April 1930

William Preston Davies
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER from a Minneapolis man who has acquired the habit of perusing this column who asks for certain information concerning United States senators from North Dakota. He asks if Senator Hansbrough was not the first North Dakota senator, and if Messrs. Thompson and Purcell were not the state's only two Democratic senators. Perhaps there are others who are interested find it difficult to keep in my mind the sequence of our senatorial terms, and a statement of the salient facts may be acceptable.

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The state's first assembly, which met on November 19, 1883, a few weeks after the proclamation admitting the state to the union, and which continued in session until early in the next year, elected two United States senators, Gilbert A. Pierce and Lyman R. Casey, both Republicans. Pierce was elected for the short term ending March 4, 1891, and Casey for the long term ending March 4, 1893.

Senator Pierce chose not to be a candidate for re-election as his term approached its close, and the legislature which met in 1881 elected H. C. Hansbrough to succeed him. Hansbrough had been the state's first representative in Congress. This began Mr. Hansbrough's senatorial career, which ended in 1909.

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The legislature of 1893 had a large Republican majority, and if the Republican membership had held together it would have elected a Republican senator. However, it did not hold together. Rival candidates refused to yield, and the assembly was deadlocked for many days. As the improbability of agreement on a Republican candidate became more and more apparent some of the leaders began to work quietly for the election of a Democrat. Colonel John D. Benton, of Fargo, one of the leading Democrats of the state, an eminent lawyer and fine citizen, was supported by a strong group in his party, and it became known that a group of Republicans under Cass county leadership had mustered just enough votes to elect him. At this juncture Senator Jud LaMoure of Pembina exhibited the generalship for which he became famous. Joining forces with another group of Democrats he organized the Republican forces from most of the northern counties, including Grand Forks, and before the Benton forces had quite completed their organization a roll call showed a majority for W. N. Roach of Larimore, who was thus elected the state's first Democratic senator.

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The election created quite a storm throughout the state, especially because of the bearing which it had on national politics. The United States senate was equally divided between the two parties. President Cleveland had been elected to his second term on a low tariff platform. The house was strongly Democratic. One Democratic vote was needed to give the party control of the senate. North Dakota supplied that vote. The Democratic tariff bill was passed.

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The several following years were years of great business depression. Factories were closed, hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, wheat prices tumbled, and people clamored for government ownership of railroads, free silver, sub-treasury loans on commodities and various other forms of alleged relief. For all of this Cleveland and the Democratic tariff were held responsible, and North Dakota was charged with an important share of responsibility in sending to Congress the one senator needed to pass the tariff bill.

I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED that the tariff caused all the troubles with which it was charged. It was probably a contributing element, and in the succeeding campaigns it was worked for at least all that it was worth. Senator Roach was not a willful wrecker of his country's prosperity. He was a very pleasant gentleman, a good citizen, and he had given good service in the pioneer work of the state. A few weeks ago I mentioned the installation of his stage route from Grand Forks to Fort Totten.
THE IROQUOIS PARTICIPATED in the French and Indian wars, ultimately becoming allies of the British, and while there were some divisions, as a rule they supported the British during the Revolutionary war. One of their leaders, Theyendanega, or Joseph Brant, in English, was a military leader of outstanding ability. Brant's fords, on the Grand River, became the site of the city of Brantford, and in the little city park there stands a heroic statue of the Indian chief for whom the city was named. Brant received a good education and became a devout Christian. A few years ago I visited the little church where he worshipped and where his remains are buried. This church, which is in a little suburb of Brantford, is said to be the oldest Protestant church in Canada. In it is a silver communion service which was presented to it by Queen Anne.

The Six Nations have dwindled in numbers, and they occupy a few scattered reservations distributed along both sides of the Canadian border. Those of Brantford and western New York, being not far apart, maintain neighboring relations, and families are constantly back and forth.

* * * FAMILIAR AS I WAS IN BOYHOOD with the Brantford Indians, I have often wondered at the marked differences shown, not only among individuals, but among entire tribes, living on the same reservation, and so far as observation could detect, subjected to the same external influences. Almost without exception the Mohawks were thrifty, industrious, progressive and intelligent. Their land was well farmed, they drove good horses, and many of their children were sent to college. They produced Brant, a man of extraordinary qualities. Chief Johnson, of their tribe, who was also chief of the federation in my time, was a well-educated man, and his daughter, Pauline, achieved distinction as a writer. Dr. Oronotekha— I am not sure of the spelling—was a college man, a regular physician, and founded the Independent Order of Foresters. He was born on the Brantford reservation.

Some of the other tribes seemed to have remained stagnant. Their members, as a rule, were idle and shiftless, and quite a few of them were intemperate and vicious.

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That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A RAMBLING DISCUSSION OF the Six Nation Indians recalled an experience of my own which lasted about a minute, but which impressed itself very clearly on my memory. From established facts in family history I know that the occurrence must have taken place when I was about five years old, which is quite a long time ago.

MY FAMILY AND MY MOTHER's parents lived at that time about 20 miles apart, and my grandfather had come to take my mother and myself back home with him for a visit. It was a long, tedious journey for one horse and a light wagon, about 30 minutes now by automobile, but then requiring the better part of a day. It was moonlight when we reached the river road near our destination, and there we met a wagon drawn by two horses and filled with Indians. The Indians had probably been drinking, for they were quite noisy, and at a point where the road was narrow and rutted the two outfits collided and our one tired nag became tangled up with the Indians team.

THEN CAME THE THRILL. Indians climbed over the front of their wagon and approached us among the struggling horses, with knives in their hands. Indians, horses and equipment were shadowy in the night, but I still have a distinct vision of those murderous knives flashing in the moonlight. Grandfather was not usually given to diplomacy. He preferred direct action, and at times his language was quite unparliamentary. But on this occasion he was a model of tact. He talked quietly to the Indians and, I suppose, explained the situation to their satisfaction. At any rate, no blood was shed. The men folk untangled the horses and straightened out the wagons, and the two parties went their respective ways.

I have never been able to figure out just what the Indians really intended to do with those knives. At the time I was convinced that they had designs on my anatomy, but that isn't reasonable. Some of them became unduly exuberant when inebriated, but they were not addicted to wholesale murder on the public highway. They could scarcely have intended to stab the horses and cutting the harness would have been a senseless proceeding. I leave it as an unsolved mystery, but I certainly had a bad scare.

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN my grandfather and an old Indian originated in a mowing contest in the very early days. In England my grandfather had achieved a reputation as an expert with a scythe. There were no mowing or harvesting machines in those days, and grass was cut with a scythe and grain with a cradle. Soon after his arrival in Canada, grandfather went to help a neighboring farmer and earlier resident with his haying. The hay field was a large one, and all the help available had been employed to take care of the crop. One of the mowers was a young Indian, about grandfather's age who, as it appeared later, regarded himself as the champion mower of the district.

AFTER A FEW HOURS' WORK during which the men had an opportunity to observe each other in action, the Indian approached grandfather and asked: "You mow me?" Grandfather said he didn't want to mow anybody in particular. "I mow you!" said the Indian. It was a direct challenge to a contest, and couldn't be ignored. The challenge was accepted, the scythes were whetted, and the mowers started in, the Indian in advance, grandfather taking the next swath a few paces behind. The two broad swaths were cut clean as the men bent to their work, and each settled down to a supreme effort to gain on the other. But strive as they might, the Indian could not widen the distance between them, nor could grandfather demonstrate superiority by lodging the grass from his cut on the heel of his adversary's scythe. The contest was declared a draw, and it was never resumed, chiefly, I have no doubt, because each of the contestants was afraid of the other.

ALL OF THAT HAPPENED long before my time, but I have heard the story told over and over by neighbors around the fireside while I was supposed to be busy with my school books. In the repeated telling this battle of the scythes assumed heroic proportions, and I suppose that a few generations earlier it would have been elaborated into a legend by some rustic Homer.

Grandfather and the Indian, who was known only as John, became fast friends. In my boyhood John often helped with our own haying, and I got to know him quite well. He was then an old man, tall, straight and very dark. He could still swing a scythe effectively, and he and grandfather worked in the field together, but they never raced. John would never come into the house for a meal, and it was my job to carry to him the lunch which grandmother prepared, and which he ate under a tree in the orchard.

During a leisure hour the two old men would sit and smoke their pipes together and exchange the few words which they knew of each other's language. I sometimes asked them questions about the mowing race, but the subject was always turned aside with a laugh. John was an unsophisticated Indian, but he was a fine old gentleman, just the same.

W. P. DAVIES.

WOULD RAISE SILK.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A FEW DAYS AGO I QUOTED from an old copy of the St. Paul Globe part of an article by Budd Reeve of Buxton, referring to L. J. Zimmer, a member of the state's first legislative assembly. Mr. Zimmer was one of the few who voted in that first session against the adoption of the pending prohibition laws, and the point was made that because of the position of his name at the foot of the alphabetical list, he was the last to vote on roll call, and it would have been easy for him to climb onto the band wagon anti-vote with the majority. He chose instead to vote his own convictions, regardless of how other votes were cast.

A letter from Mr. Zimmer gives some further information about his activities and point of view. Of his first contact with Budd Reeve Mr. Zimmer writes:

Mr. Reeve wrote that article during the first legislative session. Through that article and the good offices of William Budge of Grand Forks I was put in communication with my father and family at Montrose, S. D., and about 1900 Budd Reeve came to our farm near Manvel. In a cradle in our log cabin we had a boy about a year old lying apparently at the point of death with pneumonia. Budd stood at the cradle a while and looked at him, then turned to me and said, "He will not die, but get well." The boy did get well, and he is still living. I thought Budd was quite a prophet.

Among the members of that first legislative session, or who were on the ground and in conference with the members were John Haggart, Alex McKenzie, M. L. McCormack, Geo. H. Walsh and Major Hamilton, all prominent and enterprising citizens, and most of them now gone to their reward. The only man whom I have met in recent years who attended that session is Judge Cole of Fargo. He was on the other side of the fence then, and is now, and I am still of the same mind as fifty years ago.

Those of us who opposed prohibition in that session advocated the Swedish system of handling intoxicating liquor, somewhat similar to the plan now in use in Canada. My system now would be government manufacture and sale, with no intermediate profits. I think sale should be at cost price plus $1.00 per gallon, and the moonshiners and illicit dealers generally would be abolished for the simple reason that there would be no profit in the business for them.

I was a candidate for re-election in 1890, but was defeated by less than 15 votes. I suppose my stand on prohibition was responsible for my defeat. Since then I have abstained from politics except in township and school affairs. Originally a Democrat I got to be a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and changed my politics, which a man has a right to do. I am still farming at Manvel, have seven sons and four daughters, all married, and 35 grandchildren.

I was much interested in The Herald's article about John Fadden's early experiences, and also in your account of the March storm of 1892. I remember that storm well, for it was in it that Thomas Nugent, one of our pioneer farmers and most respected citizens, lost his life. He was returning home from Grand Forks and at a point about three miles south of Manvel he got stalled in a ditch with about four feet of water in it. He unhitched the horses and crouched down in a corner of his grain box for shelter. He was found dead after the storm, with his body covered with the robes and blankets which he had drawn over him. The horses were frozen standing in the ditch not 100 feet from the wagon.

James Murphy, another Manvel man, told me once of his last conversation with his neighbor, Thomas Nugent. The two met in Grand Forks late on the first day of that great storm. Mr. Nugent had come to town with a load of wheat, had done some trading, and was ready for home. Mr. Murphy tried to dissuade him, as the road was bad and there was every indication that the storm would grow worse. Mr. Nugent felt confident that he could get home, and said if he did not his family would be anxious. Moreover, he had bought a number of things for the home folks which he was anxious to deliver. He started off, cheerful and confident, and died on the way.

I suppose that because of his attitude on prohibition many people would not classify Mr. Zimmer as a "wet," a term which usually carries an offensive implication. The fact is that he has been an abstemious man all his life, I think he is a total abstainer. He has never been interested directly or indirectly in the liquor traffic. He believes in and practices temperance and sobriety. He differs from the prohibitionists in that he does not believe national prohibition to be the right and effective way to promote temperance.

W. P. DAVIES.

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A FLOCK OF THESE BIRDS once ate up for me fifteen acres of wheat, to the last kernel. It was in seeding time, when we used what was called the shotgun seeder, of which the present generation is in utter ignorance. This was a little machine consisting of a hopper and a whirling device which was mounted at the rear end of a wagon box, or preferable of a short box mounted on the two rear wheels of a wagon. It was driven by a chain which ran over a sprocket wheel attached to one wagon wheel. It distributed seed grain quite evenly over an area of 12 feet or more on each side. Where the going was good a smart walking team would seed 30 acres or more in a day. The seed, of course, was left on the surface, and had to be harrowed in.

I WAS SEEDING A FIELD from one corner of which fifteen acres extended in a narrow strip, separated from the rest of the field by a mudhole. To avoid turning we drove right through the mud, which could be done easily, but this could not be done with the harrow. The fifteen acres was therefore left until the last. When we came to harrow that strip not a kernel of wheat could be found on it. We had seen a flock of brant quite busy in that section, but paid no attention to them. We used then 1 1/2 bushels of seed per acre, so those birds in a few days consumed better than 22 bushels of perfectly good seed wheat. Believe it or not!

WHY WILL PEOPLE WHO ought to know better make a mockery of marriage? In Los Angeles the other day a marriage was performed at the bottom of a swimming pool, bride, groom and preacher wearing diving helmets and telephone attachments. I regard marriage as the most sacred of human relations, and anything that burlesques it or makes of it a freakish spectacle or tawdry entertainment makes me grit my teeth. I am aware that many excellent people do not share this feeling in quite the same degree, and I shall not attempt to restrain them. Nevertheless I shall exercise the right to grit my teeth.

FARMERS LIVING IN THE vicinity of Park River entertained the city people to the number of several hundred at a dinner most
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The river at Grand Forks rose to a height of 47 feet 6 inches above the established zero mark of that time. The zero mark has since been changed, so that in comparing readings this change must be taken into account. I mentioned the other day that the water stood in the gutters along Third street.

**IT IS DIFFICULT FOR THOSE who have not seen such conditions to imagine what such a flood meant to the valley in general.** After the first 20 feet of rise, each additional foot means the spreading of the water over an area which continually increased in width, and there were actually sections of the valley where the flood water was 10 to 12 miles wide. That was the case, for instance, in Marshall county, Minn., where the Snake river approached the Red and the two streams are nearly parallel for some distance. In that area there was an unbroken sheet of water fully 12 miles wide. Cattle and horses in large numbers were drowned, and some of the settlers had difficulty in escaping with their lives.

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**THE CONDITIONS WERE made worse by the terrific wind which blew all one Sunday. While the water was shallow. It was deep enough to develop substantial waves under the strong wind, and during that day many small buildings were pounded to pieces. Over in Kittson county, Minn., several men spent a day and a night on the roof of a small barn where they had taken refuge. The wind kept them covered with spray and they were just about exhausted when their plight was discovered and they were taken off in a row boat.

There was actual suffering all the way down the river, and to relieve this the steamer Grand Forks was sent with provisions and other supplies which were to be distributed where most needed. Unfortunately when a few miles down the river the steamer struck a big cake of ice which stove a hole in her hull. The ship sank gently to the bottom, and the rescuers themselves had to be rescued.

—W. P. DAVIES.
MISS HUNTER SPENT MOST of one summer and fall on her campaign, which she conducted single-handed, and she displayed decided ability as a sales agent. Tickets sold readily. The price was moderate, either $1.00 or $1.50, with no extra charge for a chance at the farm. Some technical person raised a question as to the legality of the proceeding, in view of the state's anti-lottery law, but somebody rendered an opinion that inasmuch as the price charged was no more than the ordinary charge for such a concert as was to be given, and the chance on the farm was offered free, there was no violation of law.

THE CONCERT WAS HELD AS scheduled, and in order that everyone might be satisfied as to the fairness of the proceedings it was announced long in advance that Judge Corliss would preside and supervise the drawing. On the evening of the concert the Metropolitan was crowded. The musical numbers, given by Miss Hunter and a group of local artists, were all that could be desired. Then the drawing began.

I NEVER KNEW WHAT genius planned that drawing. I never saw another like it. Two large receptacles were placed on the stage, one containing numbered duplicates of all the tickets issued and the other a equal number of tickets, blank, with one exception. On one of those tickets appeared the word “Farm.” Two young girls, blindfolded, were to draw simultaneously from the two receptacles. The number of the numbered ticket would then be announced, and then the character of the other ticket, “Blank,” or “Farm.”

IT WAS THE DUTY OF JUDGE Corliss to make the announcement following each drawing. He was in good trim and began well. For perhaps the first half hour things went smoothly and rapidly and the crowd was interested. Then it became evident that the girls were laboring under a strain, and that repeated announcement of “Number so-and-so, Blank,” was telling on the judge. There was no turning back, however, and no changing of the rules at that stage of the game. Tickets were drawn, by the score and by the hundred, all of them “blank, blank, blank,” with deadly monotony. It began to seem likely that the “Farm” ticket was right at the bottom of the barrel, and that all the thousands that preceded it must be drawn and read, one at a time, before the right one was reached. Sometime in the wee, small hours the winning ticket was reached, and the farm was duly awarded.

I HAVE FORGOTTEN THE winner’s name and the names of those who assisted at the concert. Some day when I have time I may look those matters up if some kind friend does not save me the trouble by sending in the information. The files of The Herald contain a lot of interesting information, but it takes time to ferret it out. A dozen lines from some reader may save me hours of work. Readers will please govern themselves accordingly.

I WOULD BE WILLING TO make a small bet that Judge Corliss has never presided at another drawing contest, even in a worthy cause, without assuring himself in advance that the rules would permit him to get home and get a little sleep before morning.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE HERALD TOLD THE other day of sheep-killing wolves in this county being killed by dogs. The story does not say whether these were coyotes or timber wolves. The former, are of course, much more common in this part of the country. Like the fox, the coyote, or prairie wolf, seems to adapt himself to the neighborhood of men, and with the shelter of a bit of timber, a little ravine or a hillside, a colony of these animals may exist for years in a dense settlement, successfully eluding both men and dogs. The timber wolf, on the other hand, is more apt to be crowded out by civilization. His greater range makes him a menace to flocks and herds at a great distance from his general headquarters.

I HAVE BEEN WONDERING about wolves in the central part of the state in the early eighties. They were certainly not numerous. I don't suppose I saw more than three or four coyotes all the summer that I spent outdoors on the plains, and no timber wolves at all. Yet a little earlier buffalo by the hundred thousand moved up and down the valley, and wherever the buffalo went the wolves went with them. I suppose their absence during my summer there was due to changed food conditions. Accompanying the buffalo herd were always weak or lagging members which could be picked off. With the buffalo gone for plenty of antelope, but they were plenty of antelope, but they were watchful and wary, and a wolf was no match for them in speed. Jackrabbits, too, were plentiful, but they, too, had the advantage in speed. I have heard what I was told were timber wolves howling night after night in the timbered country east of Manvel, and there was a story current about 35 years ago of an attack made by a pack of timber wolves on two men on the salt flats in the vicinity of Ardoch. Perhaps some reader knows that story and will tell it for the benefit of others.

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IN THE MISSOURI VALLEY range cattle succeeded buffalo, and the wolves found good picking on the ranges. Their depredations cost the ranchmen many thousand dollars each year, and for many years the state offered a substantial reward for their destruction. Wolf hunting became a profitable business, and some thrifty individuals sought to make the business permanent by conserving the supply. By using discretion in the selection of victims and saving a reasonable proportion of females a fair annual crop was assured. The wolf got into politics, and it was not unusual for some of the western members to agree to vote for appropriations desired in the east only on condition that eastern members should support demands for substantial wolf bounties.

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BEN CORBIN WAS A PROFESSIONAL wolf hunter who was in evidence at every session of the legislature. He had actually killed a great many wolves and collected bounty on them, but his propensity for telling tall stories caused doubts in some minds as to whether or not he had ever seen a wolf. On one occasion, when newspaper men and legislative attaches met to organize the familiar "third house," Ben attended the opening session, and in some way gained the floor. He proposed to make a speech on his wolf hunting experiences. He carried material in a battered grip, and from that receptacle he unloaded a quantity of notes, numerous pamphlets which he had written, and, lastly, two bottles of beer. These were used freely and indiscriminately in the course of what Ben undoubtedly supposed was a humorous speech. This species of entertainment grew tiresome, but all hints that the next number would be in order were unavailing. Ben rambled on until, while there was still sufficient literature and beer to last an hour or two, the lights were turned out. It dawned on Ben at last that the crowd wanted him to quit, and he was furious. With the lights turned on again he drank the rest of beer, slammed notes and pamphlets into his grip and started for the door, leaving on the way this parting message:

"I want you fellers to understand that I ain't the only damn fool here."

Poor Ben was one of the many odd types to be encountered in Bismarck during the early legislative session. Nearly all of them are gone, and in their absence the sessions have lost at least some of their spice.

—W. P. DAVIES.
IN THE NATURAL COURSE of events one thing leads to another. My recent discussion of wolves reminded me of a good wolf story told many years ago by the late Enos A. Mills, naturalist, author, and authority on many forms of wild life. In a lecture in Grand Forks Mr. Mills told a fascinating story of years spent in the western mountains studying animals and plants. He traveled alone, and would frequently be away from all human contact for weeks at a time, making his bed where night overtook him, and subsisting on a ration of which raisins constituted the mainstay. He might spend hours in the top of a tall tree studying the habits of some rare birds. From suitable concealment he might observe the family life of a group of grizzly bears. One occasion he made a careful analysis of the rings of growth in the trunk of a fallen tree which had been a giant long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. He read in those rings the climatic record of hundreds of years. There were broad bands showing abundant rainfall in the years represented. Narrow rings showed lack of moisture. Many of his findings coincided with the traditions of the Indian tribes in the vicinity, and the woods bore scars, long healed over, received in tribal wars and in battles between Indians and early Spaniards.

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MR. MILLS SELDOM CARRIED a gun or other firearm. He did not object to hunting, but he felt that if he went armed the temptation to hunt would divert his attention from his real work, which was the study of nature. He scoffed at the idea of danger, and said that there were few cases in which any of the wild mountain animals would attack a man without provocation. He had found grizzlies harmless unless molested or surprised. He said the one animal against which he had thought it necessary to be on his guard was the timber wolf, which had more than once given evidence of a desire to attack him.

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ONE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH he prized was of two timber wolves in the act of attacking. It was a fearsome picture, taken at the distance of but a few yards, with the animals charging, wide-mouthed, right at the camera. Those wolves had caught him in a tight place. He was in a little gorge where he could neither dodge nor retreat, and the animals, probably ravenous with hunger, had started for him on sight. Without a weapon or any means of defense he was helpless. He had just been using his camera, and as the wolves rushed toward him he thought what a fine picture they would make. Having nothing better to do he aimed the camera and snapped it and the photograph was the result. The taking of that picture saved his life. Whether it was the snapping of the trigger or the appearance of the strange object that aroused the suspicions of the animals nobody knows. At any rate, they stopped, hesitated, then turned and slunk off.

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IT IS CURIOUS TO NOTE HOW certain kinds of wild life persist in spite of the crowding of settlement. In spite of the fact that the timbered country along the Red river was the first in the valley to be settled, and that the narrow belt of forest has been "domesticated" for fifty years, wolves are still to be found in it, successfully eluding both men and dogs. They live chiefly on other wild life, birds, rabbits and other small creatures, but occasionally a stray calf makes a meal for a family of wolf cubs, and raiding hog pens and sheep yards are by no means rare.

Not long ago a deer was seen a few miles north of Grand Forks, and occasional moose have been found wandering on the prairie not far from the river. There are probably no families of these animals living in the Red river timber belt. Those that have been seen have undoubtedly wandered from the more heavily timbered sections of Northern Minnesota. The curious fact is that in order to reach the Red river they must have traveled for miles across the open prairie, or, following the narrow belts along the smaller rivers, they must have passed within a few rods of houses and barns where dogs...
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

"AND MOSES STRETCHED forth his rod over the land of Egypt, and the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night; and when it was morning the East wind brought the locusts. And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."

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THUS IS TOLD IN THE ENGLISH of King James the dramatic story of the infliction of the plague of locusts on Egypt under that Pharaoh who, time after time, refused to "let my people go." And now, after nearly four thousand years, Egypt is again fighting a plague of locusts which are again brought in countless millions by an east wind from the desert regions beyond the Jordan. The locusts of the Exodus period were not the first to devastate the fertile plains along the Nile, nor has Egypt been a stranger to their ravages in the centuries that have passed until now. The menace of a locust invasion has always been present in Egypt, and until very recently the people have been helpless before one of such onslaughts. Now science has come to the rescue, and has concentrated its destructive energies on the annihilation of the oncoming millions. Fire, poison and mechanical means are combined in the effort to defend the crops, and there is hope that the present apparently irresistible onslaught will be checked and the crops of the husbandman saved.

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THE LOCUST SEEMS TO BE A world-wide pest; and this country has had its share of tragic experience with its mass attacks of innumerable battalions devouring every green thing in their path. The Mormon church is just now celebrating the close of its first century of existence. One of the memorable episodes in the history of that remarkable organization was that if the threatened destruction of one of its earliest crops in the Utah settlement by locusts, an event which would probably have been fatal to the existence of the colony. But just as the destruction of all the hopes of the settlers seemed certain, great flocks of seagulls came up from the lake to feast on the locusts. The locusts were devoured and the crops saved, and that is why there stands in Salt Lake City a monument to the seagulls in commemoration of what the devout settlers believed to be a direct interposition of providence in their behalf.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE Northwest there will live persons who lived in Minnesota in the early sixties in the year of the grasshopper plague, and who will testify that the Biblical account of the devastation wrought in Egypt by the locusts of Pharaoh's time is no exaggeration of the destruction of which these winged pests are capable. Literally every green thing was devoured, and many families were brought to the point of starvation.

Again, in the seventies, Kansas suffered from an invasion of locusts. The skies were darkened. Growing crops vanished. Grass was eaten to the roots, and the earth was left bare. Swarms of locusts settled on the railway tracks and stopped traffic, for the engine wheels spun idly on the slippery rails.

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IN THE EIGHTIES Northern Minnesota and North Dakota had a bad grasshopper scare, and actually suffered much damage, although the destruction was not on a wholesale scale. Jamestown on one of these occasions was in a ferment, for colonies of locusts of considerable size had settled here and there, and there were rumors of an immense main body farther west. Everyone gazed heavenward to see if their were indications of the advancing host. Fortunately for that territory no very large swarms arrived, but for many days one could see in the sunlight the white specks in the upper air that represented locusts flying with the wind.

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PREDATORY LOCUSTS operate like a disciplined army, taking everything in their path, and doing little foraging on the side. I have seen fields of wheat almost ready to head where the locusts had followed a path several rods wide along one side, and where, in that belt, not a single vestige of anything green remained while immediately adjoining the wheat stood rank and fresh, and apparently untouched.

A piece of farm equipment brought into use about that time, or a little later, was the "hopper-dozer." This was a lightly constructed machine which in these days might be mistaken for a crude attempt at a small airplane. In one form it was a light framework mounted on runners and covered with canvas which sloped toward the front. At the rear was a metal trough full of kerosene, while above was a perpendicular canvas screen. In operation this machine was dragged over an infested field, and as the hoppers were disturbed they would jump off and fly, many of them alighting on the kerosene-soaked canvas. The upright canvas at the rear prevented them from hopping clear over. A slight touch of kerosene was fatal. There were other designs of this interesting machine.

We still have locusts with us, but they are fairly well controlled by the disturbance of their nesting places by plowing. Where the creatures actually appear in numbers poison, fire and other means are employed to destroy them.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IT SEEMS THAT THERE ARE still brant in existence, although I have seen none for a good many years. However, it is a good many years since I have spent much time in the country in the spring.

L. E. Crooker of Amenia, writes: "I saw your article on brant a few days ago. It may interest you to know that on April 3 there flew over our house a flock of about 75 white brant. We live two miles north of Amenia, N. D."

I am glad to receive this information from Mr. Crooker, and I am sure that many readers would like to hear from others who have observed the migrations of these beautiful birds in recent years. When and where have flocks been seen, and how large were the flocks? Did the birds alight and remain in the vicinity for some time, or were they seen only in flight? Mr. Crooker refers to white brant. I take it that he means the birds with white bodies and black-trimmed wings. I know of no other brant, but I am not a naturalist, nor am I conversant with bird lore.

A NOTE COMES FROM A friend, which shall speak for itself: "Being an old-timer I enjoy reading your column. I notice in today's Herald that you are not sure who drew the farm which was raffled at Miss Blanche Hunter's concert. If my memory serves me correctly the prize was won by Geo. C. Russell of Inkster. Mr. Russell, who had only one arm, was a merchant in Inkster many years ago. I understand that he is now engaged in mercantile business in some small town in Montana, where he is also postmaster."

"Some time when I am in your city I will drop in and give you some news of sports along in 1887 and 1888, but I ask that you do not mention my name."

The correspondent's wish that his name be withheld shall be respected. Perhaps when he drops in I may be able to persuade him that he may as well disclose his identity, but he shall have it entirely his own way. I find that a lot of the fun that there is in talking over old times lies in the use of names. Anyway, I am glad to hear from my friend, and shall hope for an early visit from him.

* * * I NOTICED THE OTHER DAY that a lady is suing a gentleman for injuries sustained in falling out of his car, and that she seems likely to collect rather heavy damages. According to the press report the plaintiff was riding as the guest of the car owner and because of some defect in the fastening the door came open and she fell out, receiving serious injuries.

In spite of a good deal that has been published to the contrary there appears to persist the opinion that a passenger can collect damages for injuries sustained through the act or omission of a car driver only if the passenger is riding in a hired vehicle. A bus company or taxi company is liable, of course, for all damages caused by the negligence of its employes, but it seems to be not so generally understood that the same liability attaches to the driver of a private vehicle who carried another person as a non-paying guest.

* * * THE LIABILITY WHICH AU-

tomobile drivers thus assume voluntarily is staggering. For instance, you pick up a neighbor and give him a lift on the way home. You become so interested in talking politics, or prohibition, or religion, that you fail to wait for a car which has the right of way at an intersection. There is a collision which your friend is injured. You are responsible, and he can collect—if you have anything that he can collect. Or you pick up a weary pedestrian on the road and through some little act of carelessness you summersault into the ditch and your passenger is killed. He is an utter stranger, but, parents and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts can go into court and set up their claims for damages and make them stick.

* * *

IT IS STRANGE THAT SOME one has not made it his business to prepare a plan for the protection of car owners against such claims. My idea would be a form of waiver in which the signer agrees to forego all claims for damages, no matter how caused. I pad of such blanks could be kept in some convenient place in the car. Then, when a prospective passenger is met, one would say "Hello Jim," or "Good morning, Miss Spiffkins," let me give you a ride home. Not a bit of trouble. I assure you. Just sign here, right on the bottom line. That's it. Fine weather we're having. How are all the folks? Then if there is a crash you can go into court with a perfect defense.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, South Carolina, is celebrating several anniversaries, among them the founding of the city itself and the founding of the Huguenot church, one of the oldest in America, and what is said to be the only French Protestant church in America. I have some pleasant recollections of Charleston, one that is less pleasant, and one that has given me considerable amusement.

THE PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS are so numerous that it would be impossible to mention them all. Among them are those of the beauty of the city itself; its wealth of historic association; the old church, which stands as a monument to the devotion of those Frenchmen who, like their English brethren who migrated to the northern coast, sought in the New World the religious freedom which they had been denied at home; a trip to Fort Sumter, whose walls still bear the scars of the bombardment which marked the opening of the Civil war. Charleston is a beautiful city to visit, and one in which there are picturesque sections which have remained almost unchanged since a time which now seems to us to have been a part of the middle ages.

THE UNPLEASANT RECOLLECTION is that of the weather. My visit was in March when the bloom of wisteria, hibiscus and other sub-tropical plants enriched the scene with color. But the one day that I spent there was beastly cold. I am not prepared to say what low temperatures I have experienced in the northwest, but I have lived here through weather as cold as any of my neighbors have known. But I do not recall a day when I was as cold all over and all day long as I was on that March day in Charleston.

Our party arrived on an early morning train from the north and at the station we stepped out onto ice, where water had been splashed on the pavement. Our Charleston hosts told us that such a day there was unusual, which is what one always hears, and which I never dispute. The point is that with a temperature only a few degrees below freezing, notwithstanding my familiarity with cold weather, I was chilled to the bone, and I didn’t get warmed up until I got away out into the Gulf Stream. That was not the fault of the Charleston people, and I bear them no ill will because of it.

THE EXPERIENCE WHICH has been a source of amusement to me relates to the matter of clothing. Our party of newspaper men and naval officers were informed early in the day that we were to be guests at a dinner in honor that evening. When the matter of proper attire was broached we were assured by the arrangements committee that the affair was to be informal. Some of us had tail coats, and others had dinner jackets without tails, and there was a little mild disappointment that we were not to have an opportunity to wear our more or less formal equipment. However, the committee insisted on the informality of the dinner, and there was no disposition on the part of the guests to flaunt their fine feathers in the faces of less modishly clothed hosts. Accordingly, we went as we were. We were received most hospitably by the arrangements committee and the reception committee and all the other committees, and every man back of them wore a full dress suit. We had a fine time, nevertheless, but if any reader is ever invited to an “informal” dinner in Charleston, my advice to him is to put on the very best he has.

A READER OF MY REMARKS on the liability of an automobile driver for damages to his guests sends a clipping from an automobile journey on the same subject. It is stated that many of the states are taking steps to relieve drivers for liability to injuries to non-paying passengers except where caused by malice or gross carelessness. Laws on the subject have been enacted by several states as follows:

Connecticut—Provides that no guest in a motor vehicle shall have a cause for action against the owner or operator unless the injuries received “shall have been intentional on the part of said owner or operator or caused by his heedlessness or his reckless disregard of the rights of others.”

Iowa—Provides that an owner of a car shall not be liable for damages to guests or invitees riding in his car unless the driver of such car is reckless or intoxicated.

Oregon—Provides that anyone riding in a motor vehicle as a guest of the owner shall not be entitled to recovery when injured while so riding, unless intentionally inflicted.

California—Provides that a guest has no right to recovery against an owner or operator, except in the case of willful misconduct or gross negligence on the part of the owner or person operating the vehicle.

Delaware—Relieves the owner of a motor vehicle from liability for injuries sustained by any person while riding with said operator or owner, providing such person is riding free of charge.

Michigan—Provides that the owner of a motor vehicle shall not be liable in damages to a person who is riding free of charge in his car unless the accident is caused by the wanton or willful negligence of the operator.

Vermont—Provides that the owner or operator of a motor vehicle shall not be liable for injuries received by an occupant of a vehicle operated by him unless such occupant is paying for his carriage, or unless the injuries are caused by the gross or willful negligence of the operator.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

ANOTHER READER, HARVEY W. JOHNSON, OF GRAND FORKS, SENDS M.E A PAGE FROM THE NORTH DAKOTA HIGHWAY BULLETIN CONTAINING THE SUMMARY OF STATE LEGISLATION ON AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS' LIABILITY WHICH HAD ALREADY REACHED ME FROM ANOTHER SOURCE AND WAS PUBLISHED IN THIS COLUMN. I HAVE NO ROOM HERE FOR THE ENTIRE ARTICLE, BUT THOSE WHO CAN OBTAIN COPIES OF THE BULLETIN, WHICH IS ISSUED BY THE STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT AT BISMARCK, WILL FIND IT INTERESTING.

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THE ARTICLE IN THE SUNDAY HERALD ON CYRUS H. MCCORMICK AND THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS INVENTION OF THE HARVESTER WILL DOUBTLESS REMIND MANY READERS OF MANY THINGS, FOR THERE ARE STILL LIVING MANY PERSONS MUCH LESS THAN 100 YEARS OLD WHO CAN REMEMBER THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF A GRAIN HARVESTER, AND WHO CRADLED GRAIN OR BOUND IT BY HAND AFTER THE CRADLE LONG BEFORE THE HARVESTER CAME INTO GENERAL USE.

* * *

MY RECOLLECTION GOES BACK ONE STEP BEYOND THE CRADLE—that is, the grain cradle—for on our miniature eastern farm the sickle was in regular use for cutting grain in odd corners not otherwise accessible. The sickle used for that purpose was in shape like the common lawn sickles used now, but instead of having a smooth cutting edge like a knife it had a finely serrated edge, like a saw. The same construction is used on the harvester sickles of today. That little sickle was a wicked instrument. To use it one grasped a handful of grain stalks with the left hand and severed them with a shearing stroke of the sickle held in the right. A misplaced stroke would give one a nasty cut, and several of our neighbors had sickle scars on their left hands, the result of England's harvesting work.

THE SICKLE WAS SUCCEEDED BY THE CRADLE, WHICH WAS A SCYTHE HAVING A LIGHT FRAMEWORK OF HICKORY "FINGERS" BY MEANS OF WHICH THE CUT GRAIN WAS LAYED IN REGULAR WINROWS WITH THE HEADS ALL ONE WAY. THE CRADLED GRAIN WAS BOUND INTO SHEAVES BY HAND, THE BINDER REACHING FORWARD WITH A WOODEN RAKE, GATHERING UP ENOUGH OF THE CUT GRAIN TO MAKE A BUNDLE, FROM WHICH A HANDFUL OF STALKS WOULD BE TAKEN TO FORM A BAND. THE BAND WAS CONSTRUCTED BY TWISTING THE HEADS OF THE DIVIDED HANDFUL TOGETHER WITH A PECCULAR MOTION AND WAS FASTENED AROUND THE BUNDLE BY A PECCULAR TWIST WHICH TUCKED THE LOOSE ENDS UNDER AND HELD EVERYTHING TIGHT. THE SAME PROCESS WAS USED IN BINDING AFTER THE EARLY REAPER, WHICH DROPPED THE GRAIN OFF IN LOOSE BUNDLES.

* * *

PERHAPS TWENTY YEARS AGO THE GRAND FORKS COMMERCIAL CLUB MADE ONE OF ITS AUTOMOBILE TOURS OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BY AUTOMOBILE. THERE WAS ABOUT 200 MEN IN THE PARTY, AND AT ONE POINT THE PARTY STOPPED FOR TEN MINUTES ALONGSIDE A FIELD OF WHEAT WHICH HAD JUST BEEN CUT. THE BINDER HAD BEEN WORKING BADLY, AND MANY OF THE BUNDLES WERE NOT BOUND. SOMEBODY CHALLENGED SOMEBODY ELSE TO BIND A BUNDLE BY HAND. OF THE ENTIRE PARTY I THINK THERE WERE NOT MORE THAN FIVE OR SIX WHO KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT BINDING GRAIN BY HAND. I REMEMBER THAT FRED GOODMAN WAS ONE OF THOSE, AND HE MADE A VERY CREDITABLE JOB OF MAKING AND USING HIS STRAW BAND. I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER I HAD FORGOTTEN HOW OR NOT, BUT WITH THE STRAW IN MY HANDS THE ONCE FAMILIAR MOTIONS REPEATED THEMSELVES ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY AND I, TOO, BOUND MY BUNDLE. I SUPPOSE THE TECHNIC, LIKE THAT OF SWIMMING OR RIDING A BICYCLE, ONCE LEARNED, IS NEVER FORGOTTEN.

* * *

THE FIRST REAPER THAT I EVER SAW WAS OPERATED BY TWO MEN, ONE OF WHOM DROVE WHILE THE OTHER MANIPULATED A RAKE. THE GRAIN WAS DEPOSITED ON A FLAT TABLE, AND WHEN ENOUGH HAD BEEN COLLECTED FOR A BUNDLE THE RAKER RACKED IT OFF. SOMEWHERE IN THE SEQUENCE WAS THE DROPPER, WHICH DID THE SAME JOB BY MEANS OF A TILTING TABLE. THEN THERE WAS AN ODD CONTRIVANCE WHICH RACKED THE GRAIN OFF BY MEANS OF A SORT OF SWEEP WHICH WAS CARRIED AROUND THE TABLE BY AN ENDLESS CHAIN. ANOTHER FORM, WHICH IS STILL IN USE IN SOME SECTIONS, HAD FOUR RAKES WHICH REVOLVED SOMewhat AFTERTHE FASHION OF A WINDMILL.

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THE MARSH HARVESTER CUT THE GRAIN AND ELEVATED IT TO A TABLE WHERE IT WAS BOUND BY TWO MEN TAKING ALTERNATE BUNDLES, AND IN HEAVY GRAIN THOSE TWO MEN WERE KEPT RIGHT BUSY. THE FIRST SELF BINDING MACHINE BOUND THE GRAIN WITH WIRE ABOUT LIKE STOVEPIPE WIRE. IT LASTED BUT A FEW YEARS, AND WAS VERY UNPOPULAR. SPECIAL CLIPPERS HAD TO BE USED TO CUT THE WIRE BANDS FOR THRashing. WIRE WAS CARRIED INTO THE STRAW AND ULTIMATELY ONTO THE FIELDS, WHERE IT CUT NICKS IN THE PLow SHOLES. THERE WERE STORIES OF CATTLE BEING KILLED BY SWALLOWING PIECES OF THE WIRE. MILLERS COMPLAINED THAT FRAGMENTS OF THE WIRE GOT INTO THE CLEANED WHEAT AND CUT THEIR COSTLY BOATING CLOTH TO PIECES. THE USE OF MAGNETS FOR CATCHING SUCH PARTICLES WAS THEN UNKNOWN.

* * *

AFTER THE TWINE BINDER HAD BEEN PERFECTED THE MACHINES WERE MADE BY SEVERAL INDEPENDENT AND RIVEL COMPANIES. MCCORMICK AND DEERING WERE THE LEADERS, AND THERE WERE THE OSBORNE, THE PLAN0 AND OTHERS WHOSE NAMES I DO NOT RECALL. EACH PURCHASER FELT IT INCUMBENT ON HIM TO UPHELD THE MERITS OF HIS OWN MACHINE, JUST AS NOW EVERY AUTO OWNER KNOWS THAT HIS CAR IS THE BEST ON THE MARKET. THE DEERING OWNERS SAID THAT A MCCORMICK MACHINE WAS SO HEAVY THAT IT WOULD KILL A TEAM TO HAUL ONE ALL DAY WITHOUT CUTTING ANYTHING AT ALL, AND THE MCCORMICK PEOPLE INSISTED THAT IT WAS NOT SAFE TO HAUL A DEERING MACHINE HOME FROM THE STATION BECAUSE THE THING WOULD BE LIKELY TO FALL TO PIECES ON THE ROAD.

Will someone who is sure that the use of machinery is the great curse of the world figure out what it would cost to produce a bushel of wheat today if the cutting and binding had to be done by hand?
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A BALTIMORE MINISTER who at the time was acting as guest preacher in a Washington church referred in uncomplimentary terms to army chaplains. It happened that the regular preacher, who listened from a pew, had been an army chaplain, as had several others in the congregation. The regular preacher wrote a peppy letter to the offending speaker and told him what was what in very plain language.

ALL OF THIS REMINDS ME of another preacher, Rev. Alex Stevens, who was pastor of the First Methodist church of Grand Forks a good many years ago, and who is now in California. Dr. Stevens had come from South Dakota, where he had known Don Moore, at that time manager of the local offices of the Chas. E. Lewis grain commission office here. Don's office was in The Herald building just across the hall from the editorial rooms as they were then, and at odd moments Don would slip across the hall to swap yarns with me.

One day he and Dr. Stevens met in my office, and in the course of the conversation Dr. Stevens said: “Don, some day I'm going to have a session with you and get you to tell me about wheat marketing. I hear a lot about it and don't understand it, and I want you to give me some accurate information.”

Don replied: “Nothing doing. I know what you're after. You'll get a lot of information from me, and then some day when you catch me in your church you'll preach a sermon at me on the evils of gambling, and all the congregation will look on me as a horrible example.”

“Don,” said the dominie, “you have known me for quite a while. Did you ever know me to do a deliberately offensive and ungentlemanly thing?”

Dr. Stevens dropped his bantering mood and said very earnestly, “No, Alex. I never did.”

“I'm glad of that,” said the preacher. “I hope you never will. And I should consider it an unpardonable thing for the occupant of a pulpit to take advantage of the presence of an individual in his congregation to say anything that would direct attention to him in an offensive or undesirable way or which would cause others to think that he was being singled out for criticism or attack.”

That sounded pretty good to me. Dr. Stevens was a good preacher and a real man.

I SUPPOSE THE WHEAT marketing problem is as old as the growing of wheat itself. It existed in very acute form some thirty-five years ago, when wheat was selling for fifty cents a bushel or less. Thomas Hennessy, who was at that time somewhat active in politics in Grand Forks, had an ingenious solution which he pronounced to me one winter.

“The thing for the farmers to do,” said Mr. Hennessy, “is for the farmers to sell all their wheat for whatever it will bring and buy futures with the money. Then when it comes time for seeding let them all go fishing. Let them sow not one kernel of wheat. Let them sow something else if they wish, or let the land lie idle, but cut out wheat absolutely. What will happen? The wheat gamblers in Minneapolis and Chicago will wake up some morning and realize that they have sold millions of bushels of wheat, and that there isn't going to be any wheat for them to deliver. Wheat can be forced to three dollars a bushel, and the farmers can make millions. The board of trade people will be tied up in binding contracts and they will have to pay whatever price the farmers fix for delivery.”

I WAS GREATLY IMPRESSED. It looked perfectly simple, so simple that I wondered that it had not been done long ago. One point, however, was not quite clear.

“Mr. Hennessy,” I said, “those people in Minneapolis and Chicago have been in the great business a good many years. They are generally supposed to be pretty shrewd people. What do you sup­
WILL ROGERS AGREES WITH me in the opinion that the World Court had very little to do with the success of Mrs. McCormick at the recent Illinois senatorial primary, and when Will Rogers agrees with me I think he is right. He doesn't believe at all that Mr. McCormick was nominated because she is opposed to joining the World Court, and says she would have been nominated just the same if her platform had been that of opposition to joining the world's series.

WHILE WRITING OF MR. Hennessy's interesting proposal for farm relief at the expense of the wheat speculators on the boards of trade I was reminded of another farm relief plan proposed about the same time by Captain Stephenson, who many years ago was postmaster at Manvel. Captain Stephenson was an Irishman, with a good deal of the Irishman's wit and originality. I do not know that he had ever been captain of anything but he had been an engineer or engineer's mate on the famous Monitor, and was in service on that remarkable craft during her historic battle with the Chesapeake. That battle, as every schoolboy knows, ended the hopes of the Confederacy for naval supremacy.

I KNEW THE CAPTAIN IN the middle nineties and gossiped with him frequently on the state of the union and kindred matters. In the west there had been big crops. The land was new and fairly clean, and weather conditions had been favorable. Every farmer had a superabundance of wheat and oats and barley. If he had an acre of potatoes he harvested ten times the quantity of potatoes that his family could use, and every little garden patch added liberally to the quantity of food. And for all this food there was little market and almost no price.

Down east there was depression. Factories were closed and every city had its long bread line and its public soup dispensary. People were willing to work, but there was no work to be had, and for those actually employed the wages were pitifully small.

CAPTAIN STEPHENSON thought that all this could be straightened out without any trouble. "Our people," he said, "have more food than they know what to do with. They can't sell it. They can scarcely give it away. The eastern people need food and have no money with which to buy it. Let our farmers invite all the jobless people in the east to come west. Let them come by the trainload and be distributed among the farmers. There is plenty of room, and if their isn't shelter enough the visitors can help build more. Let the farmers tell them that they are welcome to stay and eat as long as the food lasts, or until conditions improve. In the meantime they can help with the work. The food that is now going to waste will do some good. It will be used by people who need it and can't buy it. As the food is consumed there will be more demand for it from those who can pay. Prices will improve, industry will revive. Labor will be in demand. Wages will be better. The farmers in the meantime will have had a lot of work done that they could not do themselves. Everybody will be better off.

There may have been some flaws in the captain's plan, but he presented it in an eloquent and convincing manner.

HE WAS FOND OF TAKING long walks in the early morning along the Turtle river. I wish I could reproduce some of his glowing descriptions of those walks, which took him among trees, and birds, and flowers. The spring air exhilarated him and the sunrise caused his soul to expand. But he found some discordant notes, not in nature, but in man.

"Sometimes," he said, "when I return from one of those walks, lifted up to the seventh heaven of happiness, my mind filled with the wonders and glories of the universe, I may pass a stable where some roughneck is currying a horse, and I'll hear a thud as he kicks the animal, and a coarse voice says 'Stand over there, you blank, blank, blank!' and I think of the lines of the hymn:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me— W.P.D.

The late Dr. H. M. Wheeler was a man of varied interests. His fondness for hunting was well known, and during the duck and chicken seasons his gun supplied acceptable food for the tables of many of his friends. It was not so generally known that he had a lively interest in mechanics, but he really had a passion for finding out what made things go and for devising ways to make them go better. His ownership of the first automobile brought to Grand Forks was an expression of this tendency. The automobile was a new and interesting piece of mechanism, and for that reason it aroused Dr. Wheeler's interest.

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The Doctor was a Pioneer in the northwest in another form of locomotion, for a good many years before the advent of the automobile he had designed, built and operated a snowboat which under full sail and with a good wind was capable of 30 miles an hour.

This curious craft was designed with considerable skill. It had to have a fairly long base in order to travel over drifts and other irregularities. It had to be fairly heavy so that it would not capsize in a strong wind. And it had to be of sturdy construction in order that it might withstand the wrenching due to travel over uneven surfaces. It complied with all these requirements.

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The Doctor's Snowboat was triangular, with a framework of three heavy planks, each of which was about 16 feet long, this frame being bolted together at the corners and securely braced. Attached to each corner was a curved runner about a foot wide, and on the under side of each runner was a strip of iron about an inch square to prevent side-slippping. The two forward runners were bolted rigidly to the frame. The rear runner was mounted on a swivel and was controlled by a rudder. The steersman stood near the rear and steered the craft as the sailor steers his boat. Somewhere near the center of the frame a mast about 15 feet high was mounted and a boom of about equal length swung from the base. I am not sure whether the snowboat carried a jib or not, but the length of mast and boom gave it considerable spread of sail.

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In, or on, this interesting craft the doctor and some of his friends who had sufficient courage to take a chance with him made many trips. The boat was at its best on a hard packed surface. In soft snow it would wallow, but on a hard surface, and where the drifts were not too abrupt it fairly flew along. Its owner was never able to make it sail very close to the wind. It would go with the wind, or at right angles to it, but it could rarely be coaxed much beyond that angle. This resulted in some embarrassment, because under favorable circumstances it would make good time going away from home, it was not always possible to make the return trip under sail. In such cases it became necessary to use a farm team and a tow rope, and the return trip was apt to be a slow one.

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The Wreck of this Machine stood for some time on the prairie some five or six blocks west of where the Roosevelt school now stands. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Wheeler dropped into my office and chatted about his snowboat, which I remembered well. He promised that at some other time he would tell me some stories of his experiences with the machine, and I know that would have been interesting and amusing. Those stories must now remain untold, unless some of those who shared the thrilling experiences will volunteer the information.

* * *

Those who were associated with Dr. Wheeler in city work know of his interest in mechanical devices. During his term as mayor he planned several very practical improvements in machinery for street work. Like other men of inventive minds he sometimes planned things that did not work as well as expected. One of these was a device for leveling the concrete used in street paving. That was a rather elaborate affair, and it looked as if it would be a real labor saver. In actual operation, however, it failed to give satisfaction and it was abandoned.

During the past year or two Dr. Wheeler devoted a good deal of time to the working out of a plan for carrying the city's water intake main safely across the Red River in such a manner that access to it could be had conveniently for purposes of observation and repair. There is no way of knowing just how successful his plan would have been, but the fact that a man of his years devoted time and energy to the study of such problems indicates the possession of rather rare qualities, not only of mechanical understanding, but of interest in public affairs.

—W. P. Davies.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE FOLLOWING SINCERE tribute to Dr. Wheeler requires no introduction further than to say that it is from Budd Reeve, of Buxton, who, feeble in body, is yet young in spirit, and who wishes to honor the memory of an old friend:

"Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor or fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break in the nave, Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave."

* * *

"The editorial in the Herald on the life and character of Doctor Henry Mason Wheeler is as nearly correct as it could be written by any one really acquainted with him. When my family came to Buxton, in 1883 he was our family physician until a doctor turned up worthy to be called a doctor in the person of Dr. James Grassick who settled and made his home here for a quarter of a century or more. To know Dr. Wheeler was to love him. It was not every one who could understand him at once, but to have him around and with you was enough, and you could never get tired of him. He had a tender heart, regardless of his ways and what the exterior indicated. Buxton is twenty-five miles from Grand Forks but it did not seem long to take him to get here over roads that would now be called impassable.

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"MY FAMILY ALL BECAME very fond of him and his home was an open door to us. In the days of bonanza farming people were attracted to North Dakota on account of the most choice railroad lands that could be gotten on railroad bonds for about fifty cents an acre. That is what the land cost on railroad bonds where the town of Buxton now stands. But I did not get it for that. I had to pay five dollars an acre for it. In a township of land, there are twenty-three thousand and forty acres. The Grandin Brothers living at Tideont, Pennsylvania, as I understand it were engaged in the coal mining business and they had an engineer working for them when they were taking in Red River valley lands, that one of the brothers told him they could get land for about the price of inspecting it, and after having seen and inspected the county, they told the engineer he better buy a few sections. There was no railroad in the county then or any prospect of one. He bought three sections for less than a thousand dollars, that turned out to be within about three miles of Buxton when the road was built.

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"A FINER MAN AND NEIGHBOR could not be found. He had never been on a farm. He had a young wife, a delicate woman, a musician, a lover of art, literature and travel. Before coming to settle on his land, he had some of it broken up and put into wheat. And he happened to get a big crop at a big price. He had twenty thousand bushels, loaded on the cars, worth one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel. There was no elevator room here at that time to hold it. After his experience he thought he would come to North Dakota and settle on his land and improve it. He built his wife a nice summer cottage a half mile from the farm home. It was not the arrangement that she should be there winters, but that she should enjoy the delightful summer air and then go south or to some warmer climate in the winter. But there never was another crop like the first one. One year an early frost damaged the wheat before ready to cut, another year it rained every day for six weeks and the crop was under water. There is no failure like a bonanza failure. It brings disappointment. It cuts off trips to Florida, California, all other places and luxuries.

* * *

"I WENT OUT ONE MORNING on business to see my neighbor and this charming young wife was in bed, sick and crying. The water was frozen in her room and her cottage was not built for winter and winter had not set in yet, it was only the middle of an early fall. She was thoroughly discouraged, sick and you might say, heart broken. After talking with her a little while, I told her I could tell her just where and how to get help, that all she needed was to see Dr. Wheeler. I am not certain how they got together, but she was taken to his home in Grand Forks and left there for care and treatment and it turned out to be one of the happiest events in her life. She fell in love with the Wheelers and they with her. She had all the charm and culture that Mrs. Wheeler could ask for and ever expect to meet and they were ever after fast friends.

* * *

"MRS. WHEELER HAD RIDDEN clear down here on horse back to visit her cultured friend and they exchanged visits as long as Mrs. Wheeler lived and this woman remained in the country. Her husband died and left her a fortune in the sale of the farm lands. She had traveled over Europe more than once, but she never forgot Mrs. Wheeler when living and she will be deeply reminded of the past when she reads or hears of Dr. Wheeler's death. This was all before the present Mrs. Wheeler's time when Miss Bessie Connell, the sister of the former Mrs. Wheeler was a teacher in Grand Forks and her home was the Wheeler home. Considering the times, the circumstances and all conditions, Dr. Wheeler was a great success.

"He did as much good and more to be remembered than many millionaires and for only one of many I hold his name and memory in highest esteem and it is a pleasure to say so."
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THERE IS MORE OR LESS agitation in rural districts where there is considerable congestion for sidewalks for pedestrians along the motor highways. There is no great congestion of population in this area, but if one will walk a mile or two along the Grand Forks-Crookston road some pleasant Sunday evening in summer he may get the idea. Walking on a main highway where travel is dense is both unpleasant and dangerous. In order to enjoy a reasonable degree of safety one should walk on the left side of the road, facing the traffic on his side. He can then see oncoming cars and can avoid them by stepping into the ditch. If he takes the other side of the road he must be continually looking over his shoulder or be ready to jump whenever he hears the sound of a horn.

There is not enough pedestrian traffic on our western highways to create much of a problem, but in some eastern sections the problem is a very real one, and the present conditions are embarrassing to both pedestrians and motorists. There is need real in many of those sections for separate walks for pedestrians, and in those sections the increased safety and convenience would warrant their construction.

THE FIRST SIDEWALKS IN Grand Forks were of wood planks. In the residence districts they were six feet wide, and in the business section 12 feet. Third street is 10 feet wide, and a good many years ago—I think it was when the first pavement was laid—there was some question as to the proper relative width of walks and drive-way. The walks were crowded with pedestrians, and the drive-way was not crowded with vehicles. Therefore it was ordered that the walks should be widened to 15 feet and the drive-way narrowed to 50 feet. I wonder, if we had to make that decision now, if we would not leave that six-foot strip in the driveway.

* * *

AMONG MY PUBLIC ACTIVITIES I was once a member of a hitching-post committee, Hugh Ryan, then an alderman, was also on the committee. I have forgotten who the third member was. The downtown streets had originally been lined with posts to which farmers could tie their horses while they went into the stores to trade. When pavement was laid and the gutters were curbed the posts were removed, and there was considerable dissatisfaction, teams could not be left loose on the streets, and there was nothing to which to fasten them. It was represented that unless some provision were made all the farmers would quit coming to town and the merchants would lose a lot of trade. A committee was appointed to see what could be done about it, and we tackled the job right manfully. We held several meetings and invented all sorts of devices, all of which were found to be defective on further examination. Furthermore, it was discreetly hinted to us by certain members of the council that there need be no hurry about making a report. The subject had been brought up at several meetings of the council, and that body didn't know what to do with it. Reference of it to a committee gave time to attend other matters, and while the subject was being considered by a committee the council could not be expected to take action. Therefore the committee took plenty of time. Automobiles were quite rapidly displacing horses, and we concluded that if given sufficient time the situation would take care of itself. The committee never reported, and there seemed now to be no pressing need for hitching posts.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS ARE CON-
stantly being made with devices to attain high speed, and beyond the actual experiments there are all sorts of speculations. The rocket principle seems just now to be the most popular. This has been ap-
plied experimentally with some success to the automobile. A giant rocket is to be launched from some point on the German coast seaward to ascertain how high and how far it can be made to go. Somebody has the fantastic notion of a projectile that can travel to the moon and back, being propelled and guided by successive explosions from various directions. It is estimated that a speed of 50,000 miles per second can be reached in that way, and this is about as easy a figure to write as any other. Jules Verne was more moderate. His projectile, which traveled clear around the moon and back started with a velocity of only 12,000 miles per second. The author never explained how the thing escaped being torn to pieces in instantaneously reaching such a velocity.

* * *

AIRMEN KNOW SOMETHING about the problem of initial velocity. I watched some of the experimental work with an airplane catapult on the battleship California. and got new ideas of the difficulties to be overcome. A runway of perhaps 75 feet was provided for launching, and the idea was to shoot the plane along this runway at such a speed that it could support itself in the air after leaving the track. It looked quite simple. With sufficient power almost any desired speed could be reached. But it was not wholly a question of power. The plane had to be given a velocity of about 40 miles an hour, but this could not be given all at once, as the shock would wreck the fragile structure. The problem was, then, on a run of 75 feet from a standing start to reach a velocity of 50 miles an hour to do this by means of constant and gradual acceleration so as to avoid undue strain. Try it sometime with your automobile.

There were many accidents in the early experiments with the catapult, but the major difficulties seem now to have been overcome, and this method of launching is used very successfully.—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IT SEEMS THAT HOMESPUN cloth is still being woven. A lady from a mountain district in North Carolina, visiting President and Mrs. Hoover the other day with a group of her neighbors, gave to the president enough of such cloth to make him two suits, and to Mrs. Hoover enough for two dresses. The cloth was woven by her own hands.

I know of no such weaving being done now in this part of the country, although there may be instances of it. There are home carpet and rug looms in operation, of course, but the old-fashioned homespun cloth is not now in evidence among us. There was a time when the loom was a very usual piece of farmhouse equipment, and on it was woven the cloth, woollen, linen or mixed, which provided the family with bedding and clothing. Cotton was not woven in the north because it is not a northern product.

THE FARM FLOCK OF SHEEP and the little patch of flax provided the raw material for practically everything in the way of textiles that was used in many families. The shearing, scouring and carding of wool and the pulling, retting and hackling of flax prepared the respective fibres for the spinning wheel, and the deft fingers of the housewife and her daughters spun the threads from which the cloth was later to be woven.

Spinning is an art still practiced on many of our northern farms. There are now in operation in North Dakota and Minnesota spinning wheels which were brought from Europe many years ago perhaps by the parents or grandparents of their present owners, and home spinning is still practiced to such an extent that the spinning wheel remains an article of manufacture and commerce. The wheel generally used, however, differs materially from the type with which I was familiar in my boyhood. The usual wheel is small and is mounted on a low frame beside which the spinner sits at her work, while she operates the machine by means of a foot treadle. The spinning wheel as I knew it was large, standing shoulder high, and the operator stood as she spun. The work required the spinner to step back and forth, touching the spokes of the wheel occasionally to keep it in motion. The motion was exceedingly graceful, and I have often thought that an attractive girl operating one of those high wheels would make a pleasing stage picture. It may have been used, but I do not recall having seen it.

HOME WEAVING IN GENERAL seems to have belonged to an earlier generation than mine, but a good share of the textile material, blankets and cloth, was made from raw material produced on the farmer's own farm. Our town had a woolen mill and a linsey-woolsey or "wincey" mill, each of which did both commercial and custom work. Wool could be taken direct from the farm and exchanged at the woolen mill for blankets or other goods, or it could be woven for a small charge. In the latter case the farmer could sleep under blankets which grew on the backs of his own sheep. The wincey mill received wool and linen and treated them in a similar way. This mixture made a cloth that was not specially handsome, but which was strong and tough and had remarkable wearing qualities. A good many of my early garments were made of this material.

CUSTOM WEAVING HAS gone the way of custom milling. Like other boys of my age I often went to mill with the grist. As our family was small and we had but one horse the grist was never very large. Three or four sacks of wheat would provide flour for a long time. It was my job to take that wheat to the grist mill which was situated in a little valley a few miles away, and, if the miller could attend to it at once, wait for the grinding. The mill was operated by a huge overshot water wheel, and it was a fascinating thing to watch.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I LISTENED THE OTHER night to a radio speaker telling about an alleged cancer cure which he said the medical profession has refused to recognize, and appealing for contributions to an association the purpose of which is to free the public from the oppression of a malignant "medical trust." That trust, according to his description, includes the medical profession generally and all its affiliations, from the surgeon general of the United States, through the accredited hospitals and the army of family physicians to the school nurse who looks into little Mary's throat and the Parent-Teacher associations who try to get Billy to come to school with a clean face. The doctors, according to the speaker, are a thoroughly bad lot, deliberately whittling their patients to pieces and dosing them with dangerous drugs until both money and life are gone, and then not having the grace to attend the funerals of their victims.

* * * 

AS I LISTENED TO THE TI-rade I thought of many things. I thought of doctors whom I had known, and of whom I had heard. I couldn't help thinking of Dr. Wheeler, for since his death I have received more stories of his kindness and faithfulness and sympathy than I can possibly publish. One story, which is typical, must suffice.

* * *

A GIRL WHOM WE WILL call Susie, for that is not her name, worked as a domestic for a Grand Forks family. She was taken ill, and as she had no relatives in the city, her employer called her family physician, Dr. Wheeler. The illness was a very severe one, and it was necessary for the doctor to make many visits to the patient's bedside. He gave her the same care that he would have given his wealthiest patient, and ultimately she recovered. During her convalescence Susie gave her employer ten dollars and asked her to pay it to Dr. Wheeler on her account and to tell him that she would pay the entire bill as fast as she could save the money. The lady called at the office and delivered the money and the message. Dr. Wheeler asked her to wait a moment. He went to his desk and wrote something, and returning he handed the lady Susie's bill receipted in full, and a five dollar bill.

"You give those to Susie," said the doctor gruffly, "and tell her that I'm no hog."

* * * 

I THOUGHT OF ANOTHER physician who left us only a few months ago, Dr. J. D. Taylor, a warm-hearted, sympathetic man and a fine citizen. I recalled incidents within my own knowledge in which he had ministered to the poor and needy when he himself needed rest, and sleep and food.

* * *

I THOUGHT OF A PHYSICIAN of an earlier generation, old Dr. Digby of Brantford, Ontario, who died before my time, but whose splendid character and peculiar mannerisms had become traditions in my boyhood. Dr. Digby was a man of immense size, weighing, it was said, over 300 pounds, but he would attend a neighborhood dance, dance down all his younger competitors, and be ready for a hard day's work next morning. He had one trait in common with Dr. Wheeler in that he liked to shock people, especially the goody-good, but he was equally tireless in his ministrations to the sick and generous of his time and talent to those in need.

* * *

ALL THESE MEN WERE members of the "medical trusts" of their own generation. They were educated and accomplished men who loved their profession and the people whom they served. Nor were they isolated cases. Instead they were representative members of their profession. Among the physicians now in active practice in Grand Forks, as in every similar community, acts of unostentatious and generous kindness are the rule and not the exception. It is men of this type that the public is asked to believe are frauds and imposters and extortioners.

* * *

I THOUGHT, TOO, OF A "DR." Christmas, an enemy of the "medical trust," who professed to be able to cure people by performing strange incantations over them, and who during his performance in Grand Forks had the street in front of his quarters packed with people suffering from all sorts of ailments, most of them imaginary, and who waited patiently for the magician to utter his charmed words over them at so much per charm. When I last heard of Christmas he was performing his imaginary cures somewhere in Saskatchewan.

* * *

THEN THERE WAS "DR." Kirby, who flourished only a few years ago. He moved from one small town in the valley to another, smearing people with some odious compound for whatever ailed them, the same smear for every disease. Kirby, too, had quite a following, just as any faker will have who is resourceful in choosing his methods, for there is an immense amount of credulity in the world.

The mystery is that people should tolerate obviously malicious attacks by utter strangers, usually ignorant and often next to illiterate, on men of character, education and professional standing, whom they have known for years as upright, honorable men, good citizens and good friends.

* * *

HAVING FREED MY MIND, IN measure, it gives me pleasure to announce a very complete story of the famous railway crossing war between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads, the facts concerning which have been furnished by Geo. H. Olmsted, who was in the railway business before he became agency director of the New York Life Insurance company. At least one section of this story will be given in an early issue of The Herald.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

Some weeks ago I made reference in this column to the crossing warfare between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific in the early days, of which I had a hazy recollection. Others contributed certain facts bearing on the subject, but it remained for Geo. H. Olmsted, agency director of the New York Life Insurance company, to collect the essential facts and arrange them in an orderly way. It is not intended to use this column for serial stories, but the facts which Mr. Olmsted has assembled have such historical value that none of them should be omitted, and they cannot be condensed into the space of a single column. For this reason the usual practice will be varied and the story will be given in two consecutive installments.

In this Account of the famous railroad crossing fight at Crookston, the two roads involved will be called the G. N. and the N. P. although at that time the Great Northern was known as the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway. Names of important participants will be omitted as some of them are still living. Dates given are believed to be nearly correct, and perhaps can be verified by old files of Grand Forks and Crookston newspapers (which have not been consulted for the purpose of this article.)

In the Old Days much rivalry and jealousy existed between competitive lines—jealousy especially as to invasion of one anothers territory—and vast sums of money were spent foolishly in building grades that never were "ironed," and in constructing parallel lines of railway in the same territory. Later there came days of compromise, gentlemen's agreements, and trading back and forth of existing branch lines until each company had a pretty well defined territory of its own. For instance, it may be news to some people that the present G. N. line from Casselton to Mayville was built and owned by the N. P.

The principle that one railway has the right to cross another was well defined in a decision by a United States court in 1881 when the N. P. resisted the proposed G. N. crossing of its main line at Moorhead. There was no "crossing fight" except in the courts but it was decided that the road seeking the crossing should make formal application, submit specifications and agree to furnish crossing "frogs" at its own expense. If its application be refused, then it could furnish bonds and go ahead with the crossing work, pending condemnation proceedings.

In 1888 The G. N. Built a line from Crookston to Fosston (now a part of the Grand Forks to Duluth line.) It had intended to build only 20 miles out, or to about where Dugdale is now, but a survey of the wheat crop out that way indicated a big tonnage and some work was curtailed on new lines in Minnesota and this line put through to Fosston. Incidentally the actual wheat hauled that fall on this line was double the original estimate.

In 1891 an Effort was made to bond Polk county (which then included the present Red Lake county) for $225,000, to assist in building the Duluth and Winnipeg railway into the Red River Valley. At the same time the G. N. was negotiating with the Canadian Pacific for the D. & W. stock, with the object of completing the D. & W. line itself. In those days the Farmers Alliance was very strong in Polk county, there being some 28 "Alliances" over there, and enemies of the G. N. carried on successful propaganda among them to the extent that they endorsed the proposed bond issue, obviously for the purpose of boosting the price of the D. & W. stock which the G. N. was seeking to secure, but further propaganda on the part of the G. N. induced the Alliances to reverse their attitude. The G. N. finally acquired this stock and with it the Duluth to Deer River line which had already been built, and which is also now a part of the G. N. main line from Grand Forks to Duluth.

The N. P. had also built a line from Winnipeg Junction through Fertile and Red Lake Falls. How the two lines got across each other at Tilden Junction without a fight, history does not reveal, however there was no trouble there but later the N. P. wanted a cut off from Fertile through Crookston and in 1893 a special act of the legislature authorized the city of Crookston to bond itself for $50,000 to assist the N. P. in building this short line, and it was built from Fertile to the outskirts of Crookston and from Carthage Junction through Crookston to the same outskirts, with the G. N. Fosston line the only remaining obstacle to the joining of the links.

* * *

The N. P. did not ask the G. N. for permission to cross. It should have made formal application, submitted specifications and agreed to furnish its own angle crossing "frogs." Later the N. P. attorney at Crookston did go to St. Paul and make an informal request to cross, but submitted no specifications nor promise to supply the "frogs." In fact, he said the N. P. had no frogs and did not know how to make them. The G. N. offered to make the frogs at the expense of the N. P. which offered was refused. The G. N. then rejected the application until the proper conditions were met. The N. P. attorney said "Well we are going to cross anyway." (How he expected to cross without frogs is a conundrum.)

"And then the fight began!"

The story of the crossing fight will be continued tomorrow.

W. P. Davies.
THE STORY OF THE RAILWAY CROSSING FIGHT, continued from yesterday is concluded in this issue.

* * *

A CERTAIN G. N. OFFICIAL from St. Paul made a hurry up trip to Moorhead and secured a temporary injunction for a certain judge, restraining the N. P., at the hearing, the court granted the N. P. the right to cross the G. N. under the proper conditions but by this time both sides were pretty mad. An appeal was taken and bonds offered, the injunction being still in force.

Later in the week it was apparent that the N. P. was determined to go ahead so the G. N. quickly mobilized its forces of bridge and section men from various points in all directions and by Saturday night had over a hundred hard fistied Irishmen and numerous other fighters on the scene of action. The Irishmen would sooner fight than eat and there were some good Scandinavian scrappers too but they were a little timid on account of what the law might do to them, however it is said that they all waded right in, and there was quite a fight that night with some bruised heads, although it was never intended to hurt anybody seriously. Incidentally the worst wounded persons were not railway men at all but outsiders who were considered interlopers and whose presence was resented by the railroad fellows. It is probable that these “civilians” got some rough knocks from both sides. Anyway the N. P. forces were badly defeated and the G. N. held them off for a week. The N. P. evidently had not expected such resistance and had come with too small a force, so they retreated to Fertile and came back next day with reinforcements. Meanwhile, the G. N. force tore up their track for about one hundred feet on each side and ditched the whole works.

* * *

DURING THE WEEK OF struggle which ensued, the G. N. official in charge at Crookston had trouble getting provisions for his crew. The Crookston merchants, being in sympathy with the N. P., refused to sell to him, so he took an engine and a car or two, ran to Grand Forks and secured his groceries and meats here. Observing this, the Crookston people “came down the pole” and offered to sell him supplies, which offer was refused with scorn, and Grand Forks continued to get this business.

* * *

THE G. N. HAD TWO ENGINES head to head across the proposed crossing, which was quite near to a public highway crossing and blocked the highway part of the time. The N. P. secured an injunction against the G. N. to keep this highway open, so the two G. N. engines would run up and meet and separate to let teams through and then shuttle back and forth. Then the N. P. started building down the highway itself, seeking another spot to cross, which clearly was in violation of the injunction against them.

The G. N. had one engine equipped with hose to throw hot water over the ranks of the enemy, which made it tough for the N. P. forces, and they had both engines rigged with cables ending in large hooks with which they would pull the N. P. tracks away in long sections as fast as laid. This happened many times and usually there would be workmen standing on the N. P. tracks at the time, who were jerked high into the air and came down with an awful bump. On one such occasion during a hard rain storm, the mayor of Crookston and some others were standing on the end of the N. P. track when it was suddenly jerked from under their feet and they were rapidly sent skyward, the mayor landing in a ditch full of water. He came up very wet and very mad for a minute, but soon regained his poise and saw the humor of the situation, remarking “I told you d--- N. P. fellows you couldn’t do it.” Just then a G. N. official came along, shook hands and said, “Mayor, you are all wet, come over to my car and have a drink.” Which offer was accepted cheerfully, these being the days long before prohibi-

tion when real men, who drank at all---drank like gentlemen. * * *

ALL THIS TIME THE G. N. IN
junction against the N. P. was still in force. And they were still trying to get that bond issue across but the G. N. got a Crookston tax payer to bring suit to defeat the bond issue, the suit was won and the bonds never issued, so Crookston people saved $50,000. Next, the N. P. sued the G. N., for damages and lost their suit. They had violated the injunction.

We next find the N. P. making proper and formal application to the G. N. to cross their line just southeast of Crookston, which application was allowed promptly and all objections withdrawn provided the N. P. would dig a big ditch to carry off the water and avert flooding Carman (South Crookston) which otherwise would be endangered by the new N. P. grade. This ditch still exists.

It is said that this is the first and only railroad crossing ever “held” successfully by force, in Minnesota. * * *

ALL OF THESE EVENTS HAPPENED before Mr. Olmsted appeared on the scene, but during the winter of 1887-8 he secured, for the G. N., the rest of the right of way from Fosston east, making many trips by team and buggy over rough corduroy trails across frozen swamps where the automobile now rolls in splendor on magnificent highways---(There was little if any snow that winter and the lumbermen had to haul water to make ice roads for their logging sleds)---dealing with the homesteaders and with the Indians on reservations crossed—sometimes going hungry, but frequently feasting on moose or venison in some lumber camp, and always finding a pot of hot coffee on the stove in homesteader’s shacks visited. So the gap was filled and we have a direct G. N. line from Grand Forks through Bemidji, Cass Lake and Deer River to Duluth.

Bemidji was then a straggling village of log cabins, the nearest rail heads were Fosston and Park Rapids, the Indians were much in evidence, and the howling of wolves was heard in the woods.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

AN IRATE AND VERY ANONYMOUS correspondent who has read my article of a day or two ago on dogs and some others wants to know why I did not include Jesus in my list of persons whose methods of dealing with disease were criticized. Really, I never thought of it. It didn’t occur to me that there was any special similarity between Jesus and “Doctor” Kirby, for instance. Perhaps the anonymous correspondent thinks he can perceive a likeness, but I can’t see it.

* * * *

A FEW WEEKS AGO WE were considering dogs and sheep. Now it is dogs and gardens. A lady just called me up to report that after she had got her garden all in shape, with vegetable and flower seeds planted and some of them nicely sprouting, neighborhood dogs had romped all over the place and torn everything to pieces. She said she was mad clear through, and I believe it. She had a right to call down maledictions on all dogs that run at large, and on all owners who let them run at large. In this case the private property of an individual has been utterly destroyed, and destroyed beyond possibility of replacement by live stock which others permit to roam where they will and they will.

* * *

SOME PEOPLE HAVE THE notion that the payment of a license fee for a dog gives the animal the freedom of the town. It does nothing of the sort. There is nothing in law or in morals which relieves the owner of an animal, whether it be a dog or a cow, of responsibility for whatever damage the animal does to the persons or property of other people. We have ordinances prohibiting the running at large of cows, but the damage that a cow will do is negligible compared to the damage that can be done by one able-bodied dog.

* * *

THE DAMAGE DONE BY DOGS is peculiarly irritating because in most cases it is of a character which cannot be measured in dollars. The dog owner has often been heard to say “I am ready to pay for any damage that my dog does. Let the injured person show that my dog had damaged him and all he needs to do is send me his bill and I will pay it.”

That is utter nonsense. How can one fix the value of hours of labor which had no commercial objective, but which was performed for the purpose of creating something pleasant and beautiful? What money value can be placed on a flower bed which represents the hopes and joys of a whole season; of a well kept lawn, a muddled porch, a child frightened into spasms? The thing cannot be done.

There are many cities in which dogs are not permitted to run at large under any circumstances. That makes it somewhat difficult to keep a dog. Similar regulations make it difficult to keep a horse or a hog, but if the ordinary rights of individuals are to be respected, some regulations of the sort are necessary.

* * *

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE liner Leviathan are featuring the fact that the great ship has a thoroughly equipped night club, with all the trimmings. If these improvements continue it will soon be so that one may cross the Atlantic without ever knowing that he has been at sea. It will be just like staying at home. In that case, why not stay at home?

* * *

MY NAUTICAL EXPERIENCE has been very limited, but like many other inland people I have always had a strong desire to sail the ocean blue. I have it from naval men that as a rule the best sailors come from the inland states. If given his choice the naval officer would every time take a recruit from the prairies of North Dakota rather than from the docks of Hoboken. And it is also true that a very large proportion of our sailors are from states which are perfectly dry so far as contact with salt water is concerned.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A LADY IN ANOTHER COUNTY has written asking for information as to a man who seems to have operated in Grand Forks several years ago, claiming ability to discover lost or stolen property. My correspondent has missed some money which she thinks was stolen, and she would like assistance in tracing it. I have written her that I am not able to locate the finder of missing property for her.

* * *

WE HAVE HAD AT DIFFERENT TIMES in Grand Forks several persons who represented themselves as the possessors of occult powers by means of which they were able to unravel mysteries and solve knotty problems, including the finding of lost property. Usually these persons gave public entertainments, and many of their feats were startling. There were Tyndall, M.Ewan, Santinelli, the Flints, Ann Eva Fay, and a number of others whose names I have forgotten. All of these gave exhibitions of hypnotism and mind reading. Some of them made remarkable blindfold drives about the city, and some professed to be able to discover lost or stolen property.

Usually the exhibitions were entertaining and mystifying. Some of these magicians also did sleight-of-hand work and produced some very realistic stage illusions. The Hermanns, Kellar and a few others claimed no occult powers, but frankly gave spectators to understand that their effects were produced by skill in manipulation, or clever mechanical devices. I think Kellar produced more interesting effects than any other illusionist who appeared on the local stage. He was very secretive about his work, and at certain stages of his performance he required that the back stage be cleared of all persons, stage hands included, except his one or two trusted assistants. He would not permit the upper box seats in the house to be occupied, as these seats commanded too good a view of arrangements which he did not wish to be seen.

* * *

WE HAVE NOT HAD MUCH of this sort of entertainment of late, but all of our older people are familiar with it. Many were and are convinced that the mysterious feats performed were really mysteries, and that the performers had powers of divination not possessed by ordinary mortals. I do not recall that any of these so-called magicians alleged that they were assisted by anything approaching the supernatural, although we had some regular spiritualist seances, which belong in another class. Madame Hermann gave what appeared to be a spiritualist demonstration on the stage, but she informed the audience that her effects were produced by natural means which she defied the audience to discover.

* * *

SOME OF THE EXHIBITIONS of alleged mind reading had all the appearance of genuineness, not only to those in the auditorium, but to local people on the stage who observed the operator at close range. Quite often one runs across the impression that the local people who serve on "committees" to see that everything done on the stage is regular and as it seems to be really in collusion with the performer, lending themselves in this way to a bit of harmless deception for the better entertainment of the crowd. I have served on several such committees during mind reading and similar stunts, and I'm sure that there was no collusion on my part or on the part of any of the other local people similarly engaged. We used our best effort to have everything "on the square." Having done this I have been as greatly mystified as others at a distance at the seemingly impossible things that were done notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent deception. We saw that the hoodwinks were securely adjusted, that the ropes were fairly tied, that the word to be found was chosen out of sight and out of hearing of the operator. Yet notwithstanding all precautions, the invisible would be seen, the bonds would be loosened, and the secretly chosen word would be found. It was all very fascinating, and I haven't been able to figure it out yet.

* * *

Houdini, probably the greatest of all magicians, denounced all alleged spiritist manifestations as frauds. He agreed to reproduce by natural means, and in an equally mystifying manner any effect that was produced by a person claiming to be a medium, and he did make several such reproductions and then explained exactly how it was done. I think he also rejected mind reading, but of that I am not sure.

Those who claim to be mind readers do not usually attribute their feats to the aid of spirits. They claim nothing of the supernatural. Their general theory is that through a peculiar sensitivity they are able to receive and translate impressions from the working of another brain. Those of us who have not this receptive-ness may deny its existence, but those who accept the theory say that a blind man may deny the existence of light or a deaf man the existence of sound. The air is full of radio waves all the time, but we are not conscious of them, and our receiving sets are silent until they are brought into tune with certain of those mysterious waves.

I do not argue in support of mind reading. The weight of scientific belief seems to be against it. Yet there are sometimes things that make one wonder.

—W. P. DAVIES.
ONE VERY INTERESTING eclipse for which I can give no date was a total eclipse of the moon, which occurred just at sunset. The peculiar feature of that eclipse was that during the period of totality both sun and moon were fully visible, the sun just above the western horizon and the moon just above the eastern. Inasmuch as there can be an eclipse only when sun, moon and earth are in a straight line, such a phenomenon seems at first to be impossible. The explanation is, of course, that rays of light are so bent in passing through the earth's atmosphere as to make the sun or moon visible when it is actually below the horizon.

Let's hope for a better view of the next eclipse.—W. P. DAVIES.

The First Eclipse of which I have any recollection occurred in the late sixties, probably 1868 or 1869. It was a total eclipse of the sun, and it was a very successful affair. As to the time of year my only recollection is that it was a warm summer afternoon, but whether early or late I do not know. The eclipse had been forecast, of course, and it had been the subject of general conversation in our neighborhood. The elders of my family were sufficiently conversant with eclipses to understand what caused them, and to know that there was nothing alarming about them. Through listening in on the conversations I had acquired the idea that the moon would pass between the earth and the sun and shut off the sun's light from us for a short time. I understood that this occurred every little while, and that it was not at all serious. But there were those who regarded an eclipse as something out of the order of nature, something portentous, and having grave possibilities of evil. Therefore I was not entirely at ease. I had the assurance of my own people that all would be well, but there was the possibility that they might be wrong, and that those who regarded the eclipse as a warning of some dread calamity might be right. As the event approached my state of mind represented a combination of calm, scientific assurance and superstitious fear.

A Finer Day for an Eclipse could not have been chosen. The setting was perfect. The sun shone from a cloudless sky. The air was still, and to me it seemed that preparation was being made for something to happen. Presently it did happen. The sun still shone, but it seemed that part of its power was gone. Through smoked glasses we could see a dark object overlapping the sun. The diminishing light took on a queer yellowish tinge. Twilight came on fast. Chickens went to roost and cattle seemed to sense something unusual. For a little while the sun was completely overshadowed. Deep twilight settled over the world.

Those Were Anxious Moments. I had the assurance that the shadow would pass and that light would be restored. But might not this be a mistake? Might not this strange event mean the end of the world or some tremendous upheaval? One could never be sure. But the shadow did pass and the sun shone again, and at least one small boy felt a great sense of relief. That was the kind of impression made on the mind of a youngster whose family and neighbors had the background of contact with such popular knowledge as there was. Is it any wonder that among the very primitive peoples an eclipse is a dreadful thing, and that drums are beaten and incantations performed to drive away the monster that seeks to destroy the source of light?

One of the Finest eclipses that I ever witnessed was that of January 1, 1889. The day is memorable for its balmy weather. Throughout the northwest baseball games were played as if in summer, and in Grand Forks a dozen young men wearing linen dusters and mounted in spirited steeds made New Year's calls at the hospitable homes of the city. The day closed with a total eclipse of the sun, which sank below the horizon still hidden by the moon's disc.
EDWIN W. JUHNKE, who lives at 1315 Cottonwood street, Grand Forks, writes approvingly of my recent discussion of dogs running at large and continues:

"Why is a city the size of Grand Forks without a dog ordinance which would protect its taxpayers and citizens from having their lawns and gardens continually overrun and uprooted by dogs? The dogs are not wholly to blame. The real fault lies with their owners, who either have no civic pride or have no respect for their neighbors' premises.

"I have a very poor opinion of people who are informed of the damage which their dogs are causing, and who place dogs on the same level with human beings by referring to the little tots who occasionally stray off the home lot.

"The sooner the lawmakers of our city draw up a dog ordinance which will not permit dogs to run at large, the better it will be for all concerned."

* * *

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE subject is touched by a friend who prefers that his name be not used, but who supplies it, who writes:

"I read with interest your article on dogs and gardens. I hope you will print one concerning delivery men, peddlers, circular distributors and others who use our lawns in order to save themselves a few steps. Many of these persons pay no attention to the fact that on wet days their feet make depressions in the soil and spoil the grass. They will push through hedges, breaking them down, and loose dogs will follow the scent left by the men. Then woe to your flowers and shrubbery!"

* * *

THE WRITER SIGNS HIMSELF for publication "A lover of his home, lawn, flowers and trees."

Is there anyone who tries to make his home surroundings beautiful who does not have occasion many times to resent the utter carelessness of individuals here and there who appear to have no right of others to have their premises kept free from reckless destruction? And isn't one of the most useful lessons that can be taught children that of being scrupulously careful to observe the rights of others to the full possession and enjoyment of their property, so that it will not be necessary to stand over a flower bed with a shotgun to keep trespassers off?

* * *

MENTION OF SHOTGUNS REMINDS me of rifles, and of the experience that a Grand Forks school girl had with one of those weapons. As a result of the experience she carries a scalp wound along one side of her head which was made by a rifle bullet.

This girl, with a number of girl companions and an older lady was enjoying a picnic in the woods along the river a few days ago. Two boys of about 10 or 12 years of age, appeared on the scene, each armed with a 22-caliber rifle. The boys were warned to be careful in their use of the guns, but the warning seems to have had little effect, for presently the girl referred to felt something strike the side of her head. It was found that a bullet from one of the guns had passed through her hat and cut a long gash in her scalp. Fortunately the wound is only skin deep, but if the course of the bullet had varied but a hairsbreadth the result might have been a ruined eye, or possibly a fatal wound.

* * *

THERE ARE INDIVIDUALS who cannot seem to understand that a rifle, even a little one, is a deadly weapon, and that deadly weapons are not for young children to handle except under the immediate guidance and instruction of their responsible elders. No boy ought ever to be permitted to go out alone with a gun until he has arrived at years of discretion and responsibility and has had sufficient tuition and experience to demonstrate that he is thoroughly dependable.

In the case to which reference has been made a tragedy was avoided by the merest accident, and the responsibility for the danger to which this girl and her com-