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WRITING ABOUT FORMS OF speech, dialect, and so forth, I 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 southern. 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 southerners. 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. Anywhere 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 speech. 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 Ferguson, the Campbell and the McDonald 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 celled 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.**

**ON MONDAY, MARCH 14, observers reported that 100,000 ducks were starving in the Cedar Point Cove district of Ohio alone. Mallards, pintails, widgeon, teal and canvasbacks so weak they could hardly raise their heads from the ice were fed and watered. Because of the mild winter, waterfowl started their slow migration northward, with many stops along the way, early in February.**

I HAVE NEVER HAPPENED to see geese frozen in the ice of ponds on which they had settled, but I have seen many ducks caught in this manner. The birds, deceived by premature warm weather, had supposed that it was time for the northern flight and had pushed because they could not foresee the weather a day or two, or a hundred miles or so, ahead. The northern flight of the waterfowl is, nevertheless, a cheerful thing. It belongs to spring, and we associate it with warm weather, the upward movement of sap in the trees, the decking of the trees with foliage, the greening of meadows and the blooming of early flowers. I enjoy the honk, honk, of the geese overhead, even though they know no more about the weather than I do.

**ANOTHER FAMILIAR SUPERSTITION is that an early Easter means an early spring. This year Easter came on March 27, within five days of its earliest possible date. Easter may be a full month later than it was this year. According to the tradition this should be an early spring.**

**IT IS NOW APRIL, AND, while open plowed fields are fairly free from snow, there are still remnants of drifts in all sheltered places, and it will take warm days and drying winds to make seeding general by the 8th or 10th of the month. That is just about the average time, neither very late nor very early. We have often had a week's seeding in March.**

**THERE IS NO DIRECT CONNECTION between Easter and any natural phenomena except that the time is of the vernal, or paschal full moon is used as a basis. But all the rest of it is as man-made as election day. Hundreds of years ago certain individuals decided that the festival should be solemnized on a date fixed by a purely arbitrary method of reckoning. The time may be set for a given fixed date, as the second or third Sunday in April, and the change will have no effect whatever on the weather.**
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 CUSTODIAN OF THE KIDNAPED PERSON MAY PROVE EMBARRASSING. POSSESSION OF THE SUBJECT IS OF NO ADVANTAGE IN ITSELF. THAT IS SIMPLY A MEANS TO AN END, THE END BEING THE ACQUISITION OF MONEY. THERE MAY BE DELAYS IN GETTING INTO CONTACT WITH THE PERSONS 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 KIDNAPED PERSON MAY BE FEARED, 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.

THAT REMINDS ME

BY W. P. DAVIES

* * * * * * * *

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 SOMETIMES 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 SOMETIMES OFFERED. THEN, WHEN THE LOOT IS GATHERED, THE ROBBERS ARE IMMEDIATELY IN POSSESSION OF THEIR SPOIL AND NEED ONLY ENTER THEIR WAITING CAR AND DRIVE OFF. THERE ARE NO LATER NEGOTIATIONS, NO BARGAINING, NO WAITING, NO DoubT TO AS MONEY BEING PAID, NO NEED TO PROVIDE FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND CUSTODY OF A HOSTAGE. AND, INASMUCH AS THE BANK IS ALWAYS INSURED, AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY RECEIVES A PREMIUM SUFFICIENT TO COVER THE RISK, POPULAR SENTIMENT IS NOT AROUSED AS IN THE CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

* * * PRESS DISPATCHES TELL OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, A FAMOUS ACTOR, AT THE AGE OF 85. THOMAS INHERITED HIS FATHER'S GREAT PLAY AND STARRED IN IT FOR MANY YEARS. HE NEVER REACHED THE HIGH PLACE IN PUBLIC ESTEEM WHICH WAS OCCUPIED FOR SO MANY YEARS BY HIS FATHER, WHICH FACT WAS DUE IN PART, NO DOUBT, THAT THOSE WHO HAD SEEN THE FATHER WERE UNWILLING TO ACCEPT THAT THE SON HAD EQUALLED HIM. THOMAS NOT ONLY SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN THE PART WHICH THE FATHER HAD MADE FAMOUS, BUT ALSO SUCCEEDED FRANK BACON, AFTER THE LATTER'S DEATH, IN "LIGHTNING," WHICH IS THE ONE PLAY BY WHICH BACON IS REMEMBERED.


* * * * * * *

SOME OF OUR RADIO LISTENERS HEARD AN ANNOUNCER IN YANKTON ON A RECENT EVENING TELL A STORY WHICH SWEPT OVER THE NORTHWEST ON THAT SAME DATE IN 1873. I DID NOT HEAR THE BROADCAST, BUT AS I RECALL THE STORY AS IT WAS TOLD ME, A COMPANY OF SOLDIERS HAD ARRIVED AT YANKTON AND HAD MADE CAMP A MILE OR SO OUT OF THE TOWN. THE STORM CAME UP AB�D THE WEATHER TURNED BITTERLY COLD. SNOW FILLED THE AIR AFTER THE USUAL FASHION OF THE FIERCE BLIZZARD. THE SOLDIERS WERE ON THE PRAIRIE IN THEIR TENTS AND WERE LIKELY TO PERISH UNLESS THEY COULD BE BROUGHT TO BETTER SHELTER. ANY ATTEMPT TO HELP THEM WOULD BE Hazardous. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE MORE THAN A FEW FEET THROUGH THE FLYING SNOW.


W. P. DAVIES.
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY 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 
I came from Brantford, which 
it take to be a com- 
pliment to the old 
town. Hope all 
Brantford people 
will appreciate it. 
Mr. Stewart 
writes: "We were 
near neighbors in 
old Ontario. I am 
from, Tavistock, 
not far from 
Brantford, and 
quite near the 
Drumbo swamp, 
where the Birches 
murdered Ben- 
well. I was born 
on the edge of 
the Queen's bush, 
but came with my parents to Tav- 
istock when I was but 5 years old. 
Then the stages ran from Wood- 
stock 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 
stack 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 
three days I went down the 
Red on the old Selkirk with Cap- 
tain 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 New- 
port 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- 
SI can for dinner."

** **

"I CAME TO NORTH DAKOTA 
in 1880, homesteaded near Cashel, 
and got along fine. I have the 
same homestead yet. John Zedlik, 
of Zednik & 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 Walhalis, 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 
took place November 14, 1890.

** **

FORTY YEARS AGO MR. Wilkinson came to North Dakota 
and settled at Cashel, Walsh coun- 
ty, where he lived until 1903. 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 passport. People come 
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 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 seen verses re- 
lating 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 near- 
ly all, of them, it seems better not 
to publish any.

** **

DURING THE LEGISLATIVE 
session of $1899-90, in which the 
notorious lottery bill was the bone 
of contention, a petition protesting 
against the passage of the 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 B. C. 
Reeve, then, as now, of Buxton. It 
rhan thus:

"IF WE CAN'T HAVE THE 
Louisiana lottery at Buxton I'm 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 
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 those 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.

ON 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."

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.
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.

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 farming; 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 AN' 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 calves, or the wheat may grow green again t' the sheaf—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 SUMMAT-LIKE TO SEE such a man as that i' 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 Methodisses 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 i' 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 woman. 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 "Ring Adair?" A radio announcer has just attributed the words to Burns. Somewhere I have seen those words credited to a Lady Douglass. 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, all the words are ascribed to Caroline Keapel and in another to Caroline Keapel. The music, wherever I find 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. THE PARTICULAR LETTER WAS NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION. IT IS UNOBJECTIONABLE 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 WHOM HAVE SPECIFIC DUTIES TO PERFORM. I AM INVITED TO UNDERTAKE THIS, AND HAVE OTHERS PARTICIPATE IN IT, WITH NO INFORMATION THAT ANYTHING OF THE SORT IS REQUIRED OR DESIRABLE 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 IS 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 THE ONE TO WEAR THE BLIND. OCCASIONAL USE OF HIMSELF IS UNACCOMPROMATING. THEREFORE, INSTEAD OF HIS NAME MIGHT BE SIGNED, "A SUBSCRIBER"

WILL YOU WRITE IN "A SUBSCRIBER'S" NAME TO THE NEWSPAPER? I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR OWN PRIVATE STOCK DECLARE A PLAN. TO EACH APPLICANT HE SAID: "YOU'LL SELL YOU A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH, THIS WAY: YOU GIVE ME YOUR PERSONAL CHECK, OR CASH, FOR SIX DOLLARS. THAT'S WHAT THE STUFF COST ME. ALSO, YOU GIVE ME A CERTIFIED CHECK FOR $250, THE AMOUNT OF FINE AND COSTS IF I'M PINCHED. I'LL HOLD THE CERTIFIED CHECK FOR THREE MONTHS AND IF I'M NOT IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS, I'D NOT INTEND TO VIOLATE THE LAW; AND I'D NOT WANT TO HAVE HIS PRIVATE STOCK DISCLAIMED OF THE LAW." THE WRITER SAID: "YOU LAY IN A LARGE SUPPLY OF BOTTLED GOODS AND FELT AMPLY PROTECTED AGAINST PROSPECTIVE DROUGHT."

THERE IS A RATHER PREVALENT MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE MATTER OF LIABILITY FOR LIBELOUS PUBLICATION. OCCASIONALLY A NEWSPAPER RECEIVES A LETTER FROM AN IRATE CITIZEN A LETTER DENOUNCING SOME INDIVIDUAL AS A LIAR, A HORSE-THEIF, 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 YOU WERE GOING TO PUBLISH IT. I'M PERFECTLY RESPONSIBLE, AND IF THAT FELLOW BRINGS SUIT AND STICKS YOU FOR DAMAGES I'LL PAY THE BILL." "THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH," SAID MY FRIEND, BUT "I'M TAKING NO CHANCES. YOU MAY DIE IN THE MEANTIME. YOU GIVE ME A SURETY BOND FOR $50,000, AND I'll PUBLISH THE LETTER." THE LETTER WAS NOT PUBLISHED.

SPEAKING OF INDEMNITY BONDS REMINDS ME OF THE DEVICE EMPLOYED BY THE MAN WHO 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 LATE PROHIBITION LAW WENT INTO EFFECT, HE LAID IN A FAIRLY LARGE SUPPLY OF BOTTLED GOODS AND FELT AMPLY PROTECTED AGAINST PROSPECTIVE DROUGHT.

WHILE LIQUOR COULD BE OBTAINED, AND WAS OBTAINED, DURING THE PROHIBITION PERIOD, ITS PROCUREMENT ENTAILLED SOME INCONVENIENCE, AND WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN THAT MY FRIEND HAD A CONSIDERABLE SUPPLY IN HIS CELLAR, HE HAD NUMEROUS APPLICATIONS FOR THE PURCHASE OF A BOTTLE OR TWO. HE WAS NOT IN THE LIQUOR BUSINESS; HE DID NOT INTEND TO VIOLATE THE LAW; AND HE DID NOT WANT TO HAVE HIS OWN PRIVATE STOCK DEPLETED. YET HE DID NOT WANT TO SPECIFICALLY DISPERSE HIS STOCK, AND SO HE DEVISED A PLAN. TO EACH APPLICANT HE SAID: "YOU GIVE ME YOUR PERSONAL CHECK, OR CASH, FOR SIX DOLLARS. THAT'S WHAT THE STUFF COST ME. ALSO, YOU GIVE ME A CERTIFIED CHECK FOR $250, THE AMOUNT OF FINE AND COSTS IF I'M PINCHED. I'LL HOLD THE CERTIFIED CHECK FOR THREE MONTHS, AND IF NOTHING HAPPENS BY THAT TIME, I'LL RETURN IT." HE NEVER MADE A SALE, AND HIS STOCK LASTED HIM UNTIL LONG AFTER THE PROHIBITION LAW WAS REPEALED.

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.

**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 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 WEARIN’ OF THE GREEN.**

Davies

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.
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 condi-
tions much like our own, the scions
present quite well to the wild life of
our own state.

On Thursday evening Prof. Jack-
son 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, being in summer 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 Emer-
son. 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 par-
ties discovered this, they turned
back and the main flight was
checked. When the advance squad-
ions fall to return, he said, the
birds in the main body know that
it is safe to go ahead. Snow, he ex-
plained, confuses the birds by
scaring 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 Da-
kota last year. Prof. Jackson says
that only 20 of these great birds
have been reported in Manitoba
during the past 10 years.

** THE FIRST SPRAYING HAS
made its appearance in numerous
localities. I saw one the other
evening in the act of swallowing an
angie worm—another case of the
easy bird and the early worm. Tu-
lips 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 62 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. I know they have
had experience with something of the sort, not with
airplanes, it is true, but with a sim-
ilar method of spreading seed
grain. It all dates back, of course,
to the days when "right hand, forth to sow," carrying his sack in
front of him and spreading the
grain right and left with rhythm-
icstrokes 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 IN-
vented a seeder which, drawn by
horses distributed the grain from
a hopper and had a set of cultiva-
tor teeth attached, so that sowing
and covering was done at one op-
eration. 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
Chiled the solid-seed method. Es-
sential part of this was a whirling
flanged disc, upon which the seed
ran from a hopper, and was distrib-
uted, right, left and rear, covering
a strip 24 to 30 feet wide. This lit-
tle machine was attached to the
rear of a wagon box and was driven
by a chain from a sprocket wheel
on the rear wagon wheel.

** WITH THIS 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 even-
ness. After sowing the grain was
harrowed in, but with this system
covered more ground than the older
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 oth-
ers were covered to two or three in-
ches deep. There was therefore con-
siderable variation in germination
and ripening. There was also trou-
bule with blowing in a windy spring.
Presently the drill was invented, and
all the old broadcasting methods
were abandoned.

** WITH THAT BACKGROUND
of experience with broadcasting I
am wondering when open-field
seed sown on a windy day from a
height of 85 feet from a seeder go-
ing a mile a minute. Also, I won-
der 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 them- selves 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 of 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," whom I ever saw. For some years his widow carried on her 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 magician 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 none should be permitted to pass 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 the things he did 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 confuse the view.

AFTER THE USUAL HOCUS- pocus of cat's eye McEwan's girl was laid out on a couch before him. As was the man who later did so many tricks and for whom she was raised clear of the couch, which was then rolled aside, leaving only the girl in mid-air and the performer standing behind her. 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 theater, explained it, 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 whose name I have forgotten. His act was toward the rear curtain in a somewhat dim light. This chap laid his girl out on a low stand, threw a light drape over her, and as he usually does, when the covered form was raised a foot or so the stand was removed, leaving the draped body aloft in the air. Then, after the customary patter, the magician, whom I had not seen for years, on the stage, approached the suspended form and reached out, evidently to remove the drape. Everybody had seen girls floating in the air before, and many of them was greatly interested. The cloth was stretched away, and, greatly to our astonishment, there wasn't any girl 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 MENTIONED the manner in which old Herald people have become scattered throughout the country. One runs across them almost everywhere.

The other day I picked up a little weekly paper, the Times, while he was not fishing. In the little fishing village of St. Petersburg he picked up a little weekly paper, the Times, with which to amuse himself 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 “Wilt thou stay or go with me, Eileen Aroon,” 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 given before 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” compiled by Henry Reddell, 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 rival. 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 lariyer (presumably a minstrel) sang it to the bride. In response to the question ‘Wilt 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 1780. 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 Albemarle, 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 of the earl until the earl had compelled to consent to her marriage with her lover. 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 mourning for his bride. ‘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 Albemarle, and Lady Caroline was his daughter. She married the best-known song the warp and woof of two loves, centuries apart, and the woven pattern has all the exquisite delicacy of love and chivalry. It is rather strange that the song should so generally be thought to have originated in Scotland. From the above accounts all the persons associated with either words or music were either Irish or English.

W. P. DAVIES.
REFERENCE WAS MADE IN this column some time ago to the part played by James Robinson, the brands on these cattle were cut, and drove 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 their tepees. By this time the Indians 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 KINDLY to ranch life and became a part of it, and in the Canadian northwest, most of which was then unorganized. The ranch was near a large Indian reservation, and Colonel Taylor-Haye was a staunch friend of the natives and greatly interested in their welfare.

ON ONE OCCASION COLONEL Taylor-Haye was instrumental in saving an Indian's claim for him. A rascal in the penitentiary had tricked him out of it. This fellow had obtained several hundred 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 proceedings to be brought which resulted in the restoration of the Indian's land and the imprisonment of the rascal in the penitentiary.

WHEN THE INDIANS, PARTLY 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 special request the authorities painted marks which indicated to all tribesmen that nothing so marked was to be molested. To each member of the family was given a white feather as a symbol of peace.

IN ORDER TO MAKE ASSURANCE doubly sure little Anna Louise Fleming, who afterward became Mrs. Huff, was born in England, and, orphaned in infancy, was adopted by an uncle, Colonel Frank Taylor-Haye, and taken by him to live on and tend the ranch. He was then unorganized. The ranch was near a large Indian reservation, and Colonel Taylor-Haye was a staunch friend of the natives and greatly interested in their welfare.

Davies

Among them were belonging to the Taylor-Haye ranch. As fast as the brands on these cattle were recognized the animals were cut, rounded up and driven back to their own range.

When the Indians learned that young Miss Fleming, living on a far western ranch, was a descendent of the Doukhobors, whom they understood to come from Russia, they were extremely curious to learn what was the nature of the new people who had invaded their land. 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 their tepees. By this time the Indians 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 kindly to ranch life and became a part of it. She learned that young Miss Fleming, living on a far western ranch, was a descendent of the Doukhobors, whom they understood to come from Russia, and were extremely curious to learn what was the nature of the new people who had invaded their land. 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 their tepees. By this time the Indians 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.

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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 people of all parts of the United States and he maintains that he has always dealt with a business proposition on its merits, without inquiring into the political affiliations of the parties 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 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, 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 building 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 another team 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. KNUSTON 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 Edmon ton 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 made in selling goods to prospectors and settlers, and he started a little store in which he prospered so well that before long he had bought a large 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.

READ 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 MIXED up thought transference with spiritism, 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 Budd Reeve and Oscar Sorile 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 Mr. and others who wish to be quite formal refer to him as James H. O'Neill, general manager of the western line 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 such foolishness. There were arguments and arguments, but these arguments like a good many others in later years, were decided against water-boys, for an extra job. Jim began assessing his job to untangle the traffic in the yards, where thousands of cars were unloaded with frantic haste. There are only a few steps ahead of this. Jim was sent to Seattle as terminal general 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 steamboat 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.

DURING THE WAR, JIM worked for the government, as all other railroad men did. He was stationed at Seattle as terminal manager 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.

IN A LITTLE OVER A YEAR Jim was conductor, running extra freight between Grand Forks and Barnesville at 3 cents a mile. We are told that the one-way trip took about 14 hours with the going good, which it often was not. The story recalls railroad conditions which were very different from those of today. The railroad had not yet become the Great Northern. It was the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, although that made no difference in its later years. Cars were connected by link and pin, a system which amputated many a finger and thumb. 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 office. Pat began 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 the weather was. It was, and I suppose there were a good many times the explanation was correct.

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 DENOUNCE THESE BIRDS AND INSIST THAT THEY SHOULD BE DESTROYED WHEREVER FOUND. ONE JACK MINER, OF KINGSTON, 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. THEN HE SHOOTS UP AT ABOUT A ONE-O'CLOCK ANGLE WHERE HE WILL PERCH ON A LIMB AS MOTIONLESS AS A STATUE IN 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 GOOSHKNAW COME DOWN OUT OF THE AIR LIKE A MINIATURE AEROPLANE, AND THE BOBOLINKS AND MEADOW LARKS DART AND HIDE IN THE GRASS AS IF FROM ITS PRESENCE. THIS IS HOW SWIFT IS THIS HAWK COMING FROM HIS ELEVATED POSITION I HAVE SEEN HIM PICK AN ADULT FORKED-TAILED BARN SWALLOW RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR AND GO ON. AS FOR GAME BIRDS HERE IN CANADA AT THAT TIME, VERY TRUE, THERE WERE NO MOURNING DOVES WORTHY OF MENTION. 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 BLAME YOUR LIFE, HE HAS EVEN GIVEN US POWER TO CONTROL NIAGARA FALLS.


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 CHEERFULLY 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 COMPAREING 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 these 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 there 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 charged 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 Earlana for the John Baer. They ripen 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 regarded these tomatoes 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.

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TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

Davies

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MAX GAULKE OFFERS AN amendment or addition to the story of the balky team that refused to haul William J. Bryan from the ball park in 1898. He says that when the team refused to function admirers in the crowd unhitched the horses and hauled the carriage themselves. He is not sure whether they hauled the rig all the way down town or only until another and more reasonable team had been found. He stood in the crowd only a few feet from the platform and remembers the incident very well. I cannot speak of this incident in the capacity of an eye witness, 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 undertone, 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, enjoyed it quite as much as I did.

I often wonder why it is that persons 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 Walhalla. 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 center of the foreground is James Twamley, who for several years was associated with Frank Vietz in the mercantile business in Grand Forks. They occupied a two-story frame building at the corner of Third and DeMers which later became 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.

OFF TO ONE SIDE OF THE picture is George B. Winship, who seldom missed a meeting of old settlers. Walhalla was the scene of several such gatherings, and they were all very happy affairs. They were held in the pretty little park down by the river, which is now the property of the city and is to be improved and made generally attractive.

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 valley 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 location. Lee had been working for Frank Willson on the Bathgate Pink Paper and had been investigating 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. Local 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 several disappointments the townspeople determined to take matters into their own hands. They organized the Walhalla, Bathgate & Drayton Railroad company and proceeded 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 sky line in sharp contrast to the flatness of the valley below. It is a stiff climb to the top of the mountain, but the view is worthy of the effort, even if one must make it on foot. From the great elevation one looks down across the entire valley, with its farms and groves and the river fringed with timber winding its irregular way toward the Red. The effect is particularly pleasing on a summer afternoon of alternating sunshine and showers. 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 possess. The completion of the grading 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 litera-
ture of which I have always been
fond. I have read that many
great men have been fond of mys-
tery stories, and I have seen
learned explanations of why the
distinction between a judge or legisla-
tor, when starting on a vaca-
tion trip, pack his grip full of
detective stories instead of or with
the high-
brow stuff which
might seem more in his line. It may
be that the psychol-
ologist can put
his finger on the
precise thing that a mystery story
does to the mind of a great think-
er, just as the dietitian can tell
exactly what a spoonful of apple-
sauce will do to one's thyroid or
pancreas. I don't believe, howev-
er, that anyone reads mystery sto-
ries in order that he may be-
abled the better to grapple with
the problems of the universe any-
more than any normal person eats
apple-sauce just for its effect on
the dietitian can tell the lapa-

dor of physical, intellectual or moral
benefit.

I HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINT-
ed in some recent mystery stories
because they contain too much
mystery. Being a person of sim-
ple tastes I never cared much for
a nine course dinner, not even
when times were flush. could al-
ways get enough calories and vita-
mins from a good roast with a few
simple trimmings, whereas the
more complicated 'menu was con-
fusing and disturbing. Similarly,
like my mystery stories so planned
that I need not have expert knowl-
edge of any of thealogies in order to
keep track of it.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF
territorial and state history the
late M. F. Murphy was a Republi-
can, and at one time he was elect-
ed to the state senate from the
Sixth district on the Republic-
ticket. Later he became an en-
thusiastic Bryan man and
a member of the Democratic party.
Louis Campbell was an equally pro-
nounced 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 speaker during the ad-
ress, close to the platform
in order that there might be no de-
lay 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."
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

AMONG THE EFFECTS OF the late Dr. H. M. Wheeler was found recently an interesting souvenir in the shape of a booklet issued by the Grand Forks Commercial club in connection with a tour of the Great Northern lines in North Dakota, August 20-23, 1906. At this distance the names of the club officers and directors and members of the excursion party will bring up a good many recollections in the minds of those who were left. Not 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 Wolff, N. G. Benner, H. Bendake, R. B. Griffith, M. F. Murphy, Chas. N. Barnes, Geo. B. Clifford, William Spriggs, E. J. Lander, Geo. B. Winship, John Dinlle, W. K. Nash, H. N. Wells and Geo. E. Duls.

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** **

The original idea was to have the excursion cover all the Great Northern lines south 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. Thus, Eugene Fretz Jr., Thomas Cassidy, R. H. McKenzie, William Spriggs, Charles McCormick and Geo. B. Winship, second vice president, had been members of that party.

** * *

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF these lines the entire Great Northern system in the northern part of the state was covered and a good many observations 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 Valley, 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, and most of those discoveries will be desirable. Men who have been regarded as distant and chilly thaw out perceptibly and become 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 and become 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 and become 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 and become 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 and become 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 and become 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 and become interesting discoveries concerning each other, and most of those discoveries will be desirable.

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IN SCANNING THE LIST of excursionists I was interested in noting that nearly all 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. Bendake was away on one of his frequent trips to Europe.
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, 1852, mention was made of the fact that H. F. Langdorp was preparing to build a sash and door factory from lumber on the 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 an abundance of oak along the rivers, and the owners of river claims upstream 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 produced, and I suppose there are still produced, and I suppose there are still standing on river farms a good abundance of oak along the rivers.

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 Frank 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 a year or two. It was reported that the Rock Island was preparing to build through Grand Forks and on north. Another rumor had it that the Northwestern was headed this way and might be expected to arrive any time. 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 his interest in the founding of religious sects.

THE ORIGINAL HINES PROJECT was for a road from Drayton to Duluth. Farmers were to donate 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. This project was abandoned, and the 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, now and hereafter, 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 al-
so had its homi-
cide sensations,
and was well
recall of many
of the present
residents of the
state. This was
the killing of the
Ward Brothers on
April 26, 1858.
This was the out-
growth of one of
the contests over
homestead rights
which were quite
common for se-
veral 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 riff-raff,
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 consume months.
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 adventurers,
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. Juries 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 his shanty on a selection 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 cabi-
n was wreckled by other aettlera who
sympathized 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 vol-
ley of shots was first fired
from the cabin, wounding, though not
seriously injuring one or more of
the posse. The other story repre-
ented 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 their rights, legal and
moral. On the other hand it was
said that the Wards were profes-
ional 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 epi-
sode 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 Ward brothers. Those 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
glad 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, 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 contendng teams as given in some of the last issue 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, Colonels, Giants, Midgets, Bucs, Buccaneers, Owls, Saints, Apostles and Devils and many other names.

"OF COURSE, I AM PROBABLY an old fogey 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 domicile for 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 Herald immediately 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."