

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading a magazine biography of Jack London, by Irving Stone. I read several of London's books as they were published around the turn of the century, and I enjoyed some of them. London was a facile writer, with unusual descriptive power, a fertile imagination and rare storytelling ability. But through most of his writings ran a vein of irritating and offensive egotism which caused me to dislike him, and the biography does nothing to remove that feeling.

IF MY ESTIMATE OF THE man was correct perhaps I should consider the biography well done because it tends to confirm my impression. The book exaggerates the importance of its subject as grossly as London exaggerated his own importance. If we are to take it at face value we must believe that there was a decade or so during which the American public spent most of its time reading Jack London's books, thinking and talking about them and their author and crying passionately for more.

SOME OF LONDON'S BOOKS, notably "The Call of the Wild," were exceedingly popular, as they deserved to be. But even the best of them caused no perceptible excitement. London was a powerful story-teller, but when he posed as philosopher and moralist, which he did much of the time, he was insufferably dull.

HE WAS A ROUGH SPECIMEN and lived a hard life. He drank copiously during most of his life and he seems to have had extra-ordinary capacity for "carrying his likker." Many of his drinking experiences were narrated in his book "John Barleycorn," which the biographer thinks was one of his most powerful works and which he says had much to do with bringing about prohibition. Such a statement is nonsense. I read the book myself, but I don't recall that I ever heard anyone else mention it. It bored me, and so far as the public was concerned, it fell flat.

THE BIOGRAPHER SEEMS TO share London's estimate of himself as a misunderstood genius whose generosity was abused by everyone with whom he came in contact. He is shown as in endless controversy with his associates, his publishers, his wives and recipients of his bounty, all of whom are shown as having taken advantage of his trusting nature to do him dirt. The colors are too intense and are spread too lavishly to be convincing.

ALL THE REPORTS AGREE that there is more wheat in the world just now than the world's markets can absorb readily, hence prices are all shot to pieces. Much of this year's wheat in the United States was grown in Kansas and adjoining states in territory forming part of the much-publicized dust bowl. There, we have been told, during the drouth years practically all of the productive soil was blown from millions of acres, leaving the land as sterile as the Sahara desert. Estimates ranging from a dozen years to several generations were made as to the time which would be required to make the land again productive, and not a few writers treated it as permanent and irreclaimable desert.

WHAT WAS EXPECTED BY those more familiar with the facts, or less inclined to distort them, has occurred. Abundant rains fell, and immediately the dust bowl produced a big crop. So great has been the yield that farmers in that area would like to expand their wheat acreage, thus rendering it more difficult for the government to carry through its restriction program. Of course the dust storms did a lot of damage. Probably in isolated spots the damage is permanent. But the notion that the entire district has been stripped of fertility is bosh.

FROM MY WINDOW I JUST watched an interesting sight. Hovering over the blossoms of my neighbor's petunias were two flying creatures which at first I took to be a pair of humming birds. But they were not. One was a humming bird, all right, but the other was a hawk moth. Never before have I seen a humming bird and a hawk moth together.

HUMMING BIRDS ARE never numerous. I understand that in the United States there is but one species, the ruby throat. A pair of them frequent our corner, as they have done for years. I first noticed them this year a week ago. Where had they been the rest of the time? The humming bird furnished the answer to the question: What bird is able to fly forward, backward, sideways or straight up or down? No other bird can do all of those things.

NOTWITHSTANDING ALL THE coercions and repressions that characterize Nazi government, there are spots in Germany where traces of human sentiment still survive. Last year a band composed chiefly of Chicago youths was taken for a European tour. The boys visited many of the principal cities on the continent, were cordially received, and had a pleasant time. Toward the close of a somewhat convivial evening in a German city some of the boys conceived the idea that it would be a neat thing to bring home a Nazi flag as a souvenir of their travels and proceeded to carry the idea into effect.

THE FLAG SELECTED AS the most appropriate was that which flew over the postoffice. They gained the roof of the building without interruption and had started to remove the flag when a squad of storm troopers nabbed them and took them off to jail. In the morning they were taken to court to answer to the serious charge of meddling with a swastika flag. The justice heard the complaint, questioned the lads and satisfied himself that they had intended nothing more serious than a boyish prank. Instead of sentencing them to death or life imprisonment he sent an attendant to storeroom for a new swastika flag which he presented to the culprits with his compliments. After which he discharged them.

NORTH DAKOTA IS NOT known as an apple country, and, in fact, not many apples are grown in the state. More might be grown advantageously. On any farm where there is the shelter of even a small grove there can be grown not only the finest of crabapples, but regular apples far superior in cooking quality to most of the fruit that is shipped in.

I SUPPOSE OUR SEASON IS too short for late fall and winter apples, and I have never seen apples grown here similar to the early harvest apples of the east, but there are a few varieties which I should call mid-season which are perfectly hardy here, which yield well, and whose fruit is of delicious quality baked, in sauce or in pies.

OUR NORTHERN GROWN apples will not keep well into winter, but some families overcome that difficulty by canning quantities of them for winter use, and pies made from such fruit are as good in March as in September. The trees need shelter from our strong winds, but adequate shelter is provided by the ordinary farm grove. It is true that a late spring frost, or in rare cases an early fall frost will ruin the crop, but other crops are ruined occasionally by frost, drouth, rust or insects, yet we keep on growing them and taking chances. Why not a few apples?

AT THE APPROACHING Harvest festival at Grand Forks they are going to barbecue several fat steers, slices from which may be sampled by all comers. There are barbecues and barbecues. This will be the real thing. Many of us have known of cases where the "ox roasted whole" was one of the features of a county fair or similar gathering. In many cases such barbecues were more interesting from the spectacular than the gastronomic standpoint. The meat was apt to be scorched outside and raw inside, but there are ways of doing the job perfectly, and experts will be in charge of the job at the harvest festival.

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO the people of Cavalier staged a big gathering in celebration of the selection of Cavalier as the county seat of Pembina county. On that occasion an ox was roasted whole— not barbecued, as that term is generally used. In the little park on the bank of the Tongue river a mammoth brick oven was built. An enormous metal dripping pan was mounted on a little car which could run in and out on iron rails. A fire was built in the oven and kept going until the entire structure was superheated. The ox, properly stuffed, was placed in the pan, the car was rolled into the oven, the iron door was shut, and the roasting began. Two or three times during the process the car was drawn out and the meat was well basted with dripping. The roasting took many hours, but when it was done the job was perfect. I never tasted better meat. Years later when I visited Cavalier I found that the big oven was practically a wreck. I wonder if they ever repaired it. It certainly did a good job of roasting.

CLIPPINGS FROM HONOLULU papers received by Mrs. George E. Black tell of the return of her son, Richard B. Black, from a cruise in the Smith Pacific in the course of his work as field representative of the Interior department in administering the affairs of tiny islands on which radio and seaplane stations are being established by the United States. Black makes frequent trips to those distant spots, establishing camps, arranging for the construction of permanent stations and directing the transfer of personnel and shipment of supplies.

PRESS DISPATCHES HAVE told of the conflicting claims of the British and American governments to sovereignty over Canton and certain other islets, and of the amicable agreement reached by the two governments to occupy the islands jointly, leaving the question of sovereignty to be determined by investigation and negotiation. Announcement of that decision in that distant part of the world was accompanied by a pleasing bit of drama.

IT HAPPENED THAT BLACK'S birthday occurred while the cutter on which he traveled was at Fanning island, and the ship's captain arranged a birthday dinner for him. The dinner was attended by the ship's officers, local dignitaries, and the British administrator for that area was also a guest. While the dinner was in progress the radio brought word that the joint agreement between the two governments had been completed, whereupon Black and the British official rose and shook hands. Thus, while men in high places on the other side of the world were shaking their fists at each other in anger, down in that far-off waste of waters an amicable agreement between two great nations was cemented by a hand-clasp across a dinner table.

ON CANTON ISLAND, ONE OF those whose sovereignty is in question, both American and British governments have established camps and both are arranging facilities for the use of their respective airways. There is complete co-operation between the two groups, and all concerned express complete satisfaction with the arrangement which has been made.

ACCORDING TO A BOOKLET on famous trees published by the department of agriculture only one beech tree is known to exist in the state of Minnesota. It is on Great Clous island, wherever that may be, and it is mentioned in a journal of the Leavenworth expedition in 1819 to establish Fort Snelling. Nothing is said of the size or condition of the tree.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS about the distribution of trees for which it is difficult to account. Thus, where there is one beech tree which was large enough more than 100 years ago to be mentioned in an official report, one would expect to find at least a few more of the same species. But it isn't so in this case. What freak planted that beech there, and why have there been no others?

THE BEECH IS A HARDY tree, being abundant, so far as I know, through all of the southern Ontario peninsula. It has a smooth bark which looks as if it might have been lightly whitewashed. Its wood is hard and closegrained and is used extensively for tools such as plane blocks. In my boyhood beech was widely used for fuel, but was not considered quite as desirable as hard maple. Where a contract called for the delivery of "beech and maple" for fuel there usually was a row if the mixture delivered contained more beech than maple.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN distance may affect materially the distribution of trees. In my old home there were numerous fine chestnut groves. Fifty or sixty miles straight north not a chestnut tree could be found, although there was no perceptible difference in weather or soil conditions. Hard maple is abundant around Detroit Lakes, Minn., and around Maple lake there were many maples, although of rather stunted growth. Yet I have never heard of a native maple in the Red river valley, although the edge of the valley is only about 10 miles from Maple lake. Grapes are grown commercially all through that part of the Ontario peninsula between Niagara and Detroit, yet just a few miles north it is only occasionally that grapes will ripen.

MISS JENNIE OSTAD, OF Grand Forks, who describes herself as "not a farmer, but a school teacher," is nevertheless interested in prices of farm products, which just now are deplorably low. She wonders how all the expenses of a farm are to be met with such low prices. Many others are wondering about the same problem. Miss Ostad thinks that again the turkey crop is likely to prove the saving factor for many farmers, and she thinks it especially fortunate that we have in the northwest the All-American Turkey show, held annually at Grand Forks. She quotes from the American Poultry Journal the following relating to prospects for turkey prices this year:

"ACCORDING TO A. D. Oderkirk, extension poultry marketing specialist at Iowa State College four factors favor 'profit-taking' in turkeys this fall. These are:

"1. The national turkey crop is smaller than last year, especially in the western states.

"2. Feed prices during the entire growing season have been more favorable than in 1937.

"3. Cold storage holdings are little more than a half as large as in 1937.

"4. Turkey prices are now above those of a year ago and may reasonably be expected to hold up until the heavy fall movement."

EVERY LITTLE WHILE some tourist returns from a stay of three or four weeks in Europe with the information that all this war talk is poppycock, confined chiefly to American newspapers. We are told that the people over yonder are going about their daily affairs, with no evidence of excitement, and that they heard practically no talk of war while they were abroad. Twenty-odd years ago a tourist from Europe might have found in the United States similar evidence of composure. In this country farmers were tilling their fields or harvesting their crops, children were going to school, football and baseball were conspicuous topics of conversation, industrial workers spent their days in factories and their evenings at the movies. Yet the United States was very much at war.

ONE HOPEFUL ELEMENT in the not very encouraging situation abroad is that while the next world war has been regularly predicted for quite some time it hasn't come yet. For several years we have been told that the great war was due next week, next month, or next year, at latest. Crisis after crisis has arisen, each being supposed to mark the beginning of the great conflict. But in one way or another the crises have passed, and while there have been local wars, they have not become general. Such episodes as those involving Ethiopia, Spain and China, such provocative measures as Germany's rearmament and her annexation of Austria, could not have passed a quarter of a century ago without involving the whole world in war. Today the world is anything but peaceful, but the dogs of war have not been unleashed.

IN ONE SENSE HITLER occupies preferred position just now. He can have either war or peace, as he may choose. If he feels himself strong enough, which is doubtful, he can attack Czechoslovakia and bring on a war which will involve most of his neighbors and from which he would emerge a world dictator or a beaten and discredited man. Or, taking counsel of prudence, he may accept such concessions as he can wring from his neighbors, send his troops home, and tell the world that he never thought of fighting, and that the boys were assembled and put through their paces merely as a bit of wholesome exercise. I am guessing that he will adopt something like the latter course.

CONCERNING THE Matter of purges, there must be moments when President Roosevelt looks with envious eyes upon Comrade Stalin. Mr. Roosevelt's efforts in purging have not been entirely successful. His efforts to rid the Democratic party of leaders unsatisfactory to him, or to retain in office men who would unquestioningly obey his orders have failed rather dismally in Indiana, Iowa, Texas, Idaho, California and North Carolina. He has not acquired the simple and efficient technic of Comrade Stalin.

STALIN HAS RIGHT ALONG been weeding out by means of his secret police and his firing squads, leading industrialists, railroad executives and generals of the army, to say nothing of lesser undesirables. Recently he has turned his attention to the Russian navy with the result that there is not now in the force a single officer who held a high post a year ago. Admiral after admiral has disappeared, and while the fate of many is not known, it is officially announced that several of the highest officers have been shot. The dictator who can say in effect "Off with his head" with the certainty that his order will be carried out, occupies an enviable position—if one likes that sort of thing.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY Dewey's prosecution of Jimmy Hines, the New York politician who is alleged to have furnished protection for those engaged in the policy racket, may or may not result in conviction of the man accused. But it has brought into the open a most unsavory mess. Petty gambling was so organized as to yield those who controlled it many millions. Small-fry operators were bullied or bludgeoned into becoming the hirelings of the syndicate, and when murder was necessary to achieve the desired result, murder was committed without compunction. Police protection was given the syndicate and its employees, and policemen who tried to enforce the law were demoted and transferred. There has never been a more startling exposure of the alliance of crime with politics than is being made now in New York.

WASHINGTON AND Ottawa are beating about the bush in their effort to market domestic wheat abroad without disturbing domestic prices. Both governments are paying bonuses for wheat, each in its own way. And each government sells portions of its wheat to exporters for whatever it will bring, absorbing whatever loss is incurred. The wheat is sold abroad, not by the government, but by the private exporter, at the current world price. It has been suggested that foreign governments may not be able to see much difference between this and dumping against which they have stiff regulations.

IN READING THE OLD STORY of the Northfield bank raid mentioned here yesterday I had strongly impressed on me a sense of the change that has come over this western country in sixty years. Two of the bandits, separating from the others, made good their escape. The others were killed or captured. But for three weeks pursuers had been in fairly close touch with the criminals, sometimes were within sight of them, and occasionally shots were exchanged between the groups. Yet the robbers were able to make their way across the countryside, often stopping at farm houses where they were given food without their identity being suspected.

THEN THERE WAS BUT ONE means of rapid communication, the telegraph, and the telegraph reached only the towns. Even in the more densely settled areas it was days before news of the raid reached the farms. Today within a few minutes following a similar raid in which automobiles instead of horses would be used, news of the occurrence would be broadcast by radio and every farm home would be informed by telephone of the progress of the chase. This is no to say that the criminals might not escape. They do escape now. But the technique of both criminal and law enforcement agencies has been marvelously speeded up.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER THE Northfield raid one still runs across personal recollections of it, direct or indirect. Mrs. George Morkrid, of University avenue, has an aunt 92 years old, living in Minnesota, who lived in Northfield when the bank was attacked, and who often tells of the excitement caused by the spectacular behavior of the bandits. L.K. Raymond lives in St. Paul near where Cole Younger made his headquarters after his parole, and he often saw Younger on the street.

MERVIN S. COMMON, WHO lives at 1018 Cherry street, has been patching the behavior of a pair of turtle doves that nested in his yard. The birds produced a family of two, which, when feathered out, left the nest to take their first lessons in flying. When evening came after the first day of this experience there was some curiosity in the family as to what would be done with the youngsters for the night. The parent birds attended to that. While the young ones were on the ground each was seized by the back of the neck by one of the parents and lifted bodily through the air to the nest where it was tucked away for the night. The young birds, unable to fly alone with any certainty, gave assistance with their wings as the job of lifting was performed.

THIS METHOD OF HANDLING entirely new to me I have had no experience with turtle doves, but as they are of the same general family, I supposed that their habits were much like those of ordinary pigeons. As a youngster I had a big flock of pigeons, with, whose behavior I was familiar, and I never saw an old bird undertake to lift a young one. With my birds the treatment of the young followed an unvarying pattern. The youngsters were diligently fed and tended until they were fully feathered out. Then, when room on the nest was required for another pair of eggs, the young ones were un-ceremoniously ejected, the parents driving them off with beaks and wings to fend for themselves. The youth problem didn't seem to concern the old birds at all.

HOW LONG CAN A SPIDER live without eating? Three weeks, or perhaps a month ago, a neighbor left at the house a glass sealer containing a fat, dirty-gray spider and a grasshopper. The spider spun a web around the hopper, and then seemed to forget it. The hopper soon gave up the ghost, but I have never seen the spider trying to make a meal off it. Jar and contents were forgotten until a few days ago, and when the outfit was noticed again it was taken for granted that the spider was dead. Nothing of the sort. It still lives, as fat and repulsive as ever. Next to snakes I detest spiders.

ONE OF THE CLASSIC TALES of the northwest is the story of the attempted bank robbery at Northfield, Minnesota by the notorious James-Younger gang. In that raid James L. Haywood, cashier of the bank was killed, one of the bandits was shot and killed by Dr. H. M. Wheeler, later one of the prominent physicians of Grand Forks. The gang was broken up, the three Youngers were captured and one or two others were killed and the James brothers escaped.

THAT STORY HAS BEEN told over and over, with numerous variations and embellishments. It was told in detail in a pamphlet written by John J. Lemon, a St. Paul-newspaper man, and published in 1876, shortly after the raid. Lemon, hurrying from St. Paul when news of the raid came through on the wire, joined in the hunt for the bandits, talked with numerous eyewitnesses of the raid, and interviewed the Youngers immediately after their capture. A copy of this pamphlet, which belonged to J. U. Zirkelbach's mother, who until her death had been a resident of Minnesota, has been loaned to me by Mr. Zirkeltaach. With the pamphlet came an interesting family reminiscence.

AT THE TIME OF THE RAID Zirkelbach's parents lived at Red Wing, Minnesota and there operated a candy kitchen, his father manufacturing candy in a little plant at the rear and his mother tending the store in front. One day a party of horsemen dismounted in front of the store and entered. They were well-dressed men, fine horsemen and their horses with spirited animals. Saddles and bridles were lavishly decorated with silver. Mrs. Zirkelbach's recollection was that there were twelve or fifteen men in the party. A man who appeared to be the leader of the group asked for good cigars, and was offered some at 25 cents each. Those were satisfactory, as he said he wanted the best that were to be had. He bought a supply for the party and paid for them.

JUST AT THAT TIME Zirkelbach's two little sisters, who had been watching their father making candy, came into the store. The man who had bought the cigars noticed them, spoke admiringly of their long curly hair, and took them up, one in each arm. "Now," he said, "we must have a quarter's worth of candy for each little girl." The mother objected, and said that with candy around them all the time the children had all the candy that was good for them. "It makes no difference," said the stranger. "A quarter's worth of candy for each little girl." The candy was accordingly measured out, paid for, and delivered to the children. The strangers mounted their horses and rode off with a flourish.

A DAY OR SO LATER THE Northfield raid occurred, all the facts indicated that the affable callers at the little candy store had been the James-Younger bandits. From published descriptions Mrs. Zirkelbach was confident that the man who had displayed such a friendly interest in her children was Jesse James.

THE MEMBERS OF THAT gang had for some time traveled through southern Minnesota, sometimes two or three at a time, sometimes in larger groups, posing alternately as horse and cattle dealers, lane prospectors, and prospectors for prospective railroads. They made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the country, its settlements, roads and rivers. They stopped at good hotels, paid their bills, and were well-behaved, so that their presence aroused no suspicion. Cole Younger told Lemon that they had at first intended to rob two banks at Sedalia, but for some reason changed their plans and chose Northfield instead. Younger believed that they could have robbed the Sedalia banks and got away safely.

AS THE YEARS PASSED there were many conflicting stories as to just what happened at Northfield. The confusion that exists after an event of that kind is illustrated by the uncertainty of men interviewed by Lemon only a few days after the raid as to what they had done or seen. Lemon's story says that a German farmer hauling garden truck was met by the six fleeing bandits on a narrow road with a deep gully on each side. One of the riders, threatening him with a pistol, ordered him off the road. His rig rolled into the ditch, spilling his load. Several hours later the frightened farmer reached town with a story of having been attacked by fifty giants mounted on fire-breathing horses and earing 25-pound cannons in their hands. Doubtless the old fellow believed every word of it.

FORGETFULNESS THAT Monday was Labor day was responsible for the transposition in publication of the columns intended respectively for Tuesday and Wednesday. Reference was made in the one published Tuesday to the one which had not yet been published. The reader — if any— who wishes to straighten them out should read them over, starting with that published Wednesday. Anyway it gives me an excuse to write a little more about the Younger brothers. It's a dull day, anyway.

MY FRIEND ZIRKELBACH who lent me the pamphlet telling the story of the Northfield raid neglected to tell me at the time that as a boy he met Cole Younger in St. Paul. At that time Zirk's father was a police sergeant in St. Paul. The Youngers had been paroled, and Cole spent much of his time at the police station near his room, swapping yarns with the officers. One day the boy's father took him to the station to see the old bandit. Zirk looked with awe at the notorious bandit, who greeted him cordially. "Cole," said the elder Zirkelbach, jocosely, "how about going out and robbing a bank or two today." The old bandit answered promptly, "If I were a younger man you wouldn't have to invite me twice. But I'm too old for that sort of thing now."

THE YOUNGERS WERE Paroled under orders not to leave Minnesota or to engage in any publicity stunts. Later Cole was given permission to go elsewhere, probably to Missouri, and while there he appeared on the stage to tell the story of his exploits. There was talk of having him recalled, but I think nothing was ever done about it.

JIM YOUNGER, YOUNGEST of the three brothers, came to a tragic end. Lemon, in his story of the raid and pursuit, says that while in jail immediately following their capture, Cole and Bob showed great concern over the fate of their brother. A sister who came to visit them barely spoke to the two other brothers, but showed deep affection for Jim.

AFTER HIS PAROLE JIM obtained employment as clerk in a cigar store. Morbid curiosity led many strangers to the store, who, after buying a nickel cigar or a package of gum, would stand and watch the convict-clerk. Children and others would stop and stare through the window at him. He stood it for a while and then ended it by shooting himself.

CONVERSATION ABOUT THE bank raid and imprisonment of the bandits has led to talk about prison life in general, especially the old custom of imprisonment for debt. According to the English custom, now abandoned, a man's creditors could cause his confinement in the debtors' prison, so realistically described by Dickens in "Little Dorrit." In such cases the creditors had to pay for the keep of the prisoner, which was not remunerative for them. But occasionally the debtor had concealed or exempt funds which imprisonment might cause him to release for payment. Or he might have friends who would come to his rescue.

MY GRANDFATHER USED TO tell of an old fellow who spent most of his time in the debtors' prison, each release being followed soon by incarceration on some other claim. The debtor had appropriated to himself one corner of the big room used by the prisoners, and if on arrival he found that corner occupied by some new prisoner, he would summarily eject the invader. He had acquired a proprietary interest in that corner.

ANOTHER DEBTOR IN THE same village was foxy. Papers for his commitment were issued, but they could not legally be served while he was on his own premises, nor could they be served on Sunday or after sunset. During the day the debtor remained strictly a thome, but in the evening he would take a walk and visit friends, and on Sunday he attended church with the rest of the worshippers.

T. H. WICKETT, NOW OF Toronto, Ontario, would like to renew contact with some of the old friends in North Dakota whom he knew years ago when he traveled through this territory for the Baldwin Piano company. He writes enthusiastically of the visit of President Roosevelt to Canada on the occasion of the opening of the new international bridge across the St. Lawrence, Readers of The Herald have seen the picture of the president and Premier Mackenzie King of Canada jointly operating the shears with which they cut the ribbon marking the international boundary. That moment, writes Mr. Wickett, was marked by profound silence on the part of the thousands assembled for the ceremony. Doubtless Mr. Wickett will be pleasantly remembered by many residents of the state whom he met years ago. His address is 183 Carlton street, Toronto, Ontario.

PERHAPS BECAUSE OF HIS familiarity with the Welsh language, Professor H. C. Rowland, of the U. N. D., has a keen eye for oddities in names. He writes as follows concerning some that have come to his attention:

"IN A COPY OF JOHN O'London's Weekly I happened to see this name and address among those who had won prizes in an essay contest: Robin Gravelin, Green Tye, Much Hadham. I think the Green Tye is his place of abode, not an article of apparel. This strikes me as almost as odd-looking and strange sounding as the name of a former Member of Parliament for one of the London suburbs. He was Mr. Mallaby Deeley, who sold, believe it or not, Siddeley-Deasey cars. The four words —Mallaby Deeley Siddeley Deasey—are the most 'slithery' names I ever remember hearing. In a book called 'The Heavenly Twins' I think there was a character called Mr. Jellybond Tinney."

I CAN'T MATCH THE NAMES which Rowland cites, but a distant relative of mine in England, of whom I have heard, but whom I never saw, was named Wigglesworth. I learned of that name when I was a child, and I practiced on it until I could say it forward, backward, and in all its possible variations.

ONE OF THE "CHOICE Selections for recitation" in use many years ago had a piece purporting to be spoken by a man named Choate who was deeply in love with a lady. The lady didn't respond sufficiently to marry him. She honored and respected him, she said, but she couldn't think of marrying a man named Choate. Mr. Choate applied to the proper authorities and had his name legally changed to Mortimer, or something equally good. When the job was all done he learned that his inamorata had married a man named Hogg. He was greatly puzzled over this. He suspected that the young lady must have been influenced by something other than names, but he couldn't imagine what it was.

A CORRESPONDENT ASKS in The New York Times Book Review for help to find the poem containing the words: "Behind a frowning providents He hides a smiling face." Probably the inquirer is not a regular churchgoer or he—or she— would have known that the lines occur in one of the most familiar old hymns in the language. It is Cowper's poem beginning "God moves in a mysterious way."

THE HOMING INSTINCT IN birds is something that science has not yet been able to explain. Efforts to fathom the mystery are constantly being made. Petrele captured on an island in the bay of Fundy were recently taken to seal in light-proof containers so that there was no possibility of the birds seeing which way they were being taken. When 475 miles from home, out in the empty Atlantic, they were released. Within a short time they were home again. Perhaps the most marvelous direction-finding instinct is that of the salmon. These fish are hatched in the shallows of rivers which reach the sea. At a time varying with the particular species they swim down the stream, enter salt water and spend two, four, and in the case of certain species seven years in the ocean, traveling in some cases thousands of miles. Then each salmon returns to the waters where it was spawned, and will enter no other. How does it find its way?

RECENTLY I WROTE something about the fine quality of North Dakota apples. Not many apples are grown in the state, but those that are grown, it seems to me, have qualities that can scarcely be excelled. As a means of verifying the opinions which I expressed then I have a bushel of fine apples from the orchard of J. E. Eastgate, of Larimore, which Mr. Eastgate delivered in person.

I have distinct recollection of eating apples from the Eastgate orchard before, not in the raw state, but as filling for pie. Years ago Mr. and Mrs. Eastgate conceived the idea of demonstrating that an excellent dinner could be produced right on a Red river valley farm, with mighty little assistance from outside. Mr. Eastgate supervised the production of the raw materials; Mrs. Eastgate prepared the dinner; and several guests from Grand Forks helped eat it. And I'm telling you that it was some dinner.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A few such things as sugar, coffee and spices, every item on the varied menu was produced right there on the farm. Meats and vegetables were there in profusion, all produced at home, of course. There was whole wheat bread made from flour ground from farm wheat in the little farm mill. There were jellies, jams and pickles, and pie with home-grown apple filling.

I KNOW I HAVE WRITTEN about that dinner before. I think of it often. And I think of the contrast between the abundance and variety of food that can be produced on the North Dakota farm and the diet of salt pork and potatoes to which some farmers restrict themselves, with the addition of a few canned goods if there happens to be money enough to buy them. And the interesting thing is that things which in many city homes would be considered luxuries can be produced in abundance on the farm with scarcely any expenditure of cash, requiring chiefly the wise management and utilization of resources which otherwise would be wasted.

MR. EASTGATE HAS GROWN apples for many years, and, while he does not specialize in that work, he has learned many things about it. He agrees that an apple orchard should have shelter, not for protection in winter, but as a safeguard against having the fruit shaken off by high winds. He planted one group of trees 16 feet apart, and found that they were too close. In a later planting the trees were set 25 feet apart, and their branches now touch across the intervening space.

HE HAS LEARNED THAT while apples can be grown advantageously here, the grower must be prepared to renew his plantings every few years. Our climate here is subject to three extremes, of heat, cold and drouth, which are not encountered in like degree in the apple growing districts of the east and far west, and these conditions must be met. As a result of his own experience Mr. Eastgate is convinced that on a well-conducted 10-acre apple orchard in North Dakota it is possible to make greater profits than can be realized on a similar acreage in Oregon or Washington. Except in the matter of spraying the labor involved would be much less than on the irrigated lands of the west, and the market is right where the fruit would be grown.

THE WATER BOY, THE Water pail and the tin dipper will have to go if the New York legislature passes a bill which is to be introduced at the next session. The bill requires each building contractor to provide individual drinking cups for his workmen. Doubtless from a sanitary standpoint the idea is all right, but I can't imagine water from any individual cup ever invented having the satisfying quality of water fresh from a spring or a deep well served in a quart dipper. On a hot day one could dip his face into that with the consciousness that he was actually getting something. The individual cup rather tends to convey the impression of restricted supply. How would individual tin dippers be?

IT IS NOT SO MANY YEARS since the individual communion cup was a novelty. The earlier custom was to have the cup containing the communion wine passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. The late M. N. Johnson, for many years congressman from North Dakota and then senator-elect, brought ridicule upon himself at a national conference of his church by proposing the use of individual communion cups by members of his denomination. The idea was derided as faddish and a piece of affectation. There were those who even held that the use of the individual cup would be sinful as in direct violation of the sacred tradition, which records that the 'cup—not cups—was given to the disciples. Now the use of individual cups is so usual as to excite no comment.

POLITICS ASIDE, Everyone will hope for the speedy recovery of James Roosevelt, the president's son, soon to undergo an operation in a Rochester hospital. In this country our political temperature may, and often does, rise to feverish heights, but all that seldom affects our sentiments relating to purely domestic affairs. We may revile our officials in respect to their official acts, but we hope that they and the members of their families may enjoy good digestion and good health, may sleep well at night, and may be happy in each other's society.

BECAUSE OF THE EFFECTS of illness of years ago Mr. Roosevelt has found it necessary to have constantly at his side some trusted friend, and this duty has naturally fallen upon his eldest son. James has been his father's constant companion. From companion to secretary was but a short step, placing James Roosevelt in a position occupied by no other president's son, so far as I can recall.

FEW PRESIDENT'S SONS have attained national prominence. Exceptions were John Quincy Adams, who himself became president, Robert Todd Lincoln, who became secretary of war, ambassador and corporation president, and who was more or less seriously considered for the Republican nomination for president. James R. Garfield became secretary of the Interior and his brother Harry A. served as president of Williams College.

RICHARD CLEVELAND WAS too young to be conspicuous during his father's presidency. He became a capable lawyer, but of no special prominence. Theodore Roosevelt Jr., is a well-known political figure. His brothers, Arthie and Kermit, have achieved some prominence in business. Russell B. Harrison was a young man when his father became president, but he took no active part in politics. He achieved moderate distinction as a lawyer.

THERE IS AN INTERESTING strain of inheritance in the Harrison family. Benjamin, of the Revolutionary period, signed the Declaration of Independence, was prominent in the affairs of Virginia and served as governor of the state. His son William Henry, commanded American armies in the war of 1812, and was elected president. The latter's grandson, Benjamin, was elected president in 1888. There was a tradition that the American Harrisons were descended from Thomas Harrison, general in the Commonwealth army, who strongly urged the execution of King Charles I, and who was himself executed after the Restoration. That tradition seems to have slight basis, as Thomas Harrison's children are believed to have died in infancy.

THE READINESS WITH which the federal treasury's offer of \$400,000,000 of 2 1-2 per cent bonds and \$300,000,000 of 1 1-8 per cent notes was oversubscribed may bring forth a rebuke from President Roosevelt. Most of the securities, of course, will be taken by banks. Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that the banks ought to be lending their money, of which they have vast quantities, to private industries, to make the wheels of business turn more rapidly. Instead, the banks are buying government paper which yields next to nothing in interest. The bankers might reply: "Show us a few good prospects for loans and we will get right after them." Industry can't afford to borrow freely when facing such uncertainties as exist today.

WORLD W H E A T PRICES are based on world supply in relation to world demand. If the supply is greater than the effective market demand, world prices will be low. In spite of all import duties and quota restrictions the price in every country is predicated on the world price. When the world price is low the domestic price will be lower than if the world price were higher. The American government is arranging to have exported 100,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat, paying a bonus on shipments. But the shipment of that- wheat does not diminish by a bushel the world supply. It merely moves a lot of wheat to a different place. The only really satisfactory export trade is that which is undertaken in response to lively foreign demand.

SENATOR VANDENBERG thinks that President Roosevelt aims to be a dictator. Mr. Roosevelt has disavowed all such intent. Each is right, according to his interpretation of the term, "dictator." Stalin, Hitler and! Mussolini are all dictators, but their methods are not alike. They are alike to the extent that all rely on physical force. Roosevelt has no intention of creating a private army of his own, abolishing congress, and ruling the country with machine guns and bayonets. But with the completely subservient congress toward which his effort is directed, and with a packed supreme court, he would need neither guns nor bayonets. His dictatorship would be as complete as any in Europe

IN 1914 THE WORLD HAD no thought of the possibility of a great war until the 28th of June. July was a frantic and feverish month. By the end of July the Great War was a fact. This year Hitler moved into Austria in May and the world was startled. Since then Hitler has been making offensive gestures in the direction of Czechoslovakia, and every time he has moved the earth had trembled. But it is now near the middle of September and the break has not come yet. That leads one to hope that perhaps it will not come. But one never can tell.

FOR SOME TIME SIGNOR Mussolini has been out of the spotlight, leaving that position to Hitler. Now he makes a move toward the front, but only as a supporter of Hitler's continental program. It will take him some time to regain the position of stardom which he once held.

THE OTHER DAY I ORDERED from a local store a small bill of goods to be delivered that after noon. At 5 o'clock the package had not arrived. As the purchase was needed that evening I called the store and inquired. A pleasant girl's voice answered the phone. I inquired about the package. "Just hold the phone a moment and I'll inquire," came the voice. In a moment I received the report that the goods had gone out on the 3 o'clock delivery and must be somewhere on the way. In a few minutes the package arrived, and in a few minutes more the same girl's voice inquired if the goods had come.

I LIKED THAT LAST TOUCH. It indicated interest in the convenience of the customer. It would have been easy enough to let the thing go, taking for granted that so long as there was no complaint the goods had been received. But the store assumed a certain responsibility that the requirements of the customer should be met and kept in touch to see that this was done. And it was all made perfect fey the courteous manner of the girl at the phone.

COMMENTING ON MY Recent reference to imprisonment for debt in England, Professor H. C. Rowland writes:

"I WAS INTERESTED IN THE statements made in your column about the old English custom of imprisonment for debt, which you mention is now abandoned. In a sense that is true. There are no more debtors prisons and no one is imprisoned for debt, but it is still true that one may be incarcerated for not paying debts if so ordered by courts of law. The distinction is rather a fine one. No one may be put in jail for owing money, merely for not paying it in accordance with orders made by 'His Majesty's judges. The procedure is for a creditor to issue either a county court summons or a high court writ, depending on the amount owed, against a debtor who either will not or cannot pay up. In court the creditor must not only establish the fact of the debt but must also give proof that the debtor is able to pay either the whole amount at once or in installments. The common practice is for the judge to make an order for payment by installments. Should the debtor refuse or be unable to make the payments he is again brought into court. If proof is adduced that he can pay, but has neglected or refused to do so he may be committed to prison, not for owing the money, but for contempt of court, in that he has not done what the judge ordered. The sentence, it must be clearly understood, is not for debt, neither does the serving of a term in prison exonerate anyone from paying his debts. All he is doing is expiating his crime of refusing to obey a court order. When he is free again he still owes and must pay the debt. I believe it is true that people committed under such a contempt of court orders are not treated as common criminals, but as second class prisoners and have certain privileges not granted to felons. However, while the procedure is different, the total effect is not dissimilar to the old way of doing things.

MR. ROWLAND'S STATEMENT will help to clarify for many readers a situation which has often been confusing. Often we read that imprisonment for debt in England has been abolished, yet occasionally we read of imprisonment of some person for failure to pay his debts. As Professor Rowland points out, the penalty is not for being in debt or being unable to pay, but for defiance of a court order to pay when the ability of the debtor to pay has been established I to the satisfaction of the court.

SIMILAR PR AC T I C E Prevails in the United States, possibly not in all states, but it is quite general. Probably resort is had to the expedient of imprisonment in cases where a divorced person, having been ordered to pay alimony, neglects or refuses to do so, although perfectly able. In such cases the delinquent is jailed, not for being in debt, but for failure to obey the order of the court.

ANY OLD FAMILY ALBUM contains some fearful and wonderful pictures. Fifty years ago having a photograph taken was serious business to be undertaken, if not after fasting and prayer, at least with a due sense of the gravity of the act, and with becoming dignity. And most of the old pictures look that way. Lately we have gone to the opposite extreme. I wonder if, some 50 years hence, those looking over photographs taken in this year of grace, may' not wonder what in blazes the people were always grinning at. Life may be funny, but it isn't as funny as all that.

I WONDER WHAT THEY PAY the radio announcer on one of those commercial programs. Whatever it is, it isn't enough. Just imagine having to describe the beneficent qualities of somebody's tooth powder or corn salve, using the most grandiloquent terms that the language affords, and putting into the announcement all the refinement of a well-modulated voice, and all that rhetoric and emotion can contribute, and doing that sort of thing, as some of them do, night after night. I haven't seen any statistics on the number of radio announcers who wind up in the insane asylum, but there must be a lot of them. Unless—

THAT REMINDS ME OF A story. While J. A. Sorley was practicing law in Grand Forks he was chatting one evening with a group of friends when reference was made to the number of persons who had recently been committed to the insane asylum. Several of them had Scandinavian names. That seemed to one of the group to afford an opportunity to get a rise out of Sorley. "John," he said, "why is it that so many of your people go crazy?" "That's easy," replied Sorley. "They have brains enough to go crazy with."

I WISH THE AUTHORITIES would come to an agreement on the name of the German city which has been chosen as the center of Nazi celebrations and Hitler pronouncements. Half of them call it "Nuremberg," and the other half write it "Nurnberg." Even if they can't agree about Czechoslovakia, they ought to be able to settle on one name for a town.

REPEATEDLY I FIND MYSELF all tangled up over the pronunciation of foreign names or other foreign words which have been absorbed by the English language. At school I was told that for such words there were two systems of pronunciation, the continental, in which the syllables were sounded as in the languages to which the words belonged, and the English, in which words were pronounced as English words of similar form would be. We were told that for English-speaking persons the latter system was preferable.

NOW THAT SEEMS TO BE all wrong. It appears that the cultured person is expected to give to those words the sounds used in the languages from which they are taken. That may be all right for the linguist, but it is a little tough on the fellow who knows only one language. And, if I am correctly informed, other peoples do not try to imitate foreign pronunciations, the Frenchman has occasion to use an English word, he pronounces it as if it were French, which seems like a convenient and sensible thing to do.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN AN impressive service which marked the funeral of Cardinal Hayes in New York. Seven thousand persons were packed in St. Patrick's cathedral and more than 100,000 were massed in the streets outside. Officiating cardinals, resplendent in their scarlet robes, were escorted into the cathedral by a procession of 3,000 priests and laymen. In every way the exercises were in keeping with the character of the departed cardinal and with the solemnity of the occasion.

IN THE STORY OF THE Funeral mention is made of one feature entirely new to me. The cardinal's body was interred in the crypt beneath the cathedral altar, where other dignitaries of the church are buried. His hat, emblem of his princely rank, was elevated to a position high above the altar, where, the account says, it will remain suspended until it is disintegrated by time. Each form followed on such occasions has its traditional symbolism, and doubtless this custom is one which has been followed for centuries.

SHAKESPEARE'S Description of the schoolboy, "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school," may have been accurate in his day. But probably Shakespeare would have drawn a different picture if he could have seen the parade of American children on the morning of the opening of the fall term of school. To me the beginners are most interesting of all. They are entering on a new life, embarking on a great adventure. They face that new period wonderingly, eagerly and happily. There is a thrill in the marching of armed men, but there is a far greater thrill in the marching of little children on their way to spend their first day in school. For them life will never be quite the same again. May things be so ordered that it will be better and happier.

AFTER HEARING ABOUT some of the theories concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays a young schoolgirl wrote that "the plays of Shakespeare were not written by him, but by another man of the same name." That is about as reasonable as are some of the theories developed by scholarly men after years of patient research.

Some years ago the Bacon theory attracted popular attention. The plays which have been ascribed to Shakespeare were alleged to have been written by Sir Francis Bacon, who concealed his authorship because the writing of mere plays and verses would have been considered beneath the dignity of so distinguished a person. In support of their belief those who entertained this theory pointed to certain fragments in the plays out of which they built concealed declarations of Bacon's authorship.

ONE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC Bacon theorists was Ignatius Donnelly, who attained some prominence in Minnesota politics. Donnelly wrote a book, "The Great Cryptogram," in which he proved the Bacon theory to his own satisfaction and that of many others. Some other writer, whose name is now forgotten, showed that by using the same methods employed by the Baconians, cryptic expressions could be found in the plays to prove anything. That did not shatter the faith of the Baconians, however, and there are now societies of them, as thoroughly wedded to their belief as are the devotees of cults of other sorts, religious, medical or economic.

A MODERN DEVELOPMENT of the Bacon theory which is causing some slight stir is that while the Shakespeare plays were written by Sir Francis Bacon, Bacon was really not Bacon, but King Edward VI. The books tells us that Edward, son of Henry VIII, died after a brief reign at the age of 16. But we are now told that Edward did not die just then, but, fearing assassination, just dropped out of sight, reappearing as Francis Bacon. As Bacon he became known as a man of science, philosophy and public affairs. He wrote volumes on these subjects, and we are asked to believe that in his lighter moments he dashed off such trifles as "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "The Tempest."

IN SUPPORT OF ALL, THIS additional "cryptograms" have been discovered. By picking a letter here and a phrase there and combining them in due proportions it is possible to discern the signature of Edward running all through the plays. By the use of the same method it would doubtless be easy to prove that the Shakespeare plays were written by King Solomon or the witch of Endor.

IN HIS SUNDAY AD JIM Lyons referred to Ezra Kendall, an actor who was popular many years ago. Mention was made of one of Kendall's plays in which there was a dispute over the purchase of four feet of fire hose, but no further explanation is given. In the village which was the scene of the play it was reported that the fire department had only 6 feet 8 inches of hose, and one faction insisted that this was not enough and that four feet more be bought. The other faction opposed the purchase on the ground that it was wanton extravagance. The controversy was ended by the discovery that there had been an error in the measurement, and that instead of 6 feet 8 inches of hose the department had 8 feet 6 inches which, it was agreed, was ample. So everybody was happy.

ONE OF KENDALL'S PLAYS was "Weatherbeaten B e n s o n," which I have already mentioned in this column. I have thought of it often during these recent drouth years. Written fully 40 years ago, it presented a realistic picture of drouth in Kansas which would have done well as an illustration of conditions in the dust bowl during the driest of these recent years. The writer of the play had in mind conditions in Kansas, not as they just then, but as they had been some years earlier. There were then those who believed that the current drouth would be perpetual.

A SPRAY OF HEATHER comes from Dr. Grassick, who has received a quantity of it from a woman cousin in Scotland. It was picked in the Strathdon (Valley of the Don.) very near Dr. Grassick's birthplace. The cousin, who lives in England went up to Scotland with a family group for the grouse shooting, a gala season in Scotland. The cousin wrote that they had sent a brace of grouse to Cairo, Egypt, this year for a Scottish banquet.

THE GROUSE WERE SENT by airplane and stuffed with charcoal to preserve them, there apparently being no refrigeration on the planes. The cousin said enough grouse were being sent from Scotland to provide a sufficient supply of the birds as the piece deresistence of the banquet, which was to cost 25 shillings (about \$6.25) a plate. It is well known the British like their meat ripe and Dr. Grassick reasoned that the grouse if sent fresh would be ripe when they reached Cairo.

I AM NOT AWARE THAT IT is customary in examining the qualifications of a candidate for a teaching position to take into account the prospect's golf record, but the practice may have merit, at that. Take the case of Professor E. O. North, of the University chemistry department. In his lighter moments Professor North plays golf. He has attained considerable proficiency in the game, and I understand he has held a state championship. When he attended a gathering of chemists in Chicago he took his clubs along, hoping to find an opportunity for a game. There was a game scheduled at Milwaukee, with a prize offered by the chemical society, and North went up and played. The day, however, was miserable. There had been a heavy rain and the course was soggy, making real golf impossible. However, North played around the course, making what he considered a terrible score. When it was all over he learned, to his astonishment, that he had won the match, and the prize was duly forwarded to him at the University. As a result the chemistry department now has the very latest micro-something-or-other, a piece of equipment valuable in laboratory work, the purchase of which Doc Abbott wouldn't have dared to suggest in the present state of public finances. All because Professor North can play golf.

ARE THERE ALBINO Robbings? Mrs. E. P. Robertson would like to know. At the family home on Hamline street she has been watching a bird, almost all white, but with a few markings, which in size, appearance and habits seems to be a robon. It mingles freely with the other robins, and except in color is just like them. I have heard of white blackbirds, though I never saw one, and I know of no reason why there should not be white robins.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING UP the matter of albinos, and I find that they occur occasionally throughout practically the entire animal kingdom, and they are found even in the vegetable kingdom. The seasonal changes which give many animals and some birds white coats in winter in place of their dark summer garb are due to the same lack of pigmentation which in some human beings and lesser animals is permanent. There is a popular impression that this lack of coloration is due to some constitutional weakness, but many experiments seem to have completely disproved this. In many cases albinos have been more vigorous than their neighbors who lived under identical conditions.

GERMANY HAS BEEN NOTED for its excellence in the field of applied science. Recently there has been some discussion of the excellence of German roads. Comparison of German with American roads has been made to the disadvantage of the latter. But an eastern correspondent maintains that American engineers have taken the lead in the designing and construction of roads, and that the Germans have followed their lead. The correspondent mentions several features, such as the multiple-lane road with dividing parkway, the clover-leaf crossing, and other safety devices which were first installed on American highways and the designs of which have since been adopted in Germany.

OBVIOUSLY NO Reasonable comparison can be instituted between average road conditions in Germany and the United States. With a population nearly half that of the United States Germany has an area of only a little more than 5 per cent that of the United States. It has been a densely inhabited country for centuries, and through the centuries it has built substantial roads. Modernization of its entire system would be a trifling task compared with the equipment of half a continent with roads of the most scientific design and construction.

A NEW JERSEY MAN MAKES a sensible suggestion with reference to the disposition to be made of lost automobile license plates. He notes that the usual practice is for the finder of a lost plate to hang it up on the nearest lamp post or other public place, on the chance that the loser will come back looking for it. Instead, he suggests that the plate be turned over to the nearest policeman. Its ownership could then be traced and the plate be restored to its owner on payment of a small fee. I suppose very few persons who lose a plate ever go back to look for it. Before the loss is noticed the car may have traveled hundreds of miles. Turning the found plate over to the police is a good idea.

EACH YEAR THERE ARE produced from four to six billion bushels of potatoes. The annual money value of this crop, descended from plants which the Spaniard; found growing in Peru, is greater than that of all the gold that the covetous invaders carried away from that western mountain kingdom. A little book just published as the first of a series on "The American Plant Migration," is devoted to the history of the potato. Like many other plant histories, it is an exceedingly interesting story.

ALTHOUGH IT WAS FROM Peru that the potato was first taken to Europe, it is now known that the plant grew wild all along western South America, and several cultivated varieties were in use long before the time of Columbus. It is not quite clear how the potato found its way into general use in North America. Potatoes were taken from Virginia to England on Sir Walter Raleigh's ships, but it is supposed that in some indirect way they had reached Virginia through Spanish channels. From England they were brought back to the north Atlantic colonies.

AT ONE TIME THE POTATO was banned by certain of the clergy, who found no warrant for its use in the scriptures, therefore its use must be contrary to the divine will. The science of the sixteenth century identified the plant, quite correctly, as a member of the nightshade family, therefore both stalks and tubers were held to be poisonous. But the humble potato won its way, overcoming all obstacles, clerical and secular, until it has become one of the most widely used foods known to the world.

THE COMMON POTATO IS often called Irish, to distinguish it from the sweet potato, which is not a potato at all. Although of foreign origin the potato was long ago adopted by the Irish people, who have made it one of their principal crops and most valued foods. Failure of the Irish potato crop resulted in the historic Irish famine, and accounted for a heavy Irish migration to the United States. While the American colonies were fighting for their independence Frederick the Great was fighting what came to be known as the "potato war" with Austria. In that war the maneuvers of the two armies were directed chiefly to protecting their own food supplies and preventing their antagonists from obtaining food. And the food over which most of the operations were conducted was the potato.

IT IS ONLY IN QUITE Recent years that potatoes have been grown on a large scale in the Red river valley. In the days of the homesteaders it would have been foolish for a family to grow more potatoes than were required for its own use, for there was no market for them. Often it was a little potato crop that was first grown by the homesteader. For a wheat crop the ground had to be broken and usually backset in one season and seeded the next. But excellent potatoes were grown in the first year on freshly broken sod. The process was to plant the seed in the shallow trenches left by the plow, cover with the next furrow, and leave them alone until fall. The partly rotted sod could be lifted, and under it would be found smooth, moderate-sized potatoes, of as fine quality as ever were grown.

THE COLORADO BEETLE had not yet reached this territory, and none of the modern potato diseases had arrived. The favorite potato then was the Early Rose, from which the Early Ohio was developed later. A variety once fairly popular in the east was the Peachblow, so called because its blossoms resembled those of the peach. Its popularity rested on its keeping qualities, and it was much better toward spring than in the fall.

IN THIS TERRITORY Potato growing has become a highly specialized industry, several local growers planting hundreds of acres each year. It is also an important branch of diversified farming, and a crop of potatoes imparts to the soil certain desirable characteristics whose influence is perceptible for several years.

CONGRATULATIONS TO the Cavaliers on the capable planning and successful carrying out of a great harvest festival. The winter sports building at the University, used for the first time for such a purpose, was admirably suited to the grand display. It gave the effect of spaciousness which is so often lacking when exhibitions of that character are undertaken. And the committees in charge adjusted their decorative and exhibit features perfectly to the great space occupied. Spectators viewed a great vista filled with exhibits artistically arranged, surmounted by the great arch which was made brilliant with autumn colors. The exhibits, which covered a wide range of natural products, domestic arts and handicraft work were creditably representative of the productive resources of a great state, and the thousands who visited the show had only words of appreciation and admiration for the magnificent display. Again, most hearty congratulations!

NOW THAT THE HARVEST festival is over, other committees will be addressing themselves seriously to the work of preparing for the production of the play "Movie Queen," which is to be presented in the High School auditorium on September 29 under the auspices of the Kiwanis club, assisted by pretty much every body else. In the screen section of the production there will be an opportunity to see some of our best-known citizens in the character of movie performers. The stage part of the play has been in rehearsal for a week or ten days, and I am informed that the play contains some hilarious situations which to be appreciated must be seen.

THESE ARE DAYS WHEN tremendous responsibility rests on a few men. Hitler is gambling with the lives of millions and the destinies of nations. He has needlessly and without provocation created a situation which threatens one of the greatest tragedies in human history. With a wave of his hand he can plunge the great nations into war, and it is a question whether or not he would be able, if he willed it so, to curb the war spirit which he has stirred up.

INDICATIVE OF THE Gravity of the situation as recognized by the British government was the unprecedented visit of Premier Chamberlain to Germany for conference with Hitler in an effort to reach a basis upon which war may be averted. While the nature of the conversations between the two men has not been made public, reports concerning them are not reassuring. The impression prevails that Hitler's attitude was unyielding, and that he continued to insist on terms which would; make Czechoslovakia virtually a German protectorate.

CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS conferees in the British cabinet occupy a position which is not to be envied. If Hitler persists in his demands and Britain acquiesces, Czechoslovakia is doomed, for it is scarcely to be expected that France will fight for the life of the little republic without assurance of British aid. In all probability British acquiescence would prevent immediate war, and no rulers, with an adequate sense of responsibility would needlessly plunge their nation into war. Probably Great Britain can have peace just now at the price of Czechoslovakian independence. And peace is greatly to be desired.

BUT, IF HITLER IS Permitted to have his way just now, what of the future? Hitler's interest is not in rescuing Sudeten Germans from oppression. That is a cause deliberately manufactured as a means of furthering Hitler's designs on south eastern Europe. Czechoslovakia is merely a way station on the road to Hungary, Rumania and the Ukraine. Somewhere and at some time he must be stopped. The problem which British statesmen face is whether it is better to try conclusions with Hitler now or to permit him to strengthen himself in the east for a struggle which surely must come and for which he will then be better equipped. Chamberlain has said that he is prepared to pay a price for peace, but that he is not for peace at any price.

LEAVING THE EUROPEAN scene for the present we come to American Politics. No other American president, at least in recent history, so far as I can recall, has suffered such signal reverses at the hands of his own party as have been administered to President Roosevelt in this; season's Democratic state conventions. Eight Democratic senators whose terms expire next January opposed the Roosevelt Supreme Court measure. Each of the eight opposed some others of the New Deal measures. All were candidates for renomination. Renomination of each was vigorously opposed by Mr. Roosevelt, in some cases by his own personal appearance and exhortation and in others by the activity of his subordinates. All of the eight have been renominated. Presidential orders and exhortations fell on deaf ears, and by their votes the members of the party expressed their resentment at the effort made to dictate to them in matters which they considered their own business. Apparently we have some distance yet to go before the United States is completely regimented.

MENTION OF Regimentation prompts me to return to Europe for a moment. In his Nurnberg speech Hitler scored the world's democracies, and implied that his and Mussolini's are the only truly democratic governments. He said that the democracies cannot show a 99 per cent support of their governments. It is quite true that it would be impossible in any democracy to obtain for any political policy or political group such a "vote of confidence" as was given Hitler in the latest German elections. That is something for which we have reason to be thankful. Our elections are far more perfect, but in them the individual has at least some opportunity for freedom of expression, and when people are free to express themselves as they choose they do not all vote alike. A 99 per cent vote for or against anything is proof of a managed and directed election.

ON SATURDAY I PARKED my car in the only vacant space in a downtown block. I tried to govern myself by the new markings, but found that I couldn't do it. The cars on each side had been driven into the parking stalls, but at a broader angle than that indicated by the marks, so that each car crossed the lines. I was obliged to follow suit or seek another place. I checked all the cars in that block and found that without exception they were parked across the lines. In the absence of markings the usual practice is to park at an angle of about 45 degrees with the curb. It is clear that drivers generally find that angle the most convenient. One of three things must happen. We must all be educated to park at a more acute angle with the curb than has been found convenient; the angle of the parking lines must be changed; or we shall continue to cross the lines in defiance of the regulations.

LAST FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, was the 100th anniversary of the birth of James J. Hill, whose life meant much in the history of the northwest. In his early life he had a vision of a great northern empire, spanned by bands of steel, whose resources he was to be instrumental on making available to millions. Unlike many other dreamers of great dreams, he lived to see his vision realized in his own time. He was one of the geniuses of his age.

THE STORY OF THE Building of the Great Northern railroad has often been told. Equally fascinating is the story of James J. Hill himself, of the development of his character, of the energy with which he pursued his purposes, of the thoroughness with which he investigated the foundations on which his great structure was to be built, of his penetrating insight into what were to become major problems of the territory which he was to serve.

BORN ON A FARM IN Wellington county, Ontario, young Hill first turned his footsteps eastward, and then answered the call of the great west. His first contact with transportation was as a shipping clerk in St. Paul in the days of northwestern transit was by river, ox-cars or dog-sled. He made personal use of all those forms of transportation, and out of his experience with them grew his conviction that in the northwest lay the opportunity for the creation of a great railroad system.

KNOWN TO HISTORY AS A great railroad builder, Hill was also a man of extraordinary versatility. It was he who sold and set up the first threshing machine in Minnesota; the first shipment of Minnesota-grown wheat passed through his hands; from brown office paper he cut the stencil for the first label on the first barrel of flour milled in Minnesota; he directed the raising of a volunteer cavalry company for Civil War service, but his own enlistment was rejected because a boyhood accident had deprived him of the sight of one eye.

FAR IN ADVANCE OF MANY others Hill sensed the importance of a balanced economy in northwestern agriculture, and by precept and example he preached the gospel of diversification. He recognized the community of interest between his railway enterprise and the prosperity of the territory which the railroad served.

ACCEPTED TODAY AS SOUND farm practice, diversification then was regarded as new-fangled, and inimical to the best interests of agriculture – so dangerous, in fact, that a resolution condemning Mr. Hill for trying to entice farmers away from the practice of growing wheat year after year was introduced before the Minnesota legislature.

THE FIRST PUREBRED LIVE-stock in the northwest was imported by Mr. Hill. His farms in Minnesota were forerunners of the governmental experiment stations of today; his agents helped farmers, and in so doing, laid the foundation of the present extensive county agent system.

MORE THAN HALF A Century ago Mr. Hill foresaw the then apparent necessity of crop rotation to prevent soil depletion in the northwest. He had observed and learned from the exhausted farm-lands of the East. And, although the "Empire Builder" did not advocate governmental action, the present nation-wide soil conservation program is designed to accomplish what he urged farmers to do for themselves.

IN 1912, ON HIS RETIREMENT Tom the Great Northern, from which, incidentally, he never drew compensation as president, Mr. Hill said:

"Most men who have lived have had, in some shape, their great adventure. This railway is mine."

THE ANSWER TO MRS. Robertson's question whether or not there are albino robins seems to be that there are, but that they are of rare occurrence. E. L. Moulton, of Thompson, has seen none of them, but he has seen an albino sparrow. He writes: "After reading with interest, your article in yesterday's Herald, especially the item concerning the presumption that albinos exist among our native birds, I have no doubt that Mrs. E. P. Robertson saw an albino robin. I have not been fortunate enough to see one, nor have I ever seen a white blackbird. However, a few days ago, a friend of mine and I were driving along the road East of Northwood, we saw a large flock of English sparrows, and among them was a pure white bird, and as we were quite close to the flock, we could see them distinctly, and feel sure that this bird was a sparrow, and therefore, an albino.

Also, I have this from L. L. Rudrud of Bismarck, formerly of the North Dakota game department:

"IN THE HERALD, EVENING issue of September 16th you ask, Are There Albino Robins? Mrs. E. P. Robertson would like to know.

"Several years ago I was in the same predicament as Mrs. E. P. Robertson. I noticed a pure white bird that looked like a robin, acted like a robin and warbled like a robin but as to color, it did not match any robin I had ever seen before. I made up my mind to find out exactly what this pure white bird might be and after several days of observation I was well repaid for my trouble, for I discovered not only this bird's mate but also found their nest which contained three blue eggs in a perfect robins nest. There was no difference in the nest or the eggs or in the young from any other robins except that one of the adults was pure white. I thought that white color might show up in one of the young, but in this case it did not.

"JUST AS SOON AS I WAS sure that I had discovered an albino robin I wrote the biological survey at Washington, D. C. and I was informed that albino robins were rather common, and ever since I have strained my eyes to find another, but I have never been able to satisfy myself in this respect although I have observed hundreds of thousands of robins. I mention that fact because this albino robin observed by Mrs. E. P. Robertson is the first one that has come to my attention since the one I observed in 1923. This albino robin together with its mate nested in a tree directly across the street from the Cass county courthouse in the city of Fargo.

"IT WILL BE INTERESTING to know how many people will write you to the effect that they have seen albino robins, and I feel sure you will find they are everything but common.

"I once shot a swan and I heard the death song of a swan, and to this day I can whistle the notes of that death song, but I have always kept quiet with that as far as the biological survey is concerned because that too might be so "common" that it makes a student of nature feel foolish when he or she feels that they have discovered something out of the ordinary, and after all, our only compensation for our efforts in our study of our wild life is the satisfaction we get out of it and I can assure your friend Mrs. E. P. Robertson that she is one out of hundreds of thousands that has seen or ever will see an albino robin."

J. BELL DEREMER HAS JUST received a clipping from a New Jersey paper containing an article about Owen Oberly, of Stewartsville, N. J., who at the age of 93 has purchased his third automobile, which he drives himself. Stewartsville is Mr. DeRemer's old home, and in his youth Owen Oberly was a man well along in years, and a prominent figure in the community. A scribbled notation on the clipping reads "Same old Owen."

MR. OWEN BOUGHT HIS first automobile when he was 77 years of age, and he has been driving quite regularly ever since. His top speed on the road is 40 miles an hour, which he says is fast enough, though he says "I could drive faster if I liked." He was born on the farm where he now lives, and he has since acquired other farm property in the neighborhood. He has done much of the work in person, but now, he says, he doesn't work much, "just putters round, looking after the buildings. He neither drinks nor smokes and has never been ill a day in his life. While engaged actively in farming he bought and sold horses. His horses had to be as fast--as any others, and he wouldn't have one unless it could travel. Here's wishing good luck to him, and may his new car carry him far, smoothly and safely.

WHEN ONE WRITES A Letter to some distinguished- person, the president of the United States, for instance, there is no assurance that the letter will ever be seen by the person for whom it is intended. There will be a polite acknowledgement, signed, perhaps by Secretary Early, but the writer never knows whether or not Mr. Roosevelt has seen his communication and thus has been able to profit by the advice tendered—if any. In the present chaotic state of world affairs it has seemed to me a good idea to advise certain eminent persons as to the course which they should pursue, but instead of entrusting my communication to the mails I am making it in the form of an open letter. Then, if they don't see it first themselves, some friend may call their attention to it. So here goes:

TO PREMIER CHAMBERLAIN of Great Britain, Premier Daladier of France, and the members of their respective cabinets:

Gentlemen:—

In dealing with the affairs of Czechoslovakia you are charged with heavy responsibility and you have a difficult task to perform, and in order that your decisions may be wise and just, I venture to advise you. In her present perplexing situation, Czechoslovakia challenges the sympathetic consideration of the world. She is threatened with immediate dismemberment and ultimate extinction as an independent nation, and she is not deserving of either fate

HERS IS A LONG HISTORY of valiant effort, under another name, to maintain her national identity. That effort was crowned with what appeared to be permanent success when the nations of the world, your own two great powers included, gave her their official recognition and their blessing. You, gentlemen, or your immediate official predecessors, were partners in a compact one of whose purposes was to guarantee to the Czechoslovakians the territorial integrity and political independence of their nation.

THE RAPACITY OF A Megalomaniac has forced upon this little nation the prospect of dismemberment, the forcible absorption of important parts of its territory by a powerful neighbor, and demoralization of its economic system and the ultimate destruction of its existence, It is the manifest duty of the strong to protect the weak, and the Czechs have sent out urgent appeals for help. Is it not clear that it is your duty to respond?

THERE IS REASON TO believe that even at this late hour a positive and determined attitude on the part of your two governments, supported as they would be by the sentiment of liberty-loving people throughout the world, would cause Germany to desist from its course of wanton pillage and would bring about a peaceful solution of the problems involved in this controversy. A categorical statement by your two governments that: "Come what may, we will give to Czechoslovakia all the assistance that she needs" would hearten her and discourage her aggressor.

IT IS TRUE THAT SUCH A course might mean war. Already Germany has gone far, perhaps too far to recede. If you decide to help Czechoslovakia, you must do so with the clear understanding that you may be entering upon another World War. In that case you must be prepared to marshal your utmost man-power and all your war equipment by sea and land. Your cities will be bombed, your territory will be ravaged. Your young men will die like flies in filth-sodden trenches, and of those who return, if any do, multitudes will be maimed for life.

IN SUCH A CONFLICT YOUR people at home will live in terror and distress. They will suffer the pangs of hunger, for food must be conserved for the men at the front. There will be meatless days and heatless days, as there were before. All your industries will be diverted from the work of ministering to the comfort of mankind to the production of instruments of death. Your old men and old women, tottering feebly just this side of the grave, and your little children just out of the cradle will be forced into tasks for which only young, strong hands are fitted. You will pile up debts which will hang like millstones around the necks of future generations.

EVEN THOUGH YOU FORCE your nations through such experiences, into which all the rest of the world, willing or not, may be drawn, it is by no means certain that you will succeed. Your own nations may be shattered and the last vestiges of liberty may vanish from the earth. But, if this is the fate to be met, you will have the satisfaction of knowing, if you live, that you have made a valiant struggle and have offered up a splendid human sacrifice in a glorious cause.

AT THE OUTSET OF THIS letter it seemed to me that I could offer you useful advice. But as the writing has progressed the situation has come to seem less clear than at the beginning. Therefore I have decided for the time being to withhold the advice and to commend you in your deliberations to the guidance of a higher power.

Yours very truly.

I STOOD WITH TOM BERGE watching one of those monster machines of his strip the surface from the pavement on Second avenue North. Something in the appearance of the torn-up street reminded Tom of the rocky hillsides of his boyhood home in Norway.

"The land there was pretty rough," said Tom, "very different from the prairie fields here. We cultivated the north side of the valley, because there the sun shone and warmed the soil. But the southern side was left untouched, because there the sun seldom shone on the steep slope facing north.

"BREAKING NEW LAND WAS a tough job, and if we added half an acre a year to the cultivated area of the farm we were doing well. The stones had to be removed, then great trenches were dug and in them the rock was buried and soil spread over them. When that part of the job was finished we had a few inches of soil spread over a bed of rock. Then fertilizer was used to make that soil productive. It was very different from starting a plow into virgin sod and plowing furrows a mile long and depending on the stored fertility of the soil for a crop.

"YET THE PEOPLE WHO tilled those little farms and fought to make the land productive, were healthy, well nourished and happy. They had not the luxuries which are common here, but they did not feel that they needed them. They produced their own food in abundance, used their own ingenuity to provide themselves with other things necessary to a comfortable existence, and were able to such other things as they actually needed. They would have scorned the idea of receiving assistance from the government. They helped each other when help was necessary, but they felt pride in standing on their own feet. I hope that in this country we are not losing so much of that spirit of independence that we can never regain it.

JOHN DREVECKY OF Adams sends samples of crabapple and honey-suckle blossoms now growing on his farm, these being the second crop of blossoms to be produced this year. Second blossoming occurs quite often, but seldom at just this time of year or in a season such as this has been. Usually second crop blossoms occur very late in the fall when prolonged moist, warm weather, has stimulated plants to unseasonable activity. This season has been rather unusual in several respects, and these blossoms provide one evidence of its peculiarity.

A. L. FAILOR, NOW 93 YEARS of age, recalls that in his boyhood in Minnesota the peachblow, otherwise known as the pink-eye potato, was one of the most popular varieties of potatoes, its only undesirable feature being its deep-set eyes. Failor says that one spring after planting all the ground reserved for potatoes he had about a bushel of the cut sets left. Near by a strawstack had been burned, and after leveling what remained of the ashes he scattered the seed there and covered it with about two feet of straw. The potato stalks grew through the straw and in the fall when the covering was removed the ground was completely covered with clean, plump potatoes.

MISS ELIZABETH JACKSON submits an article from the Pierre, South Dakota, Capital Journal which says:
"An albino robin was reported this morning by Mrs. J. E. Hippie, seen in the yard of the Hippie home on North Highland. The albino occurs only once in several thousand birds, according to naturalists, and this is believed to have been the first seen in Pierre."

J. B. S. WRITES:

"It is my understanding that Poland had experiences such as those which now are in store for Czechoslovakia. According to my reading the old kingdom of Poland was wiped out of existence and its territory was divided among its more powerful neighbors. I recall a poem on the subject which I read many years ago. Won't you write something about it, and, if possible, say where that poem can be found?"

THE CORRESPONDENT IS quite correct. Poland, for centuries an independent nation, was ravaged in successive wars by her neighbors, Russia on the east, Prussia on the west and Austria on the south, each appropriating sections of Polish territory until Polish territory was reduced to one-third of its former area. Then about the close of the eighteenth century, the final grab was made and what was left of Poland was divided among her three neighbors.

POLISH NATIONAL, Existence, snuffed out more than a century ago, was not revived until the World war. During the progress of that war, patriotic Poles, taking advantage of the confusion which existed among their neighbors, declared afresh the independence of their nation and demanded recognition by the powers of the world. That recognition was granted by most of the nations before the war closed, and it was formally ratified by the Treaty of Versailles, which established the boundaries of the reborn nation.

THE POEM TO WHICH THE correspondent refers is undoubtedly one by Thomas Campbell, appearing in his published works, not as an independent poem, but as a part of the longer poem, "The Pleasures of Hope." It appeared in many of the old school readers, usually under the title "The Down fall of Poland." A few typical stanzas, quite suggestive of present conditions, read:

O SACRED TRUTH! THY Triumph ceased awhile, And Hope, thy sister, ceased with
thee to smile, When leagued Oppression poured
to northern wars Her whiskered pandours and her
fierce hussars; Waved her dread standard to the
breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum and twanged!
her trumpet-horn:
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er
her van, Presaging wrath to Poland—and to
man!

IN VAIN—ALAS! IN VAIN, YE gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed
thunder flew: Oh! bloodiest picture in the book
of time, Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a
crime! Found not a generous friend — a
pitying foe— Strength in her arms, nor mercy in
her woe! Dropped from her nerveless grasp
the shattered spear— Closed her bright eye and curbed
her high career;— Hope, for a season, bade the world
farewell, And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

DEPARTED SPIRITS OF THE
mighty dead! Ye that at Marathon and Leucrta
bled! Friends of the world! restore your
swords to man, Fight in his sacred cause and lead
the van! Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood
atone, And make her arm puissant as
your own! Oh! once again to Freedom's cause
return The patriotic Tell — the Bruce of
Bannockburn!

THERE WILL BE NO LACK of scare headlines in the Florida papers on account of the hurricane which swept the northeastern states. The occasion was one to justify big headlines in newspapers anywhere, and quite certainly Florida wouldn't be out of line. Florida would be properly sympathetic, of course, but would scarcely be able to conceal just a mite of satisfaction in the fact that "It can happen in other places."

FLORIDA PEOPLE, LIKE California people, are inclined to be sensitive about their weather. Years ago I attended a dinner in Florida at which one local speaker berated the people of the north, and especially northern newspapers for what he considered their enmity toward Florida. Evidence of this he found in the big headlines which the papers spread over their stories of Florida hurricanes. Another speaker, a northern man, good-humoredly denied the charge of enmity, but called attention to the fact that every Florida paper that day ran big headlines over the story of a snow storm that was careering through several northern states.

IN CERTAIN ORIENTAL communities there exists the practice of running amuck. The man who has concluded that this plane of existence contains nothing further of interest to him unsheathes his poinard and with wild cries runs down the street, striking right and left at all who come within his reach. No one attempts to reason with him.

There isn't time, and he is in n mood to listen to reason. He must be restrained, and the job must be done quickly and by force. The neighbors thereupon use force, and they make it final and permanently effective putting the man to death, which is just what he expected.

KINDNESS AND Brotherly love are necessary in the orderly and beneficial development of the race, but there are situations in which they cannot b applied in time to avert disaster The East Indian running amuck or the dictator intent on con quest will not pause to listen t exhortations. If either is to be controlled it must be by force In the case of the dictator the threat of force may suffice. I a sufficient show of opposing force had been made in time Hitler would not have dared to attempt the annexation of Austria or the dismemberment Czechoslovakia.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE present state of affairs rests on no nation alone, and no great nation is exempt from its share of responsibility. If the United States had chosen to play its proper part in world affairs twenty years ago and in succeeding years, there would have been no Manchurian incident. If Great Britain had properly supported Secretary Stimson in respect to that incident the wrong committed would have been corrected. If those mistakes had not been made Italy would not have embarked on her Ethiopian adventure. The belief that the world's great democracies were too busy, too self-absorbed and too timorous to fight is chiefly responsible for the growing power of dictatorship and for most of what had occurred in Spain, in Austria and in Czechoslovakia. The knowledge that force would be used in the cause of right would have restrained the use of force to achieve wrong.

ONE STANDS APPALLED IN the face of such a calamity as that which the north Atlantic states have just suffered. Nature, benign in so many of its aspects, can, be cruel and terrifying, and before its power mere man stands helpless. In the eastern storm close to 500 deaths have been reported and every hour brings additions as information from isolated communities becomes available. As in all such cases for each death there are scores of cases of acute suffering, of destruction of homes and of wrecking of valuable property.

IT IS IN SUCH Emergencies that the value of the Red Cross becomes apparent. That great body, organized for a mission of mercy, is constantly at work in community after community where there has developed sudden need beyond the immediate reach of other agencies. That work, largely routine, is inconspicuous. But within a few hours of a great calamity its forces are marshaled with speed and precision which no military organization can excel and food is provided for the hungry, medical aid for the sick and injured and shelter for the homeless. The Red Cross constitutes one army in whose existence and work we have cause for rejoicing.

IN HIS EFFORT TO Exclude from congress members of both houses who have opposed some of his plans, President Roosevelt can score one tally against a whole row of goose-eggs. Representative O'Connor was defeated for renomination as the Democratic candidate for the house in the 16th New York district by a majority of 553 votes. On the same day he was named as the Republican candidate for the same position. It is possible, therefore, that he may be elected in spite of his loss of his own party's nomination.

O'CONNOR'S DEFEAT FOR the party nomination probably will remove him as chairman of the house rules committee, even though he should be elected as a Republican. There is, however, some speculation as to the possibility that house Democrats, rebellious against presidential dictation, man continue him in his present position. That seems improbable, but it is among the interesting possibilities.

WILL APPROVAL OF THE initiated dry measure on which North Dakota will vote in November leave the state without any legislation prohibiting or regulating the sale of liquor? Competent lawyers who have studied the question carefully are divided in their opinion on this important question, which is admittedly a close one. Doubts which are left after the election if the repeal measure is approved are certain to result in a chaotic condition marked by prolonged litigation. A less desirable situation could scarcely be imagined. I venture to renew the suggestion that a better way to deal with this subject is for good citizens of many shades of opinion, having before them the record of many generations of experience, to co-operate with members of the state legislature next winter in the framing of a new liquor control law which will reduce to the minimum the undesirable features associated with the liquor traffic, and which will work.

I HAVE NOT YET Recovered from my mystification over the frantic haste exhibited by the Board of Administration in turning over control and direction of the University radio station to a Chicago concern and its peripatetic state representative without giving anybody else a look-in. There has not been the slightest evidence of demand for such action on the part of University authorities, the present operators of the station or of he people of the territory served by the station. On the contrary from all of these sources there have come vigorous protests against the proposed leasing. Yet having been enjoined from leasing the station's "time" for ten years, the board undertakes to lease it for two years. On the street people are asking what there is behind it all, and if I were to publish some of the guesses that are offered in reply I might be sued for libel. The atmosphere is thick with smoke which has a most unpleasant odor.

MANY FORMER STUDENTS and former -members of the faculty of the University of North Dakota have learned with keen regret of the death of Dr. James E. Boyle, former instructor in economics at the University. To many of us who knew him here he has seemed still a young man. It is difficult for those who have not been in contact with him for many years to realize that he was 64 years old. It scarcely occurs to us that as time leaves its mark on ourselves and those immediately around us, old friends at a distance also feel its influence.

DR. BOYLE HAD BEEN Recognized for many years as an authority on economics. He had published several books on that subject; he had contributed much to current discussion of economic problems; he had wide practical experience in his chosen field, and he held an important position on the faculty of Cornell university. He came to the University of North Dakota at the age of 30. He was a capable instructor and he was also a diligent and discriminating student. The twelve years which he spent here were for him years of development and ripening, and it was here that much of the groundwork was laid for his future eminence.

OUR UNIVERSITY STUDENT body has contributed to the world many men and women who, in the performance of constructive work have measured up fully to the demands of their careers and have taken positions of leadership with credit to themselves and the institution in which they received their early training. That honorable achievement has by no means been restricted to the student body. The faculty itself has made many like contributions, and Dr. Boyle was one of a large group of former University instructors who have won places of distinction in other and distant. fields, and who could look back upon the University of North Dakota as having been instrumental in fitting them for larger life and greater usefulness.

AS IF THERE WERE NOT already complications enough in the world, New York papers are reviving a controversy which bade fair to rend the nation just at the turn of the century. The Sun had an article representing archaeologists of some distant future delving into the archives of today and finding the treaty of Versailles, which they find evidence of having been dated "as of the middle of the final year of the second decade of the twentieth century. The Times reminds its neighbor of the fact that the year 1919 was not the final year of the second decade, that place being occupied by the year 1920. It illustrates this by pointing out that on piles of ten pennies each the top penny is not the ninth, or the nineteenth, but the tenth, twentieth, and so on.

WHEN WE WERE Preparing to bid goodbye to the nineteenth century and welcome the twentieth there was spirited controversy over what year would be the first of the new century. Many persons thought it would be 1900, while others stood for 1901. Into the debate were drawn mathematicians, philosophers, theologians and the garden run of humanity. Most people seemed to become satisfied at last that as the first century began in the year 1, the second must have begun in the year 101, the third in 201, and so on up to the twentieth, which would begin in 1901. One man stood out for 1900 for months or years. He was H. H. Kohlsaas, publisher of the Chicago Record, who was also quite an influence in politics. Long after the subject has been dropped by everybody else he hammered away at it, and got himself gloriously tangled up. but he never gave up.

INFORMATION COMES FROM Winnipeg the C. P. Walker of that city celebrated his 85th birthday on September 19. Mr. Walker celebrated the anniversary quietly with Mrs. Walker at their home, 771 Dorchester Avenue. Many years ago Mr. Walker was a member of the firm of Walker Brothers & Hardy, commercial printers of Fargo. Always interested in the theater he acquired a theater in Fargo, then leased and afterward bought the Metropolitan in Grand Forks. Then he built the Walker theater in Winnipeg, which he still manages. He organized his own stock companies which toured the northwest, and he brought his circuit the best talent that then appeared on the American stage. As a young man he contracted the fishing habit, and every summer until the one now closing he has been a familiar figure at the fishing grounds around Detroit Lakes. He has many friends here, of whom I am one, who will wish him many happy returns.

WHEN HITLER GETS through annexing Europe and has gathered in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, the Ukraine, and such other bits of territory as happen to strike his fancy, he may come across and annex Wisconsin. That state has a large German population which ought to be entitled to as many rights and privileges as any of the rest of them. There are also the Pennsylvania Dutch, who are really not Dutch, but German. They, also, should be entitled to some consideration.

MRS. W. D. DUSSELL, 801 OAK street, reports that an oriental poppy in her garden is blooming for the second time this year. So far as I know this is quite unusual. Some other perennials bloom more than once. The delphinium, for instance, often produces several sets of blossoms in a season, each being smaller than the one preceding it but I have never seen an oriental poppy produce more than one set of blossoms in a year.

FOR SOME DAYS I HAVE HAD on my desk, awaiting an opportunity for use, some lines contributed by G. W. F. who describes the contribution as a "poem," the quotation marks being his. Usually I shy rather violently at local talent verse, but as this is not contributed as a real poem, and as I thought it rather neat, I thought I would use it. Of course, by the time it gets to the reader it may be hours out of date, for the war may be on. Anyway, here it is:

FOLLOW THE LEADER

or

CZECH-MATE (Apologies to Edgar Guest) I guess there's goin' to be a war, And then I guess there ain't; For every time that Hitler spits, It makes a new complaint; And every time he shoots his cuff, He'll "fight for peace" — or is it bluff?

I guess there's goin' to be a war, And then I guess there ain't.

I wish there was an easy way To pin a Fuehrer down;

So when he proved that black was'

white,

He couldn't call it brown. When Adolf Hitler rolls his eye Berlin sees Jesus in the guy, "Sieg, heil! Sieg heil! Seig, heil!" they cry; It is a funny town.

The Nazis just have gave the

Czechs

A six-hour ultimatum; And though the Czechs thumbed

back their nose, The Nazis haven't ate 'em. There's times when bluffs that's

called has changed A Satan to a Saint; But gosh, I wish they'd start the

war Or tell us if they ain't.

G. W. F.

Grand Forks, N. D.

WE DROVE OUT TO ARVILLA park on Sunday, and, as usual at this time of the year, were charmed with the delightful color combinations with which nature brings summer to a close. Our prairie landscape lacks the brilliance that characterizes the northern forest country, especially that of northern Minnesota, but it has a beauty all its own. It presents the softer hues of browns and yellows, and these, mingled with the many shades of green of leaves still untouched by frost, give a variety of rich color combinations which are restful and satisfying. Brilliance is by no means lacking. Standing out from the quiet background is a mass of gorgeous Virginia creeper, or a clump of red oak, or the variegated hues of groups of shrubs whose names I do not know, which seem like spots of flame. And, if the sun happens to strike a grove at just the right angle, we get the impression of the entire mass being ablaze. The prairie presents the picture of both quiet restfulness and vivid splendor.

AND ANOTHER THING: There was that rainbow. There is nothing unusual about having a rainbow when it rains. But just before sundown on Sunday there was drawn against the blackness of an eastern cloud a bow that formed a complete arch in all the colors of the spectrum, without a drop of rain. Oh, of course, when we reached Grand Forks we found that something resembling a light mist had fallen, but from our viewpoint for miles there had been no suggestion of rain.

PROBABLY FEW PERSONS realize, in reading of the construction of bomb-proof shelters and similar refuges in European cities in anticipation of war, that there is one city in United States territory that is already amply equipped with such shelters. That city is San Juan, capital of Porto Rico, and the shelters with which it is equipped were not constructed with reference to any twentieth-century war, but have been in existence for nearly 400 years. Commanding the entrance to the San Juan harbor is fort, El Morro which, built on a rocky eminence, and with walls of masonry 15 or 20 feet thick, was impregnable to assault with any weapons known to man at the time of its construction. A mile to the east, along the precipitous coast, is Fort Christobal, another great fortress, with heavy masonry walls and caverns excavated in the solid rock. A tunnel, large enough to accommodate several men, erect and walking abreast, leads to the caverns beneath El Morro. Another of like size runs down to the city proper and beneath its most densely inhabited section. Still others lead off to smaller forts farther east. Those tunnels, engineers say, could accommodate easily the entire present population of San Juan, some 70,000.

THAT SYSTEM OF TUNNELS was constructed, not to shelter the population from air raids, for there were none, but to link up what was at that time one of the most elaborate and most skillfully designed and constructed systems of military defense in existence. San Juan was one of the most important strategic points on which Spain depended for defense of her possessions in the western hemisphere. In its harbor the largest fleet afloat could find shelter and security and the fortifications built gave complete protection to the narrow entrance.

BECAUSE OF LOCAL Configurations a hostile fleet approaching San Juan harbor must move in from the east, for some distance parallel with the shore. It would be attacked with gun-fire from one of the smaller easterly forts. If bombardment from the sea rendered that fort untenable, its garrison could move through the tunnel to the next fort and there continue the defense. This could be continued, one fort after another being abandoned, until Christobal was reached, and if that were reduced a last stand could be made in El Morro. Meanwhile, supplies and reinforcements could be brought from the lower city, all these movements taking place far beneath the surface, with the defending troops screened from observation and safe from attack. Modern military men have described those defenses as practically perfect, as designed to meet the requirements of the time of their construction. Though attacked repeatedly by hostile forces those forts never were captured nor were their guns ever silenced.

FOLLOWING THE AMERICAN occupation, the fortifications having been peacefully turned over, the tunnels were examined, and as some of the walls were shattered in places, they were closed as a measure of safety. In recent years much repair work has been done, and it is intended to throw the tunnels open to the public, not as refuges in war, but for the inspection of tourists. The walls of the old forts are still in excellent condition, evidence of the excellent workmanship of the masons of the sixteenth century.

THE GRANDIOSE Proclamations of Hitler carry one's mind back to the days of the old-time lumber jack. Occasionally a braggart took charge of, matters in a lumber camp with the profane announcement "I can lick anybody." For a while he might get away with it, no one being particularly anxious for a fight. But usually the bully made his boast once too often and it was quite likely to be some mild, inoffensive fellow who called his bluff and scared him out of camp or gave him the beating of his life.

"INQUIRER" WRITES: "The Northern Minnesota Historical society is trying to trace the stone burrs that were sold from a Grand Forks milling company to John Larson of Argyle. The burrs came either from a dismantled stone mill or from one that put in the new steel rolls, away back in the early days. Tradition has it they were imported from France Who Knows? Who sold the Burrs to Larson? The name of the mill from which they came? The name of the miller who made the sale? Were they imported from France? The date when sold?"

ANY INFORMATION Relating to this subject will be gratefully received and will be forwarded to the correspondent. The only stone burrs once used in Grand Forks, so far as my own knowledge goes, are those now in front of the band stand in Central park. They were part of the equipment of the Viets flour mill on South Third street, near the site of the present pumping station. That was the first flour mill to be built in the Red river valley. It changed hands several times, and in the late nineties it was operated by Geo. H. Elliott, an English miller. A few years later it was burned, and the Park board rescued the millstones from the debris and had them mounted in the park, to be preserved as souvenirs of an earlier period.

THE BELIEF REPORTED BY the correspondent that the stones concerning which he seeks information were imported from France is probably correct. Many different kinds of stone have been used for grinding flour, but a white stone of superior hardness was mined extensively in France, and the best millstones used in this country were of French origin. The millstone was rarely, if ever, a solid mass, but was built up of many pieces, accurately fitted together and bound with a heavy iron band. The flat grinding surface was cut into shallow grooves, and each miller had his own favorite design which he usually considered superior to all others. As the stones wore down with use it was necessary to redress them, and often a new miller would cut away completely the groove design left by his predecessor and substitute his own.

THE POLICE OF YUGOSLAVIA have found a means of curbing traffic accidents which works. When they overhaul a speeder, they maneuver him over onto a shoulder of the highway. Then, without any bickering or arguing with the driver, they quickly let the air out of all four tires, tip their hats and leave. Handling speeders this way cut Yugoslavian traffic accidents 50 per cent.

AS THE CALENDAR RUNS, the year 1934 is not very distant, but in some respects it seems like reading a page from ancient history to read a discussion of European affairs as they were in 1934. Such a discussion is given in a bulletin issued in that year by the Canadian bank of Nova Scotia entitled "Trouble in the Balkans," which F. C. Gustafson has preserved and has just lent me.

KING ALEXANDER OF Yugoslavia had just been assassinated in Marsailles, and with him was killed Louis Both, premier of France, who had gone to the Mediterranean port to receive and welcome the royal visitor. The crime, which was of political origin, caused great tension, but the crisis was passed without the general war which, at the moment, was feared. Recognizing the fact that though distant from the Canadian scene, a disturbance in central Europe had its bearing on Canadian welfare, the bank prepared for its customers and friends a concise description of conditions in the Balkans as they were then and of the causes which had influenced them.

THERE WERE DESCRIBED the migrations of great groups from place to place in Europe during the last two thousand years, resulting in the problem of minorities which has been such a fruitful cause of friction. Attention is directed to the fact that the map of Europe which emerged from the Versailles and other post-war treaties was not an a priori creation of the treaty makers, but rather represented official ratification of the assertion of independence by Poles, Czechs, Croats, Slovenes and other peoples who had for generations or centuries lived by compulsion under foreign domination and who found in the war opportunity to re-establish themselves as independent nations.

MINORITY PROBLEMS which has always existed, took on new forms, and, as is pointed out in the discussion, mistakes were made in the treatment of minorities by dominant groups, and in the exaggerated spirit of nationalism which prevented the free economic intercourse essential to the prosperity of small nations crowded so closely together. That discussion of four years ago fits well into the European situation today.