastronomic exercises in America, but we call that piece of furniture a sideboard in England.

"ON ANOTHER DAY YOU mentioned Jacobite songs such as 'Charlie is Me Darlin' being used in Scotland and wondered if there were other songs of similar kind. There are many of these. A few that I remember are the following: 'Come Owre the Stream, Charlie', 'Wae's Me for Prince Charlie', 'Will Ye No Come Back Again?' 'Wha Wadnae Fecht for Charlie?' 'The Lament of Flora McDonald'. One well-known Scottish song has, I have been told, a Jacobite background which is rarely sensed by those who sing or listen to it. It is 'Loch Lomond', the refrain of which reads: Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, an'

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye, But I and my true-love will never meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

This is quite cryptic and I have heard the following interesting explanation: The singer is supposed to be a defender of the Stuart cause, imprisoned in the Tower of London. His sweetheart had visited him shortly before the time set for his execution. They were destined never to meet again on the banks of Loch Lomond because he was to take the low road to the grave while she was traversing the high road to her home. Nevertheless, he believed that his spirit would reach Scotland before she arrived there. It seems a logical explanation, and I can only conceive of people whose ignorance of the tragedy involved is abysmal making a 'swing' number out of such a pathetic incident.

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"YOUR MENTION OF THE king over the water reminds me of a clever way used by the followers of Charles Stuart to toast the man they considered their true king, while, seemingly, they were drinking a toast to the Hanoverian monarch in London. It was their custom, when they drank the toast 'The King' to j stand with the left foot on the chair, right foot on the table, raise their glasses high, clink them together over bowls of water placed on the table. Thus symbolically they drank the health of the king over the water, in France.

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"SOMEWHERE IN THE HE-

rald I read about the word 'antimacassar' and its meaning. This always interested me because the most famous macassar oil was a brand named Rowland's. Chairs were not the only things which needed protection against oily hair. Soldiers' tunics also suffered from the combination of rubbing caused by the bullet which was put into the end of the pigtail to hold it down and the oil which ran down the hair and caused a greasy spot near the back of the collar. To deal with these difficulties a bunch of black ribbon known as the 'flash' was inserted under the collar-band at the back and left to hang down. It seems that all British regiments wore this 'flash' at one time, but it became unnecessary when soldiers were instructed to have their hair cut in the modern manner and forbidden to wear beards (Only sailors may wear beards). The order was carried out generally, but one regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, was in India at the time and did not receive the instruction. When they arrived in London after several years had elapsed, these long-haired and bearded soldiers looked peculiar in the light of the new fashion. As they marched through the streets the populace laughed at them. The returning heroes of the mutiny were very angry, but they were comforted when it was decreed that ever after they might wear the 'flash' as a special mark of distinction."

A LITTLE OVER TWO years ago Neville Chamberlain enjoyed the applause of the world and the satisfaction of having been instrumental in warding off the menace of a war which he, like all other normal human beings, dreaded and hated. It is no exaggeration to say that for the time being he was the most popular man in the world. Berlin gave a demonstration in his honor such as it has never given spontaneously to Hitler, for the German people wanted peace. The British people welcomed him home with extravagant expressions of joy. All over the United States men and women who had held their breath in anticipation of dread news from across the Atlantic sighed with relief when news was flashed through the air that the pact of Munich had been signed. The terms of the pact were distasteful, but it was hoped and believed that in the breathing space afforded solid footing might be found and "peace in our time" would be made a reality.

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WITHIN A YEAR Chamberlain was forced to lead his people into the war which he hoped had been averted. Hitler, who had signed the pact with protestations of amity and good faith, tore it to pieces and scattered the fragments to the winds. Still unprepared, Britain girded herself for a struggle of months or years, for suffering and sacrifice which might end in annihilation. There was no choice. She must carry on. Chamberlain was given a subordinate place in the government of which he had been the head.

Now, old, broken, he passes from the scene. And it is one of the tragedies of human temperament that many of those who once cheered most loudly for Chamberlain as the savior of the world have heaped denunciations on him and sneered at the "old man with the broken umbrella."

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CHAMBERLAIN HAS shown that he lacked some of the qualities of great leadership. But he was charged with the task of leading a people stubbornly unwilling to see the road that must be followed and to fit themselves for the journey. The British people slept, and it required a mightier voice than Chamberlain's to awaken them. Nor were they alone in their slumber. The people of the United States had before them the same facts, and, like the British, they refused to recognize them. They said "Prophesy unto us smooth things," and the prophets and medicine men and miracle workers wove their spells and pronounced their incantations, and we dreamed pleasant dreams — until the thunder of cannon and the bursting of bombs shocked us into consciousness.

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CHAMBERLAIN'S FATE IS tragic and pathetic. He is a brave man, an honest man, a lover of peace, a man who, though head of the world's greatest empire, forgot all considerations of personal dignity and did not hesitate to abase himself in order that he might achieve peace and security for hundreds of millions. He has committed errors of judgment which have had disastrous results. But to those of us who once applauded but have since scorned him, the ancient challenge may well be given: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

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I HAVE ENJOYED READING

the little book "Mrs. Miniver," by Jan Struthers. Mrs. Miniver, as her picture is drawn by the author, is the wife of an English architect, a woman of wit and wisdom, who has a lively interest in all the people and things around her, and who can find grace, or grandeur, or humor in the most commonplace things of life. I am not undertaking now to review the book, but merely to maintain one hit in it that I consider a gem.

* # * **WITH HER HUSBAND AND**

children Mrs. Miniver visited Scotland, driving over a road which they had often traveled before, Mrs. Miniver doing part of the driving herself, after a stop at a familiar roadside spot she took the wheel, and here the author says:

"In the convex driving-mirror she could see, dwindling rapidly, the patch of road where they had stood; and she wondered why it had never occurred to her before that you cannot successfully navigate the future unless you keep always framed beside it a small clear image of the past."

I should say that Mrs. Miniver would be a stimulating person to know.

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I HOPE THE THROWING

of missiles at political candidates is not to become a habit. I hope also that sporadic instances of the practice are not to be made a major political issue. The bombardment of the Willkie parade in Pontiac with miscellaneous objects has been very properly denounced by Roosevelt, Willkie has asked clemency for the boys who threw eggs, the feeble-minded young woman who threw stuff from a window has lost her job and is being held on an assault charge, the boys who threw eggs are to be well whipped by their parents, which is perfectly proper and may do other boys some good. So let's forget it.

HAVE YOU FIXED THE date of that meeting yet? Are you sure that the date which you have selected does not conflict with some other meeting in which you or some of your people are interested? A little attention to those matters may save you a lot of trouble. Often the same people belong to several organizations, all of which have regular meetings through the season. In such cases it is important that the season's schedule are arranged so that there will be no conflict. Dates for occasional meetings must be selected. Sometimes, after the date for such a meeting has been fixed, a great speaker from out of town engaged, perhaps, and notices have been sent out, the date chosen is also that of another important meeting which every member of the group will wish to attend. Either the arrangements committee must change its date, which is often fatal, or run the chance of having almost nobody present.

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THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH dates to go around so as to avoid having two meetings occur at the same time. Not all our twenty thousand people attend the same meetings. Some of them stay at home part of the time. And the fact that several meetings are held at the same time does not necessarily involve conflict. But sometimes there is conflict, and it may be serious. Much of it could be avoided if all having charge of meetings would use the facilities of the Chamber of Commerce. In the secretarial offices of the chamber is kept a file of prospective meetings and other events which is as nearly complete as is possible on the basis of information available. To consult that file in the search for open dates is the work of but a few minutes, and in that way much confusion may be avoided. If all who have charge of season's schedules or special meetings of any kind would make it a point to file their dates with the Chamber of Commerce secretary and to examine the list before arranging for meetings we should operate much more smoothly. * * *

REFUGEE CHILDREN arriving in New York the other day were greatly interested in what they saw in the American city. Quizzed concerning their reactions they spoke freely and politely about many things that they found novel and interesting. Among other things, they found American foods "queer," especially soft-boiled eggs. One little girl, being given a soft-boiled egg broken in a cup, was puzzled. Eggs, she had supposed, were made to be eaten from the shell, and she didn't quite know what to do with hers served in that unusual way. She solved the problem by making a sandwich of it.

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IN MERRIFIELD HALL THE

other day, while the first game of the world series was on, a youth in a great hurry paused at the door of one of the offices, called in "I cant come in just now, Prof. The bases are full," and hurried on to the nearest radio.

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MAYOR LAGUARDIA OF

New York is carrying a crusade against the circulation of obscene publications. As a committing magistrate he sat on a case brought against the president of a large magazine distributing corporation for distributing a particular magazine and committed the defendant for trial. The defendant admitted that his company had distributed the magazine, but said that he had known nothing about it and maintained that he could not be held personally responsible. The mayor thought differently. Don't they do something to the publishers of that stuff?

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IF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI love each other as they profess to do, and have everything sewed up as they say they have, why do they hold so many conferences and make so much fuss over it. Why don't they go ahead and clean up? Methinks the dictators do protest too much.

MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-traveler Locklin, who interprets baseball, football and other sports for Herald readers, has been searching the files of the paper for a record of a score-less 25-inning game of baseball between Grand Forks and Fargo teams ever so many years ago. And he searched in vain. He couldn't find a word about it. One trouble was that his informant, whether Charlie Garvin, Tom Griffith or somebody else, started him off with a wrong date 1889, as he had been informed, but in 1891. And if Lock had read this column through the years as attentively as he should have done, he would have remembered that I wrote a story of that game more than ten years ago.

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I HAD HEARD VAGUE RUMORS of such a game being played, but did not know when or where. There was brought to my attention a clipping from the Baseball World which read

In a game at Grand Forks against Fargo, a world record was set on July 18, 1891, when neither team scored a run during 25 innings of play. That date was before the beginning of my newspaper work, but I took it that there must be a record of such a game in the Herald files, and to them I went. The date given was correct, and the story of the game, as it appeared in the paper, read as follows:

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"THE GAME STARTED OFF in a manner promising nothing unusual. The pitchers, Gibbs and Raymer, having good control of the ball and the batters being in fairly good form. At the close of the seventh inning no tallies had been made, and the spectators smiled and said "pretty good game." At the close of the ninth the smile was a little nearer a grin and the murmurs of approbation a little more audible. When the fifteenth inning closed without any change the spectators hardly knew what to make of it and the enthusiasm began to find vent. When no runs had been made in the twentieth, the excitement was at fever heat, and when time was called at the end of the twenty-fifth without a run having been scored the spectators knew that a record had been smashed.

"IT WAS A REMARKABLE game, full of phenomenal plays. Watson was playing second and accepted nineteen chances without an error. McDonald, playing third base for Fargo, accepted fourteen chances, playing an errorless game. Hearn accepted sixteen out of seventeen chances. There were no less than eleven double plays; each pitcher had eighteen strikeouts; and twenty-five men were left on bases. The game lasted nearly four hours."

THAT IS THE STORY AS IT appeared in the Herald, and which I reproduced in this column in February, 1930. I commented further on the fact that the headline gave the time of the game as three hours and 50 minutes, and that no lineup was given. However, as Fargo had been playing a series of games at Grand Forks, I found the lineup for the preceding day which was:

Grand Forks—Irysh 3b, Lycan 2b, Gibbs p, Hill ss, Cardno c, Watson 1b, Turner 1f, Knudson rf, Eyre cf.
Fargo—Banning ss, Hearn 2b, McDonald 3b, Adams c, Raymer p, Cannon 1b, Keye 1f, Karper rf, McLaughlin cf.

IN THE ORIGINAL STORY of the game there was no mention of where it had been played. Fargo had been playing in Grand Forks, and I assumed that this had been a Grand Forks game. The Baseball World had the same idea. But a few days after my column article appeared, W. H. McNeil, veteran catcher of many Grand Forks teams, told me that the game had been played at Devils Lake. Upon further search of the files I found an obscure paragraph, published several days earlier, giving the probable lineup of the two teams for games presently to be played at Devils Lake. So, Devils Lake it was.

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IN THE ACCOUNT OF THE Devils Lake game no mention is made of the umpires, but in an account of one of the other games it is said frankly that both umpires were equally bad, but that they distributed their favors impartially. Presumably the teams were equally dissatisfied. Evidence that baseball was not considered strictly a ladies' game is found in the statement that several of the "fair sex" graced one of the games by their presence.

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IN SPECULATING ON WHO might have written the Herald's baseball stories in those days I guessed that it might have been George H. Broadhurst, who at that time, in addition to being manager of the Metropolitan Opera house, was city editor of the Herald. That meant that he wrote everything that appeared in the paper except the editorials, which were written by Mr. Winship himself. So we may safely credit one of the outstanding figures in the American theater with an interesting example of baseball reporting.

SOME TIME AGO I WROTE of a plum tree that Tom Harig had grown from a peach pit, and I could see no way to account for what appeared to be a freak. O. T. Bekkerus thinks he understands how the thing happened. Mr. Bekkerus worked for years in fruit orchards in California, and is familiar with the grafting of plants as practiced there. All of California's commercial peaches, he says, are grown on grafted trees. A peach scion is grafted onto the root of a small yellow plum. This has been found to result in a plant which bears much more heavily than if the peach tree were grown on its own root system. Then, says Mr. Bekkerus, if the seed from a peach so grown is planted, the resultant tree will produce plums instead of peaches.

* * *

THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF grafting is a mystery to me, though I have seen it done many times, and in my youth I helped to do it. I still fail to understand how or why, though the fruit is a perfect peach, its seed should produce plums. On that point I am willing to accept the word of those who know more about it than I do.

NURSERY ROSES OF THE

most tender varieties are grafted—or budded, on the roots of more rugged plants. Often if the root: are planted too near the surface

of the ground they will send up! shoots from points below the graft. Those will be offshoots from the original root-plant, and usually will be worthless. That, however, is quite different from the production of a plum from a peach pit.

* * #

IN OUR ORCHARD BACK

east was a young apple tree which, though vigorous, bore inferior fruit. It was trimmed back to its three main branches, and, as a stunt, each was grafted with a scion from a different kind of apple. The result was that on one branch that tree bore red apples, on another green, and on the third yellow.

* * *

I HAVE BEFORE ME A COPY

of Cramer's United States Spelling book, which Fred L. Goodman resurrected from a collection of old books and documents. The book is 101 years old, having been published in 1839, and, although it has been restitched and partly rebound, its interior is as good as ever. The title page describes the book as "an easy standard for spelling, reading and pronouncing the English language according to the rules established by John Walter in his Critical and Pronouncing dictionary." That dictionary, says the preface, was "generally acknowledged to be the best in the English language."

* * *

PROBABLY IT WAS, AT

that time. Its author, was an English actor who achieved considerable prominence on the stage in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who was also an accomplished student of languages and a lexicographer. He died in 1807, leaving as his monument the dictionary which for many years was the standard in its field both in England and in the United States. When Goodman's spellingbook was published Noah Webster was just putting the finishing touches on the dictionary which made his name immortal. Both dictionaries have passed through many editions, and in Webster's modern Unabridged, Walker's is given as authority for certain optional pronunciations.

* * *

THE ARRANGEMENT OF

words in the book is quite similar to that used in modern books of its kind. There are also brief reading lessons, beginning with the most simple ones, and continuing through various stages of difficulty. A feature common to textbooks of its time is the inclusion of scriptural passages, moral maxims and stories intended to give the right direction to youthful minds.

* *

INNUMERABLE WISE SAY-

ings have been attributed to Benjamin Franklin. Without doubt he wrote many of those credited to him. Probably others are modern inventions to which the name of Franklin became attached, just as thousands of stories of which Lincoln never heard have been attributed to him. While Franklin had been dead half a century or so when the Cramer spelling book was published the inclusion of several of his maxims in it indicates that at that time Franklin had become one of the traditions. Probably many who have read his writings have felt toward them as another reader felt toward Shakespeare's works, admiring them because "they contained so many quotations."

A FRIEND CALLED ME TO make a suggestion as to what might be done with the old swimming pool in Riverside park. Instead of filling it up with earth excavated from the new pool she suggests that it be filled with water instead and made a permanent water garden. The idea seems to have attractive possibilities. The natural setting is beautiful, and a pool full of water lilies and stocked with goldfish would be something worth seeing. The borders of the pool could be landscaped and adorned with flowering plants, making it a thing of beauty. The whole thing need not cost much as the space is already provided for and pipes to supply water are already installed. Cost of maintenance, it seems, would be slight. I don't know if this has ever been given consideration by the park board, but I am passing on the suggestion as it came to me; for it seems worth investigating.

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AMONG THE HAZARDS EX

perienced in connection with the bombing of London is that of injury from splintered glass, either flying after an explosion or lying on the street where its edges will cut and its sharp points will pierce. Someone suggests that as a safeguard store fronts should be made of shatter-proof glass, of which there are several kinds on the market. The idea may have some merit, but if the building is going to be blown down, what difference does it make about the glass?

* * #

BRYANT WROTE OF AUT-

umn, "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." There is an element of sadness about the passing of summer, when the leaves fall, and bare branches, instead of green foliage greet the eye; when flowers, once brilliant, wither and turn brown; when the hands that have tended growing plants must now tear them up and cast them out to be destroyed.

* * *

ON THE OTHER HAND,

there is a richness and mellowness about a clear, warm autumn day which can scarcely be matched for beauty by any other period in the year. And, while the growing things that have given form and color to the garden must now be removed and the soil be exposed, brown and drab, the work that must be done is not of the funeral type but rather a step in the work of preparation for another season. Even before the withered zinnias have been rooted up, and while the petunias are glorifying themselves with a final burst of color, one tries to picture the garden as it will be next year.

* * * \

CHANGES MUST BE MADE. This year things were not quite in their right places. Some low flowering plants were hidden by taller ones. Some were not given quite enough room. Would it be better to have the snapdragons here and the nasturtium there? The glads grew well, but the blooms were not satisfactory. Memo: Find out about methods of sterilizing. That vacant ground from which peonies were removed because of too much shade must be filled—with what? That must be studied.

* *

IT WILL BE A LONG TIME

before the new seed catalogues arrive, but for some purposes the old ones are as good as any. The new ones will bring announcements of specialties, many of which are valuable, but all of them contain lists of standard annuals and perennials which are desirable for borders, for backgrounds, for mass effects and for cutting. How to select from these the items which will best fit themselves into a small space, make the best color combinations, bloom longest and most generously and best meet the requirements of a growing season that is all too short—these are problems that present themselves now as the season is drawing to a close, and which will provide material for fascinating study through the winter. Then, when another season is at its height, and one surveys the results of the labor of his hands and the exercise of his ingenuity, he will find that several things would have been better if they had been done differently. A garden is never quite finished, and never quite right. That helps to make it interesting.

THE ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA, American-News carries a picture of a four-story brick hospital building standing well out in the middle of the street and turned kitty-corner. There has been no tornado at Aberdeen, nor has the building been shifted from its site by a bomb or anything of that sort. It is merely being moved to another location. Frame buildings of moderate size are often moved, and a few years ago a grain elevator was moved from Schurmeier to Hatton, a distance of 50 miles or so. But while brick buildings are sometimes moved, the removal of one such as the Aberdeen hospital is a rarity in this part of the country.

THE HOSPITAL IS BEING moved 1 1/2 blocks, about three quarters of a mile, and because of street widths, wires and other complications, it is necessary to move it on a roundabout course involving two or three partial turnings. Someone has said that he would undertake to move the Great Pyramid to any desired location if it were considered worth 'while, and Archimedes said that if he had a lever long enough, and good footing, he could move the world. The movers of the Aberdeen hospital have no such task, but they have tackled quite a job.

*

THE COMMERCIAL WEST, like many other papers, publishes column paragraphs taken from its issues of 25 years ago. One of those resurrected paragraphs reads:

U. S. navy department officials are enthusiastic over experiments just conducted in transcontinental wireless telephone communication for the first time. The human voice was successfully transmitted last week from the navy's Arlington wireless plant to the Mare Island, California naval station. 'The transmission of audible speech to Europe by wireless can be taken as an assured fact say officials.'

Seventy years ago telephonic communication of any kind was a novelty, generally regarded as little more than a toy. Twenty-five years ago wireless telephone had just come into being. Today it spans the world as one of the ordinary means of communication. In relation to many human activities time flies; but in respect to the achievements of science, time seems to stand still.

THE STORY OF THE EAST
Grand Forks crow that wandered from its home has reminded George Clark of Rolla of another crow, about which he tells the following story:

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"ABOUT THE YEAR 1890 I
was living in Ontario, Canada,
and a boy from Fergus used to tell me of the wonders of Potter's crow, how it would accompany the boys to the country and to the woods, and it could talk! I encouraged the boy in his stories, but, like a good Scot, I had my 'doots/ I knew that sailors brought home parrots and that some of them could talk, but a common black crow—nit! You see, I had not met Potter's black crow nor read about Edgar Allan Poe's croaking 'bird of ill omen.'

ONE MORNING WHILE
walking toward Fergus, probably to attend church, I was surprised to hear someone passing remarks apparently by the roadside. I looked, but could see no one, but there was a crow sitting on the rail fence. At once it came to me that the Potter boys and the crow were out to have some fun with me. I reasoned that if I could find the woodpile I would find the 'nigger,'—the boys. I glanced quietly over the surroundings and saw there was no one hiding. I approached the crow. He took a hop or two away from me, cocked his head to one side and made some remark. I wish I could recall what they were. I followed him to make sure, and he talked some more, but, like a certain man's dream, 'the thing has gone from me.' But his voice was strong, smooth and clear, as natural as a person's voice would be. I was so amazed I walked away without a word. I had met Potter's crow."

NOBODY THAT I KNOW OF has discovered the perfect solution for the parking problem. Perhaps the nearest approach to the right solution is the use of parking meters. Having had no experience with meters I wouldn't know about that. In some places the meter plan seems to work well, while other communities are not enthusiastic about it. But the search for perfection is often tinctured with the desire to try something new before examining carefully the possibilities of what we have. Personally I sympathize with the mailbag writer who suggests that it might be a good plan to try out real and continued enforcement of the present parking regulations before spending a lot of money on meters for which, in one way or other, the people of the city and their out-of-town customers must pay. Several years ago it cost me a dollar to park overtime in the wrong place. Since then, when in doubt about where and how long to park I think about that dollar and watch my step. If we had the ordinance enforced now, either there would be less all-day parking down town or dollars would roll into the treasury so fast that it would take two men to pick them up.

* * *

A LITTLE WHILE AGO WE turned fifty old destroyers over to Great Britain because they were "not needed for national defense." The other day at Manila we held up a shipment of planes destined for Thailand (Siam) and cancelled the export licenses because the planes are needed for national defense. The fact is that the destroyers were needed for national defense, and are now being used for that purpose in the way most effective under the circumstances, namely as auxiliaries to the British fleet. The planes were held up because we didn't want them to pass into Japanese control by way of Thailand. All of which is entirely proper, except for the high-handed manner in which the president dealt with the destroyer incident. There is a lot of camouflage over such matters. I rather like the practice of Secretary Stimson, who, when he thinks it unwise to give out exact information, merely remarks "No comment," and lets it go at that.

* * *

SPEAKING OF STIMSON—

he is the man who, as secretary of state in the Hoover administration, served notice on Japan that the United States would not recognize Japan's forcible annexation of Manchuria. And the American government has stood by that policy ever since. The unfortunate thing was that Great Britain did not back up Stimson in the Manchurian episode. Because it did not Mussolini summoned courage for his raid on Ethiopia. Then followed Hitler and Austria, then Czechoslovakia, then Poland, and then what we have now. One event led to another in regular sequence, as in the old nursery story that the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, and so on to the old woman and her pig.

* * #

THERE IS SOMETHING worth thinking about in John Hancock's comment on morale at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon the other day. Asked concerning conditions in the army and navy, he said that in both services morale is high, despite confusion which exists because of settled policy. The personnel, he said, is of fine quality and its spirit is excellent. But, he added gravely, there has been a slackening of morale on the part of the American people. Softening influences have been at work, he said, and they have impaired the spirit of independence. This condition Mr. Hancock does not consider necessarily permanent. He expressed faith in the essential soundness of the American people and felt confident that if put to a real test they would shake off the lethargy which has become apparent and be willing to perform whatever service and make whatever sacrifice the welfare of the nation demands, of them.

* * *

THIS IS THE PERIOD OF I the Jewish New Year, and wherever there are Jewish people they have been celebrating the solemn feast of Yom Kippur, whose ceremonials include confession of shortcomings and re-dedication to those ideals of thought and conduct of which the ancient Hebrew prophets were noble exponents. One impressive feature of this year's exercises was a broadcast address by Rabbi Israel, of Baltimore, one of the outstanding members of the Jewish priesthood. Solemnly and eloquently Rabbi Israel set forth the purpose of the annual ceremonial, called on his people everywhere to renew their allegiance to the lofty concepts proclaimed by the prophets, and to co-operate with men of good will, of whatever faith, in earnest effort to rid the world of sordidness and hatred. There was something inspiring in such an address, delivered by the representative of a great people who, more than any other, have suffered from hate and bigotry, an address without rancor, but marked by the spirit of hope and consecration.

LAWYERS, IT SEEMS, ASK advice of each other sometimes. That happened in Grand Forks the other day. A local attorney *who* also lectures at the University law school received a telephone call from another lawyer, a friend of his. "I suppose," said the caller, "that you try to make those callow fledglings -out at the University think you know all the law there is. Now tell me what you would do with a case like this." Then he outlined a case that was full of sharp corners and hidden pitfalls. "Why," said his friend, "I don't think I ever came across a case just like that, but offhand I should guess ——" "Guess be damned!" came over the wire. "If I wanted any guessing done I could do it myself!" And bang went the receiver.

* • # *

A NEW DEALER AND AN anti-New Dealer were arguing about preparedness and the lack of it. "I tell you," said the anti, "We'll never have the army properly fitted up as long as Roosevelt's in the White House. A president ought to put men in charge of things who know what to do, and tell 'em to go ahead and do it. Why, they can't even buy a package of carpet tacks without a personal order from Roosevelt." "Well, what of it?" demanded the New Dealer. "What do they want with carpet tacks in the army anyway?"

* * *

WE WHO HAVE NOT BEEN bombed can't know much about it. Press dispatches usually deal with events in the mass. We read of such and such buildings being shattered and so many persons killed and wounded, and we think of totals rather than of what such experiences mean to individuals. But here and there in this country are those who have relatives or friends across the seas, and who receive from those friends letters which give those experiences real meaning in terms of personal reactions. Reference has been made here to letters received by H. C. Rowland from relatives in England and Wales. Two such letters have recently been received, one from a sister in London, the other from a brother-in-law in north Wales. In each there is evidence of courage and determination to see the thing through. The sister writes in part:

"I ARRIVED HERE FROM

Birmingham three weeks ago. We had some very bad air raids there. I came into the thick of it here. I had had practically no rest for more than three weeks before I came away and I was late going to bed the night before. Just after 2 A. M. Saturday morning the guns woke me. I got up and went to the shelter and was there until after 6 A. M. Had just arrived at Paddington and was having a cup of tea with a friend at the Great Western R. R. Hotel when another air raid warning came. As I say it was Adolf's welcome on my return. And so it has gone on from early morning until 5:30 A. M. the following morning.

"THEY HAVE AN 'ANDERSON' shelter here in the garden, but we don't use it (at least I never will). We go to the basement. I have my room on the ground floor and remain there unless it gets too much for one to stand. Since Wednesday our anti-aircraft guns have been using new methods. Although the noise is simply terrible one feels much more happy. To hear those German planes, which are much heavier than ours, chug-chugging over one's head and then the A. A. guns, one could swear that the guns were in the garden. Of course, it is all very nerve wracking and when one gets night after night, it really gets one down. I am not afraid, Hywel. It is loss of sleep that gets one down.

* * #

"I HAVE A BAG READY

packed in case a time bomb is dropped near. In that case the police insist on your leaving within five minutes. I always have my slacks, warm pullover and fur coat at hand. I feel like the old fireman or a quick change artist. We retire at 9 P. M. I have a fairly late meal as this continual getting up makes one feel very hungry. We are all changing our mode of living. Ah, well, we all try to keep as cheerful as we can.

* * *

"I LIVE WITHIN FIVE MINutes walk of Regents Park. Had to go into the West End Monday. All the shops in Baker St. with no windows. Madame Taussaud's —this is a famous waxworks and picture house — only framework left! I am so glad that our dear brave men have hit back in earnest. No use in using the velvet glove with the Nazis.

"HAVE JUST HAD YOUR LETTER forwarded from Birmingham. Please thank all Americans that you know for all their kind sympathy in the great struggle for freedom, and final victory will surely be ours. Let us hope and pray it will come soon. This last week has made us Britishers more determined than ever to suffer any sacrifice to conquer and to bring Hitler and his gangster friends to their knees."

THE BROTHER IN WALES writes in part: "Our people are facing up to their troubles splendidly and their courage and determination grows sterner with each attack. We have simply got to see it through. We are all of one mind on that, and though, so far, we in these parts have only sampled trouble at a distance, I am confident that we will stand up to it just the same as others. Jerry comes over at night (sometimes we hear him in the daytime) and drops a few here and there and we hear the thuds, but, from the gunfire and flashes over Deeside, the Wirral (i.e. near Chester and Birkenhead) and Liverpool, they seem to be going through it at times. I

"WELL, THAT IS ALL THERE

is to it. Our airmen, seamen and civil defense people are wonderful and we are filled with admiration.

"I am sure you sometimes hear of all sort of rumors, of our lack of food, light and heat, but none of this is true. We are rationed so everyone gets his share, and our table is just simple fare, but we have plenty to count on. If true taxation is high, ordinary-business trampled upon.

"The country is one big camp and Jerry would have a warm reception if he attempted any of his silly invasion tricks. Hitler is just a silly fool and certainly a damned nuisance, but if he thinks he is going to get us down he is making the biggest mistake of his life, and from all the signs is losing his balance. We happened to listen in the other evening am "

heard his "winter relief" speech. He was almost hysterical, and after making all allowances for bias on our part, it seemed to be the speech of a man who had lost his way completely."

A. B. COBB, OF GRAFTON, would like to find the text of an article, whether in prose or verse form he does not say, which he remembers as a reading lesson of 50 or 60 years ago. It was entitled "What is life?" and gives the answers of several persons to whom that question was addressed. The soldier replies that life is duty; the bell that it is pleasure, and so on through quite a list. I do not recall the selection, but I shall be glad to hear from any reader who knows where it can be found.

A LONG SINGAPORE way from Grand Forks, and a Singapore newspaper is a rarity here. I have just received a copy of the Straits Times, of Singapore, Malaya's leading newspaper, which a line in the title says has been published "nearly a century." The paper is published in English, and it followed what has been the prevalent English custom of devoting its entire front page to display advertisements. Its principal telegraphic news is displayed, with prominent headlines on the back page.

A PERSONAL ITEM OF INTEREST to many Grand Forks readers records the arrival in Singapore of Miss Elizabeth Burnham, who has for several years been secretary of the Grand Forks Y. W. C. A., en route to Istanbul (Constantinople) to take up work as general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in that Turkish city.

MISS BURNHAM LEFT FOR Istanbul by way of San Francisco and the Orient, the shorter journey by way of the Mediterranean being blocked by the war. She made brief stops at Manila and Singapore, and by this time she will have crossed the Indian ocean. Her intended route was through the Persian gulf, thence overland through Turkey to Istanbul. Accompanying her is another Association worker bound for Syria. What effect new developments in the Near East may have on their movements cannot be known at this time.

SINGAPORE IS AN IMPORTANT place just now. For many years it has been Britain's principal naval station in the Orient, and in recent years its facilities have been greatly enlarged and new fortifications have been built. The alliance of Japan with the Axis powers brings the city to the front as the possible scene of great naval operations. The Singapore paper tells of the visit there of a group of American journalists and of the belief expressed by some of them that Singapore will be used also as a naval base for American war vessels.

AS IS NATURAL, THE CONTENTS of the paper are devoted largely to war news. Local people are busy with war work of many kinds. The cosmopolitan nature of the population is evidenced by the variety of names found in the columns of the paper. Many of those names may be identified as of British origin, but there are also represented in the advertisements and in the news names that are evidently Dutch, and others which may belong to China, India or any of the smaller states which are grouped in the southeast corner of Asia.

A WAR FUND IS BEING COLLECTED at Singapore, and contributions to it are recorded in the paper. Heading the list in the paper received is a contribution of \$10,000 by Messrs Aw Boon Haw and Ad Boon Par, who are said to have made many large contributions through the years for philanthropic purposes. A substantial contribution was made by G. P. Hughes and Kho Sin Kie as 50 per cent of the proceeds of exhibition tennis games. Wing Loong has a snappy clothing advertisement, and Lim Boon Teck had just been discharged from bankruptcy. That is a corner of the world where many races meet, and in the main they seem to get along quite well together.

A CORRESPONDENT REcalls that before the draft in the former World war there was discussion of methods of simplifying the drawing of numbers for the draft. For the coming drawing the following method is suggested:

Let the numbers from 1 to 100 be drawn, no more, no less. Then each draft number take its place in the sequence according to the position of its last two digits in the drawing of the numbers 1 to 100. For example let us say that 17 is the first number drawn. Then the number 17 and all numbers ending in 17, no matter how large, are thereby drawn. It is suggested further that in the case of the numbers 1 to have the numbers listed as 1 or 01, 2 or 02, etc.

I suppose the authorities have a plan for drawing already worked out. Whether or not it is a repetition of the plan formerly used I do not know.

* * *
THOSE WHO HEARD DR. Gustave Egloff in the informative addresses which he gave before several groups in Grand Forks last winter noted his clarity of thought and felicity of expression. Dr. Egloff, recognized as one of the world's greatest authorities in petroleum research, has just been awarded the Octave Chanute medal which is awarded each year for the best paper on mechanical engineering read before the Western Society of Engineers. Dr. Egloff's paper was on "Motor Fuels of the Present and Future."

* *
IN A CHATTY LETTER from the University of Indiana at Bloomington, Phil E. Poppler encloses a clipping from the college paper, the Daily Student, giving the text of a fine tribute to the late A. H. Yoder, for many years a member of the faculty of the University of North Dakota. Professor Yoder was an alumnus of the University of Indiana, and, while a student there in 1892, he, with five other students established at the institution a chapter of Sigma Nu. His death is the first break in that group of six. All had planned to attend a reunion at the university on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their fraternity.

* * *
PHIL POPPLER HAS A scholarship at Indiana and is continuing his law course there. On the Indiana law faculty are three former North Dakota professors, Hugh Willis, Fowler V. Harper and Jerome Hall. Phil says that all are considered authorities in their respective fields.

* # #
MRS. FOLSOM, WHO TOOK up the cudgels in defense of English foods and cookery, does not accept Professor Rowland's explanation that the British Yeomen of the Guards the famous "Beefeaters" were so called because of the vigorous "buffeting" that they gave their enemies. She quotes the following from the Britannica:

"The nickname Beef Eaters, which is sometimes associated with the Yeomen of the Guard, had its origin in 1669 when Count Cosimo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was in England, and, writing of the size and stature of this magnificent Guard, said:

" They are great eaters of beef, of which a very large ration is given them daily at the court, and they might be called 'Beef Eaters.'"

* * *
LAST WEEK WAS MARKED by the deaths of three persons who for many years were conspicuous in public service and received a large share of public attention. They were Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Katherine Mayo and Ballington Booth. With Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador are associated the names of three men well known in North Dakota, Dr. J. G. Moore and Dr. Frank Hollett, both deceased, and Dr. S. F. Halfyard, now of Larimore. All of these men conducted missionary work in Labrador and Newfoundland and subsequently transferred their activities to North Dakota.

KATHERINE MAYO WILL best be remembered as the author of the book, "Mother India," around which fierce controversy ranged for many years. Its descriptions were resented by many persons eminent in the life of India. It was charged that it had raked the slums and presented the rakings as representative of Indian life. It is now generally conceded that many of its characterizations were extreme and exaggerated. The crusader is apt to exaggerate. But Katherine Mayo was successful in focusing attention on abuses which cried for reform, and largely because of her work reforms were inaugurated.

BALLINGTON BOOTH'S LIFE I was marked by the sadness of family tragedy. The associate and aide of his famous father, General William Booth, he was placed in charge of the American branch of the Salvation Army. His liberal tendencies were disapproved by his militant father, and in order to carry on the work of rehabilitation in the manner in which he thought it should be conducted, he headed a secession movement and established the Volunteers of America which became in some respects the parent institution's rival. The rift in family relations thus created was never quite healed.

VISITING GRAND FORKS while the controversy was at its height, Evangeline Booth, Ballington's sister, expressed privately her great sorrow over what she considered her brother's error, but she spoke without bitterness. Last week she attended the funeral of her brother in New York. The funeral exercises were marked by an unusual incident, when Mrs. Ballington Booth, without announcement and without previous arrangement, rose from her place among the mourners, went forward to the platform, and delivered a tribute to the memory of her husband. The incident is said to have been the first of its kind at any formal funeral exercises in the city of New York.

A DAY OR TWO AGO I MENTIONED a Singapore paper which followed the practice of using its front page exclusively for advertising. That is an old custom, long since abandoned by most American papers, but until recently followed by the principal papers in England. Gradually, however, the custom is being changed. Of several British papers recently examined none have more than one or two ads on the front page. The Edinburgh Scotsman carries no front page advertising at all.

THE WEEKLY SCOTSMAN,

a copy of which is on the desk, while of only eight pages, has pages of immense size. If its type were set in the same measure as the Herald's it would have nine columns as against the Herald's eight, and it is correspondingly longer. As the type is set in wide measure the paper has only seven columns to the page. * * *

EDINBURGH HAS AN ORGANIZATION of women known as "Universal Aunts." In Great Britain there are many soldiers from the countries which have been invaded by Germany, many of them unfamiliar with the language and customs of the country in which they have taken refuge, and from which they are prepared to carry on the fight. Thoughtful Edinburgh women have undertaken to make the lot of such men less bleak and dreary than it would have been otherwise. They have volunteered to invite expatriated

soldiers to their homes, look after their laundry, help them with shopping, provide interpreters for them, and arrange entertainment for them. That service will long be remembered by those to whom it is given.

* * *

CHAMBERLAIN'S UMBRELLA became more or less famous. It isn't the same old umbrella, for he has had several new ones, but it looks the same, and serves the same purpose. Winston Churchill carries a cane, and he never changes it. Not long ago it was missing, for a time there was a question as to what would become of the empire. However, the stick was found where it had slipped down behind the cushion of a car, and the empire was able to continue, at least for a time. Churchill's cane was given to him by Edward VII as a mark of esteem for the man who was then the youngest member of the cabinet.

* # *

I HAVE SEEN A DUPLICATE of a cane that was prized by King Edward VII himself. It was given to him as a souvenir of his visit to Brantford, Ontario, during his visit to Canada as prince of Wales along about the middle of the last century. The stick was a piece of hickory, carved by an Indian on the Six Nation reservation. Its handle was a circle, and attached to it by means of a chain of small links was a dog, crouched midway on the cane itself. It was all cut from one piece of timber, and the ornamental carving with which it was embellished was beautifully done.

* * *

THE CENSUS BUREAU HAS collected a vast quantity of information about the people of the United States, their number, age, color, occupation, incomes, and so forth. Among other things it has gathered information about the farms of the United States, their area, crop yields and equipment of all sorts. None of that information as to any individual may be made public, but the totals are used for a wide variety of statistical purposes. The bureau, for instance, may not reveal that John Jones owns a farm of so many acres, which is unincumbered, and that he has a bathroom, running water and electric lights. But it does assemble the details and classify them by districts, so that those interested may learn how many farms there are of certain areas, how many farm homes have running water, telephones, bathrooms, etc.

* *

THUS WE LEARN FROM THE bureau's compilations that the farmers of the United States have more telephones than bathrooms, and more bathrooms than electric lights. This may be a matter of opportunity rather than preference. The bureau has nothing to give out on that. Thirty-six per cent of all the farms, we are told, have telephones. Of the districts the north central group of states, which includes North Dakota, leads with 67 per cent, and Iowa tops the entire list with 87 per cent. The smallest percentage of farm telephones, in any large district is in the south Atlantic states, from Delaware to Florida, with 12.1 per cent. The smallest percentage of farm telephones in a single state is Louisiana, with 4.8 per cent.

* * *

MASSACHUSETTS LEADS with farm bathtubs, with 76 per cent, against 16.8 per cent. Arkansas is lowest with 2.5 per cent. In the entire country 15.2 per cent of the farms have electric lights. California leads with 64.7 per cent, and the south Atlantic area is lowest, with 3 per cent.

I HAVE JUST HAD A PLEASant visit with R. H. Tuttle, who left Grand Forks in 1885 and except for brief visits during the following few years, had not seen the city since until his a r r i v a l a few days ago. Mr. Tuttle was employed in the Great Northern offices as a telegraph operator, and later as dispatcher. He moved from here to the headquarters at Barnesville, and there served u n d e r Superint e n d e n t C. O. Jenks. From this territory he went to the Santa Fe, where he served as division superintendent until his retirement a few years ago. He now lives in Los Angeles. # # *

DURING HIS BRIEF VISIT here he looked over the city to see if he could discover any of the old landmarks, but he found few of them left. The ferry on which he had crossed the river is replaced by bridges. Even the old pontoon bridges, which preceded the present structures were installed after he left Grand Forks. The old Herald building, the Red River bank building and the Security building were all new to him. The Metropolitan opera house was built after he left and was transformed into the present recreation building before his return. He found one familiar building, the old Griggs hotel, now the Imperial, where he once boarded, and which has changed little in appearance since he lived there. During his time the Great Northern freight offices were about where the passenger station now stands, and the passenger station was where the freight offices have since been built. Until his arrival the other day Mr. Tuttle did not know that the Northern Pacific had entered Grand Forks.

*

OF HIS GRAND FORKS AS- sociates of former days Mr. Tuttle found not one. The late J. B. Wineman had been one of his intimate friends, and he was a frequent visitor at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Walsh, whose daughter became Mrs. Wineman. W. J. Murphy was then owner of the Grand Forks Plain-dealer, and the Herald was just getting on its feet under the ownership of George B. Winship. For some time Mr. Tuttle was stationed at Devils Lake, and on Sundays he often made the trip across the lake on the Minnie H, which was built and owned by Captain Heerman and was often navigated by his daughter, for whom the boat was named.

* * *

EVERYONE AGREES THAT the present season is unusual in the fact that vegetation has continued its growth until such a late date. Mrs. P. J. Peterson of McCanna writes that she picked raspberries from the bushes at her home on September 12, and also a week earlier, a quart each time. Roses are still blooming in Central park, and many of the annuals are still in full bloom. From my home window I can see masses of petunia blossoms, with neither blossoms nor foliage showing a sign of frost.

* * *

I HAVE A NOTE FROM A former old-timer, Frank S. Lycan, of Bemidji, who writes:

* # *

"YOU WILL HAVE TO DO

some more straightening out with our friend C. D. Locklin. I noticed in his "knothole" column in the Sunday Herald that he accuses me of being dead. I can prove that I'm alive and well, by such eminent and truthful authorities as John T. West with' whom I talked recently here at Bemidji, Phil McLaughlin, Ed Lander and other Grand Forks old timers at various times. :

* * *

"MR. LOCKLIN PROBABLY meant to say that my brother, Will, who lived in Crookston (died several years ago) participated in the 25-inning game— which is correct. I had the score of that game for a number of years in my possession but have mislaid it. The lineup as now published is substantially correct I think George Broadhurst originally wrote the article—I also; think Frank Kent kept the score.",

* * *

WITH MEMBERS OF HIS family Mr. Lycan operates the Hotel Markham in Bemidji and the Hotel Crookston in Crookston. I can vouch for the fact that he was living a few weeks ago, because I saw him., and he seemed likely to last for some time.

SO FAR AS I HAVE OBSERVED, there has been no demand this year for the official investigation or suppression of election polls. Four years ago it was different. Democrats in c o n g r e s s and out of congress were convinced that the whole business of straw voting was iniquitous and ought to be stopped. The Literary Digest poll indicated that Landon would be elected. Democrats were wroth. They maintained that maintenance of such a poll was a corrupt practice intended to create a false impression and influence the band-wagon vote. Therefore the law should step in and take stern measures against such unethical and illegal practices. This year the Gallup poll, whose results are published regularly in the Herald, indicates the probability of Roosevelt's election, and not a word of protest comes from those who four years ago were clamoring for the suppression of all such polls. As in many other cases, it makes a difference whose ox is gored or on whose foot the shoe is put.

* * *

WHAT EFFECT HAVE SUCH sample votes on the election? The Digest poll, which indicated Landon's election, proved to be about the worst guess that it was possible to make. There has never been shown any valid reason to believe that the poll was not honestly and impartially conducted. Its results were widely published. If such a poll tends to influence the popular vote in the direction of its own indications, why was Landon given such an unmerciful beating?

DR. GALLUP IS CAREFUL

not to claim infallibility for his polls. No system of sampling can be absolutely accurate. And there are always many voters who do not make their decisions until immediately before election. Usually their number is sufficient to swing the election either way. The Gallup poll is the best organized and most carefully conducted of any thus far undertaken, and in former years it has been surprisingly accurate. But when a poll shows percentages such as 52 and 48 for the respective parties or candidates, the margin that must be allowed for error leaves the issue in doubt.

I HAVE UNDERTAKEN NO

election poll, but, like many other persons, I sometimes guess. My guess this time is that the Gallup poll is approximately correct as to North Dakota in giving 57 per cent of the state's vote to Willkie. That seems reasonable. While there is a sharp conflict in the Republican party over the senatorship, both factions are giving vigorous support to Willkie. Many Republicans will vote for the re-election of Governor Moses, but I do not think that their support of Moses will materially alter their attitude toward the presidency.

MINNESOTA IS PLACED BY the Gallup poll in the Roosevelt column, with 54 per cent of the vote. In that instance my guess is that the poll is wrong, and that Willkie will carry the state. In Minnesota both the Democratic party and the Farmer-Labor party are pretty badly demoralized, and Governor Stassen's leadership has given the state's Republican party a cohesiveness which it has not had for many years. Therefore, in my private poll I am placing Minnesota in the Republican column. I hope I'm right.

* # *

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF the world there are indications I that Hitler is shifting his operations from the English channel to the Balkans and the Near East. All the observers seem to agree that B r i t i s h resistance has thwarted plans for invasion, and that any serious attempt in that direction must be postponed, at least until spring. Meanwhile, Britain is to be attacked by way of the eastern Mediterranean and the Suez canal. If such an attack should be successful it would drive the British out of the Mediterranean altogether and would have an important influence on the later campaign against Britain itself.

WILL STALIN FIGHT HITler now, or will he await a more; favorable opportunity? It seems pretty certain that the two will fight, now or later. I am hoping that Stalin will choose to fight now, for that would bring nearer the downfall of Hitler, which must be achieved. To me, Stalin is as objectionable as Hitler, but if for the achievement of his own devious purposes, he becomes instrumental in destroying Hitler, he will have my blessing — at least for the time being. Even a crooked stick will serve with which to beat a dog.

FRED BOUBSKY, OF LANGDON, writes that he has the poem "What Is Life?" for which A. E. Cobb, of Grafton, inquired a few days ago. Mr. B o u r s k y says that he studied the poem 60 years ago. Now, if he will forward a copy to Mr. Cobb, or to me, everybody will be h a p p w. In a l e t t e r f r o m Webster Mrs. D. E. Weaver writes:

"The frequent mention of the Welsh language and of W e l s h customs in your column is of special interest to me, as I am Welsh, and as a child I lived in a Welsh community in Wisconsin, where the daily conversation was about Welsh customs. I meet so few who speak the language here in our state that it is hard for me to converse when I do meet someone who can still talk it.

* * *

"I WAS INTERESTED IN

your recent article concerning the preservation of eggs in salt. I still think it is a very good way to preserve eggs, as they do not absorb any foreign taste. They do absorb some salt, but that is easily remedied by adding less salt in cooking them. Little or no difficulty will be found in removing the eggs from the salt if each egg is wiped with a cloth dipped in lard before placing the egg in the salt.

*' # #

I AM SURE MRS. WEAVER is right about the preserving quality of salt as applied to eggs, but my experience with that barrel of eggs teaches me that the salt should be bone dry when it is used, or that the barrel should be kept in a somewhat moist place, such as an earth cellar, otherwise it will bake until it is like a rock. That is what happened in the case of which I wrote.

* * *

EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER, of the Stanley Sun, has an original way of arranging for a political meeting and telling the people about it. This is how he told the readers of his paper about it last week:

* * #

"THIS AFTERNOON WE called Bill Langer up and reversed the charges. He said he had dough to pay for the call.

"The conversation went something like this:

"Say, Bill, the Republican bandwagon is going through here next Tuesday, October 8. They're going to frisk around the country in the daytime and will be back here at night. We want you up here to top off the show. Bring along your best voice and tell 'em what you think about that Guy Patterson. Don't talk about your enemies, you've got plenty of 'em, but this time give your friends a boost."

"To hell with you,'says Bill, 'I ain't chasin' off into Mountrail county talkin' to no Bolsheviks, Monday or Tuesday.'

"-To hell with you,' says we. 'We still think you stole \$19,000 from the Nonpartisan league without giving Bill Lemke a receipt

" Til be up there,'says Bill.

" You better be,'says we. And then we hung up on the gink.

"And Bill Langer will be here on Tuesday night to tell you why he should be elected to the senate.

"He probably talks too much because he has something to say."

* # #

THE ARTICLE IN THE HER-aid about Stump Lake and the

old Fort Totten trail which was published recently, with a picture of the old log house, has reminded Mrs. J. D. Hovey of some of her own pioneer experiences. With her husband she passed by Stump lake on November 1, 1882, when the water was up to the level of the present road. As they, passed over the hill they saw a small log house plastered with mud, and near it a man threshing wheat with a flail. He said) he would have it ground at Fort Totten.

* * #

HE SAID HE WAS FRENCH

and that his name was Francis Millough, but he became known as Frank Miller, and he became well Known to all the settlers of the vicinity. His wife, a squaw, could speak English and often served as interpreter for Major McLaughlin, Indian agent at Fort Totten. It was Miller's boys who built the house of which the picture was published in the 'Herald, and Mrs. Hovey says the white mortar used in chinking it was made with lime from the kiln at Wamduska, where the famous brick hotel was built.

* # *

BOTH WILD STRAWBER-ries and wild game were plentiful in those days. Near the log house described she and two friends picked a pailful and a big dishpan full of strawberries, which she says were "as big as my thumb."

* # #

"MRS. HOVEY,' SHE WRITES,

"did not own a gun, but he could throw a pitchfork into a flock of grouse and get two or three with broken legs and bring them in from the hayfield. It was no uncommon sight to see a half section white with geese, and when the hunters came they would give me all the game I could use for buttermilk. And how they would swig it down!"

IN THE "INFORMATION"

quiz in which Wendell Willkie appeared early in the season the question was asked "Why were the covered bridges covered?" Mr. Willkie's facetious guess was that they were built that way to provide places where lovers could do their courting screened from public observation. Undoubtedly they did serve that purpose, but though opinion on the subject is far from unanimous, the prevailing opinion among engineers seems to be that those old bridges were covered in order to protect them from the elements.

* *

THE BRIDGE OF WHICH I first became conscious crossed the Grand river just below Brantford, Ontario. A wooden bridge, built sometime in the 1850's, it carried fairly heavy traffic for some 75 years, until it was replaced by a steel structure just a few years ago. Like many of the old New England bridges, it was covered, but unlike them it had its driveway on the roof instead of on what might be called the ground floor. One bank of the river was high and precipitous, while the other was low and flat, and whoever designed the bridge thought it better to make its top level with the road on the high side than to elevate the entire structure far enough to bring its lower timbers to that level. The bridge was built of heavy trusses and both sides were boarded up, partly, I suppose, to protect the timbers from the weather, and partly, perhaps, to give the structure additional rigidity.

* # #

THE BOARDS WHICH COVERED the sides of that bridge were placed perpendicularly, which I suppose was the usual practice with covered bridges. That method of covering the walls of large structures such as barns was the prevailing one all over the east years ago, and it is still followed in some localities. Some of the older barns on farms between Pembina and Winnipeg are boarded up and down, whereas here we side our barns horizontally. All the old barns were framed with heavy timbers, and this probably governed the type of siding. So-called balloon framework has almost entirely displaced the heavy timbers framework.

* # *

REFERENCE TO BARN S brings to my mind different practices in naming common things. Here any building used for storage of grain and hay or to shelter stock, or both, is a barn. The word "stable" is seldom used. In my boyhood in the east it was different. A barn was a building used for storage of hay, grain and so forth. A building used for horses or cattle was a stable. The stable might be in the basement of the barn, or in an annex to it, but it remained a stable as distinct from the barn. The two terms were never confused. Nobody ever spoke of a "horse-barn" or a "cow-barn."

* * *

DURING THE FORMER World war a Captain Edwards, of the British army, delivered an address in Grand Forks on the subject of war conditions. He spoke of incidents which had occurred in France, and mentioned some of his men having been quartered in a "shippon." I'll bet I was the only person in the audience who knew that by "shippon" he meant "cow-stable." I hadn't heard the word since it was used by my Yorkshire grandfather a generation before.

* * #

IN EVERY PRESIDENTIAL election year, and sometimes in other years, reference is often made to the close election of 1916, after which Charles E. Hughes went to bed thinking that he had been elected president, but learned later that Wilson had carried California by a majority of less than 4,000, giving him the state's 13 electoral votes and the presidency.

*

BECAUSE OF THE DECISIVE character of the California vote not much attention has been given to a vote which, while not decisive in the same way, was much closer, that of Minnesota. It is rather interesting to note what might have happened if the votes of those two states had resulted differently. As a result of that election Wilson received 277 electoral votes and Hughes 254. If California's 13 votes had been cast for Hughes, Wilson would have had 264 electoral votes and Hughes 267. But if California had behaved in that manner Minnesota would have occupied the critical position. Minnesota has 12 votes in the electoral college. Her popular vote that year was 179,544 for Hughes and 179,152 for Wilson, giving Hughes a majority of 392. If California had been carried by Hughes the votes of 197 persons in Minnesota would have been the decisive factor in the election of a president of the United States.

THERE WAS DEMONSTRATED at New Jersey the other day in the presence of a large group of electrical engineers and other scientists a device for broadcasting electricity which is said to mark the greatest toward the goal of wireless electrical transmission which has long been sought by students of electrical phenomena. The method was developed at Stanford university about two years ago, and rights to its use were acquired by one of the large manufacturing companies which has been at work on plans to put the invention to practical use. In the demonstration lamps to which short aerials were attached were lighted by current passing through the air from a generator situated at some distance. In its present stage the the invention is expected to be useful in improving aircraft navigation, in simplifying certain telephone problems and in medical therapy.

* # #

MEN HAVE LONG DREAMED of sending power through the air somewhat after the manner in which radio waves are now transmitted. The possibility of transmitting infinitesimal units of energy in this manner has long been understood. The great problem has been to transmit energy in useful quantity without waste and to make it available at will to the many who wish to use it. That problem has not been solved.

* # *

IN RESPONSE TO MY RE-quest for a poem or article entitled "What is life?" for which A. E. Cobb of Grafton inquired, an anonymous correspondent submits the following:

* * *

WHAT IS LIFE.

Man comes into the world without his consent, and leaves it against his will.

During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings.

In his infancy he is an angel. In his boyhood he is a devil.

In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up.

In his duties he is a fool. If he raises a family he is a chump.

If he raises a check he is a thief, and the law raises hell with him.

If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager, and has no sense.

If he is rich he is dishonest, and considered smart.

If he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook.

If he is out of politics, you can't please him, and he is an "undesirable citizen"

If he goes to church he is a hypocrite, if he stays away he is a sinner

If he donates for foreign mission, he does it for show.

If he doesn't he is stingy and a tightwad

When he first came into the world, everybody wanted to kiss him.

Before he goes out they want to kick him.

If he dies young there was a great future before him.

If he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way, only living to save funeral expenses.

What is the use? Life is a funny proposition after all.

* * *

I THANK THE UNKNOWN

correspondent for his offering, but I feel quite sure that the lines which he submits are not those which Mr. Cobb had in mind. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Borusky of Langdon, who wrote that he had a copy, were familiar with it 50 or 60 years ago. The lines submitted are too modern for that. To the best of my knowledge, 50 years ago there were no "undesirable citizens," "chumps," or "tightwads." We had the same kind of people, but we called them by other names.

#

AT THE RECENT CONGRESS of Parents and Teachers in Atlantic City the study of both the languages and histories of foreign nations was urged as a means of broadening the student's understanding of the world in which he lives. That such study is useful and desirable is beyond question. In the matter of languages, however, the possibilities of the average student are limited. Only a very small proportion of our public school pupils acquire a speaking acquaintance with any foreign language, and a still smaller number learn more than one. And there is no probability that at any time in the near future more than a few of our young people will be able to speak and understand a language other than their own.

* * #

IT WAS IN RECOGNITION

of the inadequacy of any one national language to meet the requirements of international communication that there was invented the international language, Esperanto, of which demonstrations were given in Grand Forks not long ago. Esperanto is not, as some have supposed, a mere plaything, invented for the entertainment of otherwise unoccupied people. It is a practical means of communication which, in addition to the mother tongue, can be learned quickly and used readily by the peoples of any of the western nations. Its word forms are derived generally from those of the Latin and Germanic languages and its construction! has the maximum of simplicity,

MRS. PAUL NUSS, OF GRAND Forks, who has taken great interest in the language, has directed by attention to the fact that the Brazilian government has recently issued a copy of its national year book in Esperanto for distribution throughout the world. This was done as the best means of acquainting the world with the resources and activities of Brazil. Throughout the world there are many societies devoted to the study of Esperanto, and every international crisis, such as that through which the world is now passing, emphasizes the need I for some such means of communication.

I AM INDEBTED TO DR. Earl H. Crary, of Cando, for a copy of his book of verse entitled "From One Dentist to Another." I have already read and enjoyed several of the numbers, and I expect to enjoy the others. Dr. Crary says in his foreward that the verses included in the book were written at odd times, beginning with one written at the age of 12 because he had been too lazy to learn a poem from the regular course. Instead, he recited his ambitious lines on "Lincoln and the Pig," and got by. He disclaims any pretensions to poet ability and calls his offerings drymes. I am sure he had a lot of fun writing them, and enjoyment in reading them will not be restricted to the fellow-dentists to whom his work is addressed. From the collection I am choosing for publication here the following as a homely presentation of a bit of good advice:

* * *

GO TO CHURCH.

By Earl H. Crary.

Each Sunday morn, when you
arise, In prayer, thank God your vision
lies In higher things. And when you
hear The church bells ring so bright
and clear,

Put on your togs so grandly gay, And chirp, "I'm going to church today."

It doesn't matter where you go; They're all the same for all I
know, But in God's house you'll ever
find

The recipe for being kind. It's well to know, the Christian
life Will rest your weary soul from
strife.

I oft recall, when but a lad, I went to church with Mother
and Dad; Heard the preacher, helped them
sing, And through the years have tried
to cling

To high ideals learned in youth, To help me in my quest for
truth.

So, go to church whene'er you
can,

And you will be a better man By living in the Christian way. "He won't err much who learns
to pray,' Yes, take the path your parents
trod, And worship in the house of God.

* * #

THE SON OF A MAN WHO has reached a position of prominence in politics or business have a lot to live down. If the father is a business executive and the son goes to work for the company in any capacity, he is under the handicap of being "the boss's son," and any advancement given him is often attributed more to favoritism from above than to his own merit. If the father holds an important political position and the son gets a job, political or otherwise, that fact is pretty certain to be attributed to the father's influence.

* * * '

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, SON of the president, lived to a good old age and proved himself a capable man of business. But he never was able to rid himself of the feeling that whatever success he achieved was due to the great reputation of his father rather than to any ability of his own. President Garfield's two sons achieved reasonable success, one in public service and the other as an educator, but President Garfield was killed almost before he had become established in the office of president, and the stigma of paternal influence did not attach to the young men in any considerable measure. Benjamin Harrison's son Russell escaped the accusation of trading on his father's position by withdrawing from the Washington scene altogether. He built up for himself a successful law business in Montana and was strictly on his own.

* * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S sons were mere youngsters during their father's presidency. Undoubtedly much attention was given them later because of their father's fame, but they seem to have gone their own way quite independently. Franklin D. Roosevelt's sons are all grown men, and they must occupy places somewhere in this world of ours. For them life must be a continual treading on eggs, and everybody is watching for them to crash through.

MBS. ELLEN CARROLL, A Newfoundland lady, celebrated her 113th birthday the other day. As was entirely appropriate, she received congratulations from many distinguished persons, including King George and the president of the United States. There may be a political angle to Mr. Roosevelt's congratulations but I can't figure out just where it is. Of course we are going to have a naval station on Newfoundland, and that may have something to do with it. An exceedingly practical recognition of the birthday was that of the Newfoundland government, which presented Mrs. Carroll with \$113—a dollar for each year that she has lived. That strikes me as being a neat idea. Perhaps by the time I'm 113 years old our government will have adopted a similar practice. Let's see, eight from thirteen leaves—oh, well, it will be some time yet, and many things may happen.

UP IN THE BRONX, IN NEW

York City, there is an association of apiarists, whose 50 members, mostly well-to-do, keep bees as a hobby. Occasionally while swarming, the bees will take possession of a highway, and drivers give them a wide berth. At such times a local resident, Lloyd Jones, himself an apiarist, is called into service. Mr. Jones was formerly a railway accountant, but failing sight made it necessary for him to retire. Now almost totally blind, he keeps bees for his own amusement and for the revenue they bring. Familiar with their ways, he handles them skillfully and is able to gather up a swarm without scattering them. He has been stung so many times that he has become practically immune to the poison.

* * *

EVERY AUTOMOBILE DRIV-er knows that a bee on the highway is a dangerous animal. Innumerable accidents have been caused by bees entering passing cars through open windows. Even without stinging, the bee is likely to divert the driver's attention from the road, and in a moment the car is out of control. An excellent practice in such a case is to stop until the intruder is removed. That goes for grasshoppers, too.

* * *

UNLESS THE PRESIDENT

proclaims something to the contrary, Christmas will be along in a couple of months. In anticipation of that event the Toy Manufacturers of the United States are having an exhibition of their products in New York this week. The exhibits are representative of a total production valued at \$240,-000,000 in which some 100,000 new specimens are included. War or no war, election or no election, Santa Claus will be able to find something with which to fill his pack.

* # *

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED

under existing circumstances, national-defense preparations are reflected in increased numbers of miniature battleships, airplanes and anti-aircraft guns modeled after United States army and navy equipment. The manufacturers say that toys in this classification have grown increasingly popular, and now compose about 1 per cent of the total. More than 5,000,000 planes and sets, costing from 1 cent to \$30, will be on sale this year.

An all-American note will be evident in many of the toys. Such traditional favorites as paper hats, balls, balloons and box-kites will come this Christmas decorated in red, white and blue and decorated with such emblems as the eagle and the liberty bell. Children's games and books feature the American flag and 48 states.

Many ingenious novelties have been devised for this season. One is a whale that swims under water and spouts realistically. There is a miniature drug store with a soda fountain that really works, and a miniature bathroom where dolls can take real baths. A new Noah's Ark has the animals all on wheels so they can form a parade.

Dolls, of course, form a large part of the display. There is one with a magnetic hand that holds whatever is placed in it securely. Then there is one of a new composition, with skin that wrinkles just like a new baby's and that feels warm when it is caressed.

AIRMEN FROM AUSTRALIA and New Zealand and many volunteers from the United States are being trained in Canada for later service overseas. For air training Canada provides ideal conditions. The country is so far from the actual scene of combat as to be free from the hazards by which every training center in Great Britain is surrounded.

Secure in surroundings of peace the embryo pilots can carry on their work without fear of interruption. That is but one of the advantages. Greater, perhaps, is the variety of flying conditions which are met in Canada. The combat areas of Europe present no conditions of terrain or weather which are not found in Canada. There are the lofty mountains of British Columbia, the vast sweep of the prairies, the lakes and swamps of the northern territory and the endless variety of broken country of eastern Ontario and Quebec. Along the eastern coast are to be met such winds and fogs as are encountered in the English channel. The trainee, starting at the Pacific coast, and serving at one station after another, can reach the Atlantic with a background of experience such as should fit him for any natural conditions which he may meet in Europe. And the Canadian fliers who have gone abroad have given an excellent account of themselves. * * *

A MAN WHO HAD OBSERVED the habits of men with reference to the use of intoxicating liquor volunteered advice on the subject. "Never take a

drink," he said "when you feel that you need it." The idea was, of course, that when one has reached the stage at which he feels the need for liquor, he has already created a habit which he should break at once for his own safety.

* * *

THAT SEEMED TO ME FAIRLY sound advice, and I wonder if the same basic idea may not apply in our attitude toward public service. When we feel that a particular man in public service has become indispensable, isn't that sufficient warning that we had better let him go?

* * *

THE QUALITY OF INDISPENSABILITY is not one which attaches to the public servant himself. It is something which is developed in the character of the people who are served. When the people of a nation feel that the man who has served them in a high office is so necessary that their welfare depends on his retention, they have abandoned one of the elementary concepts of democracy and confessed themselves incapable of meeting the simplest requirements of self-government.

IN DEFENSE OF THE third-term movement someone has cited the constitutional practice of Great Britain, in which no limit is placed on the time that a premier may serve. From the standpoint of the third-termers the illustration is an unfortunate one. The British premier is not chosen for even four years. He serves during the pleasure of parliament, and he may be deposed at any time. And parliament is elected directly by the people. In the midst of a war in an emergency which could scarcely have been greater, Premier Chamberlain was removed and Winston Churchill was chosen to succeed him.

* * *

IF AT ANY TIME THE BRITISH parliament should refuse to follow Churchill on a major policy, Churchill would be deposed and another substituted for him. If the American constitutional practice had been similar to that of Great Britain, the United States would have had a new president in 1937 when President Roosevelt made an issue of packing the supreme court, and the plan, in support of which he had summoned every instrument of power at his command, was rejected by congress. The third-termers had better find some other argument than anything that they can discover in the British constitution.

* * *

IN HIS ALWAYS ILLUMINATING column the other day David Lawrence, referring to the manner in which Roosevelt threw cold water on a preconvention movement to have Farley nominated for vice president, explained that this would have conflicted with Roosevelt's determination to have himself nominated for president, as the president and vice president cannot be elected from the same state. Both are New York men. In actual practice that is correct. But, technically, as Mr. Lawrence knows, of course, both president and vice president may be elected from the same state. The constitution says that the electors shall vote for president and vice president, "one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves." Thus, if they had votes enough, both officials could have been elected from New York, but the New York electors could have voted for only one of them. Electors from other states could have voted for both.

A CLIPPING FROM A Duluth paper nearly two years old is part of a collection which has, been accumulated by Mrs. Carrie Fodness of Aneta. The article clipped gives reminiscences of Mrs. John Miller, widow of North Dakota's first governor. Mrs. Miller's death occurred during the past summer. The reminiscences were prompted by the fact that at the time of their publication North Dakota was about to celebrate its completion of fifty years of statehood, and that fact recalled to Mrs. Miller many incidents of the first state campaign and of the first legislative session after statehood.

AS IS RECALLED BY MRS. Miller, John Miller was not a politician, but a farmer, or a wheat-grower, rather, for he and his partner, J. W. Dwight, came from Dryden, New York, in 1873, to operate 60,000 acres of land near the town of Dwight, named for one of the partners. They, the Dalrymples, Grandins and others, were the "bonanza" farmers of that era.

* # #
MRS. MILLER CAME TO THE territory as a bride in 1882. In her interview she said:

"I remember the first day we got to the farm. The first thing I did was to go down to the barn to see the mules. It was like an old-fashioned wagon circus. The wagons were all packed in a central place, and the mules and horses were taken off for feeding. I remember those early days as if they were yesterday, standing at the window watching the men go to work in the fields.

There was no eight-hour day then. Up at six, and in the fields an hour later."

* # #
MR. MILLER WAS AT HOME when word came from Fargo that he was being considered for the nomination for governor. The Louisiana contest was on, and Mrs. Miller thought there must have been some back-stage conniving going on. There were two men, she said, who thought they had her husband in their vest pockets, but they found out that he couldn't be bought. Another paragraph from the interview reads:

* * #
"MY HUSBAND MADE THE campaign trips by train. He had no set speeches. I remember him writing only one for a special occasion, and it was the worst speech he ever made. I said, 'Now, don't you ever write another speech. You just get up, open your mouth, and let your arms fly.'"

* * *
LOOKING BACK OVER THE years Mrs. Miller said, "If you think politics is bad today, you should have seen what was going on in the state 50 years ago." She records that during the lottery fight in the legislature an influential man called on her and asked her if she would not like to live in Washington, and urged her to try to persuade her husband to resign the governorship and accept appointment to the senate.

* * *
JOHN MILLER STOOD BY his guns. There were votes enough in both houses of the legislature to pass the lottery bill, but the governor stood by his determination to veto it if it should be passed, and enough state senators agreed to stand by him to insure the final defeat of the measure. That being the situation the lottery bill was dropped.

R. P. SCHULD, OF Minneapolis, who appears to be a traveling man making this territory, writes about covered bridges. He takes no stock in Willkie's suggestion that the bridges were covered in order to provide sheltered places in which lovers might do their courting. And he doesn't approve of Willkie, anyway. Concerning the bridges he writes:

* * #
"THE BRIDGE WAS COVERed to prevent horses from becoming scared when crossing. This may not sound reasonable to you because only very few were covered. But still it is a fact. "Now tell me why a herd of cows usually face the same way when in a pasture. Or have you not noticed?"

* # *
FIRST, ABOUT THOSE bridges. Mr. Schuld's theory may be right. But if the purpose was to protect the horses from fright, why did those thrifty New Englanders build the walls clear up to the top and then roof the bridges over when the view could have been shut off just as well by walls horse-high, and the cost of additional construction could have been saved? And why, on that bridge across the Ontario river of which I wrote the other day, did they board up the sides of the trusses and then construct a roadway along the top of the whole thing with nothing but a plain rail to obstruct the horses' views of the river below?

* # *
NEXT TIME I SEE A HERD of cattle in a pasture I shall watch to see if they all face the same way. At present I am not sure. If they do, as Mr. Schuld thinks, may it not be that when one cow finds conditions of wind, mosquitoes, and so forth, such as to make it comfortable to face one way, the other cows find it equally comfortable to face in the same direction? These weighty questions are not to be decided lightly.

A TELEGRAM RECEIVED from Vilhjalmur Stefansson a few days ago and dated Fargo reads: "Flying through the old home state bound for two or three weeks in Alaska. Greetings to old friends." If there had been any way of reaching Stefansson by wire or letter I would have urged him to arrange his return trip so as to spend a little time in Grand Forks, where he is always a welcome visitor. He has done no active exploring for some years, but he keeps hard at work investigating and interpreting, and many societies and individuals find him a source of valuable information on subjects of public interest. I hazard the guess that his present trip to Alaska has something to do with national defense.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. HARRY K. Geist left recently for a visit to the old home district in Pennsylvania. A card just received from Harry carries a picture of the new Pennsylvania turnpike, America's first super-highway, which stretches 160 miles through the Appalachian mountains and is costing \$70,000,000. All crossing-road traffic is separated and all towns by-passed. Harry writes:

"This is the finest drive in the world. We are down among the Amish, going to open market today at Lancaster."

*

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written concerning the poem "What Is Life," for which A. E. Cobb of Grafton asked some time ago. Scraps of various selections have been offered in the thought that they may be parts of the desired poem. One correspondent recalls lines which he thinks appeared in the Atlanta Constitution years ago, and he quotes from memory the following:

Life is but a turbid river flowing

on to join the ocean whose grim name is fate,

"We drift upon its surface then are gone, learning its lessons when alas too late.

"We quarrel with the sunshine when 'tis here; see not its beauties scattered all around

"To far off lands our thoughts are always turning, to stoop to beauties near our eyes won't bend

"And thus this life is but one ceaseless yearning for that beyond that lies within our reach."

* * * **ANOTHER "SNATCH"** Attributed to the same author was

entitled "Such is Life" and ran:

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,

"A minute to smile and an hour to weep in;

"A pint of joy and a peck of trouble,

'And never a smile but the raucous come double.

"Such is Life."

* * *

FRED BORUSKY OF LANGDON wrote that he had the entire poem sought by Mr. Cobb," and he has since sent me a complete copy. It is too long for inclusion in the column today, but because of the interest which has been shown in the subject I shall devote the entire column to it in an early issue.

* * *

HOW DOES ONE "TAKE A BOW?" A popular actress appears before the curtain and bows. A more or less distinguished guest at a meeting is introduced, rises and bows. Often he is warned not to say anything. Sometimes he doesn't hear the warning, or ignores it, and makes a speech, disrupting the program and causing the main guy, for whom everybody is waiting, to gnash his teeth in futile rage. But these people bow. It seems to me that if there is any giving and taking it is the individual who gives the bow and the audience which takes it. Yet we shall continue the practice, undoubtedly, of inviting Mr. Jones or Madame Whoosit to rise and "take a bow."

* * *

THE READER'S DIGEST HAS one of several articles which have dealt with the subject of log cabins, all of which say that contrary to so many articles which we have read and pictures which we have seen, the log cabin was not a New England institution. The first settlers in New England came from England itself, and log buildings have never been a feature of English landscape. The settlers, we are told, first lived in tents and then built shelters of poles and sod, and their first permanent buildings were covered with boards sawn from the trees which surrounded them.

* * *

LOG HOUSES HAVE BEEN used for ages by the peasantry of Scandinavia, Russia, and to some extent in Germany, and we are told that it was the Swedish immigrants who brought to this continent the practice of building log cabins. Thence the practice spread.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO

dispute the researchers, but I must have more light on the subject before I am convinced. It doesn't seem to me that intelligent human beings needed either ancient tradition or the background of long experience to induce them to build log houses when the necessary materials lay all around them and they had the tools with which to work it. A log building could be built in a fraction of the labor required to whip-saw lumber with which to build one of like dimensions, and if the pilgrims didn't build themselves: log houses they lacked the enterprise and ingenuity with which they are generally credited.

* * *

THE LOCALITY IN CANADA

where I was born was settled exclusively by English immigrants. They had no contact with other racial stocks. Yet their first buildings were of logs. Many of them were not mere "cabins," but substantial houses, warm, comfortable and durable. They could be built quickly and with the greatest possible economy of labor. And the idea, it seems to me, was not the product of instruction or imitation, but rather the development of that intelligence which teaches the small boy to build a "house" or a corral of crossed sticks.

TO MANY A SCHOOLBOY OF 60 years ago the reading lesson was a trial and a bore. Some of the selections which he was required to read may have had little meaning for him. But some of the lines have become rooted in his memory, and little incidents in current life recall them. A line or two of a poem or a fragment of an oration comes back to him, and again in imagination he is conning the pages of the old reader and the associations of the old school take on new life.

* * #

IT WAS SO, DOUBTLESS

with A. E. Cobb, of Grafton, who recalled fragments of an old poem familiar in his schooldays. It was so with others who responded with bits of poems which they had known long ago, and which they thought might be the one sought. It remained for Fred Borusky of Langdon to supply the complete text of what I feel sure is the poem for which Mr. Cobb asked. Mr. Borusky writes that the poem was one of the lessons in Sanders' Union Fifth Reader, which he studied in New York state about 60 years ago. With thanks to him the poem is given as follows:

* * #

WHAT IS LIFE? By Charles D. Drake.

An Eagle flew upward in his
heavenward flight, Far out of the reach of human
sight, And gazed on the earth from the
lordly height
Of his sweeping and lone career: "And this is Life!" he exultingly
screams, "To soar without fear where the
lightning gleams, look unblenched on the sun's
dazzling beams,
As they blaze through the upper sphere."

A lion sprang forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead;
And man and beast from him wildly fled,
As though there death in his tone: "And this is Life!" he triumphantly cried,
"To hold my domain in the forest wide,
Imprisoned by naught but the ocean's tide,
And the ice of the frozen zone."

"It is Life," said a Whale, "to swim the deep;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,
In fathomless gulfs below;
To bask on the bosom of tropical seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's breeze,
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
In the climes of eternal snow."

"It is Life," says a tireless Albatross,
"To skim through the air when the dark waves toss
In the storm that has swept the earth across,
And never to wish for rest;
To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
And build my nest on the billows that rise
And break with a pearly crest."

"It is Life," says a wild Gazelle, "to leap
From crag to crag of the mountains steep,
Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
Like the marble brow of death;
To stand unmoved on the outermost verge,
Of the perilous night, and watch the surge
Of the waters beneath, that onward urge,
As if sent by a demon's breath."

"It is Life," I hear a Butterfly
say, "To revel in blooming gardens
by day, And nestle in cups of flowerlets
gay, When the stars the heavens
illuminate; To steal from the rose its delicate
hue,
And sip from the hyacinth glittering dew, And catch from beds of violet
blue
The breath of its gentle perfume."

"It is Life," a majestic war-horse

neighed,
To prance in the glare of battle
and blade,
Were thousands in terrible death
are laid,
And scent of the streaming gore; To dash, unappalled, through the
fiery heat, And trample the dead beneath
my feet, 'Mid the trumpet's clang, and the;
drum's loud beat, And the horse artillery's roar."

"It is Life," said a Savage, with hideous yell,
"To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
As the primal monarch of all;
To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
And feel that, like them, I am chainless and free,
And never, while breathing, to, bend the knee,
But at the Manitou's call."

An aged Christian went tottering
by,
And white was his hair, and dim
was his eye,
And his wasted spirit seemed
ready to fly,
As he said, with faltering breath, "It is Life to move from the
heart's first throes,
Through youth and manhood to
age's snows,
In ceaseless circle of joys and
woes, IT IS LIFE TO PREPARE FOR
DEATH!"