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WRITING ABOUT FORMS OF speech, dialect, and so forth, brought to mind the prevalence of what appears to be a southern accent among young naval officers.

While my contacts with members of the force were brief, they were quite numerous, and I know of no reason why the conditions which I observed were not typical. There are all sorts of southern accents, but all have in common a certain broadening of the 'a's and a softening of the 'r's. These characteristics are also to be observed in New England, but there are other indescribable differences which make the two forms quite distinct.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF naval officers, especially the younger ones, as a group is that nearly all of them were southerners. It seemed very strange. Naval service is open on equal terms to residents of all sections of the country, and I could imagine no conditions that would make it so much more attractive to southerners than to northerners as to fill it with southern men. I have found that the impression given me is a rather common one. I have heard many persons express wonder that the service is so distinctly southern in its personnel.

I FOUND THAT MY FIRST IMPRESSION was wrong. Just what may be the proportion of southerners and northerners in the service I do not know, but I found that many of the young men whom I supposed might have come from Georgia or Tennessee had in fact come from Iowa or Montana or other northern states. Then why the accent? I was given an explanation, which I pass on for what it is worth. With comparatively few exceptions our naval officers are graduates of the United States naval academy at Annapolis. Annapolis is in Maryland, and while Maryland is not very far south it classifies generally as southern in sentiment and social usage. The boys who go to Annapolis, plastic and impressionable, spend four years in a distinctly southern atmosphere. Most of the speech which they hear is tinged with softness and mellowness of the south. Unconsciously they imitate it until presently they have adopted some of its characteristics as their own. That may not be a sufficient explanation, but it seemed reasonable to me.

IN THIS COUNTRY WE HAVE accents northern and southern, New England and western, and to those born in the country they seem very different. Yet in England they are all classified as "American," as if they were all alike. And over in Europe they distinguish English from American as readily as we would distinguish German from Italian, although we speak the same language.

THEN WE HAVE THE SEVERAL KINDS of "English" that are spoken in Scotland. There are dialect comedians who appear to think that if they give enough roll to their r's they are talking perfect Scots. It has not occurred to them that there are several dialects in use in Scotland and that they are almost as unlike as separate languages.

BACK OF THE DIALECTS ARE racial histories and traditions which have figured largely in many important events in Scotland. There is greater difference between the local speech of southern and northern Scotland than between southern and northern United States. The highland Scots are almost pure Celts, and Gaelic is their native tongue. Their English is an adoption, and into their use of it there have been injected many ancient forms and idioms which are quite unknown to their southern neighbors.

LOWLAND SCOTS are largely Saxon in origin, and their ancient speech has been modified by contact with the original Gaels. The northern Scots have adopted the Saxon tongue and colored it to suit themselves. The southerners retain their own Saxon speech, background and have adopted some of the Gaelic forms. Even to one not very familiar with the two it is quite easy to distinguish marked differences between highland and lowland speech, and these differences are carried into local refinements which are beyond any one but the expert. I have understood that the McGregor and the Fergusson, the Campbell and the McDonough, can identify each other by their speech as far as their voices can be heard. Scottish dialect, therefore, consists in a good deal more than filling a sentence full of burrs.

W. P. DAVIES.
SEVERAL FLOCKS OF WILD geese flew north over Grand Forks on Tuesday, and those who pin their faith on the behavior of birds and beasts said "There go the geese. Now spring is here." On their way north those geese ran plunk into a young blizzard. Whether they turned tail and flew south again upon discovering their mistake, or got frozen in the ice somewhere, as thousands of their kind have done before, we have no means of knowing, but the fact is that they were fooled about the weather, although we have reached the time of year when everybody knows, without any information from geese, that spring is not far off.

GESE AND DUCKS ALIKE are utterly unreliable as weather prophets. Many thousands of ducks, fooled by warm weather into trying northward too soon, were caught in the northern states and Canada by the recent sudden cold and blizzards, according to officials of the American Game association.

FLOCKS WHICH HAD REACHED Canada were observed retreating southward. Their path had been blocked by ice and snow, which sealed lakes that until a few weeks before had been open water, and covered all food. Thousands of ducks, weak from starvation and lack of water, were trapped by the winter's surprise attack.

EMERGENCY RELIEF WAS rushed to the ducks by game commissions and duck clubs in concentration areas from the Rocky Mountain region eastward to the Atlantic coast states. The Ohio Division of Conservation ordered every available game protector to distribute corn and wheat and carefully guard the waterfowl from further tragedy on their nuptial flight to the nesting grounds.

NEXT YEAR EASTER WILL fall on April 16. The method of computing the date is quite involved. For the non-professional person a table is required. Most of the standard almanacs contain tables for this purpose, and also for ascertaining the day of the week on which a given date will fall or did fall at any time within about 200 years.

—W. P. DAVIES.
TO THE YOUNG MAN PLANNING A CAREER I SHOULD RECOMMEND BANK ROBBERY IN PREFERENCE TO KIDNAPPING. THERE ARE SEVERAL OBJECTIONS TO KIDNAPPING. WHILE THE ACT ITSELF MAY NOT BE DIFFICULT, THE CUSTODY OF THE KIDNAPPED PERSON MAY PROVE EMBARRASSING. POSSESSION OF THE SUBJECT IS OF NO ADVANTAGE IN ITSELF. THAT IS NOT ONLY A MEANS TO AN END, THE END BEING THE ACQUISITION OF MONEY. THERE MAY BE DELAYS IN GETTING INTO CONTACT WITH THE PERSON, WHO ARE EXPECTED TO PAY THE RANSOM. THEY MAY NOT HAVE THE MONEY, OR THEY MAY NOT THINK THE RESCUE WORTH THE PRICE. DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS THE KIDNAPPED PERSON MUST BE FEED, LODGED AND KEPT OUT OF SIGHT. ALL THE TIME EXPENSES ARE RUNNING UP AND THERE IS ALWAYS DANGER OF DETECTION. THERE IS ALSO A POPULAR PREJUDICE AGAINST KIDNAPPING WHICH MUST BE GIVEN CONSIDERATION.

BANK ROBBERY PRESENTS NONE OF THESE DIFFICULTIES. IT CAN BE PERFORMED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AND IN A PERFECTLY GENTLEMANLY MANNER. EVEN A THREAT OF VIOLENCE IS RARELY NECESSARY. USUALLY THE MISSION OF THE ROBBERS CAN BE EXPLAINED IN A FEW QUIET WORDS, AND THE PROCEDURE HAS BECOME SO STANDARDIZED AND SO WELL UNDERSTOOD THAT RESISTANCE IS RARELY OFFERED. THEN, WHEN THE LOOT IS COLLECTED, THE ROBBERS CAN BE EXPLAINED IN A FEW PERFECTLY GENTEEEL MANNER. EVEN A THREAT OF VIOLENCE IS SOMETIMES SUFFICIENT TO COVER THE RISK.

THAT REMINDS ME THOSE WHO HEARD THIS STORY AND WHO HAD KNOWN THE "JUD" LAMOURE WHOSE NAME BECAME ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS IN NORTH DAKOTA. HE WAS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN WHOM THEY HAD KNOWN, NAMELY, HIS CAPACITY FOR LEADERSHIP. WITH A GRUFF MANNER, OFTEN ASSUMED TO CONCEAL UNUSUAL SENSITIVENESS AND EMOTIONALISM, HE CAME TO BE REGARDED AS A MAN OF WHOM IT WAS SAFE TO RELY IN A CRISIS, WHETHER IN A BLIZZARD OR A POLITICAL CONTEST.

W. P. DAVIES
J. B. STEWART JR., OF MAN-
dan, "out where the west begins," writes that he will like this column better than ever now that he knows he came from Brantford, which I take to be a com-
pliment to the old town. Hope all Brantford people will appreciate it. Mr. Stewart writes: "We were neighbors in old Ontario. I am from Tavistock, not far from Brantford, and quite near the Drumbo swamp, where Birchills's murdered Benwell. I was born on the edge of the Queen's bush, but came with my parents to Tavistock when I was but 5 years old. Then the stages ran from Woodstock to Stratford and on to Goder-
ich. I saw the first engine puff in from Paris on the Buffalo and Lake Huron road."

**"I HAVE SEEN THOSE LARGE loads of empty barrels, of which you write not long ago, plow through the snow. The Family Herald and Weekly Star, with George Brown's Toronto Globe, was our reading matter."**

**"I CAME UP THE LAKES TO Port Arthur. Oh, boy! After two days I went on to Duluth and then on to Moorhead. After waiting there three days I went down the Red on the old Selkirk with Capt.

Griggs and Captain Maloney and landed in Winnipeg in June, 1875. Grasshoppers were there by millions and settlers were leaving the country."**

**"THAT SUMMER MAYOR ASH-
down started to build his brick hardware store, and I worked on that job. I have been wondering if I didn't handle some of the Newport brick that you mentioned in your column some time ago. They were good brick, but heavy, and hard on the back to lift and wheel for $1.75 per day and eat Penn-

mil for dinner."**

**"I CAME TO NORTH DAKOTA in 1880, homesteaded near Cashel, and got along fine. I have the same homestead yet. John Zejdlik, of Zejdlik & Martin of East Grand Forks, was my neighbor, and a good one, too. And as Larry Ho says in the Dispatch, goodbye and God bless you. Write some more about good old Ontario."**

THAT'S WHAT I SHALL CERTAINLY do. Now comes J. A. Wilkin-
son, of Walhalla, who also re-
members many details of the Ben-
well murder, because he was born 63 years ago about four miles from Woodstock and is familiar with all that vicinity. He was in Woodstock on the day of Birchell's execution. According to his recollection that occurred November 14, 1890.

**"FORTY YEARS AGO MR. Wilkinson came to North Dakota and settled at Cashel, Walsh coun-
ty, where he lived until 1963. Since then he has lived in Cavalier and Pembina counties."**

**"SOME TIME AGO," WRITES Mr. Wilkinson, you wrote about the old-fashioned binders which were in use in the early days. The first binder that came to our county at that time was made at Brantford. It was a wire binder which cut about 4½ feet, and it took a gate 26 feet wide for passage. People came 20 miles to see it work. The price of the binder was $350. I think that was in 1878."**

**"THE BINDER MENTIONED by Mr. Wilkinson must have been made by John Harris, who built up a large harvester business and later joined forces with the Masseys of Toronto to form the Massey-Harris company, which is to Canada what the International is to the United States."**

**"I AM INDEBTED TO J. R. GIB-
ney, of Bathgate, for a copy of the verses which the murderer, Bir-
chell, wrote while in prison await-
ing execution. One stanza, received from another friend, was given some days ago. The complete ef-
fusion would occupy more space than I have to spare for it."**

**"THANKS ARE EXTENDED TO those who have sent verses re-
ing to the kidnaping of the Lind-
bergh baby. Some of those verses are good—some not so good. As it is impossible to publish all, or nearly all, of them, it seems better not to publish any."**

**"DURING THE LEGISLATIVE session of ’89-90, in which the no-
torious lottery bill was the bone of contention, a petition protesting against the passage of a bill was signed by about 300 Grand Forks citizens, and interviews were pub-
lished in The Herald in which the speakers expressed themselves briefly, but vigorously, with refer-
ence to the bill. A characteristic statement was made by John R. Re "I am in favor of its coming to Grand Forks. I have a mule that I’ve wanted to raffle for two years and don’t care to do it for fear of being arrested for gambling. Give me a precedent under the law, and away goes the mule." W. P. DAVIES."**
IN A GROUP OF MEN CONVERSATION turned on the manner in which Salvation Army girls were received in the saloons long ago when they made their daily calls, with tambourines extended for the offerings of those who chose to give. There were rough crowds in these places sometimes. Quite often the language heard lacked polish. But no one recalled a case in which one of those girls, in homely gown and red-trimmed bonnet, had been treated with other than perfect respect and courtesy. Upon the appearance of one of those girls boisterous conversation ceased, the ribald story was suspended, the oath was caught in mid-air, and it seemed a point of honor to drop at least a small coin into the tambourine as the girl passed by.

ONE GIRL WAS GIVEN A novel, and, doubtless, a pleasant experience. Back of one of the saloons near the bridge was a large rough plank platform, level with the main floor, and uncovered except for the branches of a great cottonwood tree which overhung it and gave refreshing shade on the hottest day. For those who liked cold beer—and some did—it was a pleasant place to spend an hour on a hot July afternoon.

ONE SUCH AFTERNOON a dozen or more men sat enjoying the shade and the variant breezes, and sipping beer. Into this company came a Salvation Army girl and made her customary round among those who were seated at the little tables. A few nickels and dimes were dropped into her tambourine and she was about to leave when one member of the party who may be called Harry, called out, "Hold on, sister! How much did you get?" The girl extended her tambourine for inspection. Its contents were rather slim. "That's not enough," said Harry. "We've got to do better than that. But let's sing something. You start it."

WITHOUT HESITATION THE girl responded, simply and naturally, starting a familiar gospel hymn. Male voices joined, and something resembling a chorus effect was produced. "That's better," said Harry. "Now try again with the tambourine." The tambourine was passed, and this time with better results. "Now," said Harry, "let's sing something else. And you fellows loosen up. Not half of you sang that time. But first let's have the glasses filled."

GLASSES WERE REFILLED, and the singing was resumed, and at suitable intervals Harry himself passed the tambourine. The company entered into the spirit of the thing, alternately singing gospel hymns, sipping beer, and dropping nickels and dimes into the tambourine. Through that impromptu concert the girl maintained her quiet poise and modest demeanor, the men chatted quietly between numbers, and they sang those songs as reverently as if they had been in church. When Harry thought that the concert had continued long enough he called for a motion to adjourn, and the company disbanded, the girl with her tambourine heavily weighted with small coin.

I HOPE NO ONE WILL GET the impression from anything in this column that murder was of common occurrence in Ontario 50 years ago. It wasn't. But there were a few murders, such as that of Benwell, which attracted wide attention because of unusual features, and I have a letter from William Mayo, of Rolla, who lived in the vicinity where the Donnelly murder was committed, and who has occasion to remember it well.

IN THAT CASE EITHER SEVEN or eight members of one family were killed, the elder Donnelly couple and their niece at their home, which was then burned, a son, Bob, shot back of a hotel in the village of Lucan, Tom at the home of his brother Bill, and others in ways which Mr. Mayo does not recall.

IT IS MR. MAYO'S UNDERSTANDING that Bill Donnelly, whom he remembers well, was the member of the family whom the murderers wished to kill, and in their search for him they butchered the whole family. Bill escaped, and was heard from in Manitoba in 1882.

PERSONALLY I HAVE NOT been addicted to murder, though there is no telling what might happen if I should meet and recognize a radio crooner. Also, most of my Ontario acquaintances have escaped the gallows and kept out of jail.
TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

THERE IS A GOOD DEAL OF pleasure in thumbing over the pages of an old book, which is what I have been doing with "Adam Bede." Those who have read the book will remember Mrs. Poyser, the English farm lady whose good heart and managerial ability were equalled only by the sharpness of her tongue and the shrewdness of her observations. Years ago someone published a little book or pamphlet under the title "Mrs. Poyser's Opinions," which contained a collection of the sayings of the good lady, culled from the book, and which presented some very human philosophy stated in a terse and picturesque way. I have no intention of performing a similar task, but I offer a few selections that I have noted in thumbing over the pages of the book.

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FARMING, IN THOSE DAYS

as in some others, was not what it was sometimes cracked up to be, as witness Mrs. Poyser's remarks when the young squire had suggested that he might turn farmer himself:

"Oh, sir, you wouldn't like it all. As for farming, it's putting money into your pocket wi' your right hand and fetching it out wi' your left. As far as I can see, it's raising victual for other folks, and just getting a mouthful for yourself and your children as you go along. Not as you'd be like a poor man as wants to get his bread; you could afford to lose as much money as you like if farm'ing; but it's poor fun losing money farming, I should think, though I understand it's what the great folks t' London play at more than anything.

"It's more than flesh and blood 'ull bear sometimes. To be up early and down late, and hardly sleeping a wink when you lie down for fear the cheese may swell, or the cows may slip their calks or the wheat may grow green again in the field—and after all, at th' end o' the year, it's like as if you'd been cooking a feast and had got the smell of it for your pains."

DINAH, MRS. POYSER'S niece, had "taken up" with the Methodists and served as a lay preacher. Mrs. Poyser had no great opinion of this strange sect. She preferred the orderliness of the Established church and her own comfortable, well-groomed pastor.

"It's a summation-like to see such a man as that in the desk of a Sunday," she assured her niece. "As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop o' wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it; it makes you think the world's comfortable-like. But as for such creatures as you Methidises run after, I'd as soon go look at a lot o' bare-rubbed runts on a common. Fine folks they are to tell you what's right, as look as if they'd never tasted nothing better than a bacon-sword and sour-cake in their lives."

COMMENTING THAT "IT'S ILL livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas" which was brought forth by the statement that Lisbeth Bede, mother of two grown sons, seemed not to like to have young women about, Mrs. Poyser delivered herself thus on the subject of marriage:

"But she must learn to accommodate herself to young women, for it isn't to be counted on as Adam and Seth 'ull keep bachelors for the next ten year to please their mother. That 'ud be unreasonable. It isn't right for old nor young to make a bargain all o' their own side. What's good for one's good all around it the long run. I'm no friend to young fellows marrying afore they know the difference between a crab and an apple; but they may wait o'er long."

NOW I AM ALL AT SEA AGAIN. Who wrote "Roam, Adair?" A radio announcer has just attributed the words to Burns. Somewhere I have seen those words credited to a Lady Douglas. I started to search. The song does not appear in my volume of Burns. No reference book that I have says anything about Lady Douglas. In one little collection of old-time songs I find the words are ascribed to Caroline Keapel and in another to Caroline Keapel. The music, wherever I have found it, is described simply as a Scottish air. Where does Burns come in, if at all, and where Lady Douglas?

W. P. DAVIES,
TO THE WRITER OF A PERSONAL LETTER DATED APRIL 5, AND SIGNED ONLY “A SUBSCRIBER.” THE FACT THAT THE LETTER BEARS NO PERSONAL SIGNATURE RULES IT OUT OF CONSIDERATION, NO MATTER WHAT ITS SUBJECT MATTER OR ITS FORM OF TREATMENT. THIS PARTICULAR LETTER WAS NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION. IT IS UNOBJECTABLE IN FORM AND CONTENT. IT ASKS FOR A CERTAIN COURSE OF ACTION WHICH WOULD REQUIRE INVESTIGATION FOR THE VERIFICATION OF SOME STATEMENTS OF FACT. SUCH INVESTIGATION WOULD TAKE THE TIME OF SEVERAL PERSONS, ALL OF WHOSE DUTIES IT MIGHT REQUIRE ME TO PERFORM. I AM INVITED TO UNDERTAKE THIS, AND HAVE OTHERS PARTICIPATE IN IT, WITH NO INFORMATION OF ANY SORT REQUIRED OR DESIRABLE TO SAVE THE UNSUPPORTED STATEMENT OF SOME PERSON OF WHOM I KNOW NOTHING WHATSOEVER, AND WHO SIGNS HIMSELF, OR HERSELF, “A SUBSCRIBER.”

NEWSPAPERS REQUIRE CORRESPONDENTS TO SIGN THEIR REAL NAMES TO THEIR LETTERS. SOMETIMES THE WRITER HAS VALID REASONS FOR NOT WISHING HIS NAME MADE PUBLIC. A REQUEST THAT THE NAME BE WITHHELD TO THE EXTENT THAT THE NAME WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED. WHETHER OR NOT THE LETTER ITSELF WILL BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE AUTHOR’S NAME IS A MATTER WHICH THE EDITOR MUST DECIDE IN EACH CASE.

LETTERS NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION MUST ALSO BE PROPERLY SIGNED. IF THEY CALL FOR ATTENTION OF ANY KIND THE RECIPIENT MUST AT LEAST KNOW THE IDENTITY OF HIS CORRESPONDENT. BLIND-MAN’S BUFF IS INTERESTING ENOUGH, AS A GAME, BUT NO ONE WISHES TO ENGAGE IN IT AS A MATTER OF BUSINESS, AT LEAST, IF HE IS THE ONE TO WEAR THE BLIND.

WRITERS WHO WISH TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY SOMETIMES TRY TO CIRCUMVENT THE REQUIREMENT FOR GENUINE SIGNATURES BY SINGING FALSE NAMES. THEY FORGET, PERHAPS, THAT THERE ARE CITY DIRECTORIES, AND TELEPHONES, BOTH LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE. WHEN THESE AGENCIES ARE EMPLOYED AND THE PERSON WHOSE NAME IS SIGNED CANNOT BE LOCATED, THE ASSUMPTION IS THAT THE SIGNATURE IS FICTITIOUS AND THE LETTER GOES INTO THE WASTE BASKET.

THERE IS A RATHER PREVALENT MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE MATTER OF LIABILITY FOR LIBELOUS PUBLICATION. OCCASIONALLY A NEWSPAPER RECEIVES FROM AN IRRATE CITIZEN A LETTER DENOUNCING SOME INDIVIDUAL AS A LIAR, A HORSE-THEFT, AND A GENERALLY UNDESIRABLE PERSON. PUBLICATION IS REFUSED ON THE GROUND THAT THE STATEMENT IS LIBELOUS. THE WRITER POINTS TO THE FACT THAT HE HAS SIGNED HIS OWN NAME TO THE LETTER AND IS THEREFORE WILLING TO ASSUME FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT. SOMETIMES IT IS DIFFICULT TO GET HIM TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS DOES NOT RELIEVE THE NEWSPAPER IN ANY WAY. A NEWSPAPER IS LIABLE FOR THE PUBLICATION OF A LIBELOUS STATEMENT, NO MATTER BY WHOM SIGNED.

ONE NEWSPAPER MAN OF MY ACQUAINTANCE, ON RECEIVING SUCH A COMMUNICATION, DECLINED TO PUBLISH IT BECAUSE OF ITS LIBELOUS CHARACTER, WHEN THE WRITER SAID HE WOULD TAKE THE TIME OF THE NEWSPAPER IN ANY WAY. A NEWSPAPER IS LIABLE FOR THE PUBLICATION OF A LIBELOUS STATEMENT, NO MATTER BY WHOM SIGNED.

SPEAKING OF INDEMNITY BONDS REMINDS ME OF THE DEVICE EMPLOYED BY A WINNIPEG MAN SOME YEARS AGO TO PROTECT HIS PRIVATE STOCK OF LIQUID REFRESHMENTS DURING MANITOBA’S EXPERIMENT WITH PROHIBITION. HE WAS NOT WHAT WOULD BE CALLED A DRINKING MAN, BUT HE LIKED A LITTLE LIQUOR IN THE HOUSE FOR THE OCCASIONAL USE OF HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS. BEFORE THE PROHIBITION LAW WENT INTO EFFECT, HE LAID IN A FAIRLY LARGE SUPPLY OF BOOTTLE GOODS AND FELT AMPLY PROTECTED AGAINST PROSPECTIVE DROUGHT.
THAT REMINDS ME
TODAY AND YESTERDAY
BY W. P. DAVIES

IN A GROUP OF THIRTY OR forty men who had gathered one evening at a Grand Forks home there was conversation on the subject of age. One member of the party made a check and found that of the entire party fifteen were within about a year, one way or the other, of 70 years of age. It was considered rather curious that in a company assembled without reference to age, so many should have seen so nearly the same number of summers and winters. Perhaps some persons of about that age may be interested in some verses on the progress of years which were written by Frank F. Failor, brother of A. L. Failor, of this city. Here they are:

SEVENTY-THREE TODAY.

By Frank F. Failor.

In the far dim past, when a very small boy,
As I stood at my mother's knee, my heart was filled with peace and joy,
And my age was only three.

In twenty years more I became a man,
And the future looked bright to me;
I was shaping my life to a definite plan
At the age of twenty-three.

In twenty years more I would greet my friends
And engage in repartee;
If I quarreled with them I would make amends
At the age of forty-three.

Twenty years more—how time does fly!
Like a ship on a stormy sea;
It seems like a dream as it passes by
At the age of sixty-three.

Now friends, let us turn another page,
I am active, as you can see;
And am feeling fine, for a man of my age,
For today I am seventy-three.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF Aloysius McGuirk? I was reminded of him when I read of recent experiments in steering airplanes by radio. It is many years since I read of Aloysius, and I don't recall who wrote the story, but it was well done.

IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN RE-

lations between England and Ireland were less cordial than they have since become, Aloysius lived in a little village on the Irish coast near an excellent harbor. He was an elderly man, bachelor of moderate means, and he had two consuming passions, one for scientific experimentation, and the other to see Ireland freed, preferably by violence.

IN THE COURSE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS he had discovered some interesting facts concerning the influence of sound, and he had a lot of curious little gimbicks which he could make perform in amusing ways by varying the sounds which he directed toward certain receiving apparatus built into his mannikins and other figures. A fantastic idea took possession of him. Why not build torpedoes which could be steered by sound and which could be used to destroy British shipping?

ALOYSIUS DEVOTED HIMSELF to this task. He built torpedoes and into them he built sensitive diaphragms connected with the steering gear, and he adjusted their separate units so that they would respond to the tones of a flute, which he played with some skill.

When he had practically perfected his first torpedo he built a small fleet of them according to the same design. He had reduced them with heads weighed to correspond to the explosive charges with which he intended to equip them for actual service, and presently he had them so that as he stood on the sand he could direct their course into the bay and then recall them by playing different notes on his flute.

JUST THEN HE LEARNED that a British fleet was about to pay a visit to the harbor near which he lived. Here was his opportunity. He tuned up his torpedoes, inserted their war heads and laid them in a row on the beach. Away out at sea the fleet appeared. It approached, and, in beautiful formation ship after ship cast anchor. Aloysius launched his torpedoes, started their clockwork mechanism and with his flute directed them toward the ships. In a few minutes every ship would be blown out of the water. But just at that moment all the bands on all the ships began to play in unison. "The Wearin' of the Green." The music made invisible fragments. She and Aloysius were reduced to invisible fragments.

W. P. DAVIES.
IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to hear the radio talks on wild life by Prof. Jackson of the Manitoba Agricultural college. Many of these talks deal especially with the wild life of Manitoba, and, as Manitoba is our next-door neighbor, with topographical and climatic conditions much like our own, the descriptions given apply quite well to the wild life of our own state.

On Thursday evening Prof. Jackson spoke of migratory birds, describing the habits of many of the birds which spend their summers in the northern part of the continent and their winters in the far south. Many of the birds with which we are familiar make semi-annual flights of thousands of miles, the bob-o-link, for instance, breeding in the great Chaco district of Argentina, where it feeds on the rice which is one of the great staples of that country.

Many of us saw wild geese flying north last week. Prof. Jackson had something to say about them. Several small flights of geese, he said, were seen to turn south about the vicinity of Emerson. This was due, he said, to the fact that north of Morris, which is about 30 miles north of the border, the Red River valley was covered with snow. When the scouting parties discovered this, they turned back and the main flight was checked. When the advance squadrons fell to return, he said, the birds in the main body knew that it was safe to go ahead. Snow, he explained, confines the birds by securing their landmarks, and warns them that they will have difficulty in finding open water. Other flights, he reported, had gone on north by way of Brandon, western Manitoba being free from snow.

One or two whooping cranes were reported in North Dakota last year. Prof. Jackson says that only 20 of these great birds have been reported in Manitoba during the past 10 years.

The first swan in May has made its appearance in numerous localities. I saw one the other evening in the act of swallowing an angle worm—another case of the early bird and the early worm. Tulips are growing, after standing still, very fortunately, for a month. I'm hoping now that they will not bloom until hard freezing weather is over.

Soviet Russia is sowing wheat by airplane. On a state farm in central Asia four planes were used for 15 days, sowing at the rate of 300 acres a day each. The planes flew at an average height of 85 feet, traveling 65 miles an hour, and sending out a continuous spray of grain 65 feet wide.

There are a good many men now living in the northwest who will doubt the practicability of swerving grain, because they have had experience with something of the sort, not with airplanes, it is true, but with a similar method of spreading seed grain. It all dates back, of course, to the days of "as soon as the ground is fit to sow," carrying his sack in front of him and spreading the grain right and left with rhythmical strokes as he strode across the field. That process distributed the grain on the surface of the ground, leaving it to be covered by raking or harrowing in.

Long ago there was invented a seeder which, drawn by horses, distributed the grain from a hopper and had a set of cultivator teeth attached, so that sowing and covering was done at one operation. By this means the seed was still scattered on the surface, and the covering was imperfect.

Operations were then speeded up by the use of what was called the shelled seed sower. Essential part of this was a whirling flanged disc, upon which the seed ran from a hopper, and was distributed, right, left and rear, covering a strip 24 to 30 feet wide. This little machine was hinged to the rear of a wagon box and was driven by a chain from a sprocket wheel on the rear wagon wheel.

With that machine a good team could sow 30 acres a day. If the team was steady, the driving accurate, and the air quiet seeding could be done with surprising evenness. After sowing the grain was harrowed in, and the seed covered more ground than the other cultivator-seeder, considerable time was saved.

Strong winds, however, being always gusty, made sowing patchy, and because the grain was sown on the surface the planting was uneven. Some of the kernels were left on the surface while others were covered to three inches deep. There was therefore considerable variation in germination and ripening. There was also trouble with blowing in a windy spring. Presently the drill was invented, and all the old broadcast methods were abandoned.

With that background of experience with broadcasting I am wondering whether pixies might keep a plot of seed sown on a windy day from a height of 85 feet from a seeder going a mile a minute. Also, I wonder how the plane is to be kept from swerving a few feet out of line occasionally as the wind strikes it. Then there is still the fact that the grain will lie on the surface, which has never been quite satisfactory.
PROFESSIONAL MAGICIANS, who, off-stage, seem much like other people, have created for themselves a little world of their own into which none but they may enter. There exists the Society of American Magicians, to which most of the members of the cult in this country belong, which meets occasionally to enable the members to fraternize, exchange trade secrets and protect those secrets from the outside world. Also, without formal organization there is throughout the world a fraternity of craftsmanship which binds together those of many climes and nations whose business it is to mystify multitudes by performing the seemingly impossible.

ALL THIS IS SET FORTH BY JOHN Mulholland, himself a master magician, in a Minneapolis Journal article. Among other things, Mulholland tells of an informal party held five years ago at the home of Houdini on Long Island, at which there were present, in addition to Houdini and his wife, Thurston, Adelaide Hermann and others equally well known in the world of mystery.

I READ THE ARTICLE WITH considerable interest because I had seen several of the persons mentioned, and some of them had visited Grand Forks. Houdini was the first professional magician whom I ever saw. That was between fifty and sixty years ago, when he was at the top of his profession. Houdini's name was adopted and slightly extended by the man who later did so many sensational things under the name "Houdini."

ADELAIDE HERMANN IS—IF still living—the widow of Hermann "the Great," who died many years ago. For some years his widow carried on his late husband's work of illusion with the assistance of a young man who was either her own or her husband's nephew. They visited Grand Forks about 25 years ago and gave an elaborate performance. The young man performed the tricks and the lady bowed, smiled, and provided the attractive environment.

ONE OF THE GREAT MAGICIANS mentioned in the article is Kellar, who also gave a performance in Grand Forks. Kellar was a top-notch trickster who had a line of amazing tricks and who took great pains to keep his secrets to himself. It was one of the conditions of his contract at the Metropolitan that no one should be permitted in the boxes nearest to the stage and that only his own people should be permitted on the stage or in the wings. It was said that even his own assistants were as greatly mystified by some of his做梦 tricks as those in the auditorium. The article says that the trick of making a girl vanish in the air cost Kellar and his successor, Thurston, $50,000.

McEWAN, WHO SHOWED IN Grand Forks many times, had such a trick, commonly called a levitation act, which was the best I ever saw. I am quite sure McEwan never spent $50,000 on the equipment for it. One of the features of this act was that it was performed right at the front of the stage, with all the lights turned on, without curtains or anything else to obstruct or change the view.

AFTER THE USUAL HOCUS- pocus of catlepsy McEwan's girl was laid out on a couch before him. It was he who lifted her body, and made the usual patter, the magician, in his own style, commencing his "act of the air"—or, rather, "act under the walls"—disappearing from the stage. McEwan would perform some number of his tricks as were those of his disciple, Kellar. One of the features of this act was that it was performed right at the front of the stage, and everybody could see it. The magician then passed a large steel hoop twice completely over her body and rolled it away. That act was repeated nightly for a week. It puzzled me greatly, and I tried to figure it out, but was unable to do so until Gus Myers, manager of the Rochester Journal, came to see me, saying that it was necessary for the performer in that act to wear a frock coat. With that lead I was able to solve the mystery. The thing was very ingeniously contrived.

I THINK THE MOST START- ling stunt of the kind that I ever saw was performed by a stout old magician who had been moving freely about the stage, approached the suspended form and reached out, evidently to remove the drape. Everybody had seen girls floating in the air before, and no such stunt was greatly improved upon. The cloth was instantly removed, and, greatly to our astonishment, there was nobody there. There wasn't anything. It was fairly simple, but it was a good stunt, because of its unexpectedness. W. P. DAVIES.
SOME TIME AGO I MENTION-ed the manner in which old Herald people have become scattered throughout the country. One runs across them almost everywhere.

The other day, George A. Bangs returned from Florida and reported having had a visit with W. L. Straub at St. Petersburg. Straub preceded me as editor of The Herald, and for some time we worked together.

The village of St. Petersburg he found a very pleasant one, and the fishing good. In the little fishing village of St. Petersburg he picked up a little weekly paper, the Times, which was amusing to him while he was not fishing.

THE VILLAGE BECAME A CITY, and the weekly paper became a daily. It is still growing and prospering, with Straub as editor and publisher. A few years ago I had a fine visit with Straub, found him hale and hearty, and I should say fifty pounds heavier than when he was in Grand Forks. At that time his favorite sport was lawn bowling, at which he had become expert. Here we played shuffleboard, and I could beat him, although I never could get him to admit it.

I HAVE RECEIVED NEW light on "Robin Adair," which a radio announcer attributed some time ago to Robert Burns. I was quite certain that the song referred to was "The Tune That I Maintained I Had Written," and I have tried to find no trace of her, but found the song everywhere credited to Caroline Keppel.

Mrs. Henry Hale, of Devil's Lake, supplies information published in "Good Old Songs," published by Oliver Ditson & Co., crediting the words to Caroline Keppel, 1750, and the arrangement to Kingley.

Mrs. Hale has also copied this paragraph from "Songs Every Child Should Know," by Doubleday, Page & Co.: "THE MUSIC HAD ITS ORIGIN in the Irish song, "Eileen Aroon," which was written about 1450. The words were written to Robin Adair, who was known to King George III as the "Lucky Irishman." It was written in a fit of love-sickness by Lady Keppel and brought about her marriage to Robin. Handel so loved the tune that he maintained he had rather have written it than to have written all his own compositions put together.

Mrs. J. E. Galbraith, of Cavalier, has found a description of the song and of romantic incidents relating to it in an old book entitled "Songs That Never Died," compiled by Henry B. Reddall, the article reading as follows:

"ROBIN ADAIR, ONE OF THE most touching love songs in existence, has been called a Scotch song set to an Irish air. The air, that of "Eileen Aroon," which signified "sweet pearl of my heart," was written by one Carroll O'Daly, an Irish knight. O'Daly loved the daughter of a neighboring chieftain, Ellen Cameron, who returned his love. Her parents were opposed to the match, and O'Daly, having gone abroad, made her believe him untrue and secured her consent to marriage with his. O'Daly returned on the day before the wedding. On learning what was about to take place he composed the song, and next day, disguised as a larriker (presumably a minstrel) sang it to the bride. In response to the question "Will thou stay or go with me, Eileen Aroon?" she contrived to whisper that she would go, and they fled together and were married.

"ROBIN ADAIR WAS A YOUNG Irishman of good family, who was graduated from Dublin university as a surgeon and set out for London about 1760. On the way he had the good fortune to meet an English countess who had been thrown from her carriage. Through her offices he was introduced to English society and eventually loved and was loved by the daughter of the earl of Albermarle, who learned the air from him and wrote the words. The lovers being separated by their difference of station, the lady lived until the earl came to believe him untrue and secured her consent to marriage with his. Her disease had gone too far, however, and she soon died."

"ADAIR BECAME SURGEON to George III and was knighted, but, to his death, he always wore the ring that his friend who had heard the author singing "Robin Adair" wrote down the words and music and gave them to Braham, a celebrated English tenor of the period. No other song except "Home, Sweet Home," ever had such popularity.

KEPEL WAS THE FAMILY name of the earl of Albermarle, and Lady Caroline was his daughter. She was the beautiful Irish lady whose life was the subject of "The Lucky Irishman," who turned on the day before the wedding. She is supposed to have been the source of the air which Handel set to the song."

Davies

W. E. DAVIDS.
this column some time ago to the Taylor-Haye ranch. As fast as
the brands on these cattle were recognized the animals were cut
out, rounded up and driven back to their own range.

DURING PEACEFUL TIMES the ranch was visited each fall by
almost white Indian tribes. Each fall many animals were killed and
large quantities of meat were packed for the use of the ranchers.
In some way that was never made quite clear the Indians learned
when the slaughtering was about to begin, and mysteriously they
made their appearance and set up temporary tepees by which they
welcomed whatever parts of the animals the whites did not wish to
use, and for days they busied themselves curing in the smoke of their
fires the gifts which they had received from their great white
friend.

ANNA LOUISE TOOK KIND-
ly to ranch life and became a part of the
the Doukhobors in their own language.
The governor of the territory
learned that young Miss Fleming,
living on a far western ranch, was conversant with the Doukhobor
ideas which took possession
many of the Doukhobors was that
of making long pilgrimages in a state of nudity. The authorities
found it extremely difficult to deal
with this mania, which broke out
intermittently for several years
Few of the Doukhobors understood
English, and scarcely any of the
women were able to address the
Doukhobors in their own language.
The governor of the territory
learned that young Miss Fleming,
living on a far western ranch, was conversant with the Doukhobor
language. The governor communica-
ted with Colonel Taylor-Haye,
asking if he would permit his niece
to accompany the Mounted Police
who were being sent to intercept
the march of the fanatics and act as interpreter. The uncle said he
would leave it to the young lady
herself. She was called in and con-
sented, and soon she was on her
way, with a special guard of
mounties to look after her safety.

ANNA LOUISE took kind-
y to ranch life and became a part of the
ty, with a special guard of

* * *

IN ORDER TO MAKE ASSUR-
ance doubly sure little Anna Louise
and a girl cousin of about her own
age were abducted by a friendly
squaw and kept for several days
in a dugout for fear that through
mistake, or in excitement, they
might be injured. Food was
brought secretly to the children in
their refuge, but there was so little of it that hunger soon appeared.

WHEN THE INDIANS, PART-
ly suffering from real wrongs, and
partly goaded by politicians, were
about to go on the warpath, they
took care to protect their good
friends. On his return the Indians
peased. After the raid was over
the children were returned to their
home. Their own people were safe,
but many others had been mas-
sacraced. Thousands of cattle had
been driven off by the raiders,
among them some belonging to the
Taylor-Haye ranch. As fast as
the brands on these cattle were
recognized the animals were cut
out, rounded up and driven back
to their own range.

ON ONE OCCASION COLONEL
Taylor-Haye was instrumental in
saving an Indian's claim for him
after an unprincipled scoundrel
had tricked him out of it. Another fellow had obtained several hun-
dred newly minted pennies, and,
persuading the Indian that the
pennies were gold, had obtained
from him a relinquishment of his
claim.

The poor Indian appealed
to the colonel, who caused proceed-
ings to be brought which resulted
in a verdict that the animal owners
were liable for their damage.

Davies

* * *

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ly suffering from real wrongs, and
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Taylor-Haye ranch. As fast as
the brands on these cattle were
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out, rounded up and driven back
to their own range.
A. I. HUNTER ADMITS THAT he is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but he insists that he never mixes politics with business. As farmer, brick manufacturer, livery man and banker he has done business with the hundreds of people, and he maintains that he has always dealt with a business proposition on its merits, without inquiring into the political affiliations of the party of the other part. There was one occasion, however, when he had some trouble in convincing some of his friends that he had been quite as careful as he should have been to keep politics and business separate.

IT ALL HAPPENED AWAY back, shortly after Bryan began to run for president—to be exact, in 1900. Bryan was running that year on an anti-imperialism platform, and when it was advertised that he was about to make his first appearance before the people from many miles around began to make their arrangements to see and hear him.

AT THAT TIME WE HAD A ball park away out west, somewhere south of the Great Northern roundhouse, and it was arranged that Bryan should speak there. A suitable platform was erected, and the crowds poured into the grounds. There were no automobiles, of course, and as Hunter had the best livery equipment in town, even though he was known to be a Republican he was engaged to provide a team and carriage to take the distinguished visitor to and from the grounds.

ON THE WAY OUT THE trip was uneventful. The team stepped along briskly, the driver performed perfectly, and Mr. Bryan was delivered at the appointed place on time. Everybody enjoyed the speech, even though not all of those present voted in accordance with the advice given. When the congratulations and hand-shaking were over the speaker entered the waiting carriage to be driven to his train. The driver shook the reins and said "Giddap." And those horses just shook their heads and refused to budge! Threats, persuasion and trickery were all used. When the animals were touched up with the whip they reared and threatened to wreck the carriage. It was proposed that a couple of men blow in the horses' ears, but the brutes showed their teeth at this suggestion. The idea of build-

ig a fire under them was dismissed as being hazardous to the candidate. Nobody wanted a president to go into office with his hair all burned off. There the presidential candidate sat, behind a balky team, and he continued to sit there until somebody brought up the matter of his not suspected of ultra-Republican sympathies.

HUNTER MAINTAINS TO this day that both he and the driver were innocent. He is not quite positive about the horses, but there are Democrats living who remember that incident who would not even now trust Hunter out of sight with a candidate of their party.

S. K. KNUTSON OF BELMONT, is reminded by the finding of gold in northwestern North Dakota of the experience of a cousin of his who as a youth went into the Edmonton district of Canada some 26 years ago and spent three summers panning gold along the Saskatchewan. The gold was brought down from the hills and was found in the sand along the river, and steady work was required to find enough to pay for the labor. The young man had troughs made, with baffles across the bottoms to catch the sand, and he used quicksilver to gather the fine gold. By working hard he was able to make three dollars a day, and this he found profitable for a time, as he lived in a tent and his expenses were small.

LIKE A GOOD MANY MEN who have entered the gold fields, however, he found that there was more money to be had in selling goods to prospectors and settlers, and he started a little store in that tract of land. This proved so profitable that he was able to retire with a comfortable fortune, and in recent years he has spent much of his time traveling.

READING THE MENTION IN this column of old-time magicians D. J. McDonald, of the State's theater, was reminded of one magician of convivial habits who was taken to his hotel room one evening after 6 o'clock in a state of complete collapse from his afternoon potations, but who put on his usual performance that evening without anything unusual being noticed by those who were not already aware of his condition.

ONE OF THE FAVORITE stunts of several of those performers, Tyndall, McEwan and others, was to drive a team all over the city while they, the drivers, were blindfolded. Some of the "mind-reading" performances were really

mystifying. The performers insisted that these feats were accomplished by means of a mysterious thought transference, the existence of which, I believe, is denied by scientists. Nobody can prove anything about it, one way or the other, by me, but I have been present at some of those performances where I am sure there was no collusion, and where every care was taken to avoid the possibility of trickery by the performer.

MANY PERSONS HAVE MIX-

ed up thought transference with spirituality, which is wholly unwarranted. The theory set forth by the thought transference people is practically identical with the theory which is demonstrated daily in radio, namely, that waves are constantly being sent out which are imperceptible under ordinary conditions, but which, with a properly tuned receiving apparatus, are distinguishable and intelligible. I am not passing on any of these theories.
Among the claims to distinction that the good town of Buxton can advance, in addition to being the home of Bud Reeve and Oscar Sorlie and the former home of Dr. James Grassick, is that it was once the home of Jim O'Neill. Some people call him that; others call him Mair and others who wish to be quite formal refer to him as James H. O'Neill, general manager of the western lines of the Great Northern. Fifty-odd years ago he was just Jim. The story of his progress is told in a short article in "Railroad Stories" entitled "O'Neill of the Great Northern," by Walter E. Mair.

JIM WAS ONE OF A FAMILY of seven, and, with his brothers and sisters he absorbed education at the Buxton village school until, at the age of 15 he thought he had better make some practical use of his education. Accordingly he got a job as water-boy for an extra gang at Devils Lake. Just how well he carried water is not recorded, but his early impression that the railroad life was the life for him had become thoroughly fixed. Before he was 15 Charlie Keller, conductor at Grand Forks, had put him on as brakeman, and Jim's father promptly took him off as he considered the boy too young for foolishness. There were arguments and arguments, but these arguments like a good many others in later years, were decided in favor of the railroad. Jim began assessing his job to untangle the traffic in the yards, and cars were unloaded with systematic care. Brakes were hand-set, which developed muscle and called for the use of it. The writer is not exaggerating when he says that digging out of a blizzard was a shovel job, for, while there were such things as snow plows, they were crude affairs. The rotary had not been invented, and the only way to get through a drift was to push. If pushing would not do the trick there was nothing for it but to get out and dig.

O'NEILL RAN TRAINS FOR 11 years, and then Captain Jenks, who was then superintendent at Grand Forks, thought he needed a little polish, so he had him sent to the general offices at Seattle. Jim was initiated into the mysteries of railroad accounting and for general culture. That lasted two or three years and in 1902 Jim was sent west to be trainmaster at Great Falls. He was moved on from one position to another, among his jobs being that of superintending the Cascade division in the years before the tunnel was built, and when taking a train across the mountains was a real adventure. Those were the days when the superintendent's office at Grand Forks attributed every train delay to "snow in the mountains," no matter what it was, and I suppose there were a good many times the explanation was correct.

DURING THE WAR Jim worked for the government, as all other railroad men did. He was stationed at Seattle as terminal manager of the U.S. Consolidated Railroad lines, and it was part of his job to untangle the traffic in the yards, where thousands of cars were held indefinitely while steam-boat lines were taking their pick of the choice freight and letting the rest lie. Jim began assessing demurrage at a rate which brought howls of protest from the dilatory ones, but the protests went unheeded, and cars were unloaded with frantic haste.

THE WAR OVER, THE BUXTON boy became general superintendent of the Great Northern's western lines, assistant general manager and general manager. There are only a few steps ahead of him, and his friends have no doubt that they will be taken in due course.

THE STORY OF JIM O'NEILL'S career could be duplicated in most of its essentials in the career of many of the men who hold top positions in the railway field. James J. Hill was a conspicuous example of remarkable development from small beginnings by sheer force of character, and the Great Northern has many men in important positions who began, if not as water boys, in equally obscure positions. This is true of railway work in general. Most of the men at the top have worked every step of the way.
THERE IS CONSTANT CONFLICT between those who favor the destruction of predatory birds and animals and those who do not. Much of the discussion revolves around crows and hawks, and both of these have their defenders, on the ground that while they do destroy other creatures which are considered useful, they also destroy vermin of other kinds and the good that they do overbalances the evil. Others emphasize the birds and insist that they should be destroyed wherever found. One Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., has some very decided opinions on the subject of hawks which he sets forth in a circular from which the following paragraphs are taken:

LET ME GIVE YOU THE NATURAL methods of our wickedest hawks' hunting system in their natural home, namely the virgin forest. He darts through the woods at a height of about six or eight feet from the ground. While he is shooting up at a one o'clock angle where he will perch on a limb as motionless as a statue about fifty feet from the ground, then in about five or ten minutes he will come darting down at a five o'clock angle creating speed and making no more noise than a dart, and if any bird moves in front of him he is on it like lightning. When in the open field he travels high and I have seen a Goshawk come down out of the air like a miniature aeroplane, and the Bobolinks and Meadow Larks dart and hide in the grass where he shoots up at about a one o'clock angle where he will perch on a limb as motionless as a statue about fifty feet from the ground.

Have the hunters gone out to kill them? No, but we have gone out by the millions, and combined our force with them and shot the game birds right and left. I do not know when the Passenger pigeon started dying but in 1878 I do know they were dying by the hundreds and in 1885 they were practically extinct.

THE GREAT COMPLAINT about killing the hawk is, you are "interfering with nature," or "upsetting nature's balance," as they killed the weak and the delicate one, which I firmly believe they did, and the great Provider put them here for that purpose. And now with the ninety-five per cent of their food birds gone, which includes the Passenger pigeons, the hawks are left here hungry, and the only way to restore nature, or bring to me, Jack the hawk, his own, not to reduce them to the same extent that other bird life has been reduced, for remember, while a hawk will take a weak, delicate bird first, he can and does catch any he wants to, all except the larger variety of hawks, which include the Red-Tail, Red-Shoulder and Broad-Winged Hawks. Personally, I do not shoot these big, clumsy varieties, for while they will take ravens and a few domestic fowl and so on, that does not bother me so much, but to find the feathers of our cheerful Cardinals and dozens of places where Mourning Doves have been killed and eaten by such varieties as Cooper's, Sharp-Shinned and Marsh Hawks, just sung to me, Jack to his own, not humane and do not love and know the value of our song and insectivorous birds and you will stand for it. Readers, one Cardinal singing good cheer near my home brings me more enjoyment than to see a hundred hawks and hear the terrorized cries of the Miner's valuable birds getting away from them.

AS FAR AS INTERFERING with nature is concerned the same may be said of the sheep dog. Are you going to allow him to continue unchecked in your community or are you going to control him? The same can be said of the wolves in Ontario, that have been allowed to multiply and have decreased our deer alarmingly the last twenty years and will continue to do so until they are controlled by man. The same could apply to our field mice or rabbits in our young orchards. If man goes and kills them, you, according to some men's arguments would be interfering with nature. I say this is nonsense, go and kill them and save your orchard that it may bear fruit for the rising generations. The same argument, re-interfering with nature, applies when you kill the typhoid fly. God created it, but He created man to control it. So I say, as far as this argument is concerned, it is up to men to control the hawks. Why bless your life, He has even given us power to control Niagara Falls.

IT IS TRUE THE SPARROW Hawk's chief living in the fall of the year is crickets and grasshoppers and I might say he is a good little mouse catcher, but years ago when I raised pheasants and quail in captivity, the first two or three weeks of these baby game birds' life, the Sparrow Hawk was one of my worst enemies. In fact one Sparrow Hawk carried away ten little baby pheasants in three hours. Yes, a great deal is said about the mouse-destroying ability of the hawks and owls and, in reply to this, the little weasel is the biggest mouse destroyer we have in America, yet I knew one weasel to kill and carry away thirty-three hundred pheasants in one night and pile them up under mullein leaves, etc. Next to the weasel there is nothing to equal the house cat, for both the weasel and the house cat are natural mouse killers, but the quicker they are buried beside the better for the song, insectivorous and game birds; but remember, the hawks are natural bird killers.

ONE PAGE OF MR. MINER'S circular describes in detail the contents of some 50 crops of hawks and owls which were examined. In nearly every case there were discovered the remains of smaller birds. In several cases the remains of young pheasants were found. In the crop of a red-tailed hawk was found a young blowing adder. The sparrow hawks seemed to have lived chiefly on insects, grasshoppers, crickets and dragon flies. The observations having been made in Ontario may not be applicable to this territory, but persons who observe closely the habits of our own birds may be interested in comparing this record with their own experiences.

-W. F. DAVIES.
NOWHERE IN THE WORLD can finer garden products be grown than in North Dakota. We do not grow oranges and bananas here, and we do not need to do so.

We can well afford to leave those things to our southern neighbors and confine our attention to the things that are adapted to our own climate. Of these there is a great variety, and the quality of such products is unexcelled. Instead of the orange, we have the tomato, and there is all the difference in the world between the tomato ripened on the vine in North Dakota and the southern product. The North Dakota tomato has a flavor that I have never found duplicated anywhere else.

* * *

IT SEEMS ODD WHEN THE tomato has become one of our standard vegetables, or fruits, whichever way it may be classified, to look back to the time when it was a rarity, grown only for ornamental purposes. While the tomato has been used as an article of food since long before my birth, its use was for a long time restricted to a few daring families and to particular localities. My own people had acquired the tomato habit quite early and raised and consumed great quantities of what most of the neighbors regarded with suspicion.

BY MANY PERSONS TOMATOES were considered rank poison, and I suppose that there are still those who adhere to the old belief that eating tomatoes caused cancer. If all the things that have been changed with responsibility for cancer were omitted from our diet we should starve to death.

* * *

IN THIS CLIMATE THE IMPORTANT thing in growing tomatoes is to get them started early. Tomatoes grown from seed planted out of doors in the spring will ripen occasionally, but the conditions must be just right, and in any case the early fall frosts are likely to catch them. The only safe plan is to use plants started indoors quite early, and for the person who has space for only a few plants it is real economy to pay the slight additional price for plants individually potted and well weathered so as to make them hardy. Such plants can be set out without having a leaf wilt and without any checking of growth.

THE SEED CATALOGUES enumerate dozens of varieties of tomatoes, and their selection is largely a matter of taste. My practice has been to grow two varieties, early and late. For the early sort I have grown usually the Earliana for the John Baer. The same variety is grown at about the same time, but my preference is for the John Baer, as it seems to be smoother than the other. For a late variety I have stuck steadily to the Ponderosa, which, I believe, is the largest tomato grown. I have found that species grown specially for exhibition purposes that weighed four pounds. Any such size can be attained of course, only by pruning and restricting the production of a vine to a single specimen, which is not feasible in growing for table use. Under ordinary garden conditions I have grown several Ponderosas that weighed 1½ pounds, and once I had one that tipped the scale at 28 ounces.

* * *

THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO not care for the flavor of Ponderosa, as they prefer a more acid tomato. For those who like a mild flavor it is ideal. It is pink, rather than scarlet in color, and almost seedless. A slice from one suggests a large steak.

* * *

THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT country for sweetpeas, but in recent years there has been a great deal of trouble from blight, and nobody seems to know exactly what to do about it. If anyone has any suggestions I should like to have them.

* * *

THOSE WHO HAVE HAD much experience in gardening know that most sprinkling does more harm than good. The roots of a plant are down in the soil, and not on the surface. If there is plenty of moisture in the root will go down after it. Repeated moistening of the surface tends to develop root growth near the surface, and then a day or two of hot wind burns the plants up. With small seedlings, of course, the surface needs to be kept moist until the plants are well established.

-W. P. DAVIES.
MAX GAULKE OFFERS AN
amendment or addition to the story
of the balky team that refused to
haul William J. Bryan from the
talk park in 1898. He says that
when the team refused to func-
tion admirers in the
crowd unhitched the
horses and hauled the carriage
themselves. He is
not sure whether they hauled the
tug all the way
down town or
only until another
and more rea-
sonable team had
been found. He
stood in the
crowd only a few
feet from the
platform and remembers the inci-
dent very well. I cannot speak of
this incident in the capacity of an
eyewitness, for I had business at
the office and left the place on my
bicycle as soon as the speech was
over. During the address, being a
newspaper man, I occupied a seat
on the platform, and, no doubt, I
was greatly envied by those who
had to stand up. At my left sat a
man who shall be nameless who,
during the entire address, kept up a
constant flow of talk in an under-
tone, explaining how well he knew
Mr. Bryan, how often he had met
him, what he had said to Bryan
and what Bryan said to him. About
half of this was addressed to me
and the other half to the man on
the other side, who, I am sure, en-
joyed it quite as much as I did.
I often wonder why it is that per-
sons otherwise apparently fairly
intelligent will persist in making
pests of themselves in that way.

ANOTHER MAN WHO
remembers the incident of the balky
team is Joseph Kitchen, of Wal-
challa. Mr. Kitchen has operated a
photographic studio in Walhalla
for 35 years, which he believes
makes him the oldest photographer
in point of continuous business in
one place. While I was visiting
with Mr. Kitchen the other day he
showed me a group photo of an
Old Settlers' gathering at Walhalla
in 1898. Seated in the exact cen-
ter of the foreground is James
Twamley, who for several years
was associated with Frank Willson
in the mercantile business in Grand
Forks. They occupied a two-story
frame building at the corner of
Third and DeMers which later be-
came the property of Mr. Twamley
and which was rented to R. B.
Griffith, later purchased by him
and removed to make room for the
present Ontario Store building.

MR. KITCHEN ARRIVED AT
the little village of Walhalla in
1897 with a portable photographic
outfit with which he had taken
pictures all the way down the val-
ley from Grand Forks. Reaching
Walhalla he liked the looks of the
place and remained there. On the
way he picked up Charles H. Lee,
a young printer in search of a lo-
cation. Lee had been working for
Frank Willson on the Bathgate
Pink Paper and had been investi-
gating the prospects in various
towns. Walhalla had no railroad
at that time, but one was expected
soon, and Lee decided to set up
business there. He established the
Mountaineer and conducted it until
his death. That paper has just
been awarded a trophy for the best
community service given by any
paper in a town with population
between 700 and 1,500.

WALHALLA IS NOW SERVED
by the Great Northern, but other
plans were in view at that time. Lo-
dal people had tried to induce Mr.
Hill in an extension of his road to
the village at the foot of the
mountain, but his reaction was not
encouraging. After suffering sev-
eral disappointments the townspeo-
dle determined to take matters into
their own hands. They organized
the Walhalla, Bathgate & Dray-
ton Railroad company and proceed-
ed to obtain right of way for a
road connecting Walhalla with Drayton and crossing the Great
Northern to Bathgate. The plan
was to ignore the Great Northern
altogether and connect up with the
Northern Pacific at Drayton. Mr.
Hill saw the light in due time and
built the branch from Grafton to
Walhalla. The war was over and
the projected Farmers' line was
abandoned.

WALHALLA OCCUPIES ONE
of the most beautiful sites in the
state. The elevation at the west is
known locally as the mountain. It
does not compare in height with
the Rockies, but it is something
more than a mere hill. Seen from
the east it looms up against the
Rockies, but it is something
more than a mere hill. Seen from
the east it looms up against the
channel in sharp contrast to the
plainness of the valley below. It is
a stiff climb to the top of the moun-
tain, but the view is worth the ef-
fort, even if one must make it on
foot. From the great elevation one
looks down across the entire val-
ley, with its farms and groves and
the river fringed with timber wind-
ing its irregular way toward the
Red. The effect is particularly
pleasing on a summer afternoon
of alternating sunshine and show-
ers. Then one may watch little
showers chasing each other across
the plain, each presenting a dense
veil of falling water, while between
the sun shines brightly and creates
interesting combinations of light
and shadow.

IN THE VIEW FROM THE
mountain alone Walhalla has an
asset such as few other towns pos-
sess. The completion of the grad-
ing of Highway 32 makes the town
easily accessible from the south,
and as that road is to be graveled
this season tourists, whether from
a distance or from our own state,
I HAVE JUST BEEN READING a mystery story, a type of literature of which I have always been fond. I have read that many great men have been fond of mystery stories, and I have seen learned explanations of why the distinguished judge or legislator, when starting on a vacation, back his grip full of detective stories instead of with the high-brow stuff which might seem more in his line. It may be that the psychologist can put his finger on the precise thing that a mystery story does to the mind of a great thinker, just as the dietitian can tell exactly what a spoonful of applesauce will do to one’s thyroid or pancreas. I don’t believe, however, that anyone reads mystery stories in order that he may be able to the better to grapple with the problems of the universe any more than any normal person eats apple-sauce just for its effect on his secretions. I have a suspicion that most of those who read such stories read them because they like them. Anyway, that’s why I read them, and not with any thought of physical, intellectual or moral benefit.

I HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED in some recent mystery stories because they contain too much mystery. Being a person of simple tastes I never cared much for a nine course dinner, not even when times were flush. could always get enough calories and vitamins from a good roast with a few simple trimmings, whereas the more complicated menu was confusing and disturbing. Similarly, I like my mystery stories so planned that I need not have expert knowledge of any of the logics in order to keep track of it.

IN THE YARN WHICH I have just finished there are two murders, an embezzlement and some minor offenses. This is a deplorable waste of good material, and waste of every kind should be avoided in times like these. I am fond of murders, provided they are well done. I don’t like them messy, or too emotional. The indiscriminate scattering around of mangled remains is repugnant to me, and it is very uncomfortable to have a lot of weeping relatives around.

STORIES THAT CONTAIN such elements are avoided by me, except in emergencies, but: you take a neat, clever, artistic murder and you have something that can be made thoroughly satisfactory with proper treatment. The trouble with the story which I have mentioned is that the perfect fatal murder by lugging in another and entirely unnecessary one. The reader is thus compelled to scatter when he ought to concentrate. At the outset he is presented with a good, standard murder upon which to exercise his wits. He follows the several clues, finds suspicion cast first on one person and then on another and the trial is leading toward a satisfactory conclusion when Bang! another murder is committed and the reader is instead of being on firm ground he is up to his neck in a bog.

IF A MURDER HAS NOT SUFFICIENT merit to stand on its own feet the writer should leave it alone. There are plenty of good ones.

THE MAN WHO DROVE THE balky team which refused to haul William J. Bryan is Louis Campbell, for a good many ears secretary of the Red River Valley Brick corporation, and now with the Robertson Lumber company. While in Grand Forks on a business trip Mr. Campbell read the story of the balky team and confessed that he was the man on the box on that eventful occasion. He denies emphatically that the balked was prearranged or had any political significance, but he admits that both he and others around the barn knew that those big blacks were tricky.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF territorial and state history the late M. F. Murphy was a Republican, and at one time he was elected to the state senate from the Sixth district on the Republican ticket. Later he became an enthusiastic Bryan man and a member of the Democratic party. Louis Campbell was an equally pronounced Republican. On the day of the 1900 Bryan meeting it was his job to drive the speaker to the grounds and to remain in charge of the anniversary. During the address, close to the platform, in order that there might be no delay in leaving after the meeting. Seeing him there Mr. Murphy said to him: “Louis, I'm glad to see that you’ve got to sit right here close to the platform and listen to every word of the speech. And I hope it will do you some good.”
AMONG THE EFFECTS OF the late Dr. H. M. Wheeler was found recently an interesting souvenir in the form of a booklet issued by the Grand Forks Commercial club in connection with a tour of the Great Northern lines in North Dakota, August 20-21, 1906. At this distance the names of the club officers and directors and of the members of the excursion party will bring up a good many recollections in the minds of those who were left. At that time E. J. Lander was president of the club Alvin Robertson first vice president, W. K. Nash, second vice president, A. L. Woods secretary, and F. S. Sargent, treasurer. The directors were Alvin Robertson, Sig Wolf, N. G. Benner, H. Bendekte, R. B. Griffith, M. F. Murphy, Chas. Barnes, Geo, B. Clifford, William Spriggs, E. J. Lander, Geo. B. Winship, John Dinlin, W. K. Nash, H. N. Wells and Geo. E. Duis.


The original idea was to have the excursion cover all the Great Northern lines north and west of Grand Forks to the Montana line. On a check of the mileage it was found that this could not be done in the five days assigned to the tour and it was necessary to omit the Neche, Walhalla and Hannah lines. The excursionists made the automobile on the next excursion.

** * * ** WITH THE EXCEPTION OF these lines the entire Great Northern system in the northern part of the state was covered and a great many recollections were made at every station. The tour was so arranged that if a particular station was passed in the night going one way it would be visited by daylight on the return trip. If it was nightfall when a branch was reached the run to the northern terminus was made during the night and stops were made all the way back next day. If the branch was reached in the morning the line would be worked to the end and the run back made at night.

** * * ** AT EVERY STOP THE EXCURSIONISTS, headed by the band, would parade through the principal street, make personal calls at the business places, and selected orators representing excursionists and local community would exchange greetings. Some of the stops were of but a few minutes, while at the larger towns stops of an hour or more were made. In order to make sure that no part of the mileage had been missed the train was run across the Missouri, yields to the spirit of play.

** * * ** ALTOGETHER IT WAS A pleasant week. Nobody tried to sell anything, the object being to see the country and get acquainted. Not only did the excursionists see places that were new to many of them and meet people whom they had never met before, but they got better acquainted with each other than they had ever been. Let seventy or more men spend a week together on a train and they will make interesting discoveries concerning each other, and most of those discoveries will be desirable. Men who have been regarded as distant and chilly thaw out perceptibly, with good companionship, and dignity yields to the spirit of play.

** * * ** IN SCANNING THE LIST of excursionists I was interested in noting that a fair of the men who were honored at the Masonic exercises on Sunday, Dr. Wheeler, D. M. Holmes and Geo. B. Winship, had been members of that party. Probably H. Bendekte was away on one of his frequent trips to Europe.

Davies

** * * **

ON A MONDAY MORNING this company boarded a special train consisting, according to my recollection, of two Pullmans, day coach, diner and baggage car. Conductor Charles McCormick had charge of the train, and he was assisted by Brakeman R. J. Purcell. The Grand Forks Military band of 18 pieces made the trip and furnished music at all stops.
WHEN THE TURNER SASH and door factory burned the other day there was some comparing of notes over where and when the first sash and door factory in Grand Forks was built. In *The Herald* for October 18, 1882, mention was made of the fact that H. F. Langard was preparing to build a sash and door factory on lower Third street, near the boat yards. That must have been the first plant of that kind in Grand Forks. Along in the nineties the mill was operated by Archie Chisholm. In addition to the usual planing mill work Chisholm did considerable custom sawing. The Walker mill and later the big mill at East Grand Forks, sawed lumber from pine logs from the Minnesota pine woods. The Chisholm mill confined its lumber operations chiefly to hardwood logs cut from the timber belt along the two rivers.

AT THAT TIME THERE WAS abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims cut logs in the winter and floated them down in the spring, while those downstream hauled their logs to Grand Forks on the ice. Many thousands of feet of oak and elm lumber were thus produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good.

ADJOINING THE CHISHOLM mill was another building, for what purpose first used I do not know, which was the first home of the Grand Forks Woolen mill. It was a rambling old structure and was not intended as permanent quarters. When it appeared likely that the woolen mill experiment was likely to be successful the company built the building at Third and University which has been occupied for several years by E. Sandlie. For a time it seemed that this plant would be a permanent asset of great value to the city and state, but the competition of the big Eastern mills was too strenuous and the business was discontinued.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT for passengers on the Great Northern west from Grand Forks in these days to imagine a steamboat at Bartlett, but there was one there forty years ago. Just how or why it happened to be at Bartlett I do not know, but forty years ago

this month Captain Hugh Maloney was arranging to have the boat transported to Devils Lake, where he expected to use it for passenger and freight business. The boat, 60 feet long, had presumably been shipped from the east and unloaded at Bartlett, which at that time was the end of the railroad. It had been hoped to float the craft to the east end of Devils Lake, but this had not been found possible. Some one had contracted to haul it overland for $400. The plan was to have the boat make regular trips, day and night, on Devils Lake, carrying passengers by day and freight at night. Whether or not the boat was ever got to Devils Lake I do not know. Perhaps somebody else does.

IN THE EIGHTIES THE COUNTRY was full of railway rumors, and he was a pessimistic man who did not expect a new road to strike his town within almost any time. Another rumor had it that the Northwestern was heading this way and might be expected to arrive at Drayton within a year or two. There were also numerous roads projected by independent promoters, and the number of these was legion.

A MAN NAMED MUNGER WAS given much space in the papers in connection with his project for a road from Grand Forks to Duluth. His scheme flattened out, but Munger was afterward associated with D. W. Hines in the promotion of a Farmers' railroad to Duluth. This project was originated by Hines, a Pembina county farmer who had several queer twists in his head. One of these was for building railroads, and the founding of religious sects.

THE ORIGINAL HINES PROJECT was for a road from Drayton to Duluth. Farmers were to do the right-of-way, and anyone was willing to give a few rods of land in order to have a railroad pass right by his door. Grading was to be done by the farmers in exchange for stock in the road. There were also offers by owners of Minnesota timber land, also in exchange for stock. Then, with the roadbed built and the ties available, the road was to be bonded for enough money to provide rails, materials, and the money to complete the job. It all figured out very nicely, and Hines had an enthusiastic following.

WITH THE PROSPECTS for his main line promising, Hines began to respond to demands for branches and the branches became so numerous that the whole scheme fell through.
MENTION HAS BEEN MADE
in this column of certain murders
which attracted wide attention in
Ontario some fifty years ago. Da-
Kota territory also had its homi-
cide sensations, and was well
remembered by many of the pre-
sent residents of the state. This was
the killing of the Ward Brothers on
April 26, 1855. This was the out-
growth of one of the contests over
homestead rights which were quite
common for several years as the
territory was being settled up.

EACH SPRING FOR SEVERAL
years every train was loaded with
land seekers from the east. Most
of these were speculative settlers
in search of homes, while others
were speculators of one sort or an-
other who expected to profit from
the demand for land without put-
ting either money or labor into it
themselves. Among these riffraff
accompanying the tide of genuine
immigration were those who adopt-
ed the profession of claim-jumping
as the easiest way to make a liv-
ing.

VARIOUS METHODS WERE
employed by the claim-jumpers.
One of these which was often used
was a species of blackmail which
has its parallel in what is now usu-
ally called racketeering. Claim-
jumpers, usually working in pairs,
would establish themselves on a
claim already occupied or would
move into the shack of the home-
stead while he was temporarily
absent and would then negotiate
for a cash payment as the price of
their withdrawal. The homestead-
er faced the possibility of a long
contest before land office people
without any certainty that they
would not be disposed by the use
of perjured testimony. In any case
a contest would continue month
after month. Quite often the jumpers
were bought off for the sake of peace.
Then they moved on to try the
same game on some other victim.

PUBLIC RESENTMENT WAS
strong against these unscrupulous
characters, and it was considered quite pardon-
able to shoot the claim-jumpers at
sight. This was actually done in
some cases, and if legal proceed-
ings were instituted there were no
convictions. Jurors gave a liberal
interpretation to the theory of self-
defense.

IT WAS WHILE THERE WAS
much heat over claim-jumping that
the Ward incident occurred. Two
brothers, Charles F. and Frederick
Ward, had a dispute with a settler
named Bell over the right to a
claim. They asserted that Bell had
set up his shanty on a section line
and was trying to hold two claims
at once. One of the Wards built
a cabin on one of these claims, which
Bell maintained was his own.
Ward was ordered off, and as he
failed to move, his cabin was
wrecked by other settlers who sympa-
thized with Bell. The Wards
built another cabin and were in-
side with a companion named Eli-
ott when a posse of settlers ap-
peared before the shanty.

THERE WAS WIDE DIS-
agreement as to what actually oc-
curred. It is certain that shots were
fired from both sides, but there
was dispute as to which aide first.
One story had it that a volley of
shots was first fired from the
cabin, wounding, though not
seriously injuring one or more of
the posse. The other story repre-
sented the settlers pouring a fusil-
ade into the cabin when one of the
Wards opened the door, the Wards
returning the shots for a time.
When the shooting was over both
the Wards were dead. Elliott es-
caped with a beating.

FEELING OVER THE AFFAIR
ran high. On the one hand it was
represented that the killing of the
Wards was a brutal and unpro-
voked murder, and that the Wards
were within the rights, legal and
moral. On the other hand it was
said that the Wards were profes-
sional claim-jumpers who had been
employed for this purpose by oth-
ers who planned to appropriate
large tracks of land by dispossess-
ing honest settlers, and that they
had been engaged in similar opera-
tions in the vicinity of Bartlett, at
that time the end of the railroad.

I HAD BEEN IN THE JAMES
River valley the year before this oc-
curred and had heard much of the
activities of claim-jumpers and of
the indignation which had been
aroused against them among the
settlers. Then I was away for a
year, and learned of the Ward episo-
de only through the papers. I lost track of it after that and do
not know what disposition was
made of the cases against some
of the settlers who were placed under arrest. There must
be a good many people who know
whether or not anyone connected
with the case was convicted, or
just what did happen. I should be
pleased to hear from any who have
knowledge of the facts.
IT IS JUST 35 YEARS SINCE there was organized what I believe was the first baseball league that functioned in this part of the country. At a meeting held at Fargo on April 30, 1897, the Red River Valley Baseball league was organized. The members were Grand Forks, Fargo, Moorhead and Wahpeton-Breckenridge. Before that time games had been played intermittently between teams representing various towns in the valley, but the new league was created to place baseball on a scale more nearly corresponding to that of the big leagues. The first Grand Forks team in this league was managed by W. A. Gordon, then engaged in the insurance business here and a member of the state senate from the Seventh district. In order that at least a partial amateur status should be preserved and to prevent rivalry in the payment of salaries to professional players it was decided to establish a salary limit of $400, but whether this was for the season or per month I am not clear. My recollection is that it was intended that each team should employ as paid players only a pitcher and catcher. Whatever the understanding was, accusations of violating the salary agreement were soon hurled back and forth, the general belief being that the Moorhead saloonkeepers were the worst offenders, they being determined that their town should win the league pennant regardless of limits.

IN CONNECTION WITH BASEBALL I have a letter from an old baseball fan, L. R. Nostdal of Rugby, by whose experience, I am sure, has been shared by some others who do not follow the game closely enough to be familiar with the nicknames applied to the several teams. Mr. Nostdal writes:

"I HAVE BEEN A CONSTANT reader of 'The Herald' for over 30 years and of your 'That Reminds Me' column since that was started. This column seems to create a good deal of interesting discussion among your readers.

"IT IS NOW NEARLY 30 years since I left college and, as is probably the case with most Old Timers, I have been unable to spend much time in keeping track of the various sports reported in the press, but for several years after leaving college I did read the 'Sports Page' with interest. For the last 12 or 15 years, however, I have very seldom read the 'sports page' for the reason I can not understand the names applied to the various teams and contestants. About the only part of the 'sports page' I read, of baseball reports, is the percentage column where the names of the teams are correctly given.

"AS AN ILLUSTRATION I will quote some of the names applied to some contend ing teams as given in some of the last issues of the Herald, to-wit: Cards, Cardinals, Pirates, Braves, Dodgers, Phillies, Athletics, Cubs, Bears, Wild Cats, Sox, Red Sox, Hub Sox, Red Legs, Red Sox, White Sox, Browns, Blues, Reds, Red Birds, Indians, Sioux, Tigers, Hens, Mud Hens, Senators, Brewers, Millers, Colonelles, Giants, Midgets, Bucs, Bucaneers, Owls, Saints, Apostles and Devils and many other names.

"OF COURSE, I AM PROBABLY an old fogy and don't keep up with the times, but I do not like to ask some youngster to what cities the various teams belong and consequently I generally pass up the 'Sports Page,' and I believe many of the other old timers do the same and for the same reason."

NUMEROUS STORIES HAVE been published concerning the remarkable runs made by plays which at first were refused as hopeless by producer after producer. In an announcement of the forthcoming appearance in Grand Forks of James A. Herne in "Shore Acres" in 1897 there is told the story of the difficulties which Herne experienced in getting his play produced. He peddled it all over New York and nobody would touch it. At length R. M. Field consented to give the piece a trial in the Boston Museum. Field himself had no faith in it and had another play in rehearsal to put on after the expected flop. The play took hold immediately and ran for something like 200 nights, and for years it was the outstanding play of its class. It was succeeded by a whole flock of down east plays, several of which made fortunes for their producers, largely on the strength of the popularity of "Shore Acres."