

IN DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM of gasoline rationing and the associated factor of car mileage government authorities have accepted 15 miles per gallon as a basis fairly representing average car performance. That is on the assumption that cars will be driven not more than 35 miles per hour. That doesn't square with some of the extraordinary mileage stories that one hears.

The number of miles that a car can be driven on a gallon of gasoline depends, among other things, on the size of the car. The bigger and heavier the car the fewer miles per gallon. Some cars, I have been told, eat up a gallon of gas for every seven or eight miles driven. Some cars, therefore, must exceed the 15-mile figure in order to make possible that average. If half the cars were heavy and the other half light one could credit mileage statements of 20 to 25 miles per gallon for some of the lighter cars.

THE FACT IS, HOWEVER, THAT relatively there are only a few big cars. There are records showing the number of cars sold of every make and weight. I do not know what the figures are, but it is a matter of common knowledge that the three or four light cars constitute an immense percentage of the cars in use, and if those of medium weight are added there is left but a very small percentage for the heavy cars. The high fuel consumption of the big cars, therefore, make but a small impression on the general average.

WHEN I HAVE HEARD PEOPLE talk glibly about getting 25 miles per gallon I have sometimes wondered what was the matter with my car or my driving that I never could average any such mileage. I have quit wondering. I just don't believe it. I concede that under exceptional conditions and at its most economical speed a light car may attain some such mileage, but I don't believe it is done in ordinary use, and the government statisticians seem to agree with me.

OF COURSE SPEED HAS MUCH TO do with mileage. Each type of engine has its most economical speed, and if that speed is exceeded the mileage rate will be lowered. I once experimented on a drive of 150 miles over a smooth road. Going out I held the car steadily to my usual driving speed. Returning over the same road and under identical weather conditions I cut the speed 10 miles an hour. I got two miles more per hour per gallon of gas. Of course on short runs, as in city driving, with numerous stops and starts, gasoline consumption is considerably increased.

IN A DISCUSSION OF THE PAY-AS-you-go principle one man asked "But what if I can't pay?" The ready and appropriate answer was "Then don't go."

That's all right for a good many things, but when it comes to taxes one must pay whether he can or not.

SOMEBODY REMARKS THAT Agricultural products have always been produced at less than cost.

A man who had done business in the west for many years was in the habit of complaining with reference to every contract that he undertook that he was losing money on it. A friend said to him:

"Tom, you must have brought a lot of money with you when you came west."

"Never brought a cent," said Tom. "Every dollar that I have I made right here."

"Well," said the friend. "I can't understand it. To my knowledge you've handled hundreds of contracts, and you've lost money on every one of them. You must have lost millions altogether, and I can't understand where the money came from."

IN WRITING ABOUT THE USE OF luminating gas in Grand Forks the other day I recalled a little episode in which W. J. Murphy, owner of the gas plant, and E. C. Carruth, manager of the Grand Forks Plain-dealer figured in a rather amusing way. Mr. Murphy had disposed of his Plaindealer ownership and moved to Minneapolis, where he had bought the then decrepit Tribune. He retained his ownership of the local gas company. Carruth solicited from him advertising for the Plaindealer, but although he had been and was a newspaper man and presumably conversant with the value of advertising, Murphy refused to advertise in the Plain-dealer. I don't know what had been the basis of the disagreement between the two men, but there had been a clash of some sort.

CARRUTH QUIETLY BEGAN A CAMPAIGN of what Murphy declared was blackmail. There were here and there occasional accidents from the use of gas, explosions, asphyxiations and so forth, and accounts of such accidents got into newspapers far and near. Most of them were of no local interest whatever, and ordinarily would not have been published locally. But Carruth had all the exchanges watched for stories of gas accidents, and whenever one was found it would be published in the Plaindealer.

CARRUTH WAS CAREFUL NOT TO exaggerate in reproducing such stories. They were given no more prominent display than had been given them originally and no sensational headlines were used over them. But while the little scrap was on there were few issues of the Plaindealer that did not contain one or more stories of gas accidents, major or minor, in Georgia, Arkansas or even in Europe. Murphy protested that Carruth was trying to damage his business by creating the belief that it was dangerous to use gas. Carruth replied that he was merely publishing the news, and that he made no reference to Murphy's gas. I don't remember whether Murphy finally yielded and consented to advertise in the Plaindealer, which would have been quite unlike him, or Carruth tired of the fight and dropped it, but it was a good scrap while it lasted.

A NEWS STORY FROM KINDRED tells of the fine record made by that village in the collection of scrap. I seldom see the name of Kindred without thinking of a story of which the little village was the background. It was in the comparatively early days when Kindred was even smaller than it is now that an auto collision occurred there. Suit for damages was brought by one of the parties involved. One of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a quiet and seemingly ignorant old Scandinavian resident who had seen the crash. He had given his main testimony and was being cross-examined by the attorney for the defense, one of those alleged lawyers who like to badger and bully witnesses and hold them up to ridicule. The witness seemed to be a good mark for that sort of treatment.

"NOW," SAID THE ATTORNEY, glaring threateningly at the witness, "just where did this alleged collision occur?"

"On the street," was the mild reply, in a pronounced Norwegian accent.

"What street? What's the name of it?"

"I do not know."

"Oh, you don't know. How long have you lived in Kindred?" came the stern demand.

"Twenty-five year," was the quiet answer.

"You mean to say you have lived in Kindred twenty-five years and you don't know the name of its streets? How many streets are there in Kindred?"

"Von," answered the witness.

That brought a laugh from the jury and the audience, and the nettled attorney tried a new approach.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"Yes sir."

"Whom did you marry?"

"A voman," came the almost apologetic reply. When the laugh had subsided the questioner resumed:

"Oh, you think you're pretty clever. You married a woman, did you? Did you ever know anybody who was married who didn't marry a woman?"

"Yes sir."

"Who was it?"

"My sister," and amid the howls of the audience the heckler subsided.

HUNTERS RETURNING FROM A weekend in many parts of the state tell of the quantities of scrap iron lying about many farm yards. There are innumerable old binders which appear to have been gathering rust for years, ancient automobiles denuded of tops, tires and everything that could make them go, occasional worn-out threshing machines, and an immense quantity of smaller objects for which nobody except the government of the United States has any use, and the government is not getting that stuff. And the factories are clamoring for scrap metal in order that they may be able to equip the men on a dozen fronts with the things that they must have to do the job that they have undertaken to do. Have the present owners of that scrap any boys of their own at the front?

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS freak potatoes I have even seen was brought in by Leonard Porteous from his farm on Minnesota Point. The potato is rather small, about an inch and a half in diameter, and almost perfectly spherical. In appearance half of it is a cobbler while the other half is a triumph. The division is right and left rather than top and bottom, if you get the idea, the colorings are solid, distinct and unspotted, while the dividing line is perfectly regular. There are occasional mixtures somewhat similar in fruits, but those are accounted for on the basis of some accident in pollenization, but the potato is a tuber, presumably not affected by pollenization of the blossoms, and it seems impossible to account for the freak on any other basis.

MR. PORTEOUS HAD IN PROSPECT another freak in the shape of a combination potato and tomato. The plant grew in his potato field and had all the appearance of a regular potato plant. In the soil were regular potato tubers, but growing on the plant itself where what appeared to be regular tomatoes. Unfortunately frost destroyed the plant before the tomatoes had time to develop properly.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO PREFERS not to have her name used writes that she found amusement in a rhyming paragraph that I used a few days ago and she has tried her hand at a similar stunt. The result is as follows:

WE READ WITH GREAT ADMIRATION

Your item for our edification
To observe the rules of the ration
And practice conservation
Of fuel and foods, during the duration.
Give thanks—we are yet a free nation
And not under the dread domination
Of the tyrants abomination
Nor to witness the conflagration,
Of our homes to leave us in desolation
Not to speak of the devastation
Of the horror and degradation
Of descending to their station.
So then—without hesitation
Let us keep the rules of the ration
Thereby earning the commendation
Of our grand and glorious nation!

DURING THE SUMMER SEVERAL local people who have visited the game reserve at Kellys have enjoyed watching the blue herons that made their home in the marshy ground just below the dam. Having never been molested, the birds were quite fearless, standing quietly or walking about with dignity while observers at close range enjoyed watching their movements and the sheen of their beautiful plumage. The other day one of those visitors was shocked to find one of those beautiful birds lying dead in the shallow water, evidently the victim of some vandal's lust to kill merely for the sake of killing.

WHILE THERE IS NO WAY OF identifying the perpetrator of such an act, the fair presumption is that it was committed by some boy with a 22 rifle. Certainly no real hunter would be guilty of such a crime. The Kellys refuge is guarded and neither guns nor dogs are allowed within its area. But the guard cannot be in every place at once, and it might be possible for a person so minded to slip in and take a shot at some living thing on general principles.

OCCASIONALLY I SEE BOYS MUCH too young to be entrusted with firearms except under the supervision of older persons starting for the country armed with small rifles, and in nearby wooded areas there are days when bullets fly thick and fast so that no one is safe in the vicinity. A spent bullet pierced a boy's cheek and lodged against a tooth. It might easily have passed through his brain. A young woman whom I know bears the scar made by a bullet which cut a long gash in her scalp. Cattle have been peppered with those small bullets, apparently just to see them run. No parent with a proper sense of responsibility to his neighbors or to his own son will permit his boy to carry a rifle except under the personal supervision of some competent person until the boy has reached proper age and has demonstrated his fitness to be trusted with such a weapon.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TRIP across the country and back was not altogether a secret, for thousands of persons must have known about it. Rail officials must have known of it in advance and executives of the plants which he visited must have been informed in order that they might be prepared to receive him. Those whom the president met and with whom he talked, even if they were not informed in advance what distinguished person they were about to meet knew whom they had visited, and workers in the plants visited knew after it was over that they had received a call from the president of the United States.

THE INTERESTING THING IS THAT with that knowledge possessed by so many persons it was still kept secret so far as the general public was concerned. No newspaper published it, no radio broadcast it, and nowhere did the trip become the subject of conversation as it would have done under ordinary circumstances.

DOUBTLESS MR. ROOSEVELT could have obtained more real information concerning the operation of the nation's war plants by spending an hour in his office looking over reports from those plants than he obtained in all his two weeks of travel. Even a skilled technician needs to spend some time in a plant before he can tell whether or not it is being efficiently operated. Nevertheless, the president's trip was a good thing for him and a good thing for the country. It brought him in touch with new scenes and new people and he can approach further study of the nation's war effort from a new angle. His stops here and there will have aroused fresh interest in the work being performed, and must have had an important influence on plant morale.

IN HIS COMMENT ON THE WORK being performed the president displayed something of his characteristic impatience with anything savoring of criticism of work for which he is directly or indirectly responsible. Most of the factories are running well up to capacity and there is relatively little trouble from strikes or other disturbances. But if there is an isolated strike, no matter how small, congress and the newspapers, he says, treat it as typical. His implied censure was softened somewhat by his admission that in his own editorial work on the Harvard Crimson, he did just as the newspapers are doing today.

ACTUALLY NEWSPAPERS ARE NOT in the habit of treating as typical isolated and rare incidents. A man stole a horse in Chicago the other day, and the fact was published in the newspapers. There was no suggestion that the people of Chicago are horse thieves. There are some three million people in Chicago who didn't steal horses then or at any other time, yet the papers said nothing about that fact. If they had done so readers would have dismissed the story with the question "What of it?"

BACK OF MOST STRIKES, HOWEVER, are certain facts which make the strikes significant. Both congress and the president are responsible for the creation of conditions which tend to promote strikes. Under legislation enacted by congress and under administrative practices for which the president is directly responsible every encouragement has been given to those who foment strikes. Curbs similar to those applied to management have not been applied to labor and strikers have been free from penalties rigorously applied to others for acts tending to interfere with production. Because of all this even a small strike assumes greater importance and attracts more attention than if the government through all its agencies had consistently applied to every thing and every person engaged in production equal and impartial justice. Neither the president nor congress can escape his or its share of responsibility for this state of affairs and for whatever delay in war production results in consequence.

LIVING IN GRAND FORKS AND vicinity are quite a number of families whose former homes were in or near Pierce county, Wisconsin, the scene of a disastrous flood on September 17. Brief accounts of the flood were carried in the press reports at the time, but in these days everything else must be subordinated to war news or news having some bearing on the war. Hence the Wisconsin flood received less attention than would have been given to it under other circumstances. A miniature edition of the Sun, a weekly paper published at the village of Spring Valley, has been received by Mrs. Lewis Peterson, a former resident of the flooded territory, and in that paper are given some thrilling accounts of the flood and the experiences of local residents in it.

BECAUSE OF ITS SITUATION ON low ground in a small river valley the village has been subject to inundations, some of which were quite serious. Late last May the village was flooded, and several plans were discussed for the protection of the place from subsequent floods. None of those plans was put into effect, and it is said that none of them would have afforded the slightest protection against such a flood of September 17, which itself followed a smaller flood that occurred a month earlier. Of the onset of the flood the Sun says:

"A FEW HOURS AFTER LAST Thursday's Sun had been mailed, giving an account of the flood of the night before, it began to rain—and really rain; if such sheets of water had fallen in Noah's time no 40 days and nights would have been needed for his flood to come. The siren blew at about 8 and in a few moments water was running down our streets.

"SPRING VALLEY PEOPLE, USED to what they called floods, began putting things up out of danger, as they thought. But the water didn't stop there; at 11:30 it had reached the unbelievable height of 12 feet deep at upper Main street and 15 to 20 feet deep at the south end of town. Nothing could withstand such a body of water moving at 10 or 12 miles an hour and filled with floating logs, trees, whole piles of lumber, buildings—anything that would float."

SUBSTANTIAL BUILDINGS WERE swept away in the flood and there were miraculous escapes of residents trapped in buildings. Fortunately no lives were lost and no cases of serious injury were reported. The assistant editor of the Sun was trapped in the newspaper's office and escaped from the 10-foot deluge of water through a hole in the ceiling which he cut with a knife. A local housewife was alone in the family residence when the flood struck and the house moved off down streets, bumping into others as it went. Hands were reached out toward her, but before she could be grasped the house had moved on. It finally bumped squarely into another house and the lady emerged unhurt after her involuntary voyage.

INVARIABLY TIMES OF DISASTER bring out what is best in human nature. The publisher of a paper in a nearby village heard of the flood and drove over to see. When he saw how grave the situation was he hurried home, aroused all the neighbors, bought up all the bread and other provisions in his village, loaded the stuff into his car and hastened back to distribute the food among those who needed it. Farmers from miles around drove to the scene bringing food, bedding and shovels with which to help in the work of clearing up.

THE PROSPECT IS THAT THE present site of the village will be abandoned for a new site on higher ground near by. One lumber man has already moved his plant, as he has a government contract which cannot wait. Those who have lived in that area or have visited it know it as a place of beauty and it is sad to think of so much destruction wrought in the space of a few hours.

A NEW YORK TIMES COLUMNIST says some other writer has commented to the effect that most of the intellectuals have identified themselves in one way or another with the left. The Times man sees nothing strange in that because those who do not lean to the left are not classed as intellectuals by those who do the grading. Of course on that basis such college presidents as Conant and Hutchins are not intellectuals. As the term is now used one might say that an intellectual is a more or less learned person with a screw loose in his head.

BOOKLETS HAVE BEEN ISSUED TO British soldiers at home and to American soldiers in Britain giving suggestions for the conduct of those in each group toward the others so that friction may be avoided. Many of the selections are excellent, but if all of them were observed literally all the time association between the two "groups would be depressingly monotonous. What's the use of two people visiting unless they can disagree about something?

A WRITER IN PUNCH, AFTER SOBERly going over some of the recommendations continues:

"That is all for today. But if you happen to be coming to my house, leave your . pamphlet behind and start right in by telling me 48 things about this country that strike you as crazy. I shall then be happy to point out a few of the grosser eccentricities of the United States. You'll stay late and we might get acquainted."

MISS ETTA ELIZABETH EVERSON, of the high school faculty, writes:

"In looking over a 1937 copy of the N. D. E. A. North Dakota magazine today I came across this article headed 'On to Tokyo!'

"The World Federation of Educations was to hold its next convention in Tokyo, Japan in August, 1937. It was to be a wonderful experience—Japan a land of art and beauty. They spoke of the bond of friendship established more than 80 years before between the United States and Japan. They felt that it was appropriate for this world education convention to be in the country that holds the world's

record in education—the lowest per Cent of illiteracy. Such courtesy and expressions of friendship would be extended.

"All this from a country that was even then planning for the downfall of the United States!"

JAMES HOOD GARDNER OF LANGdon writes:

"Occasionally you print poems, I have noticed. Perhaps you would care to print the following one, the outcome of a single sentence in a news report several days ago, which mentioned that "Soviet reinforcements are steadily pouring into the city, and are singing." I think this typifies very colourfully the spirit of every nation in these last days of 1942.

"O Days of nineteen forty-two! O Days of

happiness, whom the gods favor, Crowded, one against the other, filled
with determined men. Days of luck to be able to look upon
these mighty! The reddened banners of battle stream to
the fronts. O Days, that tremble with the greatness
of unselfish men, That look upon marching men, strong
with conviction. O fortunate Days, that know not the
greyness of the short-gone past, Your eyes have looked upon Bataan's and
Sevastopol's crumpled bodies, and
tears are springing. C Days of nineteen forty-two! Your body
is caked with dust of immortals, Your eyes have holden the curtains of
cynicism ripped back—

Have seen the shrunken peace flung
scornfully to the discard. Turn away in content, O Days, you have
seen where, from the fires of defeat
turned ash Rising to towering roar the souls of
deathless heroes.

Fall away into twilight, O Days illustrious, drawing up the million strings
of your memories. Have glory then upon your features, for
to your warm breast have gathered
the hearts that pressed forward and
have fallen. Your cheeks reflect the heat of countless
sword-shaping anvils. O Days of nineteen forty-two! even
though upon your face are the ruddy flames of cities in ruins, You have seen Soviet troops into Stalingrad pouring,
with high morale, and singing."

BELATEDLY, FOLIAGE ON TREES and shrubs is beginning to take on some of its characteristic autumn coloring. Unfortunately, many of the leaves fall off before they have a chance to color. Here in the Red river valley we miss the brilliant color that is so abundant and so striking in the northern Minnesota woods, 'for we have no maples here. Our valley woods, however, have a color scheme of their own in which the softer shades of yellow and tan predominate. Against that pleasing background there are occasional splashes of brilliance given by the red oak and the Virginia creeper.

THIS YEAR COOL AND SHOWERY weather during much of the summer seems to have retarded the maturing of foliage, and while the heavy frosts did not bring down all the leaves in a bunch, many of the trees have been stripped before the leaves had time to turn. I am told that the Minnesota woods are as beautiful as ever.

IN A MAGAZINE ARTICLE DONALD Culross Petrie writes of Indian summer as a peculiarly American institution. The Old World, he says, has nothing like it, and he refers to comments made by Lord Bryce, Kipling and Audubon in support of that opinion. He quotes a passage from Mrs. Trollope, who was exceedingly critical of what she observed in the United States, yet was impressed by the beauty of Indian summer.

ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS of real Indian summer weather is the haze that spreads over the landscape, softening every outline and giving the scene an aspect of mellowness which is indescribable. Associated with that is often the slight tang of wood smoke. That was once attributed to the Indian practice of setting fires in the fall to drive out game. But now the game is gone and the Indians on their reservations do not set forest or prairie fires. Yet in a normal year we have the softening haze and the odor of smoke. Other causes than Indian habits are at work.

INDIAN SUMMER IN THE EAST was by no means a season of uninterrupted leisure to the farm boys who became grandfathers of the present generation. There was corn to be harvested and pumpkins to turn the other side up that they might ripen evenly. Late apples were to be gathered and root crops were to be dug and stored away. On the farm there were plenty of chores even for the small boy.

BUT NOT EVEN THE MONOTONY of chores could dull a boy's appreciation of Indian summer. There were times when a fellow could get away and go nutting. The woods were a riot of color. In the still the leaves floated lazily down, and as the air warmed after a night of sharp frost an occasional chestnut burr opened and the nuts could be heard dropping into the carpet of leaves beneath. There were tall walnut trees to climb and nuts to be beaten off with a long pole, for if they were left to drop of their own accord the squirrels were likely to make away with them. Indian summer was by no means a time of idleness, but there was something in its quiet beauty that took root in a boy's mind and became a part of him.

A FRIEND SENDS ME THIS LITTLE poem by a famous writer which would be especially fitting in garden time, but which is not out of place at any time:

"I LIVE HERE."

By Strickland Gillilan.

A garden, a perfect mosaic, deep green
against the blackest of loam
Spread out near a little log cabin, obscure
but immaculate home!

I paused to admire—who could help it?—
the weedless expanse near the door,

Where, pleased with my pleased inspection, stood a "mammy of years that
are yore."

"A beautiful garden," I ventured. She cupped a brown hand to her ear.
"Fine garden!" I shouted. "Oh sholy! It
ought to be fine—I live here." I went on my way with a sermon as great
as I ever had heard. The highest paid preacher existent could
never have added a word.

Were every human who cumpers the
tiniest spot of the earth To see that place he inhabits—the work
brain of fingers give birth— Stood perfect as e'er he could make it—
dear God, what a different sphere! Lets borrow the motto from "mammy,"
"It ought to be fine—I live here."

MOST OF US WHOSE AUTOMOBILES are used chiefly for purposes other than those directly related to the essential work of the war have accepted the fact that the cars we have must last us for the duration and that if they are worn out or smashed up before the war ends we shall have to get along with some other form of transportation. There will be no more automobiles for us while the war lasts.

Presumably when the war is over, or soon thereafter, those of us who are still living and financially able will be looking around for new cars. Of what type shall the car of 19— be? Let's leave those other figures, to be filled in later. Unless all the signs are wrong there will be such an accumulated demand for cars as the world has never yet seen.

WE MAY BE SURE THAT THE manufacturers will bestir themselves to meet that demand. They will have on their hands great factories which have been engaged in war work, some of them entirely new and some converted from former automobile plants. Some war work will continue, for not all our swords will be beaten into plowshares immediately, but there will be a reversion on a grand scale to the activities of peace. Recent processes will be reversed and war plants will be converted back into automobile factories.

MANUFACTURERS UNDERSTAND all this, of course, and they will not be caught altogether unprepared for the change. They are preparing now. While manufacture has ceased research goes on. Men of science are delving into the mysteries of matter to discover what materials can best be used in the car of the future and what plastics and other materials with which we are not yet familiar or which may not yet even be in existence can be substituted for others now in use in the interest of greater strength, durability, lightness and beauty. Much of the experience now being gained in war work will have a direct bearing on the construction of the post-war car.

STUDENTS OF DESIGN ARE ALSO at work. Perhaps we think of the future car largely in terms of the present one. We may find that the car of the future is as little like the present one in form and appearance, in method of propulsion and in other features as the present car is like the model of 1910. Designers are not making their ideas public, but that they have ideas we may feel certain.

ONE PERSISTENT RUMOR IS THAT serious consideration is being given to two important changes. One of these is that the engine of the new car will be placed at the rear instead of in the front as at present. This is not a new idea, as it has been discussed for some time, and experimental work has already been done in that direction. The other change which some authorities believe will be made is the substitution of air cooling for liquid cooling. Relative merits of those two systems of cooling have long been in controversy. The automobile industry has largely adopted air cooling. But the controversy has been projected into the air and both systems are in use on airplane engines with results which are not yet conclusive. In any event, we may look forward to a car decidedly different from the present one, and those cars will be manufactured in quantities now almost unbelievable.

A CORRESPONDENT SENDS THE following verses which he would like printed that he may send copies to his two boys in the nation's „armed services:

TO THE BOYS IN TRAINING.

To your honest convictions may you ever be true,

And bravely uphold the Red, White, and
Blue. The stars and stripes have a meaning so
grand, Divided we fall but united we stand.

May our prayers be united and wafted
above, In a spirit so brave yet in meekness and
love. And now, young America, when you start
in the fight, May it be for a cause of justice and right.

No Goliath so great on sea or on land Can the sword of the spirit forever withstand.
So trust in the One who is mighty to save, And come marching home with the true and the brave.

A FEW DAYS AGO ANNOUNCEment was made that the Reverend Dorrance N. Jensen, for several years pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church in Grand Forks, had been ordered to report at Cambridge, Mass., for induction as a chaplain in the United States army with the rank of first lieutenant. This, I believe, is the first case in which a Grand Forks pastor has been called for this service. Mr. Jensen has served his congregation capably and faithfully. His removal will call for sacifice on the part of the people whom he has served, but pastor and people alike are anxious to do whatever may best serve the nation in the trying experience through which it is passing.

THE ARMY OR NAVY CHAPLAIN can be of inestimable value to his unit. In camp his men are living under abnormal conditions in which right guidance is of prime importance. In combat they come to grips with death. Always they need wise guidance and there come times when they are in urgent need of help. Above all things they demand honesty and sincerity in those who minister to them. Recognizing these needs the army is making more careful provision than ever before for the selection and training of its chaplains. Those men must have a background of experience which helps to fit them for their work, and before entering on the active discharge of their duties they are given intensive training in a school established for that purpose. All of this means much in the life of the soldier while the war lasts and it will have permanent value in his later life.

A PARAGRAPH IN THE HATTON Free Press notes that ten years ago the Hatton community experienced its first real strike. The paragraph says:

"The scene of the strike was at the Saxon potato field north from the city, where 44 pickers decided they would not go a foot farther until they were guaranteed two cents more per bushel for picking potatoes. The pickers won out and got their raise."

THE FRIEND WHO SENDS THE clipping comments:

"Kids are now getting up to 10 cents a bushel for picking potatoes. High school girls are earning about \$10 per day and boys get more in proportion. Guess the frost has done considerable damage, especially to the Cobblers, and kids get more per bushel to sort out the frozen tubers."

YEARS AGO I HAD A LONG-RANGE interest in a little potato enterprise over in the Bemidji country. The man in charge dug the potatoes and piled them in dozens of small piles. Frost threatened and they had to be covered. There was no regular farming land for miles and no straw was available, so hay was bought for covering. The frost was too severe for the covering and many of the potatoes froze. The weather continued cold, the potatoes couldn't be sorted while frozen, and they had to be thawed by means of artificial heat. A big brush fire was built near each pile, and as the frostbitten tubers were thawed they were sorted out by hand. I try to forget how much those potatoes cost per bushel by the time they were shipped. It isn't pleasant recollection.

MRS. BERT MONDA OF MINNESOTA Point, writes:

"Read your article about okra never having grown in this vicinity. (I said I hadn't known of any). Would like to say I have grown okra for four years very successfully and have canned some for winter use and have found it very good. Also have grown egg plant and peanuts."

Mrs. Monda is to be commented for her enterprise in extending the scope of our gardening.

MRS. ED RASMUSSEN'S GARDEN at Drayton entered right into the Victory spirit. One of the carrots produced forms a perfect V.

GENEROUS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO the Community Chest are reported by the committee in charge of the advance gift solicitation. In many cases there is evidence of increased interest in the chest on the part of those from whom the larger contributions are customarily received. Now the work will be continued by the committees charged with general solicitation in the business section of the city and in the residential districts. There must be evidence of similar increased interest in those districts in order that the year's goal of \$30,000 may be reached.

THIS YEAR'S CHEST GOAL OF \$30,000 is the highest that has yet been fixed in Grand Forks. The reason for this is the inclusion of the USO in the causes represented in the Chest drive. All the other organizations, as in the past, are local Grand Forks institutions, carrying on their work exclusively in the city, with the exception of two or three whose functions are state-wide and in the benefits of whose work the city of Grand Forks shares directly. Those organizations are assigned a small percentage of the Chest receipts.

THE USO IS A DIRECT AND NECESSARY product of the war. Combined in it are six great nation-wide institutions which have consolidated their work for the armed forces of the nation. The purpose of the organization is to make available to those who wear the uniform of the United States, in camp or at the front, the means of wholesome recreation and the numerous comforts and conveniences which could not otherwise be obtained and which are of inestimable value to those who are cut off for the time being from the beneficial associations of home life.

WORK OF THE CHARACTER PERFORMED by the USO was found not only valuable but essential in the former war. Now it is better organized and more systematically conducted. With the prospect before us of an army of 10,000,000 men and a navy of comparable size, the scope of its operations must be correspondingly expanded. It must be financed by individual contributions and in order that Grand Forks may meet its share of the necessary cost in the most convenient manner the USO has been included in this year's local Community Chest,

THIRTEEN AGENCIES IN ALL ARE included in the Chest this year. Instead of thirteen separate drives for funds there is one drive covering the whole list. That represents a saving of labor to those who are called on to do the canvassing for such purposes and whose time and energy are devoted without compensation to such work. It represents an important saving of time and convenience to those who are solicited and who would otherwise be called on for contributions to each separate agency. And it applies business-like system to the whole enterprise.

WHEN THE INDIVIDUAL IS SOLICITED for a contribution to some local agency he has no means of knowing how to balance his contribution to that agency with contributions to other agencies in which he feels an interest and which he wishes to support. That apportionment is made by a budget committee of the Community Chest after careful study of the work and the needs of each agency and scrutiny of its accounts. The subscriber knows that his contribution will be distributed on an intelligent basis.

LIBERAL SUPPORT OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST is a patriotic act such as is imperative in this time of war. Other demands for funds are made on all of us because of the war, but the very fact of war makes it all the more necessary that those institutions which make for the building of character in youth and for the safeguarding of our home life shall be maintained in the highest measure of efficiency.

AFTER DEDUCTIONS ARE MADE for taxes and other extraordinary demands due chiefly to the war, the incomes of many of us, perhaps of most of us, are smaller this year than they have been for some time. But the institutions which are working among us for human welfare must be maintained if the community is to experience a wholesome life. And surely no good citizen will take the position that rather than make a personal sacrifice he will shift the responsibility of maintaining that community life to someone else. We do not expect others to pay our grocery bills, nor can we shift other obligations which are equally imperative.

IT IS ASSUMED THAT THE GOOD sense, the local spirit and the patriotism of the people of Grand Forks will make this Chest Drive a success. If that should not be the case there may not be a Chest next year. Then we shall revert to the old confused system of multiple drives and unintelligent contributions.

MY THANKS AGAIN TO F. M. LOUDenback, East Grand Forks nurseryman, for a liberal sample of late fall apples grown at his nursery on Minnesota Point. The apples are of the Haraldson variety, of medium size, firm and red. I have heard of this variety before, but had never seen them. I am told that they originated in Norway, where they are grown regularly and are found ideally suited to that far northern climate. Similarly they ought to do well here. They are of excellent flavor and cook quickly almost into a white foam. A few trees bearing such fruit would be a desirable feature on a North Dakota farmstead.

THERE IS PROSPECT OF A POTATO-picking contest between two senior members of the U. N. D. faculty. A challenge has been issued and it is being prayerfully considered. It has not yet been decided whether the challenger is entitled to a handicap on account of his greater weight or whether this is offset by his greater reach. Other matters yet to be determined are the selection of referee, umpires, linesmen and stakeholder. It was proposed to have John Howard take his band to the scene of the contest, but that plan had to be dropped as so many of John's bandsmen are picking potatoes themselves. Further, somebody suggested that the music might make it difficult for the contestants to concentrate on their work.

JAN STRUTHER HAS A POEM IN this month's Atlantic. Miss Struther is not well known to the public as a writer of verse, but anything written by the author of "Mrs. Miniver" challenges attention. Her present poem is entitled "Challenging America," and it is interesting and pleasing, if not a great work of art. It is, in a sense, a geographical poem in which the author touches on features of the American scene which she has viewed on her travels across the continent and tells how one after another recalls to her some familiar scene in her home land. "Wherever I look," she says, "an England enlarged, transplanted, Springs to my sight and carries me home again."

THUS, "THE CLAPBOARD HOUSE IN a Massachusetts village is a weatherboard house in Essex;" "The Pennsylvania meadows are green and quiet as Penn's own meadows three thousand miles away." Chesapeake Bay recalls the Devon toast and the Blue Ridge suggests the

Malvern Hills. But unless I miss my guess Miss Struther will hear from both Kentucky and Scotland, if she has not done so already. Think of the reception that will be given to this stanza:

Southward, Kentucky. Small fields, steep
and stony; Patient eyes staring from a rickety
stack. (I've seen those eyes in Scotland, and the
one cow bony,
And the stunted crops, raised with a breaking back.'

IMAGINE HOW THAT WILL Appeal to some proud Kentuckian who boasts among other things of his state's rolling blue grass pastures where they raise the finest horses in the world, or the Scot who is proud alike of his "brown, heath and shaggy wood" and of his fertile lowlands.

IN ANOTHER STANZA THE ORCHards of Michigan and Minnesota are compared to the Hereford apple-orchards in blossomtime. The only apparent reason for picking out Minnesota as a typical apple state is that it was desired to find a word that would rhyme with South Dakota in the third line of the stanza.

BUT THERE IS ONE PLACE THAT does not remind Miss Struther of home. It is the southwest, with its vermilion mesas rising from painted sands, its cactus and thorn. There she has found a dream world, improbable, fantastic, where strangeness brings peace.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING OVER with a great deal of interest a copy of the Lancaster, Pennsylvania, New Era, issued earlier in the year to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, home town of H. K. Geist of Grand Forks. Two-hundredth anniversaries are not common in this country, and the observance of one becomes a notable event. This is especially true of Lancaster city and county, where lands acquired by the first settlers are still owned and occupied by their descendants, many of whom bear the names of those distant ancestors.

LANCASTER COUNTY HAS BECOME widely known as the home of a large group of Amish inhabitants, those "plain people" whom others often consider "queer" because of their religious beliefs, their habit of fastening their clothing with hooks and eyes rather than with buttons, and their persistent use of the horse and buggy rather than the automobile. But those Amish are among the most successful farmers on the continent, and they are splendid examples of industry, thrift and comfortable living.

LANCASTER, HOWEVER, IS INHABITED by many others than the Amish. There are others of the Pennsylvania "Dutch" who do not share the peculiar habits and religious beliefs of the Amish. There are families whose origin was English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish, and names representative of all those groups appear among those of founders of the community and its present prosperous citizens.

FROM THE BEGINNING LANCASTER has been a busy manufacturing place. It was there that the famous Conestoga wagon was made, long before the Revolution. Benjamin Franklin visited Lancaster to arrange for a lot of those wagons to transport supplies for Braddock on his ill-fated expedition into the wilderness, that expedition on which young George Washington first distinguished himself. In later years those wagons were to serve in the transportation of innumerable families into the new west. Up to the time of the Revolution Lancaster is said to have been the largest inland town on the continent.

AT A LATER DATE A LANCASTER man, Joseph Shirk, was the inventor of an important invention in the harvesting of grain. To the ordinary scythe then in use he attached fingers which made it a cradle, with which the workman could lay the cut grain down in even rows ready for the binder who followed him. The cradle, with which the workman could supplement for the harvesting of grain until McCormick invented his harvester.

MANY EMINENT MEN HAVE MADE their homes in Lancaster. Robert Fulton was born there; James Buchanan was a Lancaster man when he was elected president, and Thaddeus Stevens practiced law there. Everyone knows that Franklin founded the Pennsylvania Gazette in Philadelphia. But Franklin was a man of many enterprises, and as his business expanded he established branches. One of these was another Gazette, published at Lancaster, and the Ephrata community, a religious group, still has in its possession copies of early hymnals published at Lancaster in Franklin's shop.

THE NEW ERA .GIVES A SUMMARY of the newspaper history of Lancaster, with portraits of several of the early newspaper men. The New Era was established in 1877 by J. M. W. Geist, who managed it until his death of 1905. He was a relative of H. K. Geist of Grand Forks. Harry Geist's father operated a store in Lancaster.

THE ANNIVERSARY PAPER CONTAINS numerous stories of the early days. The life of the settlers was not all peaceful. It was necessary to be on guard against marauding Indians, and the lives of some of the whites were adventurous and tempestuous. Between a Scottish settler named Patterson and rivals across on the Maryland side there was warfare, which rivaled the wars between some of the cattle barons in the west.

USERS OF FUEL OIL HAVE RECEIVED from the office of the petroleum coordinator copies of a booklet on fuel conservation. Numerous suggestions are made of methods which may be employed in preventing waste of heat and thereby maintaining desired room temperature with less fuel consumption than usual. The list of recommendations contains nothing that is new to residents of northern territory such as North Dakota, but many residents of territory where winters are long and cold have neglected simple and familiar precautions which would have saved them money and increased their comfort. Restrictions on the use of fuel are directing attention to heat-saving methods, and we may expect as one of the by-products of the war improved methods of residence construction after the war is over.

PERSONS FAMILIAR WITH LIVING conditions both north and south appear to be unanimous in the conviction that the North Dakota residences of persons of only moderate means are more comfortable in winter than are those in more southern territory in the cold spells that are experienced there. Houses in California, Texas and Florida are built for mild winter weather. When the temperature drops, as it does occasionally every winter the people shiver for lack of adequate heating provisions in houses which are mere shells.

IN LESSER DEGREE THIS IS TRUE of houses in the middle latitudes. There insulated walls, weather stripping and storm windows are almost unheard-of and when really cold weather comes, as it does at some time in every winter, there is inconvenience, discomfort and often actual suffering. North Dakota houses are built to withstand severe cold weather and as a rule they can be maintained at any desired temperature in the coldest weather without difficulty.

SOMETIMES THERE HAS BEEN ARGUMENT over the relative merits of storm windows and weather-stripping. Actually there is no room for argument on the subject. The two are entirely different and each serves its own useful purpose. Weather stripping, when well done, prevents the seeping of cold air from outdoors into rooms around windows and doors. Within certain limits it makes the house air tight. But unless storm windows are used the windows themselves are exposed to the low external temperature and the glass in each window acts as a refrigerating unit. The storm window imprisons a quantity of air between the two windows, and still air is an excellent insulator.

PROPER ATTENTION TO HEATING plants will do much to save fuel. Everyone knows that the heating plant that is not functioning well wastes fuel and costs money. But unless the defects are grave the householder may be satisfied to neglect repairs and use some more fuel, even though it costs him some more money. The attention that will be focused on fuel saving this winter may result in a general improvement in construction and maintenance of heating equipment and in the adoption of better methods permanently.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS matter of humidity in the air which, though plain as A, B, C to the scientist, is likely to be puzzling to the layman. Here in the north we say of our most extreme cold winter weather, "It's so dry you don't notice it." And of the blistering heat of an Arizona desert we are told that it is endurable because the air is so dry. Go over to Duluth some day when a cold wind is blowing in from the lake and you will be chilled to the very marrow of your bones although a similar temperature at Grand Forks would be quite comfortable. All right, they tell us to humidify our rooms as a means of saving fuel. But if a temperature of 65 is uncomfortable when the air is dry, why won't it be more uncomfortable when the air is damp?

IN ACTUAL PRACTICE THE DEGREE to which the air in a dwelling can be humidified depends a good deal on outdoor temperature if one doesn't want to get into trouble. With outdoor temperature 20 below, walls and windows—windows especially—are bound to be cold. Under those circumstances with room humidity or thereabout, moisture will condense on glass and run down in streams, to the destruction of wall paper and plaster, and the tighter the building the more the windows will drip. Then the only thing to do is to cut off part of the humidity.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCENERY around Oswego, New York reminded Captain W. B. Allen of things that I have written about the autumn scenery in Ontario, just across the lake, and prompted him to write me a chatty letter most of which I am passing on to the readers of this column. Captain Allen, for many years city editor of the Herald, and with extended army experience in the former war, is now an army captain at Fort Ontario, at Oswego, where he is interested in the strenuous work reminiscent of the days of 1917-18. Mrs. Allen, former Grand Forks city librarian, is with him. Asking to be remembered to Grand Forks friends he writes in part:

"YESTERDAY RUTH (MRS. ALLEN) and I took a drive up the Oswego river and back on the other bank, and as we drove along, the thought came to me that the scenery reminded me of much that you have written in your column.

"We are located at the oldest garrisoned fort in the United States. It was first fortified by the British in 1775, was taken by Montcalm, retaken by the British, captured and recaptured in the War for Independence, and occupied by the British in 1813. It has the dubious record of having engaged in many battles, but never winning one. It is about 60 miles due south across Lake Ontario from Kingston in Canada.

"THE FORT IS BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED on Lake Ontario, and now that we have had a frost, the coloring of the trees is beautiful. It ranges from deep red to a pale yellow, and as we drove along the river yesterday, we noticed the masses of brilliant coloring on each side of the bluffs that follow the river.

"The town of Oswego is about the size of Grand Forks, but the business district looks smaller and the residential areas larger. Many of the houses here date back to 1800 and before.

"NATURALLY I ENJOY LIFE AT AN army post here more than service with an isolated battalion, and I am busier and more contented than I have been at any time since entering the service this time. Our lieutenant colonel was one of the founders of the provost marshal school, and he taught them how to do it, so we all realize that we are a marked battalion. The higher command naturally feels that a man who ran the school should produce. We have a wonderful morale, and every one seems determined to make it the finest MP battalion in the service.

"I WAS BATTALION DUTY OFFICER on Friday, and came into the barrack area at about 10:30 P. M. In every barracks, the men were still busy, washing windows, scrubbing floors, and putting everything in shipshape for the commanding officers inspection Saturday morning. The quarters were so spotless that it was necessary to give demerits for shoes not being in perfect alignment or for a dripping faucet in order to rate the companies.

"I have charge of the motor transport in addition to my duties as S-2, intelligence officer, and we were quite pleased when the commanding officer of the fort stated that the shop and garage area had not been in such good shape since he had been here.

"WE LIVE AT THE PONTIAC hotel. There are a number of other officers living there, so they have their own social circle, and seem to be enjoying life. Ruth, who did not have a very high opinion of the army when she was librarian at Grand Forks, would not think now of missing a retreat parade, which we have Tuesdays and Fridays.

"We are working on an intensive training schedule. All officers of the battalion are on the line at 7 A. M. each day, and we get through about 6 P. M. with just an hour at noon. Every evening except Wednesdays and Saturdays, we have school at night.

"FRIDAY A GROUP OF THE Women were out to the post, and we took a bunch of pictures on top of the battlements of the old stone fort. As for me, I weigh 168 pounds in uniform at compared with 180 stripped when I came into the service. Outside of a provoking cold, I am feeling better than I have in years, and I think the army agrees with me, whether or not I do with it."

COLONEL THOMAS D. CAMPBELL, who passed through Grand Forks on Wednesday on a north-bound plane, became known during the former war as the world's greatest wheat grower. He broke up thousands of acres of Indian reservation lands in Montana which he farmed on a scale unknown up to that time. He has since been associated with other large enterprises in the south and southeast. Now a colonel in the army, he could say nothing about his movements during his brief stop here at the airport except that at the moment he was headed north. That might mean that his destination was Alaska, Churchill and the Great Circle route to Europe, or the Pacific coast. Military men go where they are ordered and keep their own counsel.

A RECENT ISSUE OF THE LOS ANgeles Herald and Express has portraits of Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor and two other federal judges sitting en banc in the trial of a case whose importance may be estimated from the fact that this is the first time in California history that three federal judges have been called to sit in judgment on the same case. The petitioners in this case are Ernest Wakayami and his wife Toki, both American - born citizens of Japanese ancestry, who challenge the right of the military authorities to order and conduct mass evacuations of American citizens of Japanese origin from their homes. Through their counsel the petitioners maintain that if it is necessary for reasons of national security to remove such citizens the removal should be conducted by the local civil authority and not by the military, and that the persons evacuated should be permitted to go to places of their own choosing inside the United States. This case will be used as a precedent affecting the treatment of many thousands of persons similarly situated.

A LETTER IS RECEIVED FROM Mrs. I. J. Foubert, 705 Second avenue South, who is in Hutchinson, Kansas, visiting her daughter Wynne, an employe in the Cessna aircraft plant. Miss Wynne was one of the first women employes in the Hutchinson plant, and the first to be employed in her department. The plant paper, Cessquire, published by the employes, contains an account of the ceremonies attending the award of the official "E," symbol of excellence, of which both management and employes are naturally proud.

MRS. FOUBERT WRITES: "WE ARE enjoying our visit here, but get fed up with people saying 'North Dakota! How can anyone live there?' No one thinks anything of a person coming from Minnesota or Montana, but North Dakota! You would think it was the North Pole to hear them."

HARRY GEIST TELLS ME THAT among the notable men who at one time or other lived in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was Jake Eshelman, one of the founders of Grand Forks. Eshelman was a partner of William Budge, and the partners, engaging in the real estate business, platted additions to the city. Eshelman also served as mayor of the city.

TRACY BANKS USED TO TELL A story of him which was characteristic. Eshelman had occasion to drive into the country and he invited young Bangs to go along. As the high-stepping team passed a livery stable Eshelman noticed a loud-mouthed fellow harranguing the little group in front of the stable. Profanely and obscenely the man declared his ability and willingness to lick any person present. Asking Bangs to hold the horses Eshelman handed over the reins, dismounted and crossed over to where the speaker was holding forth. Then things happened quickly. Eshelman lambasted the fellow right and left, knocked him down, and leaving him prostrate, returned to his carriage. As calmly as if nothing had happened he took hold of the reins and drove on. Whipping a bully was just a minor incident in an afternoon drive.

A CLIPPING FROM THE TACOMA News Tribune sent by P. V. Norman of Grand Forks, has an article telling of the president's stop at Fort Lewis and the Bremerton navy yard. One paragraph says: "A warm sun was burning away the fog rapidly as Mr. Roosevelt, riding with Major General White, commandant of the army's Ninth Corps area, and Major General James I. Muir, commander of the northwestern sector of the Western Defense command, motored past a crack regiment of field artillery drawn up for inspection. The men, mostly from North Dakota, were seated in long rows of motorized equipment."

THAT REGIMENT WAS THE 188TH, in which Paul Jr. and Jerome are serving. Dick, another son, is in the shipyard. When the order was given to the regiment to prepare for inspection the men supposed that some 1 or 2 star general might be about to inspect them. They were properly thrilled when they saw the president of the United States and commander-in-chief of its armed forces drive by. Mr. Norman writes, "Tell the mothers of the boys they are fine, I see them every few days."

IT SEEMS THAT NOBODY LOVES A dollar-a-year man. In his private life he may have been regarded as a respectable person, and his business career may have been considered altogether creditable, but let him give up his business, sacrifice his salary and devote himself exclusively to the work of his government in a trying and critical period and he becomes an object of suspicion, scorned and castigated and subjected to every form of insult and dignity.

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN CAME INTO prominence during the former World War. The government needed the advice and assistance of men familiar with the handling of large business enterprises. The government itself was engaged in business on a tremendous scale. It had to assemble and equip several million men for military service. It needed guns and ships, food and clothing and all the appurtenances of war on a scale with which no man regularly in the government service was even remotely familiar. It needed the help of men who had gained knowledge in their special fields through years of experience and whose ability had been demonstrated by years of successful administration.

SUCH MEN WERE INVITED TO come to the assistance of the government and take charge of work which must be performed most quickly and efficiently. Many of them responded, expressing their willingness to serve where-ever and however they could be most useful. In order that they might devote their entire time to the work of the government they severed their business connections and wound up their business affairs. Asking no compensation from the government they were willing to donate their services. Under the law this could not be done. They were placed on the munificent salary of one dollar and became dollar-a-year men.

SUCH MEN SERVED THROUGH THE former war. Another war broke loose, and again men of this type were needed and responded on the same terms. At the beginning they were commended for having followed the patriotic course. But presently some of their decisions came into conflict with the wishes of persons who had axes to grind and interests to serve and it became the custom to attribute to the dollar-a-year men selfish and unworthy purposes. If in his business life one of them had been interested in steel, or rubber, or oil, or aluminum, most naturally his advice was sought with respect to the subjects with which he was most familiar. But he gave advice or rendered decisions at his peril. There are conflicting interests in every field and decisions on important matters are bound to come into conflict with some of those interests, and to those who felt themselves aggrieved the dollar-a-year man became, not the patriotic citizen that he had been supposed to be, but the personification of greed and corruption, the representative of commercial selfishness entrenched in the very citadel of the government.

I AM WILLING TO CONCEDE THAT some dollar-a-year men may be rascals. There are individual cases of rascality in every department, of life. But I do not believe that those who have attained positions of eminence in manufacture, transportation, commerce or finance are more selfish or less patriotic than the field run of American citizens. When William M. Jeffers, recently appointed rubber director, was asked in a hearing before a senate committee if some of the men on his advisory committee were not interested in rayon he replied that he did not know if that were correct, but he added: I'm assuming that in a war you can trust Americans." I subscribe to that sentiment, and it applies to Americans who are willing to serve the government for a dollar a year.

THE PRACTICE OF THROWING bricks at those who are engaged in public service is not confined to dollar-a-year men. We importune a man to be a candidate for some position in public life. To do so he must give up some of his business activities and make certain personal sacrifices for which the salary of the position is but meager compensation. His objections are overcome and he becomes a candidate, and in his campaign his morals and his purposes are attacked without limit. If he is elected he is continually assailed with invective and denunciation. Is it any wonder that it is difficult to persuade honest and capable men to run for office? Fortunately there are a few men of the right type who are willing to serve notwithstanding the indignities to which they are subjected. But the attitude toward public service which is altogether too common is responsible in no small measure for the presence of the shyster and incompetent in public life.

SOME WEEKS AGO I PICKED UP A little article on "serendipity," and made some remarks about it. The word isn't In common use, but to those familiar with it it has a meaning. It has been described as the faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident. There are innumerable examples of it in history and in everyday experience. A familiar example is that of Columbus who sailed westward seeking Japan and discovered a new hemisphere. One of the most interesting experience of this nature was that of Heinrich Schliemann.

SCHIELMANN, A GERMAN MINISTER's son who became an American citizen, became fascinated during boyhood by stories of ancient Troy and determined that some day he would seek and discover the site of the ancient city. After varied adventures in fortune hunting he made the attempt. As recounted in Van Loon's book, "The Wrts," he dug right through what had been Troy into the remains of a civilization that had existed long before the Troy of Homer was founded. His unforeseen discovery had enabled him to push back the calendar of Greek history seven hundred years and to make the world conscious of a culture which went back thousands of years beyond any period suspected by historians.

WHILE LOOKING OVER VAN Loon's pages I chanced upon some paragraphs treating of the artist as essentially a person apart from the multitude, among them this on Abraham Lincoln:

"The artist himself in his daily relationship with his fellow men may be as democratic as Abraham Lincoln. But let us remember that the moment honest old Abe Lincoln found himself in a quiet corner and took a pad of paper on his knee to jot down a few lines of his sublime prose, he became a million miles removed from the rest of humanity. We remember him for what he did when he was apart from humanity, not for the funny stories he told as a means of keeping the crowd at a distance."

A COPY OF THE PENN TRAIL, A little florist's magazine passed on to me by Tom McElroy, has this story about "A Job for a Boy:"

"The belligerent 10-year-old who showed up at a naval recruiting office and offered to enlist in the navy had his own special job clearly in mind. When asked "Can you fight the Japs he replied:

" Look, churm, you got a lot of men that can lick the Japs. But the Japs got kids, too. I can lick their kids.' "

THE PERSISTENCE OF SOME OF our flowering plants through those September freezes is amazing. From my window I can see my neighbor's snapdragons blooming away as if it were midsummer, and I have just cut several stalks of delphinium with long spikes of bloom fully developed. That particular plant is OUT in the open without any sort of protection. I understand, too, that the recent warm weather has started lilac buds swelling. Let's hope that they don't get so far along that next spring's crop of blossoms will be impaired.

IN AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER passed on to me by a friend there is a display advertisement published by the Ministry of Fuel and Power giving British householders information on how to estimate the quantity of fuel to which they will be entitled during the coming winter. Each person or family will be entitled to a specified number of "units," a unit being the equivalent of 50 pounds of coal or coke, 500 cubic feet of gas, 50 units of electricity, or 1 gallon of paraffin.

A TABLE IS GIVEN SHOWING THE number of units assigned to dwellings of various sizes in the northern, midland and southern districts, respectively. For a six-room house, for example, in the northern district, the occupant will be entitled to 150 units for the season. In addition there is an additional allowance of 15 units for each person, whether adult, or child, in the family.

UNLESS MY PENCIL HAS PLAYED tricks on me that would mean that in northern England the family of five persons, living in a six-room house, would be entitled to 5.625 tons of coal, or its equivalent in other fuel, for the year. Because of climatic and other differences exact comparisons are impossible. Northern England, while much farther north than North Dakota, has a winter temperature much higher than ours. There, also, the air is much more moist than ours. There is the further fact that the English people have been accustomed from birth to rooms much cooler than Americans usually find comfortable. All of these facts enter into the heating problem.

IN HIS ARTICLE ON AUTUMN IN the New York Times magazine about two weeks ago Donald Culross Peattie described the season as peculiar to America in those manifestations which we characterize as Indian summer. In that he seems to be correct. Other parts of the world have their autumn beauties, but apparently nothing that parallels the American Indian summer, of which we have had such a glowing example all through this October thus far. There are those who take issue with Mr. Peattie, however, when he claims for America the designation "fall" as applied to the third season of the year. Several correspondents have pointed out that the word "fall" as applied to this season is a good old Anglo-Saxon term which was in use in England centuries ago, and that the word "autumn" is really an innovation. Webster's dictionary supports this view and has a quotation from Milton which maintains that "fall" is the appropriate name for the season, and that "autumn" is a poor substitute and that its use borders on affectation,

I SPENT MY BOYHOOD IN A COMMUNITY nearly all of whose elders had come direct from England, some from Yorkshire and Lancashire, some from the Welsh border, some from the Midlands, and old Mr. Mitchell, who came from Somerset, which he always called "Zomerzet." And to all of those English people, representing many localities, the third season of the year was "fall." In the orchards we had our fall pippins; farmers did their fall plowing and planted their fall wheat; we had an early or late fall, and fall weather, good or bad; and in ordinary conversation the word "autumn" was never heard.

ED FILIATRAULT BROUGHT IN from the Bridgefort farm south of East Grand Forks three potatoes which together weighed 6 1/2 pounds. In form and color they resemble cobbles, but they are variety known as Chippewas.

THE DRIVE FOR SCRAP HAS SUGGESTED to Al Graham in the New York Times magazine the thought that eminent writers of bygone years, if they were here now, might devote their talents to versified observations on scrap collection. As examples of the possibilities he submits the following as it might have been written by John G. Whittier:

Blessings on thee, little chap,
Rounding up the neighbors' scrap!
With thy fellow-Scouts a-hunt
On the vital salvage front;
With thy wagon-load of cans
And thy pounds of pots and pans;
With thy energy and verve,
And thy willingness to serve;
Unto thee my hand goes out—
I, myself, was once a Scout!

THE GHOST OF HENRY W. LONG fellow is represented by this: Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands; The smith, a useful man is he,
With large and sinewy hands. He labors conscientiously
To salvage iron bands.

AND THOMAS GRAY, IT IS SUGGESTED, might produce something like this: The bell that tolled the
knell of parting
day; The cowbells of the herd upon the
lea; The plowman's plowshare; each has
gone to play Its destined part in final victory.

THERE ARE OTHERS, BY JOYCE Kilmer, Eugene Field and Lewis Carroll. The entire collection is an interesting contribution to scrap literature.

THE TIN CAN DRIVE HASN'T quite reached Grand Forks, but it is coming nearer. Presently it will be here. Collections have been ordered in cities as near as the Twin Cities and Duluth, and we may be sure that in the very near future there will be demand for every empty can in Grand Forks, for the war industries need the tin that can be recovered from them, which is about 1 per cent of the weight, and for the steel that remains when the tin has been recovered. Because of its bulk an empty can seems much lighter than it is. But flatten it out and one is surprised at its weight. Really it contains quite a lot of metal. The ordinary quart can weighs close to a quarter of a pound. Multiply that by the number of cans that the average family uses in a month, and that by the number of families in the country, and we have an astonishing number of tons of valuable metal which is ordinarily thrown away, but which can be put to some good purpose. And when flattened out cans are easier to store than almost any other kind of junk.

I WONDER IF, AFTER THE WAR, there will not be a new attitude toward waste of all kinds. We are proverbially a wasteful people. In the matter of food it has been said that more good food goes into American garbage cans than would feed all France. We have wasted everything we could get our hands on, chiefly because there was plenty of it. It was less trouble to draw on new supplies than to gather up the fragments of what had been used and make further use of them. We have smashed down our once magnificent forests until there are few forests left. In our mining operations we have wasted more coal and iron than we have used. We have permitted oil wells to run wild and great jets of natural gas to burn night and day for years. And we have thrown away millions of tons of useful metal which we are now frantically trying to recover.

AMONG THE MOST UNSIGHTLY spots in America are the approaches to our cities and villages, where unused stuff of every imaginable description is dumped to offend the eyes and nostrils and breed pestilence. Those dump piles are now being raked over and much of their material is being used. That is being done under pressure of war emergency. It may be that salvage work such as has been forced upon us by war will be found profitable in time of peace and that we shall extend the useful limit of our natural resources immeasurably by, permitting much less valuable material to go to waste. And as a by-product there would be eliminated some of the horrors which we have too easily taken for granted.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS TO DISCARD the moustache which helped to make him famous and to don a Frenchified one which will fit the character which he is to assume in his new picture, "Lady Killer." He has not yet decided on the exact form of the new adornment. With the old moustache will go the baggy trousers and wobbly walking-stick with which all the world is familiar. Will he be accepted in the new outfit as the real Charlie Chaplin, or won't he?

ASKED ABOUT THE SUBJECT OF a speech which he was to deliver at a war rally in New York-Chaplain said he hadn't decided. He might talk on economics, he said, or anything that might come to his mind. Brushing back his white hair, which is still black in his pictures, he said:

"I AM NOT A POLITICIAN. I BELONG to an honored profession, that of a clown.

"I will say what is on my mind. (A la Willkie) I have arrived at the delightful age where I fear nothing, only the truth."

A NEW YORK PATROLMAN, OFF duty and in bed at home, was aroused by his landlady after she had heard some one break a window at the rear of a store adjoining her house. Promptly he seized the telephone, called the police, turned over and went to sleep again. Next day he was suspended for neglect of duty.

IN NEW YORK THE OTHER DAY E. J. Durkin, national director of the drive for scrap metals, made the astonishing statement that the country's newspapers, which have sponsored the drive, "have no use for metals of any kind, and therefore cannot possibly be accused of any motive other than patriotism." As to the patriotism of newspaper people, probably it is about on a par with the patriotism of those engaged in other occupations, but where Mr. Durkin get the idea that the newspapers do not use metals?

MR. DURKIN IS NOT A NEWSpaper man, but he is head of a paper company, and as such he might be supposed to be at least moderately conversant with some of the most obvious requirements of a newspaper in the way of metals. In individual type alone every newspaper must keep on hand a considerable quantity of metal. The melting pots of composing room and stereotyping room call for tin, lead, antimony and sundry other metals. The pictures which appear in, every issue of every daily paper are etched on zinc plates, and it must take acres and acres of such plates to produce the pictures that are printed in a year.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE METALlic supplies which the newspaper uses every day, some of which are recast and fused many times, but in all of them there is loss by heat, abrasion and other incidentals of use. Then there is the battery of linotype machines, built of steel and brass, whose brass matrices must be replaced periodically. And downstairs are the giant presses, each a metallic monster, whose rolling cylinders deliver newspapers at the rate of 70,000 an hour. Yes, the newspapers do use metals.

DOWN IN GEORGIA AIDES OF GOVernor Talmadge have organized Vigilantes, Inc., a secret society limited to white males. Its charter provides that the organization shall have the power to confer an initiative or degree ritualism, fraternal and secret obligation, words, grips, signs and ceremonies. The purposes are declared to be purely eleemosynary, patriotic, social and benevolent. No capital stock is involved, as it is declared that the organization is not for profit, but the corporation will control sale of its paraphernalia, regalia, stationery, jewelry and other materials.

ALL OF THAT SOUNDS QUITE harmless. Also, it sounds very much like the Ku Klux Klan did when it first began to get under way. You can't always tell what an outfit is by the kind of noise that it makes. The fact that the organizers of this new society are close friends of Governor Talmadge is, enough to warrant close scrutiny of its behavior.

MOUNT M'KINLEY HAS JUST BEEN scaled for the third time. This time the scaling of North America's highest peak (20,300 feet) was not undertaken altogether as an adventure or altogether for exploratory purposes, although doubtless both factors were present. An expedition of seventeen men, seven of whom reached the peak, was made up of army officers and representatives of the National Geographic society to test the serviceability of certain items of army equipment, foods, clothing, etc., in the clear surroundings, rarefied air and furious winds of that high altitude. A camp was established at the 18,000-foot level and there the climbers received by parachute from planes overhead quantities of the materials which they were to test. It is said that most valuable information. was gained, to be used later in the equipment of our men for service in mountainous territory.

HOW INVOLVED OUR MENTAL REactions are! I saw an item in the paper that reminded me of something that I wished to remember. I forgot all about it. Later I remembered that I had been reminded of something, but I couldn't remember what it was, nor what it was that had recalled it to me except that it was some item in the paper. I started looking for that item, but nothing that I found brought any result. Now my curiosity has been doubled. I want to know what it was of which I had been reminded, and what it was that reminded me of it, if you get what I mean.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF May Robson, grand old woman of the theater, will bring to many old theater-goers recollections of pleasant hours spent in the presence of a charming personality who touched deftly many of the strings of human emotion and beneath whose light comedy there was often a vein of serious thought. Miss Robson won her first outstanding success in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," in which she delighted a Grand Forks audience many years ago. Less well known, but still remembered with pleasure was her "Martha by the Day," a later play which also proved popular.

MAY ROBSON WAS AN INVETERATE trouper. Born in Australia, she toured the British empire, and the United States, and it was her boast that she had played in every city of the United States with a population of 4,000 or more, and her exuberant vitality enabled her not only to endure but to enjoy the vicissitudes of barn-storming. Throughout her long life of 78 years she maintained undiminished her love of the stage, and only failing sight during the past two or three years imposed a check on her stage activities. She was immensely proud of the fact that she was the only living and working actress who was also a great-grandmother.

I HAVEN'T THE DATES OF MISS Robson's appearances in Grand Forks. Somewhere they may be found in the newspaper files, and perhaps there are in existence programs of the plays in which she appeared. For several years I preserved programs of plays at the old Metropolitan, but they piled up, got in the way, and were destroyed. It would be a satisfaction to have them now. It would be possible, though scarcely worth while, to collect from the newspaper files the names and dates of all the plays and the names of those who played their leading parts. But there would still be something lacking.

THE PROGRAM CONTAINED, NOT only the names of the stars, but of those who played the subordinate parts, and some of the names of those who played only little bits long ago would now be recognized as names of those who have reached the top of the theatrical ladder. The legitimate theater was a great school in which young persons of both sexes were really educated for the stage. The life was hard, the training rigorous, and the financial returns small, and the young actor or actress might spend years in what would seem monotonous drudgery to most of us before being entrusted with anything approaching a leading part. But out of it came really great artists. We have speeded things up and streamlined them. One wonders if the results will be as enduring.

THAT COLUMN OF UNCLE RAY'S, which appears daily in the Herald, contains many bits of interesting information. Sometimes it contains matter which may provoke argument, which is not at all a bad thing. The other day in describing the activities of squirrels in storing up food in the fall:

"They know that a time is coming; when food will not be easy to get, so they put some of it away for winter."

WHAT THE SQUIRRELS DO IS BEYOND question. Why they do it is something else. Do they know that winter is coming? The young squirrel has never known winter. He has known only warm summer days when life was easy and comfortable and food was abundant. Did his parents tell him about winter? I doubt' it. I suspect that if the infant squirrel were taken from his parents and never had further contact with others of his kind, he would still begin gathering nuts in the fall and storing them away, just as he does now. There has been born in him the impulse to store away nuts in the fall, just as there has been born in the beaver the impulse to build dams. We call it instinct. Actually we don't know quite what it is.

AT INFORMAL OUTDOOR CEREMONIES on Friday marking completion of the Community Chest drive announcement was made that subscriptions had been received aggregating \$34,224.60 passing by a liberal margin the goal of \$30,500 which had been fixed for the drive. The success which attended the drive is most gratifying to all who have participated, whether as organizers, solicitors or contributors. Organizers and solicitors, of course, functioned also in the role of contributors. The campaign was well planned and carried forward with vigor and intelligence.

AS A RESULT OF THIS CAMPAIGN the several character-building agencies represented in the Chest are assured of the funds which have been assigned them for the coming year after careful examination of their needs and their other sources of income by a representative budget committee, and we have assurance now that the work of these agencies can go forward in a manner which will continue to contribute to the orderly and wholesome life of the community.

THIS YEAR THERE WAS INCLUDED in the Chest an appropriation for the USO, which accounts for the fact that the goal was fixed at a higher figure than usual. The USO is organization in which is combined and systematized the work of several groups whose activities are directed toward the welfare of members of American armed forces, whether in camps at home or in assignments beyond the sea. In those hundreds of localities the USO provides facilities for recreation, reading, correspondence and the scores of little conveniences which help to make life more livable for those who are cut off for the time being from the associations and influences of home. The value of this service can scarcely be overestimated, and that its importance is appreciated here at home is evidenced by the ready response which came to the appeal for funds for the Community Chest.

THE SWIFT AND SUCCESSFUL Completion of the Chest campaign was due in the first instance to intelligent planning by those who had general direction of the work. Then came the army of canvassers who volunteered for a task no one ever welcomes for its own sake, a task which was performed thoroughly and efficiently. Then came that more numerous army of private citizens, of all occupations, which is fairly representative of the community as a whole. From those came contributions, large or small, but each representative of desire to help in a worthy work which must be performed. In all of its phases the Community Chest this year is closely related to war work, and just as our people have responded so enthusiastically on this occasion, we may be assured that they will respond to whatever calls may come in the future for personal sacrifice in order that the great task to which the nation is dedicated may be successfully performed.

MOST OF US FEEL, PROBABLY, that some sort of punishment ought to be meted out to those who have been responsible in this war for the many outrages against common humanity which have characterized the whole Nazi attitude. Mass murder of helpless persons, torture of prisoners, deliberate enslavement of civilians and their compulsion to engage in work against their own people, these and other outrages have characterized the whole course of the war thus far. Somebody is responsible for those things, and we are told that commissions representing the United States are collecting detailed evidence with respect to them which is to be presented later to an appropriate body for appropriate action.

THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE. Evidence should be collected as rapidly and completely as the facts are available, and appropriate action should be taken when the proper time comes. That time will not be until the United Nations have won their complete victory. The suggestion emanating from some unofficial source in Russia that Rudolf Hess, now a prisoner in Great Britain, be immediately placed on trial for whatever crimes he may have committed ought not to be considered. The British foreign secretary, Anthony Eden, says that his government has received no such suggestion from the Russian government. He does not say what would be done were such a suggestion made officially, but it is safe to say that it would be rejected. There is the technicality that Hess became a prisoner before Russia entered the war. Beyond that there is the practical consideration that to institute a campaign of trials for actionable offenses now would invite reprisals from the enemy, resulting almost inevitably in more mass murders. Let the evidence be gathered now, to be acted on in an orderly manner when the heat of battle is over.

I AM INDEBTED TO MRS. C. R. Coulter of East Grand Forks for a copy of Mother Shipton's prophecies which she received from an aunt now 80 years old. This aunt remembers hearing her parents refer to the "prophecies" 70 years ago. Interest in Mother Shipton waxes and wanes as current events tend to focus attention on the predictions attributed to her. When things move along quietly she is forgotten; then when some catastrophe occurs, such as a great earthquake or a world war, her sayings are searched for whatever she may have had to offer on the subject.

THERE IS NO TRUSTWORTHY EVIDENCE that any such person ever lived. What purported to be the story of her life was written in 1684 by Sir Richard Head, but the information on which Sir Richard based his book was based on popular tradition some 200 years old. It is certain, however, that there had been current for several generations the belief that a witch-like woman had lived in Northern England and had interested and sometimes frightened people with predictions of strange events. Some of the sayings attributed to her had been assembled and put into versified form and were in general circulation.

MANY VERSIONS OF THE "PROPHECIES" have been published, and they have been so changed and expanded that it is impossible to say which of the predictions were made by the woman herself, if she actually lived, and which had been added by others. In 1862 one Charles Hindley published a purported version of the prophecies, but about 10 years later he confessed that he had concocted many of the predictions himself. One of his forgeries was the statement that "The world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one." I remember distinctly the anxiety which that prediction gave many good people. I never had any faith in Mother Shipton, but some of my friends who had been wondering about it felt a sense of relief on waking up on the morning of January 1, 1882, to find that the world still seemed to be intact. And at that, the fellow who forged that prediction knew as much about it as Mother Shipton did.

WHILE SORTING OVER A QUANTITY of material long stored away Fred L. Goodman resurrected a souvenir of old times in the form of a program of the inaugural performance at the Metropolitan, November 10, 1890, at which Emma Abbott and her English opera company appeared in the opera "Martha." That was a gala event at which the elite of the city were present together with visitors from many parts of the northwest, for it was the first time that anywhere in the northwest a theater so large, artistic and complete in its appointments had been opened to the public, and the appearance here of Emma Abbott and her company marked the beginning of musical and dramatic entertainment of the highest class extending over many years.

I WAS NOT LIVING IN GRAND Forks at the time of the opening of the Met, and I had never before seen one of those souvenir programs, although, of course, I was familiar with the story of the event and on several occasions I have written about it. The program is well preserved, showing little of the effect of age. Done on silk, it gives, in addition to the names of the principals in the operatic cast the names of the architect who designed the building and of the contractors who built it; names of the officers, directors and stockholders of the Opera House company; the name of the manager, George H. Broadhurst, who afterward became famous as a playwright and producer, and the names of those who had subscribed for tickets for the opening performance in sums of \$50 or more.

THE HIGHEST PRICED TICKET went to Captain Alex Griggs for \$300. Then followed William Budge and S. W. McLaughlin with \$250 each, and after them came a long list of \$100 and \$50 subscriptions. The 75 subscriptions of \$50 or more realized \$5,300, a pretty fair start for the first performance.

THE OPERA COMPANY CARRIED A large chorus and its own orchestra. In addition to Miss Abbott the principals listed were Lizzie Annandale, Martin Pache, William Pruette, Richard Karl and R. Rudolphi.

LONG BEFORE THE ONSET OF THE present war there was controversy over Japanese immigration to the United States. That controversy was sharpest in California, where many thousands of Japanese had established themselves. The basis of the antagonism toward the Japanese was economic rather than political. Because they were industrious and competent Japanese laborers were welcomed by owners of large plantations. But because the Japanese lived cheaply and were willing to work for small wages their presence tended to demoralize the labor situation. The Japanese were frugal and thrifty, and the Japanese laborer soon became the owner of his own garden, and on the market he was able to undersell his white competitor. Various restrictive measures were adopted against the Japanese, first by the California state government and finally by the federal government.

IN THE DISCUSSION ATTENDING these changes, which was sometimes exceedingly bitter, it was often charged that the Japanese purpose was that of military conquest and that preparation for this was being made through the process of economic infiltration sponsored by the Japanese government. It was charged that many of the apparently harmless Japanese gardeners and laborers were actually disguised spies. Most of such charges were made by persons who knew nothing about the facts, but who, wishing to get rid of the Japs for business reasons, were willing to credit any sort of accusations against them. Recent events have demonstrated that some of those charges, made loosely and in ignorance, were actually true.

AN EXPRESSION OF OLD-TIME ANtagonism toward the Japanese is found in the words of a song published in an issue Of the Chicago Examiner in 1916. A copy of the sheet containing that song was discovered recently by H. F. Hobough in rummaging through some old material in the attic of his home at 1505 University avenue. The song, addressed to Californians, is entitled "Look Out! California —Beware." The song, which is interesting just now because of more recent developments, runs as follows:

They tell us that Uncle Sam Would lie down like a lamb
But he doesn't understand the situation. He says war talk must cease While he feeds the dove of peace,
But he doesn't know the peril to tho
nation.

But some things are going to happen That will shake things up, perhaps,
If we don't start to clean out the Japs.

Chorus-

They lurk upon thy shores, California! They watch behind thy doors, California!
They're a hundred thousand strong, And they won't be hiding long,
There's nothing that the dastards
would not dare. They are soldiers to a man, With the schemes of old Japan
Look out! California—beware!

There's a murmur that affirms We are brothers to the worms
That serve is in a meek and lowly manner;
But while we watch and wait They're inside the Golden Gate;
Oh! God save the Star Spangled Banner With the army and the navy, And the White House full of gaps,
And our coast running over with Japs!

They've battleships, they say, On Magdalena bay! Uncle Sam, won't you listen when we
warn you?
They meet us with a smile, But they're working all the while, And they're waiting just to steal our
California!
So just keep your eye on Togo, With his pocket full of maps For we've found out we can't trust the Japs!

AS A LITERARY PRODUCTION that song doesn't take very high rank, but it is interesting as an expression of a sentiment which was quite prevalent on the West coast more than a quarter of a century ago, which had its origin in dislike of competition, but which had more basis of fact than most persons suspected at that time.

WHILE LISTENING TO WENDELL Willkie's speech the other night I recalled an incident of several years ago. En route west with a family party I had stopped at the turn-out a few miles east of Medora to admire the coloring in the great gorge of the Bad Lands. Another car drove up from the west and the driver and his three women passengers stepped out to view the scenery. They all looked tired, as I have no doubt they were, but the driver was chatty and talked freely of their trip. They were from an eastern state and had been making a tour of the West. They had been away from home a month and the driver boasted that within that time they had traveled 10,00 miles and had visited every national park between Mexico and the Canadian border. They had driven through the Yellowstone park and about that they remembered chiefly the awful road over which they had driven on the way out. It was the now famous Cook highway which was then under construction. They seemed to feel that their furious drive through so much territory was a real achievement and that they had actually been seeing the country.

WHEN STEELERS WERE COMING in, railroads were being extended and townsites were being established it was an exceedingly unambitious community that did not see in its own town a coming metropolis. There has been passed on to me a reminder of those early days in the form of a clipping telling of the glowing prospects of the town of Arvilla, in Grand Forks county, which was then in the making. The clipping is evidently from an early issue of the Herald published while the extension of the railroad west from the city was getting under way. The headline describes Arvilla as the "coming meteor of the constellation of Red river valley towns," a metaphor which the writer might not have used if he had given further thought to his astronomy, for the meteor, as he must have known, shines briefly and is gone. The little article reads:

"MESSRS HUGHES AND HERSEY, the two bonanza farmers of Orange, have started a young Dakota town in Orange township, Section one. It is on the western Grand Forks extension, about 20 miles from this city. Mr. Alex Oldham will survey the plat as soon as he gets through with some of his work here. The gentlemen have engaged with the Manitoba railroad for a fine depot and a system of side tracks to be put down immediately. The site for the embryo city possesses all the natural advantages which it is possible to crowd into a single location. The best of good land, fine waters, an abundance of hard wood, numerous small farms, enterprising and thrifty settlers, all combine to form the elements which cause a town to come to the front in the finest kind of shape. If 'men make the town,' then Arvilla is made. F. D. Hughes weighs two hundred and D. H. Hersey supplies the town with good looks. Both have the necessary go in them, and the city will be a 'daisy.'"

ARVILLA DID NOT QUITE BECOME a metropolis, but it flourished as the center of a prosperous and progressive farming community and it played its part well in the development of the valley. Hughes and Hersey farmed on a large scale and dealt extensively in real estate. They knew also the advertising value of a spectacular venture. In their new town of Arvilla they built a hotel which in its luxurious appointments, the size of its bar and the quality of its drinks would compare favorably with some of the best hotels of the East, and visitors from the East were amazed to find on the western prairie accommodations as good as any they had ever known. Usually they had expected to sleep in blankets under the wagon and eat hastily prepared camp grub. The Hughes & Hersey farm was also a show place and many important guests from the East were entertained there.

ONE OF THE BIG CANNING COMPANIES, recognizing that glass jars are largely replacing tin cans because of the war, generously offers a list of suggestions for care in the handling of glass containers so as to avoid accidents. All of the suggestions relate to avoidance of breakage and of injury to the hands in case accident does occur. Readers are warned, for instance, not to throw broken glass into a garbage or other container, as other breakage may occur and bits of glass may fly. Broken glass on the floor, we are told, should not be picked up with the hands, but rather swept up carefully. There are sharp slivers which may pierce the skin.

ONE PARAGRAPH READS: "When putting hot liquids into cold glass containers always first place a spoon, fork or knife in the empty container before filling. This will tend to prevent glass from cracking caused by too rapid expansion."

That is something with which every elderly housewife is familiar. It was practiced by my grandmother, and I have never been able to understand why. It doesn't seem reasonable that the mere presence of a spoon in a glass jar should so distribute heat when a hot liquid is poured in as to prevent cracking. But the mysterious thing is that the plan seems to work. But the obvious method would seem to be to heat the glass first.

ANOTHER MYSTERY TO ME IS THE idea that holding a steel knife blade between the teeth while peeling onions will prevent the eyes from smarting. That's one thing that doesn't seem to work for me. I've tried it.

I NEVER TRIED THE METHOD OF preventing sea sickness which an old sailor recommended to a green passenger. "Just chew and swallow a good big hunk of boiled fat pork," said the sailor. The passenger was doubtful. He couldn't see how fat pork would help. "But it does," said the sailor. "I never knew it to fail. So long as you keep the pork down you'll keep everything else down." The passenger tried it. The sailor was right. Unfortunately the pork wouldn't stay down, and everything else came up after it.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SEASICK? And have you tried any of the recommended preventives, of which there are about a million? Thus far I have escaped seasickness, but I never have felt very confident about it. Years ago I talked about it with several naval officers and asked them what they knew about preventives. Unanimously they replied that they knew of none. They qualified this by saying that sometimes a particular preparation seemed to be effective with one person while it had no effect on another. They didn't believe there was any preparation which could be trusted to prevent seasickness in all, or nearly all cases. To the green landsman they advised that he eat sparingly of only solid foods, that he also drink sparingly, and that he spend much time on the top deck walking vigorously in the wind. I tried that and was able to eat my regular meals and keep them down and to enjoy life on shipboard. Perhaps I should have got along all right without the exercise. I don't know.

PROBABLY WHEN COFFEE RATIONING is in force being restricted to coffee sufficient for only about one cup a day will seem like a real hardship to many persons. There are those who habitually drink coffee three, four or five times a day, and drink several cups at a sitting. Perhaps substitutes will come into vogue. Chicory has often been used as a coffee adulterant, and I am told that in the southern states chicory is quite generally mixed with coffee, not as an adulterant, but because the people like the flavor. Perhaps we shall not be able to get chicory. Also, corn, barley, bran and other cereals have often been roasted and used as substitutes for coffee.

WHILE THERE IS NO FIXED LIMIT to human life there are certain periods which mark the passage of the years to which custom seems to give special significance. There come in succession the period of adolescence, the attainment of legal majority, the half-century mark and the completion of the Biblical three score years and ten, each of which seems to make rather definitely the completion of one phase of life. When one passes the Biblical limit their remains that eighth decade, whose completion is always doubtful, for clouds and mists of increasing density obscure those later years and the goal of one's eightieth anniversary is never clearly in sight

TO REACH THAT GOAL IS A DESTiny rather than an achievement, but even so its attainment brings a certain measure of satisfaction. It has been my good fortune to reach that goal and to look back upon the long winding path that has been traveled and which has led me through scenes of extraordinary interest. For all of this I am deeply grateful. Especially grateful am I for the warm and enduring friendships which have accompanied me along the way, for the kindly messages of good will which the anniversary has brought, and for the happy relationship which I have enjoyed with those with whom I have been associated in the work of these many years.

MANY YEARS AGO I WAS TROUbled with severe headaches and I was advised, among other things, to consult an eye specialist on the chance that the headaches might be due to eye trouble. I went to Dr. W. H. Bates, who was then practicing in Grand Forks and he gave my eyes a thorough examination. He had not proceeded far with the examination before he remarked that he didn't find much the matter with my eyes. This he repeated at several stages of the examination.

"But," he added, "I'll give you something that you can apply occasionally."

THE EXAMINATION OVER, HE REpeated, "I don't find much the matter with your eyes." Then he added, "I don't find anything the matter with them.

Actually they are in unusually good condition, and your headaches are due to something else."

I WAS QUITE PLEASED TO LEARN that I was in no immediate danger of going blind and that I was not due for a long, painful and costly course of eye treatment. Then, remembering the doctor's promise of a preparation to apply to my eyes, I said "If there's nothing the matter with my eyes doctor, why should I put anything in them?"

HE LOOKED ME OVER THOUGHTfully for a moment, then his eyes twinkled and his face wrinkled into a grin. "Oh," he said, "just to be doing something."

I grinned also and said that probably I could find something else to keep me busy.

DR. BATES PRACTICED IN GRAND Forks for several years. He was erratic and temperamental and he had insatiable curiosity with respect to everything concerning his profession. Whenever a new form of treatment came to his attention he examined it, and undoubtedly he spent considerable time investigating methods and processes which proved to be valueless. Moving to New York and continuing his research he developed a method which has become known as visual education the essential feature of which is the strengthening of the muscles which affect vision by regular and directed exercise. In certain ways his method appears to parallel the system of muscular exercise applied with such gratifying results by Miss Kenny, the now celebrated Australian nurse in her treatment of infantile paralysis.

DR. BATES BECAME WIDELY known in his profession and the method of treatment which he originated has won complete recognition. It is the subject of a book by Aldous Huxley, who himself derived great benefit from it. Of that book a paragraph in a recent issue of the New York Times says:

"ALDOUS HUXLEY'S 'THE ART OF Seeing,' which is to be released next Wednesday, is both the story of the author's own re-education in seeing and the story of the methods of visual education. Huxley was 17 when he became nearly blind, was guided when walking and read by Braille. His spectacles were thick-lensed and by no means satisfactory. He went along like this until 1939, his lenses becoming increasingly strengthened, until in this country he heard of visual education. He put himself in the hands of a teacher who was a disciple of W. H. Bates, the pioneer in the field. Within a few months he had discarded glasses, and his sight, he says now, is about twice as good as it was with optical lenses. This discourse, which Harper's is to publish, Huxley describes as a tribute to Dr. Bates and others in the field of the sight-without-glasses method."