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That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY GOOD FRIEND DR. J. G. Moore, who still preaches occasionally, and who had operated a large farm at Bowesmont for many years, questions the efficacy of the poison treatment for the control of grasshoppers. At least, he seems not to have found it effective in his case. He admits that he may not have begun the treatment early enough, but, anyway, here is his letter:

About 10 P. M. every evening I elevate my feet, lean back with a cushion for support and read the Herald. Yes, I read "That Reminds Me" and I enjoy it, but sometimes the statisticians and farm extension folks, when they appear in print, are annoying to the people who live on the farm and know the facts.

RECENTLY SOME ONE HAS been advising the use of poisoned bran as an annihilator of grasshoppers. I used it last year, and this year the whole township organized and we spread tons of the poison. The hoppers today are 10 times more numerous than ever and you would need to spread it an inch deep over every farm to get rid of the pests. Thousands of dollars have been spent with little if any good effect. Possibly we began too late though we started in to dope them in June. Today we are running a race with them by mowing patches of oats and barley, and occasionally cutting some with the binders, in order to get feed. In some instances even the pastures have been cleaned by the pests. Many gardens have been cleaned of all vegetation. The one crop least molested is the wheat in which the hoppers have stripped the leaves and left the heads.

THE OUTSTANDING CASH crop here is flax, hundreds of acres of which have been destroyed. In many instances farmers have lost their whole crop. And yet, one of the field reporters for the government recently reported that there was "some little damage on the east side of Pembina county". From whom do the state and federal men get the information that appears in print? In my judgment they know more things that are not so then any group of men on earth.

HAVING READ ALL THE ADVICE given about destroying grasshoppers I am convinced from actual experience that it cannot be done by the poison method. Some of our citizens have constructed and put large pans containing a quantity of kerosene on wheels in front of their autos and gone back and forth across the field, and they catch thousands, but millions come to the burial.

SOME OF US PLOWED AND disced every acre of land where our crops were infested last year hoping thereby to destroy the eggs which we possibly did, but there is enough unoccupied land around to furnish the whole country with the pests. The fact is the Bank of North Dakota owns, or will soon own, enough tax-exempt land to furnish breeding places for hoppers for the universe.

STATISTICIANS, AND FIELD agents of one kind and another may keep on reporting "little damage" but I know that there are scores of families that will have to be helped by county, state, or federal governments during the coming winter. These agents forget that there is a background of previous reverses of one kind and another that has not been taken into consideration by long range reporters."

DR. MOORE'S PRACTICE OF elevating his feet, leaning back and reading The Herald is excellent up to a certain point, but it lacks the finishing touch of pipe and tobacco. Unfortunately Dr. Moore does not smoke.

THE KEROSENE TREATMENT of grasshoppers which has been adopted by some of Dr. Moore's neighbors is a variation of the method employed quite largely in Minnesota and sections of North Dakota some 40 years ago, when damage from grasshoppers was quite severe. At that time the base of what were called hopperdozers was quite common. Several different types were used, but generally there was a long, shallow pan containing kerosene backed by a canvas screen against which the insects would strike when the dozer was propelled across the field. Striking the canvas many of the hoppers would fall into the kerosene, which finished them. The machine was mounted on wheels and either drawn or pushed across the field. Because of its lightness it could be very wide and thus cover a lot of territory in a day.

THE INFESTATION AT THAT time was bad enough to be really serious only in spots. In those spots the destruction was often complete, every vestige of vegetation being devoured by the voracious insects while immediately adjoining their feeding ground plants would be untouched.

A SIMILAR CONDITION EXISTED in 1882 in the James river valley, but neither there nor elsewhere have I seen the clouds of flying grasshoppers of which I have often heard. There is credible testimony that swarms of these insects which have been so great and so dense as to cause partial darkness, and at the time of which I speak the people in the central part of the state were fearful of such a visitation. Everyone was on the watch for the appearance of a swarm, and looked frequently toward the sun to see if any evidences were visible. No swarms were seen, but by shading the eyes and looking as close to the sun as possible, individual insects could be seen as white specks, flying high and very rapidly. This year I have looked for flying hoppers, but I have seen none.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM A friend who wants to know about cockroaches, where they come from, and what to do about them. Though he is much older than I am, he has just seen his first cockroach, that is, he thinks that the insect which he has seen is a cockroach.

I am not an authority on cockroaches, although I have seen many of them. Newspaper offices are apt to be infested with them. The cockroach likes to patronize restaurants. Plebeian and democratic, the cheaper the restaurant the better he seems to like it. It is difficult to keep apartment buildings free from his presence, especially if the building is of cheap construction, with plenty of cracks and crevices in which an insect may hide. The female of the species, the henroach, so to speak, is exceedingly prolific, and I suppose that the progeny of one pair, if unchecked, would number billions in the course of a year.

AS TO THE ORIGIN OF COCKROACHES, the books are not very clear. They list several varieties, all bad, one attributed to the Levant, and another which appears to be indigenous to America. If this is the insect which my friend has seen it may be three-quarters of an inch long, rather flat-bodies, of a light neutral gray, and very active. The cockroach loves darkness rather than light, but at a pinch he will go marauding around in the daytime. Although he does not remain long on clothing, one may be carried by accident from place to place on a coat or wrap, and presently a new colony is started.

METHODS OF TREATMENT vary. When Thomas A. Edison was a young telegraphy operator, like the other operators, he carried his lunch at night, and the boys were pestered by cockroaches getting at their food. Young Tom rigged up a contraption which made it necessary for the bugs to cross certain wires to get at the food. When they crossed the wires the act closed a circuit and the roach got a shock that finished him. That was entertaining for the boys, but it might not serve very well for general use.

THE FIRST PREVENTIVE measure is to keep all food as far as possible out of reach of the insects and to keep cracks and similar hiding places sealed up. Sprinkling lime or borax around corners which the roaches frequent is recommended. There are several commercial sprays on the market which, if used thoroughly and persistently are said to be effective.

COCKROACHES SUGGEST POTATO bugs, I suppose because both are disagreeable creatures. Occasionally I see someone picking potato bugs. I was told recently of a small boy who had picked four quarts of bugs off the family potato plants. From my very early boyhood I have regarded picking bugs as a waste of time.

I CAN REMEMBER THE COMING of the first potato bugs into our neighborhood in Ontario. It must have been about 1870. Poisoning was unknown, and everybody picked bugs. Assigned to that job on our little patch I found it utterly wearisome and monotonous. No matter how many bugs I picked, there seemed to be just as many next time, so I abandoned picking. With a handful of willow twigs with the leaves on I would run through the potato patch three or four times a day, brushing vigorously. The bugs, knocked to the ground, would start crawling back, but they hadn’t time to eat much before I brushed them off again. That answered the purpose as well as picking, and it was a lot more fun.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE DISCUSSION OF COCKROACHES the other day has suggested to me a story of the experience of a student in one of Dr. Young's biology classes at the University several years ago. The student was assigned the job of dissecting a cockroach and mounting it on glass some portion of its anatomy. I have not learned from what particular part of the campus cockroaches could be obtained in those days, but while numerous specimens were available, all were too small for convenient handling. They were either immature or stunted. Another student volunteered to get a bug as was a bug, and in due time he appeared with a roach which has solemnly been described to me as an inch and a half long. Asked where he got such a mammoth specimen the finder replied "Down at the ——— restaurant," naming a down-town restaurant which has long since gone out of business, but which was often patronized by students who happened to be financially embarrassed.

THEN THERE IS A YARN about one of New York's East Side little girls who was interested in watching the fireflies which flitted about the country camp where she and a number of her companions were rusticking. After expending considerable effort she caught one of the fireflies and then exclaimed to her companions, "Gee! kids, lookee here. Here's a cockroach with a lamp on its tail!"

ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE in the Minneapolis Journal E. T. Archibald, who operated a flour mill in the little village of Dundas, in Rice county, Minnesota, was the first miller in America to use what was the Hungarian roller process for grinding flour.

SOME OF THE YOUNGER generation may wonder idly why the term "roller" is seen occasionally on the signs painted on flour mills. To most of them the term will have no meaning, and if, by chance, they have visited a flour mill and seen the sets of whirling rollers between which the wheat and flour pass in their various stages, they are not likely to think of any other method of grinding being used, the roller system seems so natural.

THOSE WHO ARE OLDER CAN remember when there were no roller mills, and when grain was ground by being passed between large stones, the lower one stationary and the upper revolving in a horizontal plane. That was the method employed in all mills until rather late in the last century. Anyone who is curious about millstones can inspect two sets of them which stand near the band stand in Central Park in Grand Forks. These stones were salvaged from the debris of the old Viets mill on South Third street, which was the first flour mill in the Red river valley.

MOST OF THE HIGH-GRADE millstones used in this country, I have understood, came from a district in France, where material suitable for that purpose was more readily available than elsewhere. The stones were seldom, and perhaps never, of one piece, but were built up of several pieces of rock, carefully shaped and fitted, cemented and bound together with iron bands. It was necessary that all the pieces be as nearly as possible of the same texture, hardness and toughness, otherwise the surfaces would wear unequally. When the surfaces which were to do the grinding had been carefully trued up, each surface was cut with hammer and chisel into shallow grooves or various patterns. This work, and the frequent redressing of the stones, required both experience and skill, and each miller favored a certain pattern for the grooving which he believed gave better results than any other.

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN mills began to discard stones and adopt the "Hungarian roller" system. I suppose there was a reason for its being called Hungarian, probably because it was first developed in Hungary. There was the usual controversy over the change. The fundamentalists clung to the old way. They even claimed scriptural authority for it, quoting passages referring to millstones, upper and nether. They insisted that particles of metal from the steel rolls would find their way into the flour, menacing human stomachs and intestines, and that the flour would have a metallic flavor due to contact with the rolls. But all the objections were overcome, and steel took the place of stone. There are few millers in the country today who could dress a millstone.

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

I have heard two or three discussions lately as to the prospect for wild ducks when the hunting season opens this fall. The prevailing opinion appears to be that the birds will be scarce, though there are those who believe they will be as numerous as usual. The reason for the belief that this will be a poor season for ducks is, of course, the fact that all over the Northwest there has been a dearth of rain, and that many of the marshes and other bodies of water near which ducks have been accustomed to nest are this year dry. Those who entertain the other belief say that this comparative drying up of the country is not likely to have affected the duck crop greatly, because there are still vast areas in northern Canada which are full of lakes, ponds and marshes, and that the ducks, unable to find suitable nesting places on their usual grounds, have needed only to fly farther north to find such places in abundance.

However, the game conservation authorities of both the United States and Canada are looking for small duck crop because of the dry weather. A bulletin from the Canadian Interior department says:

"Reports of a very serious failure of the duck crop on the important breeding grounds in the southern parts of the prairie provinces have been received. A game officer, after a 1600-mile trip through what should be the most important duck breeding areas in the central prairie region reports that in these localities these birds are practically non-existent today. He feels that the conditions cannot be painted darker than they really are. The chief migratory bird officer for western Canada reports that waterfowl almost entirely absent from south-central prairies where 95 per cent of the sloughs are dry. He says the sloughs farther west from the central part of the prairies are in better condition, but that ducks are very scarce. Certain portions of Manitoba report somewhat more favorable conditions."

These officers evidently do not expect the shortage of birds in the usual breeding districts to be made up by larger numbers from points farther north where dependable bodies are numerous. Practically the whole continent, says the bulletin, gets its ducks from the area affected, and duck shooters from Quebec to California, from Minnesota to Mexico, and the Atlantic region south to Florida, may expect lean bags this fall. The stock of waterfowl, it is said, has undoubtedly been reduced by the steadily increasing army of hunters, and had been placed in jeopardy by two poor breeding seasons, 1930 and 1931.

Conferences are being held by representatives of the Canadian and American government with a view to steps for the protection of the remnant of the wild ducks from almost complete destruction, and it is expected that the shortening of the hunting season this year will be ordered under the joint treaty now in force. At a meeting called by Game Commissioner Maurek and held at Bismarck two weeks ago resolutions were adopted calling for a thirty-day open season for ducks, with a bag limit of ten and a possession limit of twenty ducks. Copies of these resolutions were forwarded to the proper officials in Washington and Ottawa. On the same day, without pre-arrangement, similar resolutions were adopted at a conference held at Edmonton.

The nesting habits of some of our familiar birds are beyond the ken of man. As to some birds, we know where they nest, but nobody has yet discovered just why they nest in those particular places and no other.

Take the blue goose, for instance. This bird is familiar to sportsmen, but, while it comes down from the north in the fall, no white man had ever seen its nest until two years ago. In 1929 J. Dewey Soper, a Canadian government employee engaged in northern service, found on Baffin island the only colony of blue geese known. Baffin island extends from Hudson strait nearly 1000 miles northwesterly, away into remote Arctic territory, and it was on the far northern part of that island that Mr. Soper found blue geese by the thousand nesting. Why they go so far north, and why they confine themselves to a corner of that particular island, when there are thousands of square miles of territory apparently just like it, nobody knows.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A FAVORITE DIVERSION OF mine is to glance over the Queries and Answers department of the New York Times book review each week. The department is devoted to questions and answers concerning all sorts of literary curiosities. Sometimes I find there questions concerning the text or authorship of quotations that have been familiar to me for years. Sometimes the matter will be quite unfamiliar. But always the questions are answered sooner or later by other readers. It is pleasant thus to see old favorites, some of which are almost forgotten, and to know that others than myself have been interested in them, and there appear, too, bits of beauty and of philosophy in verse and prose which are worth keeping.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM FOR which inquiry was recently made, and which is just published in the Times is "Spare My Dreams," by Richard Watson Gilder:

Relentless Time, that gives both harsh and kind,
Brave let me be
To take thy various gifts with equal mind.
And proud humility;
But even by day, while the full sunlight streams,
Give me my dreams!

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my heart,
What from my life,
From what dear thing thou yet mayst make me part—
Plunge not too deep the knife;
As dies the day, and the long twilight gleams,
Spare me my dreams!

IN CONTRAST IS AN INQUIRY in this week's issue for the derivation, interpretation and full quotation of the phrase "Where the woodbine twine and whangdoodle mourneth for her young." I shall watch for the answer to that with interest, for the bit of nonsense for which the inquirer asks has been familiar to me for many years, and I never knew where or how it originated. The wording, as I have it, has no reference to the woodbine twining, but runs like this:

And he shall gnaw a file, and shall flee into Mount Epsidam—(if that is the correct spelling) where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her young.

THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO answer inquiries are given with the replies, and often an inquiry about a bit of doggerel, a rare poem or a quotation from one of the philosophers will bring responses from all over the continent. We think ours is a busy country, steeped in materialism, but it seems to contain a lot of people who like to let their thoughts wander away from the main highway along less crowded paths and to linger over memories which are revived by bits of wisdom, beauty or nonsense which they learned long ago.

ONE OF THE READERS OF Queries and Answers is a Boston lady who has for a dozen years, to my knowledge, been answering the questions which are asked. Not a week passes that she does not answer some question, and often her name will appear several times among those who have sent in answers. She supplies missing words, corrects inaccuracies, and often gives brief historical sketches of the author of a particular quotation. One can imagine something of the size and completeness of her reference library and her thorough familiarity with the curiosities of literature. She must spend a great deal of time in such research. She signs herself "Miss," and I imagine her to be a lady of mature years and independent means who finds her recreation in this form of activity rather than in playing bridge or knitting tidies.

MANY OF THE SELECTIONS about which inquiry is made have appeared in some of the standard recitation books which were popular years ago when speaking pieces was more in vogue than it is now. Then the young miss who desired to appear accomplished declaimed "Curfew shall not ring tonight," and the boy with literary ambitions spouted "Horatius at the bridge."

—W. P. DAVIES.
THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. STEWART, DR. MOORE AND OTHERS, INDICATES THAT THE GRASSHOPPER PROBLEM IS INDEED A DIFFICULT ONE. IT WOULD BE OF SERVICE TO HEAR FROM OTHERS ESPECIALLY FROM SOME OF THOSE WHOSE EXPERIENCE WITH DIFFERENT METHODS HAS BEEN REASONABLY SATISFACTORY.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE PLAGUES IN SOME VERY IMPORTANT WAYS FROM SOME OTHER PLAGUES THAT HAVE GIVEN TROUBLE TO THOSE WHO TRY TO GROW THINGS. IT HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE POTATO BUG PEST, BUT THERE ARE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES. IF THE COLORADO BEETLE WERE LEFT TO ITS OWN DEVICES THERE WOULD BE NO POTATOES GROWN, FOR THE BUGS FOLLOW POTATO CULTURE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND IF LEFT ALONE THEY WOULD STRIP EVERY POTATO FIELD BARE. AS IT IS, THE INJURY FROM THE BUGS IS SLIGHT, AS THERE HAVE BEEN FOUND METHODS OF CONTROL WHICH ARE NEARLY PERFECT.

WHILE MATURE POTATO BUGS DO SOME EATING, THE BULK OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THEM IS DONE BY THE YOUNG INSECTS, WHICH ARE WINGLESS UNTIL WELL GROWN, AND CAN TRAVEL ONLY BY CRAWLING. THEREFORE, WHEN A FIELD IS ONCE CLEANED OUT BY POISONING, THERE IS NO INFUX OF BUGS FROM ADJOINING FIELDS, AT LEAST UNTIL THE PLANTS ARE FAIRLY MATURE.

THE GRASSHOPPER IS AN ACTIVE BRUTE, HOPPING VIGOROUSLY IN INFANCY AND SOON LEARNING TO FLY. THE CLEANING OUT OF ONE FIELD IS ONLY A PARTIAL REMEDY, AS INSECTS MAY SOON COME IN FROM FIELDS NEARBY.

THE CHICAGO GYPSY SOOTHsayer who assured members of his clan that their trek through the north would be safe and prosperous seemed to have got his wires crossed. The caravan started out full of confidence, but up in Cavalier county one of the cars went into the ditch and a member of the party was killed. Quite naturally the survivors want to know how their advisor came to give them such counsel. Undoubtedly he will have a wise reason, which may be convincing.

* * *

TO BE A COMPETENT FORTUNE teller one must know how to get out of a tight place. It is told of the emperor Tiberius that, having lost confidence in his astrologer Thrasullus, he determined to have him thrown over the rocks into the sea. In a secret spirit of mockery he asked the charlatan if he knew the day of his own death. Thrasullus, suspecting something, replied that while he was unable to fix the date independently, he could see that his own death would occur just three days before that of the emperor. Instead of being thrown from the rocks he was cared for and guarded during the rest of his life. In "Quentin Durward" Scott makes use of this as the basis of a similar story concerning Louis XI and his astrologer Galeotti.

* * *

ONE MAN WHO GARDENS more or less told of the difficulty which he has in remembering the name "larkspur," although he never misses "delphinium," the botanical name of the same plant. He has tried all sorts of tricks with the word "larkspur" to fix it in his mind, but without much success. Another never forgets that a certain plant which he grows is an "aquilegia," but about nine times out of ten he is unable to call it by its more familiar name, "columbine."

* * *

A LOCAL BUSINESS MAN WHO often forgets the names of familiar customers sometimes appeals to the alphabet. Rapidly running down the A, B, C's, he may stumble upon the name. Others invent all sorts of curious combinations of figures to be able to recall their automobile license numbers. Some of these devices are exceedingly complicated, and one might suppose it easier to remember the number itself than the tortuous steps by which the number is reconstructed. It isn't, though, according to the experience of many who have found such systems useful.

* * *

THERE IS A THEORY THAT every experience of the senses makes on the mind a permanent impression which may at some time be recalled though it has lain buried in the sub-consciousness for the greater part of a lifetime. There has often been told the story of a domestic who was employed in the family of an English professor of Latin. The girl was quite illiterate, and her duties were merely those of ordinary household work. During the delirium of an illness, to the astonishment of everybody, she repeated correctly page after page of Latin which she had heard her employer read or quote as she went about her work. The learned ones concluded that the words, meaningless to her, had imprinted themselves upon some portion of her mind which the abnormal conditions of fever had brought again into focus.
That Reminds Me— W. P. D.

THE LETTERS FROM DR. Moore and Mr. Douglas, of Pembina county, and my request for information from others who have had experience with methods of dealing with grasshoppers have brought the following response from J. G. Haney, in charge of the demonstration farms of the International Harvester company: 'I noted in your column, comment on the grasshopper situation, and request for experiences of others in spreading poison. As to Rev. Moore and Mr. Douglas' criticism of entomologists and chemists, will say, that there is quite a library of bulletins on the subject of grasshopper control, indicating that there has been considerable effort put on the subject. The poison-bran method of control has been worked out as the most satisfactory, and is effective under ordinary conditions.

"AUGUST 4TH, WE SPREAD poisoned bran on our Larimore Demonstration Farm, where hoppers were threatening, and on the 8th, we spread over the same ground. While the weather during the past week has been unfavorable—cool and wet—for hopper control, there are thousands of dead hoppers where we spread the poison. Hoppers were still dying, either from the effect of the poison first put out, or from eating dead hoppers, as they are cannibalistic. Many of the dead hoppers were rods from where the bait was spread. The dead hoppers could be gathered by handfuls under weeds along the fence rows where they were most numerous. In the edge of the corn field, we counted 12 dead in a $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ foot space, one hill of corn. We spread this poison along the fence rows, and outer edges of corn fields, where the hoppers seemed to be most numerous.

"SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH. I drove north on No. 81, to Hamilton and over to Bathgate, and noted the effects of hoppers were very evident, on a few fields of flax, particularly. In nearly every case where damage was apparent, it could be seen that the hoppers had worked out from the road or fence rows. They probably hatched in these places, and it will be noted that, particularly as the nights become cooler, the hoppers seem to return to the weedy fence rows or roadsides to spend the night, and begin feeding away from such places, so that crops along the roads, fences, or haylands, are most effected. This indicates that such places should be poisoned frequently this fall.

"A FEW HOPPERS ARE DEPOSiting eggs now—they can be found on the sunnside of weed patches, with the hind part of the body pushed into the ground about an inch. These egg clusters—50 to 100 in each—are easily broken up by cultivating. I have heard it said, the eggs which are nearly one-fourth of an inch in length (for the large hoppers) are placed so that when they hatch the hoppers head is up, and that they will not hatch if inverted. These egg clusters are protected by a slight cementing of soil about them, which keeps them dry, but this slight crust, due to the cementing fluid deposited by the old hoppers, is easily crushed and when broken, few, if any, will hatch. It will be very essential, as a precaution against damage next year, that all places where eggs may be deposited be thoroughly cultivated or plowed this fall.

"SHOULD WE HAVE A WET fall, and a rather wet, late spring, and favorable grain weather next season, even though there are large numbers of eggs deposited this fall, there may not be more than the normal numbers of hoppers next year.

"IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE that the detested hoppers have literally stripped every sow thistle and every stalk of quack grass, before they attacked other food or crops available. If they would confine their tastes to these pests, no one would complain.

"THERE ARE GRASSHOPPER diseases, insects, bird and animal enemies that may be expected to increase and furnish a check. The red spots frequently found on the wings of hoppers, are parasites, but act rather slowly. Dead hoppers are frequently found clinging to the very top of weeds, grain, or other objects. This is due to a disease that often spreads havoc among hoppers.

"AL SCOURGES SEEM TO run their course—but it is best to do all that possibly can be done to bring the end as soon as possible. "Let us watch and poison, plow and cultivate!"

THERE IS PROBABLY NO man in the Northwest who has had a wider and more varied experience that Mr. Haney. There are those who have farmed more years and cultivated more land, but Mr. Haney has been engaged in an occupation which made it necessary for him to discover and deal with all sorts of conditions. He has not operated a show place, maintained regardless of expense, but he has sought to find solutions of the various problems which confront the man of small means who farms for the purpose of making a living. His experience is valuable, and when he gives advice it is based on accurate knowledge.

MR. HANEY DOES NOT PROfess to have solved the grasshopper problem. He uses the best means that have been discovered for dealing with a difficult and perplexing subject, and in dealing with this subject he recognizes that the operations of nature herself, both in

A drastic reduction in the shipment of fertilizer in Mississippi this year is reported by J. C. Holton, commissioner of agriculture.
EVERY LITTLE WHILE I find in my mail a printed leaflet which is so decidedly different from the ordinary commercial and political propaganda which loads the mails that it challenges attention. These leaflets, which come from various parts of the country, and among which is so palpably one as a white-haired, benign old lady, working long and lovingly at the task which she has set herself, living frugally in order that she may save a few dollars with which to pay the cost of printing and mailing the results of her work. Even if the direct output is valueless, there is something cheering in the spirit which inspires it.

I SUPPOSE THERE ALWAYS have been and always will be amiable, earnest persons who, with the best possible intentions, spend their time doing useless things. I recall a man who belonged to our little country church back east whom I will call Andrew Harding, which isn't quite his name, but which sounds something like it.

ANDREW WAS AN ELDERLY widower who lived a quiet, frugal bachelor life in his little cottage near the outskirts of town. He had some small means, enough to provide for his simple wants and to relieve him of the need for regular occupation. He was a modest, retiring old chap, and his life seemed to be bounded on the one hand by his little house and garden and on the other by the exercises of the church, a mile or two out in the country, of which he had been a faithful member ever since it was established.

ONE SUMMER ALONG IN THE early seventies some of the church members recalled that they had not seen Brother Harding for some time. He was so unobtrusive in manner that his presence or absence might go unnoted for some time, still, he had always attended church regularly, and now no one could recall when he had last been seen. There was a mystery, and it was feared that something might have happened to Brother Harding, living alone as he did.

PRESENTLY HE REAPPEARED. Friends saw him again putting about his garden. Asked about his movements he said he had been for a trip, and this intensified the mystery, for he had never been known to take a trip before. He was not secretive, but modest and diffident, and he could not understand why anyone cared about his movements. Little by little he explained.

HE WAS GETTING ALONG IN years, he said, and felt ashamed that he had done so little for the cause of the Lord. He had understood that in the west there was little religion and much need for missionary work. Therefore he had gone west to carry the gospel message to those whom he could reach. The only place in "the west" that came to his mind was St. Paul, and to St. Paul he went, to convert the inhabitants. Reaching St. Paul he had been surprised to find a city of considerable size, and several churches. He remained for several days, observing carefully everything that he saw and he became convinced that the people of St. Paul were reasonably religious and had no need of his ministrations. Whether or not he made known his intended mission to any of the St. Paul people I do not know, but he returned as quietly as he had set forth, having enjoyed the trip, and being greatly pleased that the gospel had extended as far west as the Mississippi River.

BROTHER HARDING WAS very much in earnest. He knew little of theology or philosophy, but he lived a clean life and wished to do good to others, and few of us get much further than that.

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

WE ARE TOLD THAT WHEN the plague of frogs afflicted the land of Egypt the frogs were found everywhere, in the bed-chambers, in the ovens and in the kneading troughs. Modern ovens are different, and we know little about kneading troughs. Ours is not the plague of frogs, but the plague of locusts, and the insects are to be found everywhere. It is impossible to ignore them, and a great many people are thinking about them and about ways in which to deal with them. L. M. Carter of Grand Forks has little faith in the use of poison, but thinks that nature may as well be left to take care of the situation, especially because of the probability of destroying birds as well as hoppers by the use of poison. He writes:

"THERE ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED and used in the fields of North Dakota thousands of tons of poisoned mash in the effort to save the late crops from the ravages of grasshoppers. This might be justifiable if it would accomplish the purpose, but I am of the opinion that just as many fields would come through without it as with it, and the expense and trouble might as well be saved."

"WHEN A PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS comes, it comes, and only nature is apt to be of much effect in controlling the condition. Some are worrying about next year, but they may as well forget it, for nothing they can do will avail much, and it is likely that nature will take a hand in her own way and the expected plague will not arrive in alarming numbers."

"THIS MASH BUSINESS IS A menace to the upland game birds of the state. I doubt that it will interfere much with the grasshopper population, but it is apt to make serious inroads into the prairie chickens of the state, of which we have all too few now. If the mash is not bringing noticeable results in the saving of crops, it should be ordered discontinued by those in authority before it destroys the remnant of upland grouse we have left."

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT harks back to his experience during an earlier grasshopper infestation putting it this way:

"SOME TIME ALONG IN THE days of fin de cycle the grasshoppers were a plague in northern Minnesota. It was my unhappy lot to be president of a village council in a part of the infested district; and everything from the burial of dead horses to control of the smallpox epidemic was referred to my office."

"IN THE HOPPER CASE APPLICATION was made to the state entomologist for information and advice, and we secured all the kerosene we wanted for free distribution, together with instructions for building hopper dozers.

"THE FARMERS WENT TO work with a will and the fields were alive with men attempting to exterminate the pests. Within a fortnight the entomologist wrote he would be in town on a day certain and would like to go on a tour of inspection. In those days we drove by team, but we drove all day and interviewed very many men. The entomologist talked all the day, talked of bees, bugs, butterflies and grasshoppers, but mostly of the hoppers."

"FIRST QUESTION EACH farmer asked was: Are any of these the Rocky Mountain hoppers? And with a smile he always answered that it wouldn't make any difference; that there was about as much difference as between a pure bred and a scrub steer; that they both ate and that their habits were the same; then the farmers claimed that many of the hoppers fell from the back canvass into the mixture and then out and away, and to that he said they had nothing to fear from a hopper that had touched kerosene oil. He said their natural enemies were the red mites, and when it was damp, and at night the hopper hugged the ground, the mites got on board and after that he lost a great deal of his interest in life. Lastly, the hopper deposited his sack of eggs in a celluloid-like sack and sealed it on top; that it would withstand any and all kinds of weather of spring time; that if the land was plowed after the eggs were deposited, then the sacks would be too weak to work their way to the surface. He said the danger lay in the uncultivated fields, or in fields that were plowed before the eggs were laid; that we always had hoppers hatched by the road side and in the meadows, but not in quantities to be feared in the ordinary season.

"WE MIGHT VARY THAT time-honored remark by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina and say: It's a long time between scourges of grasshoppers."

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

STILL THE GRASSHOPPER letters continue. N. M. McDougall of Omemee writes that in 1919 Bottineau county was greatly troubled with grasshoppers and that the use of poison did not appear to produce any satisfactory result except in one case. This introduces a new phase of the subject which I have not seen mentioned before. "R. R. Kippen, a pioneer and successful farmer near here," writes Mr. McDougall, "informed me that what poison he spread did not appear to have any effect except about half a sack which was not used until about six weeks after it had been mixed. This half sack had evidently fermented and then dried up. Mr. Kippen took this and wet it and sowed it alongside the road and then threw the sack to one side. In about 24 hours he had occasion to go where he had sown this poison and found that it had killed the hoppers by the thousands. On picking up the empty sack he found nearly half a bushel of dead insects.

"THIS HAS MADE ME THINK that if the poison mixture could be quickly fermented before spreading it might give the desired results."

THE SUGGESTION WITH REFERENCE TO THE FERMENTATION OF POISON is interesting. Presumably the quantity of alcohol formed would not be sufficient to intoxicate the insects, but it might make them reckless. There is the possibility that the greater effectiveness of the poison was due to the better mixing of the ingredients through the process of fermentation. There is also the possibility that the change in effect was due in part to the greater maturity of the insects within a period of six weeks.

IN ADDITION TO PRESENTING something relating to grasshopper treatment which may repay investigation, Mr. McDougall contributes a bit of early North Dakota history. The fermented grasshopper poison smelled, according to Mr. Kippen, like an empty beer keg, and this recalls a story which Mr. Dougall tells as follows:

"BEFORE THE STATE WAS admitted to the union a brewery was in operation in northern Rolette county, but for want of business it went into a receivership. After it was closed an oldish man was employed there as caretaker. One night a number of the natives went to the old brewery where they fired several shots. The old man, being of a timid nature, took to his heels, and though search was made for him for many days, he could not be found. Over a year afterward a man named Heath was looking for a stick of oak in the vicinity. Seeing a suitable tree on the edge of a hill he climbed the hill, and the first thing that he saw was a skull. On further investigation the remainder of the skeleton was found near by buried in the snow. A rope hung from the tree. The nearest coroner, at Willow City, was notified, and on an inquest being held the jury found that the skeleton was that of the old watchman at the brewery.

"IT MAY SEEM RATHER strange to the people of today to learn of a brewery going broke when this was the wild west and every man drank. In the opinion of lots of people if the brewery were operating now it would be the last thing to fail for want of patronage."

THE ROLETTE COUNTY
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

WEATHER CONDITIONS ARE always more or less spotted, and in a state as large as North Dakota one section may suffer from drouth while another is almost drowned out. I believe 1910 was the driest year that the state of North Dakota as a whole ever experienced. In that year the rainfall in the Red river valley amounted to only about 10 inches instead of 20 inches which is about the usual precipitation. We had no nothing like that in the valley since then, but there are sections of the state in which until recently there was practically no rain for two years.

A GRAND FORKS MAN WHO visited Great Falls, Mont., a little earlier in the season was told by people there that not a drop of rain had fallen at Great Falls for over two years. He said the landscape had such an appearance as to indicate that this was true.

ACCORDING TO A DISPATCH from Madrid there is one district in Spain which has had no rain for seven years although until this drouth began the rain there has always been sufficient and it has still been ample in all the surrounding territory. The district is in southwestern Spain, and the condition was brought to public attention through the marching of 2,000 farm laborers, fainting from hunger and fatigue, into an adjoining province in search of food and work.

Young Walter Hayes, who lives near Buffalo, N. Y., found the other day what is alleged to be the largest specimen of the mushroom family ever known. It was not what is popularly known as a mushroom, but a giant puff ball, five feet in diameter. In celebration of the find the boy's father gave a dinner party at which each guest was served a big steak with a huge slice of puff ball.

THERE ARE MANY VARIETIES of the mushroom family which are edible and wholesome. The puff balls are of the same general group, and, though only a few persons are aware of the fact, most puff balls are said to be edible. The inedible mushrooms, some of which are very poisonous, are commonly known as toadstools. The most familiar of the edible mushrooms are those commonly sold in the stores. Thousands of persons gather and eat these and pass by others with which they are not familiar but which also are tasty and wholesome.

IT WILL SOON BE MUSHROOM time in the northwest. In this territory the outdoor mushroom flourishes best in spring and fall. It needs moist and rather cool weather, which doubtless accounts for the fact that midsummer is not good mushroom time. A few years ago anyone at all good at scouting could go to or just beyond the Grand Forks city limits in any direction, north, south or west, and in a short time collect a good basketful of mushrooms during the season. Old brickyards were good mushroom ground, and there were several of these. Any place where barnyard manure had been covered, or partly covered with earth, was a likely place for mushrooms, and in such places the fungi would grow for several years. After a few years, however, the proper soil conditions seemed to disappear and the supply would run out. The courthouse yard and the grounds around the Northern Pacific station have yielded fair quantities of mushrooms for several years. In large city parks, where there is much made ground, mushroom gathering attracts many people, and any morning during the proper season mushroom hunters with baskets may be found in the parks in the early hours gathering a supply for dinner.

A FEW YEARS AGO A DRAINAGE ditch was run through several miles of low land a few miles north of Grand Forks. For some distance the ditch runs along the highway, which was covered with the clay moved in the work of excavation. One year that roadway was literally covered with mushrooms. The next year there were not so many, and since then there have been none at all. The earth had not been fertilized or treated in any way. Just why mushrooms should have grown on that soil for a year or two while it was fresh is a mystery to me, and another mystery is why they did not continue to grow after they had started.

CANNED MUSHROOMS ARE better than no mushrooms at all, but only a little better. They lack what is sometimes called kick. I like a big mushroom, thick, fat and heavy, with the gills just turning black. To be at its best a mushroom should not be washed. It should be peeled, and, if necessary foreign matter can be removed with a sharp knife. Having treated your mushroom thus, fry it in butter. A meal of such mushrooms is something to be remembered.

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

ONE BIOLOGIST MAKES HIS contribution to grasshopper literature in the statement that the present infestation in the Northwest is to be attributed quite largely to the destruction of rodents which has been carried on persistently for many years. He mentions ground squirrels, by which I suppose he means gophers, as these are the only members of the squirrel family that are found in considerable numbers on the prairies where damage by grasshoppers is greatest. These animals, says the biologist, not only kill and eat grasshoppers but destroy their eggs. We have made war on gophers, and, presumably we have diminished their number. Thus, we are told, we have removed one of the natural checks upon the growth of the grasshopper tribe and we may look forward to still more of the insects another year because the little animals that have heretofore destroyed the hoppers and their eggs are gone.

* * *

WITHOUT QUESTIONING THE statement that little rodents feed on grasshoppers and destroy their eggs one may question the accuracy of the statement that the destruction of rodents is responsible in any appreciable measure for the present grasshopper plague. Such plagues have been frequent in the history of the world, and time after time vegetation has been destroyed by the insects in countries where no one ever thought of the destruction of ground squirrels or other rodents on a large scale. In the early sixties, and again in 1873, settlers in the southern Red river valley had their crops destroyed in this manner, and up to that time there had certainly been no general destruction of gophers. There had been no material interference with any of the processes of nature in any way, for the settlers of that time were too few to have any appreciable influence on either the insect or the animals life of the Northwest.

* * *

FOR SOME REASON NOT AT all related to anything that man had done the grasshoppers made their appearance in vast numbers, wrought their work of destruction and subsided. Their appearance was due to some peculiar combination of natural causes. When that combination, whatever it was, ceased to exist, the country remained free from the pest. But all this time the gophers were being left alone save as an occasional one was knocked over with a gun.

* * *

THE BIOLOGIST WHO MADE the statement quoted evidently reached a wrong conclusion by considering only some of the facts. If he were right, and it should be necessary for the farmer to choose between gophers and grasshoppers, there may be a question which he would take. The one may be about as destructive as the other.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED lately in observing the evidences of taste displayed by the grasshoppers that infest my garden. I find that they are exceedingly partial to rhubarb. My rhubarb leaves were all riddled before anything else in the garden showed any signs of having been attacked. In this connection I recall that I have seen warnings against the tasting of rhubarb leaves, raw or cooked—not that I have ever cared to eat the leaves. The reason given for the warning was that the leaves contain oxalic acid in unwholesome quantity. That may be so, but the grasshoppers seem to thrive on it.

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

There are probably only a few of the present residents of North Dakota who knew Rev. Dr. E. A. Healy, a former resident of Drayton, who died at his home in Los Angeles a few days ago at the age of 86. Dr. Healy was one of that large company of settlers who in the seventies and early eighties migrated from the counties of Wellington, Grey, Huron and Bruce, on old Ontario, to the Red river valley. The Healys came from the little town of Drayton, Ont., and, reaching the end of the railroad at Fisher, continued their journey by steamboat to their point of debarkation at what is now the city of Drayton, North Dakota, to which settlement they trace the name of their old home town.

The settlers who came from that section along in that decade made new homes for themselves chiefly in northern Grand Forks, Walsh and Pembina counties. One group settled near Inker, another at Park River, another at Minto, and others at other points nearer the border. Pembina has a long history, as it was one of the old Hudson's Bay stations and received a part of its population from the north. A remnant of the Selkirk settlement remained there, and a number of those of French descent who had been engaged in the fur trade made permanent homes there.

The two groups of settlers represented quite different types. Those more or less directly associated with the Hudson's Bay company were usually of the adventurous type and many of them had traveled the river highways of the north for many years before establishing permanent homes. Those from the Ontario counties came more generally from permanent communities where, through several generations, the business of agriculture and woodcraft had been carried on, where neighbors had known each other for many years, and where the institutions of ordered society had become well established.

As a rule these settlers either brought their families with them or were followed by their families as soon as they had found suitable locations. They brought with them the traditions of their old homes, the desire for neighborly intercourse and the feeling that a community was not complete without its church and school. Hence regular religious services were often in progress before the settlers had completed the modest dwellings which they were to inhabit and children were gathered at some convenient farm to receive the rudiments of education long in advance of the public school.

It was to this group that Dr. Healy belonged. Educated for the ministry, he appreciated the value of popular education, and during his residence in the state he was a leader in movements for the extension of educational work. In recognition of his interest and influence he was made a member of the first board of regents of the University of North Dakota, and at the time of his death he was the last surviving member of that body.

Moving to California after a residence of eight or nine years in North Dakota, Dr. Healy entered the theological seminary of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, to become successively professor, dean and dean emeritus of the school. Though his residence in North Dakota was comparatively brief, he made his impress on the state and always retained his interest in it. During later years he contributed much valuable material to the collections of the North Dakota Historical society and the directors of that institution found him a storehouse of information which, had it not been obtained from him, would never have been available.

There is a ruggedness about some of the families that settled in North Dakota long ago that is quite impressive. Dr. Healy was 86 years of age last March, but he enjoyed a game of golf as well as most younger men do. While playing a game about the time of his last birthday he fell and broke his hip, an injury from which he did not recover, and which resulted in his death. Two brothers and one sister of a family of five still survive. Another brother, Henry W., father of Dr. H. H. Healy of Grand Forks died about a year ago. These two came together to the Red river valley and were among the earliest residents of Drayton.

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

ALERT IN SPITE OF HIS years, my old friend Budd Reeve has been following the grasshopper discussion and writes thereon:

"One thing suggests another. After reading your article on how Tom Edison killed cockroaches with electricity I have talked with a man who wants to know if some way could not be devised to kill grasshoppers the way Edison fixed the cockroaches. As an experiment he thinks that two iron rods might be driven in the ground and connected with a wire charged with electricity. Then a wire netting could be attached on which the hoppers would light and be shocked. He brought me the enclosed article that appeared in the Minneapolis Journal several years ago."

** ** ** THE ENCLOSURE IS A COPY of a letter from a lady who recounts an experience with grasshoppers while she was a child in Wisconsin. Grasshoppers invaded the family orchard, and the father remarked to his children that he would give five cents a hundred for all the dead grasshoppers that the youngsters would produce. The children took him at his word, and equipping themselves with an old dishpan and a pair of battered showshoes, set forth on their errand of destruction. They beat the hoppers from leaves and branches with the snowshoes, gathered them into the dishpan, deluged them with water and pounded them to death. Enough of the insects were killed to save the orchard and the few that remained took flight. The writer suggests that in the present emergency each community organize the children, arm them with appropriate weapons and turn them loose.

** ** ** THE LETTER IS WRITTEN as if it were seriously intended. Therefore I have examined the plan seriously. I was aided a little by observing three or four children walking along the edge of a wheat field. The wheat field looked so big and the children so small that I gave up in despair the task of estimating the time that it would take those youngsters to de-hopper that particular field, which was one of several belonging to the same farm. The plan may have worked in a small Wisconsin orchard, but I am afraid it would not get very far on a North Dakota prairie."

** ** ** MR. REEVE CONTINUES HIS epistle: "Your letters reach farther than you may think for and do good where you would least expect it. A woman who had read your letter on cockroaches says that where they overrun premises the sure way to get rid of them is to open up the place in cold weather and let everything freeze solid. The roaches, she says, will die like flies, and in 48 hours the place will be freed of the pest. "Knowledge on any subject is of use. Let your fertile brain work. Your letters are the first thing I look for. Work out a plan to kill grasshoppers by electricity and your name will live forever."

** ** ** J. C. STEWART OF DRAYTON continues the discussion: "As there has been a good deal of correspondence about grasshoppers during the past week or two, and some difference of opinion about the effect of poison bran, I believe that the nearest to a correct statement was made by the person who said that little can be done when the insects once get a start. History seems to prove that, and they have a real start this time. I notice the Rocky Mountain locusts have arrived in great numbers, at least I am satisfied that these are the same as those which overran the country from 1874 to 1876."

** ** ** MR. STEWART QUOTES FROM the Encyclopedia Britannica a description of the damage wrought by locusts in the seventies in Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska, when many families were left destitute. He continues: "Since that time a great deal has been learned about the habits of these insects, but apparently little headway has been made in finding methods to control them."

** ** ** I HAVE JUST BEEN OUT IN the pasture field and picked up a few of those little hoppers. One might easily mistake them for the native hoppers which are with us every year, but when examined closely they appear quite different. They are said to be the most destructive of the locust tribe and seldom to appear east of the Mississippi valley. From this it would appear to me that unless climatic conditions favor us we may find them more plentiful next year. I am enclosing a pair of the insects, with which you may be familiar. They are here in millions."

** ** ** MR. STEWART'S HOPPERS arrived, apparently in good health. At least they were alive and kicking. They are smaller than what I should call the common native grasshopper and less distinctly marked. Their color is a dull brown or gray, whereas many that are seen have rather pronounced yellow stripes and bands. I have seen here some insects resembling them, and also some much larger than even the common domestic variety. I have wondered if they are of different breeds or if they might be of the same variety in different stages of development."

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

IN A RECENTLY PUBLISHED magazine article Winston Churchill gives an estimate of George Bernard Shaw, prompted, no doubt, by Shaw's recent pronouncements on his return from a week or so spent in Russia. Shaw, of course, never troubles to be consistent, but of his inconsistencies, Churchill says: "His dis-solvent theories of life and society have been sternly banished from his personal conduct and his home. No one has ever led a more respectable life or been a stronger seeder from his own subversive imagination. He derides the marriage vow and even the sentiment of love itself, yet no one is more happily or wisely married."

CHURCHILL THEN DISCUSSES the functions of official jester, saying that the court jesters of the Middle Ages doubtless saved their skins and their necks by the impartiality of their jests. Before one potentate could draw his sword to avenge a taunt he was convulsed with laughter at the condition in which his rival or companion was left. Thus Shaw alternately exasperates and delights.

* * * * *

BUT A SOBER NOTE IS struck in this paragraph, which, if it was not prompted by Shaw's clownish discussion of Russia and Russian affairs, certainly fits that case:

"IF THE TRUTH WERE told, this British island has not had much help in its troubles from Bernard Shaw. When nations are fighting for life, when the palace itself is assailed, and everyone from prince to groom is fighting on the battlements, the jester's jokes echo only through deserted halls, and his witticisms and commendations, distributed evenly between friend and foe, jar the ears of hurrying messengers, of mourning women and wounded men."

SHAW'S DISCUSSION OF RUSSIA is strongly suggestive of what the proverb maker calls the cracking of thorns under the pot.

SOME DAYS AGO I MADE reference to an inquiry in the Queries and Answers department of the New York Times Book Review for information about a quotation which the inquirer thought contained the words, "where the woodbine twined and the whangdoodle mourneth." I had never heard the woodbine mentioned in that connection, and I gave the version of the quotation as I recalled it. The query has been answered by several readers. Alexander Burd, of Schenectady, N. Y., gives the following:

"I REMEMBER WHEN A BOY over fifty years ago picking up a penny leaflet on which was printed a parody of a negro pastor's sermon dilating on the punishment due to the wicked. The text of the sermon was supposedly taken from the sacred book, and for some reason it has lingered in my memory. It was:

"Yah! for they shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourning for her first born."

THAT IS SUBSTANTIALLY AS I recall it. I never saw the thing in print before, and I have no clear recollection of when or where I heard it. Why does one remember a thing like that? And why is it recalled after being forgotten for years? I suppose for the same reason that the smell of new-mown clover takes me back to a little meadow that I haven't seen for fifty years.

* * * * *

MODERN APIARISTS HAVE learned how to handle the swarming of bees quietly and with precision, so that a swarm is rarely lost. In earlier days beekeepers did it differently. When signs of swarming were noticed an alarm was given, and all hands and the cook got busy to prevent loss of the swarm. In the first stages the bees flew about excitedly and there was danger that they might take flight and disappear, perhaps to find a new home in a distant and unknown hollow tree. In order to prevent this loud noises were made by beating on dishpans and boilers, ringing cowbells and shouting. Presently the bees would gather into a cluster, suspended, perhaps, from the branch of an orchard tree. At this stage they could be gathered gently into a large receptacle and transferred to a new hive. The job required coolness and skill. Abrupt handling was sure to disturb them and set them to flying and stinging. To sensitive persons one bee sting is no joke, and some individuals have been killed by the stings of a swarm of infuriated insects.

—W. P. DAVIES.
I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE to warm up to the idea that battleships are to be destroyed easily and promiscuously by bombs dropped from the air. The only bombing I ever saw done was at Santo Domingo, where a demonstration was given of dropping bombs on a target which I suppose was about 30 feet square. Plane after plane, approaching without hindrance or attempt at defense, swooped low and dropped its missiles, and flying at about the height of ordinary house tops, they scored just about as many misses as hits. A man with a shotgun could have brought any of them down.

PERHAPS THAT WAS A POOR exhibition, but during the time when Colonel Mitchell was riding his high horse there was a good deal of discussion of what airplanes could not do. Nobody questioned that if a plane found a ship and were permitted to approach close enough it could do a lot of damage by dropping bombs. But it was pointed out that unless the plane remained at a great height it would be a good target for anti-aircraft guns which would surely be trained on it, and if it flew high enough to keep out of range the chances were about 100 to 1 against its hitting anything.

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Perhaps that was a poor exhibition, but during the time when Colonel Mitchell was riding his high horse there was a good deal of discussion of what airplanes could not do. Nobody questioned that if a plane found a ship and were permitted to approach close enough it could do a lot of damage by dropping bombs. But it was pointed out that unless the plane remained at a great height it would be a good target for anti-aircraft guns which would surely be trained on it, and if it flew high enough to keep out of range the chances were about 100 to 1 against its hitting anything.

I REMEMBER THAT ONE OF my old schoolbooks said that the beaver was the only member of the animal kingdom other than man given to work of supererogation. I thought that was a good word, too, good to use except on state occasions. But for supererogation it seems to me that the bee surpasses the beaver a long way. The bee stores honey, theoretically, I suppose, to provide for its needs during the winter and for the needs of its young. But it stores without rhyme or reason. A hollow tree may contain hundreds of pounds of honey which no bee will ever use. Year after year the little idiots work their heads off, making comb and filling it, putting away pound after pound, far beyond the requirements of all the bees that can possibly inhabit that tree. Then along comes a bear, or a man, and breaks into the store, and the work of generations of bees is gone. It is about as senseless as spending a lifetime collecting gold pieces and burying them in the garden.

MR. McINTYRE, OVER IN THE other column, tells us that the flower girls in London, ancient of days, have the habit of calling their customers "Dearie." They called him that. That settles it. I'm not going to London. And I did want to see that place, too.

W. P. DAVIES.
S. K. KNUTSON, OF BUXTON, N. D., has some interesting reminiscences of grasshopper days in Minnesota. He came to North Dakota in 1877, passing through some of the territory which had suffered most from the grasshopper scourge of a few years ago. Of what he saw and heard on that journey he writes: "I footed it the greater part of the way from Mitchell county, Iowa, just across the Minnesota state line."

In 1875 and 1876, before I left Iowa, I met a large number of those who had suffered from grasshoppers in Minnesota. As an illustration of their ravenous nature one man told me that he left his jacket on a fence while doing some repair work and in half an hour it was all cut to rags.

"IN COMING WEST IN 1877 we stopped at times at large dwelling houses over night where there were large barns and windmills and large groves but the owners had been starved out by the hoppers. We passed through Mankato and New Ulm about the middle of June of that year and the residents of those towns had dug deep trenches around their garden plots with deep holes here and there in the trenches. In this way many of the insects were caught. The state of Minnesota paid $1.00 a bushel for grasshoppers in order that the sufferers might obtain a little money to buy food. The state also furnished coal tar with which the hoppers were soaked after being reassured for the bounty. They were then burned.

"MANY OF THE FARMERS whom we visited had large sheet iron pans, about 18 feet long, 3 feet wide and 6 inches deep, with ropes attached to the front corners. Each pan was drawn over the field with a horse and as the young hoppers would jump up they would land in the pan, which contained coal tar to keep them from jumping out, and also to assist in burning them. We were told the hoppers would eat chunks out of oak fork handles and also out of oak fence posts when everything green was destroyed."

STORIES OF GRASSHOPPERS eating fence posts and other solid objects are often thought to be exaggerations. Perhaps some of them are. Many tall tales are woven around such an event as a grasshopper plague. But in an earlier letter Mr. Haney has explained that grasshoppers have a liking for anything that has been flavored with perspiration, and many of these stories are doubtless more accurate than is generally supposed. The riddling of clothing by these insects is a common occurrence.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED idly whether one should say "Hudson bay" or "Hudson's bay." Being in Winnipeg the other day I thought I would find out, as the Winnipeggers ought to know. The first person to whom I appealed was the pleasant young lady who waited on our table at the Marlborough. She answered promptly that it was "Hudson." I accepted that as final. Then I picked up a paper with an advertisement of the "Hudson's" Bay store, and I noticed that the company uses the apostrophe in designating the institution. That threw me off again.

LOOKING HERE AND THERE since my return I find that the Literary Digest uses "Hudson" on the maps of its atlas, and the Digest is rather particular about getting things right. Appealing to the Britannica I found the subject listed thus: "Hudson Bay (less often, but more correctly, Hudson's Bay)"

That seemed to make it about fifty-fifty.

ON ONE POINT, HOWEVER, there is no doubt. In the official title of the company which once controlled most of the northern part of the continent the possessive form is used. The charter granted by King Charles II was to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." That places the form used in the company's name beyond dispute. It does not follow that the same form should be applied to the name of the bay. The possessive form was used in the early days, but the trend in recent years is to simplify geographical names, and we have the authority of the Digest for the simpler form and the note by the Britannica that it is more frequently used, although the possessive form may be "more correct."

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

T. M. RYKKEN, OF PETERSBURG, agrees with the old timers who insist that this climate is not what it used to be. In evidence of the climatic change that has taken place he submits a date palm that grew out of doors, without any assistance. The palm is not very large, only about six or eight inches tall, in fact, and at a glance it might easily be taken for a spear of grass. That is just what Mrs. Hove took it for when she pulled it up while working in her garden, but she found that it came from a date seed which had been thrown out. There are several more of the plants growing, and they will be saved as long as possible, to see what happens.

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SIMILARLY I HAVE A COUPLE OF AVOCADO TREES GROWING IN MY GARDEN AND DOING QUITE WELL. My seeds, however, were planted in flower pots in the basement, just out of curiosity. It took them a long time to germinate, but at length the young plants appeared and attained quite a growth by spring. Their growth during the summer has been slow. Perhaps the air has been too dry for them. Anyone who wishes to continue the experiment may have them, as my curiosity is satisfied.

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SOMEONE HAS SENT ME AN ADVERTISEMENT CLIPPED FROM A Los Angeles paper containing mysterious reference to strange animals which roam the streets of Valley City, North Dakota, at night, and the compiler recalls the stories of several years ago about wolves infesting Valley City. The story of the wolves caused considerable amusement in the northwest, but some of the eastern papers swallowed it whole. The advertisement is of a meat market, but what connection there is between selling meat in Los Angeles and the wild animals of Valley City is beyond me.

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THAT REMINDS ME THAT IT IS some time since I have read anything of wolves ravaging the outskirts of Duluth. For a long time that story made its appearance regularly every year, and I have no doubt that a lot of people had visions of the inhabitants of Duluth sitting up nights with shotguns and rifles to repel the invasions of fierce packs of wolves.

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THERE WAS A MAN AT L'E-SUEUR, MINNESOTA, some years ago who made a regular business of inventing weird and impossible stories and selling them. For many years he sent his effusions regularly to the St. Paul Pioneer Press, which printed them under the by-line "L'E-Sueur Lyre." Some of the yarns were quite clever, and the writer, whose name, I think, was Procter, syndicated them and for a time they appeared in several of the prominent papers.

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MY FRIEND W. W. BLAIN, who is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, seems to share my propensity for remembering odd and useless things. His recollection of the whangdoodle tallies with mine, but he is familiar with the woodbine version, while mine has the unlucky person gnawing a file. Blain says he first heard the quotation used while he was quite young and he was told that it was a favorite expression of the Rev. Sam Jones, famous southern evangelist. As I am older than Blain I shall stick to my version as the original one. The expression "where the woodbine twineath" is a very common one, and, I suppose quite ancient. It seems to belong to some other well-known quotation, but I can't place it.
"MANY PEOPLE WHO APPLY the bait expect to see the grasshoppers disappear immediately. This seldom happens. It usually takes from two to five days before the full effect of the poison becomes apparent."

Mr. Walton is the author of a discussion of grasshoppers which is published by the Department of Agriculture as Farmers' Bulletin No. 747 which contains much valuable information, and copies of which, I suppose, can be obtained by writing the department at Washington. Among the points emphasized are the following:

ALTHOUGH GRASSHOPPERS are not usually noticed by the farmer until they have reached a considerable size, they begin to injure his crops immediately upon hatching from the egg. They should be detected and combated, therefore, while young and small, so that time, labor and material, as well as crops, may be saved.

THE DESTRUCTION of grasshopper eggs by fall plowing, disking or harrowing, is recommended where practicable.

HOPPERDOZERS OR OTHER grasshopper traps are sometimes partially effective where the lay of the fields and other infested areas will permit their use, but these appliances are seldom entirely satisfactory.

THE BEST RESULTS CAN BE obtained when all the farmers in a community co-operate.

THE MOST PRACTICAL means of controlling grasshoppers is by the application of the poisoned baits.

IN THE SEMIARID PARTS OF the country, as in California and the southwest, the poisoned baits should have water added to them to counteract the rapid drying and should be applied during the late afternoon.

WHERE THE CLIMATE IS moist, as in the eastern and southern states, the baits may be prepared without the additional water and applied during the early morning hours.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A LOCAL FRIEND SUBMITS the following: "In exploring among some papers today I unearthed a pamphlet issued by the Grand Forks Realty company. It bears no date, but I imagine it must have been issued some 25 or 30 years ago. I am enclosing here with a copy of one page which, in the light of the present, is quite interesting. I wonder what these same men would say regarding investing in real estate, were they alive at the present day."

THE MATERIAL CONTAINED in the advertisement is as follows:

* * *

**SUCCESSFUL MEN.**

"More fortunes are made in real estate than all other causes combined."—Andrew Carnegie.

"Every person who invests in real estate in a young section of a prosperous community adopts the surest and safest method of becoming independent, for real estate is the basis of all wealth."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"There is more money made in real estate than in Wall street."—J. P. Morgan.

"I always advise my young friends to place their savings in real estate near some growing town. There is no such savings bank anywhere."—Grover Cleveland.

"Ten years hence there will be little, if any, good agricultural land that can be bought at double the price."—Secretary James Wilson.

"There is but one crop of land. There will never be another."—James J. Hill.

We have all the above advantages.

* * *

THERE IS NO MEANS OF fixing the date of the publication from which the above is taken, but it was certainly a good many years ago. Probably the men quoted would revise their opinions somewhat if they were here now, but it is by no means certain that they would reverse them. Real estate investment, like most other forms of investment, has suffered from a good many things, among them, speculation. Two years ago a good many people were profiting from the inflation of stock prices. Prices had gone up, and up and up. Almost any old stock showed a profit, and some of the profits were actually realized in cash. Then it was discovered suddenly that stocks were not worth as much as people had thought they were, and the bottom dropped out. Those unfortunate to be caught with large holdings lost heavily. Since then stock investment has been less popular.

**REAL ESTATE PRICES DO not fluctuate as rapidly as stock prices, but the swing may be as great. It has been very great. The changes have enriched some people and beggared others. Nevertheless, real estate has actual value, and although there may be times when the holder cannot realize on that value, there is a solid, dependable value which is always there. This, I should say, applies more particularly to farm lands. City real estate is more uncertain. In a growing city there is always as to some sections an appreciation of values greater than the carrying charges, but in very many other cases the reverse is true. The potentialities of farm land are easier to identify. Nobody knows what a city lot in the outskirts may be good for ten years hence. But the productive possibilities of a quarter section of farm land can readily be estimated, and, regardless of inflations and depressions the world will always demand food, and it is on the farms that food must be produced.

—W. P. DAVIES.