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COMMENTING ON THE
manner in which animals have become accustomed to unfamiliar sights, the New York Times says:

An airplane swooping low over the heads of Tweedledum and Tweedledee might have diverted them from their quarrel, for it is reported "Just then flew down a monstrous crow, As black as a tar-barrel" - and they were so alarmed that they forgot their argument. Animals appear to remain unmoved by the near approach of mechanical birds. Perhaps they do not notice the flight of real birds unless they belong to a species that preys on them or that is preyed on by them.

AN EXPERIMENT WAS MADE by the South African Air Force to see what the wild animals in the Kruger National Park would do when planes flew low over their heads. Most of them were indifferent. A few were seen casting a brief glance at the airplane, and some of the more timid, which would have run as readily at the approach of a man on foot, fled according to their custom.

"THE AUTOMOBILE WHEN first seen was productive of more panic in animal breasts. Horses have grown used to motor vehicles, and cattle do not run from them fearfully. Perhaps some one has observed the behavior of domestic animals in a pasture when airplanes pass overhead. If it is like that of dogs, little interest is shown. A cat, however, will watch a plane as far as she can see it, as if it were a bird and she hoped to catch it.

CUSTOM HAS A GREAT DEAL to do with the behavior of animals. Range cattle, for instance, are accustomed to the sight of men on horseback and pay little attention to them. Cowboys guard and guide the cattle, and the beasts accept that as normal. But with them a man on foot is a rather unusual spectacle. The cattle may charge the pedestrian or they may run away from him. But they are seldom willing to accept him as a regular part of their environment.

THE AUTOMOBILE HAS come to be accepted by most of our domestic animals, and the reactions of some of those animals are peculiar and often embarrassing. I defy anyone to predict accurately what a roadside cow will do on the approach of an automobile. The beast may be grazing contentedly by the side of the road, without the slightest danger that she will be disturbed. As the car reaches and passes her she may keep right on grazing, or she may do exactly the other thing and walk square in front of the car without the slightest excuse for doing so.

* * *

THEN THERE IS THE HEN. I have no respect whatever for the intelligence of the common domestic hen. To me she is the embodiment of foolishness and light-headedness, worse, I think, than either a cow or a sheep, and that is saying a lot. Just as likely as not a hen that is rods away from the road will on the approach of a car fly into hysterics and jump excitedly back and forth in front of the car. That's why there are so many feathers on the road.

* * *

GOPHERS COME TO GRIEF on the highway occasionally, but not as often as might be supposed from the chances that they take. One of their annoying practices is to wait until a car is almost upon them and the driver is trying to avoid them, when, like a flash, down they go into a hole in the very center of the highway. In spite of the fact that gophers do considerable damage and are regarded as pests, and though we are willing to shoot or poison them, few drivers will willingly run over them.

* * *

C. H. NELSON, 118 CHESTNUT street, was interested in the description of the coin scale the other day because he has a family heirloom in the shape of a gold dollar mined in 1853. Those little coins were often used as watch charms, but I haven't seen one for a good many years.

* * *

MANY PERSONS ARE UNAWARE that there is a law against boring a hole in a United States coin or otherwise defacing it. Jewelers are often asked to engrave coins for charms or otherwise mar them for purposes of ornament. This they are not permitted to do. Instead they carry in stock or make mountings in which favorite coins may be kept without de-
ACCORDING TO A WASHINGTON dispatch, H. C. Hansbrough, former United States senator from North Dakota, announces that he will support Governor Roosevelt for president and urges all forward-looking Republicans to do likewise.

Senator Hansbrough has had a peculiar political history, a history which illustrates the tenacity with which men sometimes cling to political labels, however out of step they may be with the majority of those who wear them. Elected as the state’s first representative in congress in 1889, then three times elected to the senate, in each case as a Republican, Senator Hansbrough has usually found in Republican policies and Republican administrations more to blame than to praise, and at times his criticism has taken the form of bitter denunciation. Yet now, when well up in his eighties, he apparently considers himself still a Republican and entitled to offer advice and counsel to other Republicans.

DURING HIS FIRST TERM IN the senate Hansbrough was a vigorous advocate of the public ownership of railroads. With this he combined advocacy of free silver, both of which policies were contrary to the attitude of the Republican party.

IN THE EARLY PART OF 1896 Senator Hansbrough was associated with Pettigrew of South Dakota and others of the group that later walked out of the St. Louis convention because of the refusal of that convention to accept the free silver doctrine. There was a sharp conflict in North Dakota between the free silver and gold standard groups as to which should control the state convention. For a time it looked like anybody’s fight, and on the evening before the state convention in Grand Forks the Hansbrough people were jubilant over their prospects of victory and celebrated their victory in advance by a mammoth torchlight parade which was the last big demonstration of its kind ever staged in the city.

BETTER GENERALSHIP WAS shown by the other faction, and while the Hansbrough people were parading the other group were signing up delegates. By the time the parade was over a complete opposition slate had been prepared and a majority of the delegates signed up in support of it. The Hansbrough people had a good celebration, but their opponents controlled the convention next day.

IT HAD BEEN EXPECTED that Hansbrough would be one of the delegates to the St. Louis convention, but because of the defeat of his faction he was left at home. To that fact, almost to a certainty, he owed his subsequent re-election and his partial regularity as a party man for some years thereafter. His friend Pettigrew was more successful at the outset. He was elected a convention delegate, walked out of the convention, and never became reinstated as a Republican.

HANSBROUGHS WAS DEFEAT­ ed at home, escaped the experience of abandoning the convention, which it was assumed that he would have done, and during the summer he became reconciled to the McKinley candidacy and forgot free silver. State conflicts were smoothed out, and at the legislative session of 1897 he was re-elected to the senate.

SIX YEARS LATER HE WAS again elected without serious opposition, but during the succeeding term he failed to maintain his standing with the state leaders and was obliged to step out. During the latter part of his service he developed a strong antipathy toward the Roosevelt administration, an antipathy which was transferred to Taft. After his retirement from office he published pamphlets and articles denouncing the iniquities of recent Republican administrations, and in 1916 he returned to the state to campaign against Hughes, the Republican candidate for president. On one occasion he engaged in a joint debate with Senator McCumber, Hansbrough supporting Wilson and McCumber Hughes.

NOTHING IS RECALLED NOW as to his attitude in later years save that he has been a fairly consistent opponent of Republican candidacies. His announced support of the Democratic nominee in the present campaign indicates merely that he is running true to form.
SPEED MANIA WAS AS great in bicycle days as it has become since. Riders didn't go quite as fast, but they tried just as hard, and they were as earnestly warned of the dangers of excessive speed. In one of these notes of warning there was a computation of the force with which two rapidly moving bicycles would come together. Some mathematician had figured that if two machines, each carrying a rider weighing 160 pounds, came together head on while traveling 15 miles an hour there would be developed a force of so many foot-pounds, which impressed the writer as being about as destructive as scientists now estimate would result from the disintegration of a few atoms. Compare that with the force generated in a head-on collision of two automobiles each weighing, with its load, a couple of tons, and each traveling 60 miles an hour. Yet people do escape almost unscathed from just such collisions.

I often wonder how many lives have been saved by automobile tops. If the old open car overturned its passengers were likely to be pinned down and crushed by its weight, and even the collapsible top was too fragile to afford much protection. In thousands of accidents the modern sturdy tops have taken the shock and protected occupants from serious harm.

My mention of the behavior of cattle on the highway on the approach of an automobile recalls to a friend an incident in which a big Hereford bull considered himself boss of the road and asserted himself in effective fashion.

At a point in the broken country near the Montana line the usually traveled road ran over a steep hill at the top of which a bull had chosen to rest and enjoy the breezes which gave him freedom from flies. He was a magnificent animal, imported by a rancher for the improvement of his herd. Life in the open had relieved him of superfluous flesh, and combats with others of his kind had left many scars on his great head. He was a tough looking customer, and when he established himself at the top of his mule would not move an inch for anything except to lower his head and paw the earth when a car disturbed him. Usually he occupied a part of the roadway, and prudent drivers pulled out and went around him.

One car could not do this conveniently as the road had become rutted, so the driver blew the horn to warn his lordship to move. The bull paid no attention, and as the animal stood with his tail toward the car the driver moved up slowly and bumped him slightly. The bull moved an inch or two under the impact, but moved no further. The car bumped him again—just a little. The bull whirled and landed on that car. Exactly how he performed nobody knew exactly, for it all happened at once, but when the bull moved off in a dignified manner he left the car a wreck, radiator, fenders and windshield smashed, and several things done to the engine.

Just what any supreme court might say as to the relative rights of bull and automobile on the highway is uncertain, but it is sound discretion to give such an animal a wide berth.
SINCE FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT became prominent in public life, and especially since he became a presidential candidate, reference has often been made to the relationship to President Theodore Roosevelt. The two have been described as fifth cousins, which implies a distant connection but conveys no clear idea, as the term "cousin" has a variety of applications, depending on the manner in which the generations represented correspond. President Roosevelt and Governor Roosevelt, however, were fifth cousins in what may be considered the simplest application of the term, as each was removed the same number of generations from a common ancestor. This was their great-great-great-grandfather Nicholas Roosevelt, who is supposed to have arrived in New Amsterdam from Holland in 1649.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT (the name was variously spelled for several generations) had two sons, Jacobus, the elder, ancestor of Governor Roosevelt and Johannes, the younger, ancestor of President Roosevelt. The exact date of the birth of Jacobus is not known, but it is supposed to have been about 1687. Johannes was born in 1689. The two were engaged in the real estate business together. The following table may be of assistance in tracing the line of descent. At the head of the list is the name of Nicholas, the common ancestor. In each column are the names, successively, of father and son, with the year of birth of each.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Generation</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year of Birth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>Nicholas</td>
<td>1658</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>Johanes</td>
<td>1659</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Jacobus</td>
<td>1687</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Jacobus</td>
<td>1724</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>Jacobus</td>
<td>1759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Cornelius</td>
<td>1794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th</td>
<td>Theodore</td>
<td>1831</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8th</td>
<td>Theodore</td>
<td>1858</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9th</td>
<td>Franklin</td>
<td>1882</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE LAST NAMES THEOREDORE is, of course, the former president, and Franklin D. is of the corresponding generation, although there is a wide difference in time of birth. This is due to the fact that Governor Roosevelt is the son of a second marriage, there being a spread of 28 years between the birth of his elder half-brother and of himself.

FAMILY TRADITION RAN strong in the naming of children, especially in the use of one name. The former president had two ancestors named Jacobus, and in the other branch this name appears once and its modern equivalent, James, twice. The James who was born in 1760 was christened Jacobus, but he abandoned that latin form and adopted its equivalent, James.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN president and governor is so distant that it would have attracted no attention had it not been that the same surname, an unusual one, persisted, and that both men became political figures. There are doubtless many thousands of families in America in which a similar relationship exists, but of which all trace has been lost, and which is of interest to no one. In this case it is necessary to go back 300 years to find a common ancestor. The two lines have been brought together again in the marriage of Franklin Roosevelt to a niece of President Roosevelt, which makes the children of that union their own cousins some six and one-half times removed.

COMPUTATIONS ARE SOME- times made of the number of ancestors that one may have had in a distant generation. Thus, one has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on until in a few generations the number reaches millions. That would seem to point to the fact that the population of the earth some centuries ago was much greater than it is today were it not for the fact that the lines of descent cross and recross, thus diminishing the number of ancestors. The marriage of first cousins is sometimes, though not always, prohibited, but beyond that there is no limit. Thus in the course of a few generations there may be descended from three or four families thousands of descendants without any violation of the rule relating to consanguinity. Political considerations have made it interesting to trace the remote relationship of President Roosevelt and Governor Roosevelt. But if the families in the group were as large as was customary among the Dutch immigrants there are doubtless hundreds of descendants of old Nicholas who are quite unaware of that relationship.
During this period of "adjustments" and "readjustments" there comes an occasional glint of humor through the murk. One such is contained in what purports to be a letter from a father to his daughter, which has gone the rounds of several papers and was clipped by a friend from the Commercial West and forwarded to me. Here it is:

My dear daughter:

You ask me if your husband should stay on in his present position at an "adjusted" salary, but you forgot to tell me what he would do if he didn't. You and he couldn't very well come here just now. Your brother Sheridan's salary has just been "reconsidered," so he moved into his old room at home and brought his wife.

Your sister Eloise telegraphed the next day that Wilfred has just been offered a new contract that was an insult, so your mother is ailing out her room. Wilfred never could endure insults. Your sister Frances, you will recall has been a private secretary, wrote last week that if anybody thinks she is going to drop to the level of a common typist, they are mistaken, so we expect her any day.

What with these and the young children, I imagine that as long as Rupert's salary is merely being "adjusted," he had better stay. An adjustment is nothing like a reduction. It's hard for me to keep up with the new language of big business, but as I understand it, an "adjustment" is the equivalent of a raise. Of course, Rupert wouldn't know that; he has been working only since 1928; he should ask some old timer to explain what a raise is.

My own business is coming along fine. It was sold on the courthouse steps last Friday, but there were no bidders, so the sheriff let me keep it. That makes the best month since the upturn.

Your affectionate father,

[Signature]

Writing of Ancestry

During this period of "adjustments" and relationships, anent the Roosevelt family, my mind went back to the little old country church where I got my early religious training. I suppose about 50 families were represented in the membership, and because of some rather unusual features in its system it was commonly regarded as a sort of close corporation, which it was to some extent.

The members were thus thrown into somewhat more intimate relationship than was usual in other groups, and while there was no bar against other marriages, there had been for years a strong tendency for the sons and daughters of members to marry within the church membership. In process of time this resulted in a family relationship as well as a church affiliation.

In my time we youngsters found entertainment in tracing the relationship of the various members. Belonging to the family ourselves we were conversant with most of the family groupings and had a pretty fair idea of whose sister had married whose cousin, and while some were better informed than others it was possible to take the membership, pew by pew and trace the connection by blood or marriage of each family with every other family in the church. In that way I suppose that today I could claim kinship with several hundred people whom I never saw and who never heard of me.

An old file of the Herald, for 1886, tells of the making of final proof on a homestead by a homesteader who was said then to be the oldest native born citizen of North Dakota. The homesteader was Isabella DeLormy, who was born near Walhalla in 1801 and had lived in that vicinity all her life. At the age of 89 she filed on a homestead near Walhalla, and six years later she made final proof, being then 95 years old. No facts relating to her history are given, but her name and the fact of her birth and long residence near Walhalla suggest that she was of mixed-French and Indian origin. There were not many homesteaders 95 years of age, and there was probably no other who had spent such a long time in what had then become a state.

At the time of her birth her native country had not yet been acquired from Napoleon by Jefferson. Lewis and Clark had yet to undertake their famous expedition to the Pacific. She lived through the hey-day of the northwestern fur trade and doubtless her people participated in some of the struggles between fur trading companies for supremacy in the trade. Dakota, during her lifetime had been shifted from one territory to another before it had become established as a separate unit. It had been divided and two states had been formed of it. And all this time Isabella had probably plodded along serenely, unconscious and indifferent that history was being made around her.

In the same issue of the Herald is an account of the building of a cyclone cellar by Germain St. Lawrence at his home on Minnesota Point. A tornado had done considerable damage at St. Louis, and in order not to be caught napping, Mr. St. Lawrence had dug a cave, lined it with timbers and covered it with earth, so that on the appearance of danger he and his family would have a place to which they could retire for safety.
TO THOSE WHO WISH TO
get a picture of the Great Chaco, the
great jungle that lies over which
Paraguay and Bolivia are just now
at a sword's points, I recommend a reading of Julian Duguid's book, "Green Hell," published some time, I think, within the past twelve months. It is the
record of a journey through the
territory which is claimed by both
the southern nations which are
now making of its savage
nations at each other, and it is told
by one of the members of the party
in a manner which holds the reader fascinated.

DUGUID, A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, because acquainted with a
diplomat who represented one of the
South American republics—I have forgotten which—in London,
and between the two there sprang up a warm friendship. When the
diplomat was instructed by his
government to make the journey through the Great Chaco he asked
Duguid to accompany him, an
invitation which was eagerly
accepted. With them went Bee-Mason, a commercial photographer
who wished to make films of the
country.

NOT ONE OF THE THREE
had any experience in exploration,
and none of them knew anything
of the nature of the country which
they were to traverse, yet they set
out on an expedition which was
to take them into one of the wildest
and most difficult areas in the
world as casually as children
would start to cross the road, in
the assurance and with the bliss of
ignorance. Why did they go? Duguid does not hesitate to say.
In the presence of their friends they
posed as men deeply concerned
for the success of a scientific
mission, but actually they seized upon
the opportunity for a great
adventure, a plunge into the
unknown with all its novel and
dangerous experiences. Adventurers,
ye were first and chiefly, and
explorers incidentally.

A JOURNEY SO UNDERTAKEN
could not fail to be rich in incident, the richer for the experience
of the travelers. And Duguid
has made his record of it in the
same care-free fashion in which
the mad adventure was undertaken.
As to the political reason for the
journey, one soon forgets all about cerning the controversy between
them in the fascination with which Paraguay and Bolivia.

ON THE WAY UP THE PARA-
uguay river the three innocents
were so fortunate as to know a
young Russian long a resident of
the country, who is known through-
out the book as Tiger Man. Edu-
cated and cultured, he had aban-
donned civilization and taken to
the wilderness because, as he tells
Duguid in a rare moment of con-
idence, he had fallen deeply in
love with the wife of his best
friend and wished to remove him-
self as far as possible from their
domestic happiness. The occasion-
en events to his grim philos-
ophy are among the book's telling
passages.

LITTLE BY LITTLE, AIDED
by the experience of the new
friend who joined them, the
adventurers learned the ways of the
wilderness, and they found they had become seasoned
travelers. In the process they suf-
ered all the pangs of hunger and
thirst; were tormented night and
day by vicious insects; tracked
wounded tigers through the dense
undergrowth; wrestled with ser-
pants; hacked their way inch by
inch through rank growth of twist-
ed vines, through long, sultry
hours and sticky humidity.

"GREEN HELL" IS THE NAME
given to the vast jungle which
stretches for many hundreds of
miles, which is one of the richest
areas on earth, but whose riches
have been protected thus far by
climatic conditions with which
men had not been able to com-
pare any considerable scale. It receives
strangers, enforces with its
green arms, and with their bodies
further enriches its soil.

AMONG THE INTERESTING
passages are those relating to the
founding of settlements by the
Spanish conquistadores, the devo-
tion of the early Catholic mission-
aries to the welfare of the abor-
gines, the respect in which these
priests were held, their withdrawal
because of the jealousy of a distant
king and the substitution for them
of young, raw and unfit recruits,
who undid most of the splendid
work that had been done by their
predecessors.

STILL OTHER NOTEWORTHY
passages are the descriptions of
the awful solemnity of the jungle,
the chorus of birds at sunset, and
especially the descriptions of two
or three tropical storms. "Green
Hell" can be had at the public
library. It will help to make intel-
lectual folk aware of the news dispatches con-
fined to the public press in the
fascination with which Paraguay and Bolivia.
HE IS HENRY CLAY HANSBROUGH, for three terms a Republican member of the senate from North Dakota. Four years ago he was for Al Smith. This year he is for Governor Roosevelt. It may be that he wasn't a supporter of Harding, Hughes or Taft. So the Republicans are naturally inured to the loss, though there is no reason why Governor Roosevelt should not be glad to enjoy what so many of his predecessors did.

"THE RECORDS FAIL TO DISCLOSE WHEN MR. HANSBROUGH CEASED TO BE A REGULAR REPUBLICAN. The committee of that party ought to retaliate at once with the equally surprising announcement that William D. Mitchell of St. Paul, a Democrat, declares for Herbert Hoover. The attorney general won't repudiate it."

SENATOR HANSBROUGH would probably resent the suggestion that he is not and has not always been a regular Republican, but from his standpoint the rest of the Republican party has been shockingly irregular during most of the past forty years.

A MAN WHO HAS BEEN FIGURING ON WHEAT prices and can't make head or tail of them, propounds this puzzle, which I pass on to readers of this column:

"IT IS PROPOSED THAT THE price of wheat in the United States shall be the Winnipeg price plus the American duty. That will be fine. Canada, like the United States, is a wheat-exporting country. Like the United States, Canada imposes an import duty on wheat. Why should not the Canadian farmer demand that he shall receive for his wheat the Chicago or Minneapolis price plus the Canadian duty? If it is conceded that each demand is just, and each desire is realized, what will be the ultimate price of wheat?"

MOST HOUSEWIVES KNOW that chokecherries make excellent jelly, provided proper steps are taken to make the juice jell instead of remaining like molasses. I wonder if anyone has taken the trouble to find out how many varieties of chokecherries there are. The other day, having an hour in the woods, I amused myself by picking a few cherries, and in the little patch where I picked I identified four distinct varieties.
LOUIS D. CAMPBELL WRITES from Minneapolis with further reference to the political record of Senator Hansbrough, saying: “The writer was very much interested in reading your column, ‘That Reminds Me,’ under date of August 3 devoted to former U. S. Senator H. C. Hansbrough. You make reference to his active support of different Democratic candidates for the presidency notwithstanding that he has masqueraded as a Republican all his lifetime. Your closing remarks state: Nothing is recalled now as to his attitude in later years.

* * *

“THE WRITER IS SURE THAT the files of the Grand Forks Herald will disclose that he was just as politically inconsistent in 1928 as during former presidential campaigns, as he invaded these quarters early in the 1928 campaign announcing that he would make Minneapolis his headquarters. He earnestly advocated the election of Alfred E. Smith but, as usual, he was masquerading as a true Republican. I do not suppose he changed a single vote. Personally, the writer does not think he will succeed in changing any votes in behalf of Roosevelt during the campaign this fall.”

* * *

IT IS PERHAPS NOT REMARKABLE that Mr. Hansbrough’s support of Smith in the 1928 campaign was overlooked, when the former article in this column was prepared. It is a fact, now that the subject is recalled, that in 1928 Mr. Hansbrough was tendered by someone, and accepted the presidency of some sort of Independent Smith league. The announcement received the usual publicity at the time, and was then forgotten. Just what the league did, or attempted to do in the campaign I haven’t the least idea.

ACCORDING TO LOCAL PEOPLE who have visited the vicinity gulls have appeared in vast numbers in Ramsey and Nelson counties and are growing fat on grasshoppers. I noticed great flocks of these graceful birds in that locality this fall, the flocks then being larger than any others that I had ever seen. Various correspondents sent in information concerning the birds, which were identified as Franklin gulls which nest in the marshes around Hudson’s bay and farther north. They are voracious feeders and devour unbelievable quantities of grasshoppers. In the localities where they have appeared they are said to have been of material assistance to farmers in ridding fields of hoppers. Their activities now recall the similar service performed by gulls for the Mormons at Salt Lake in the days of Brigham Young, when the crops of the settlers were saved from destruction by gulls. The incident is commemorated by a statue in Salt Lake City in honor of those feathered benefactors.

GRASSHOPPERS ARE FLYING, and flying high. At certain times the insects may be seen as white specks by looking toward the sun, but in such a position that the eyes are shaded from its direct rays. Under favorable conditions the hoppers may be seen quite distinctly if one will stand in the shadow of a building and then look almost directly toward the sun. The height at which the insects fly is variously estimated at from 500 to 1000 feet.

THERE IS SOME QUESTION as to the identity of these high-flying hoppers. Those that are disturbed in walking across a field or in driving do not usually rise high or fly far. Instead they make short flights to place them out of the way of whatever has disturbed them and then alight. Because of this there seems to be some reason to suspect that the high-flyers are not the local, domestic hoppers at all, but stray migratory or Rocky Mountain locusts.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID that grasshoppers never appear in large numbers in the same locality two years in succession. In some quarters that alleged fact was advanced last spring as a reason why no trouble need be expected from grasshoppers in this territory this year. We had our dose last year, it was said, and that ended it. No argument is now required to indicate the mistaken nature of this belief. Two years ago grasshoppers were more numerous in the same localities, and this year, still in the same localities, the fields are fairly alive with them.

DOUBTLESS THE REASON for the existence of a belief which is quite common is that to many a grasshopper is just a grasshopper, and no distinction is made among species, of which there are several. The Rocky Mountain locust, which wrought havoc in the plains states some sixty years ago, and which has reappeared occasionally in considerable numbers since, is a migratory insect which does not breed in this territory. It arrives in a mature state, coming in great swarms, devours everything in sight, and moves on. It is not likely to visit the same place twice in succession. The insects which we have with us are our own local, domestic product. They were hatched from eggs laid in our own soil. They do not move far so long as food is plentiful. In the fall they lay their eggs often in the same fields where they were hatched, and in the spring a new brood is ready to come forth. In the absence of disease and unfavorable weather there is no reason why they should not increase year by year as long as there is sufficient vegetation to feed them.
A BRANTFORD, ONT., DISPATCH in a Toronto paper says:

"Although the province a year or so ago spent $20,000 on piling and re-vestments to preserve the Bell homestead, the historic building where Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone is still threatening to slide down the bank toward the river. The subsoil movement, it was thought, would be checked by the driving of heavy piles into the bank, but the bank continues to slide, taking the piles a foot away from their original placements. There is no immediate danger, but it seems as if removal of the home forward will be the only solution, and that but a temporary one."

* * *

BRANTFORD PEOPLE ARE proud of the association of their city with the history of the telephone, and it was quite natural for the writer of the above dispatch to refer to the Bell homestead near the city as the place "where Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone," although that statement is not quite literally correct.

* * *

THE TELEPHONE WAS NOT invented at any particular place. It was the growth of years during which young Bell conducted his investigations and experiments while engaged in other work. Vacations were spent at the family home near Brantford, and the experiments were continued there. Important advances were made there in the work, and it was from the father's home to the home of an uncle in the city that the first outdoor telephone line ever built was installed. On a visit to the old town some 30 years ago I saw workmen removing the poles and wires of the original line, for which there was no further use.

* * *

THE BELL HOME, TO WHICH reference is made above, is situated about two miles directly south of Brantford, where the river swings in a great semicircle as it follows a line of hills 100 to 150 feet high. Between the city and the river the land is low and level, occupied by small farms, market gardens and hop yards. On the opposite side of the river the hills rise, high and steep, and, as the river current swings outward, that bank is subjected to constant erosion.

GREAT SLIDES HAVE OCCURRED along that curve, and in some of them many acres of land have been carried down stream. From my boyhood I can recall how, in places the clay bank ran straight and bare from the water's edge to the crest of the hill, and how in other places great slides had pushed the river out of its course, leaving at the foot of the hill a rolling shelf which had become covered with bushes and trees since it took its plunge. Many years must have been required to provide that covering.

* * *

ALEXANDER MELVILLE Bell, father of the telephone inventor, and a retired professor of elocution from Edinburgh university, bought a small place in the heights opposite the city and made his home there for several years. The residence had a beautiful setting, and the view toward the city was one of great beauty. One had a clear view of the river for several miles. Just beyond was the level land, dotted with farm homes, a mosaic of color as spring merged into summer and autumn. While beyond that the city rose toward the crest of the farther hills.

* * *

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO the city acquired the old Bell place and set it aside as a public park in commemoration of the history of the telephone. Apparently the river has been busy during these years, for in my time there was a wide stretch of rolling timbered land at the foot of the steep hill. It was in that wood lot that our Sunday school picnics were held, and while old Professor Bell was not a member of our little church, he helped so hospitable and genial, donating the use of his grove, and dropping around during the picnics to see that the young people were enjoying themselves.

* * *

APPARENTLY BOTH THE city and the provincial government have interested themselves in the preservation of the property. Occasionally one of my friends says: "I drove through your old town the other day on my way from Niagara Falls to Detroit." I am always glad to hear that. To anyone who goes that way and has time to stop a little while I recommend a visit to the old Bell homestead—I don't know the official name of the park. It's only a little over two miles by an excellent road, and the view from the top of the hill is worth seeing, even if the bank is slipping.
MRS. EDNA LaMOORE WALdo, of Bismarck, N. D., announces the forthcoming publication of her new book "Dakota," which is described as "a frank, informal, human interest study of territorial days, its colorful material gleaned from contemporarv newspaper files and other original sources not generally accessible. A connected narrative in popular style for readers of all ages, setting forth the gossip of our own yesterdays, the florid writing and oratory, the political coups, the yarns of river men, the elaborate social functions, the almost incredible events of the Indian campaigns and the gold diggings."

FOR SOME TIME MRS. WALdo has contributed pioneer material of the type described in some of the weekly papers of the state and has published one book, the supply of which was quickly exhausted. Her writings bear evidence of care in the collection of material both as to its accuracy and as to its popular appeal. Her style is pleasing, and the book now to be published should be a real contribution to the literature relating to an exceedingly interesting and colorful period.

A SHORT TIME AGO I SPENT a day with a farmer friend whom I have known for nearly fifty years. He is not far from 80 years of age, and for half a century he has farmed in the Red river valley. In the early days he filed on a homestead. Later he bought more land, and for some years he farmed on a considerable scale.

HE ENJOYED HIS FULL share of prosperity, and at one time he could have retired with a comfortable fortune. Then there were reverses which swept away most of the earnings of a lifetime, and the shrinkage in farm values struck just when he would feel its effect more severely. He is again on a small farm, struggling to make ends meet, and experiencing difficulties such as have made many younger men despondent.

MY FRIEND IS CONFIDENT that prosperity will return, but he has no illusions as to his part in it. He realizes that he is an old man, and that for him time is too short for him to recover the comfort that he once enjoyed. For whatever time is left for him he sees a future of hard work and mighty little in the way of luxury.

IS HE DOWNHEARTED? NOT by any means. As fully as anyone he appreciates the desirability of many of the things that money can buy. He has no money with which to buy them. He accepts the fact that he must get along without many of the things that he would like to have. He has no expectation of ever being able to obtain them. In his own mind that is all settled, and, as it is settled, there is nothing about which to worry. I have never met a man more wholesomely cheerful, more inter­lating to an exceedingly interested in what is going on about him, more confident that better times will come, although perhaps too late for him to benefit much, more eager to be helpful to anyone whom he can help.

WE TALKED A LOT DURING that visit, and recalled incidents in which hardship was a prominent feature, but it interested me to note that It was not on the hardships that emphasis was placed. What seemed to be interesting was the adventure involved in the incident and not the hardship.

WE TALKED SOME POLITICS. What opinions we expressed and what conclusions we reached with respect to presidential candidates does not matter, so far as this column is concerned. But it was definitely interesting to me to find that notwithstanding misfortune, disappointment and narrowed circumstances, in his mental attitude my old friend is steady as a rock. He has unbounded faith in the essential soundness of the nation and its institutions. He has no leaning toward any of the methods by which it is proposed to make men rich by act of congress. He stands squarely on his own feet asking no favors of government in any of its forms, a square dealer, a loyal friend, and a splendid type of American.

WITH THE AIR FILLED WITH cries of "pity me," "help me," and "give me," that visit was refreshing and stimulating. I have no doubt that there are other men of that type, in thousands of inconspicuous places. And to the fellow who may be inclined to think that all the world but himself has gone wrong, I suggest a reading of the story of the prophet who, believing himself the sole survivor of the faithful, was reminded that in places unknown to him here were several thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal.
IN THIS PARTICULAR SECTION of the Northwest the conditions during the past few weeks have been those of real drought. Rain has not fallen in appreciable quantity for several weeks. So far as the season in general is concerned the situation was saved by abundant rains which came early and moderate showers a little later. Vegetation got a good start and until lately has made good progress. Now pastures are brown and we are in actual need of rain.

The prophet who had predicted a dry summer would have considered himself justified by the conditions in this part of the Red river valley and for some distance around it. He might have predicted with pride to the behavior of the moon and the constellations, to the advent of Easter, or to any one of the natural phenomena of the woods and fields as infallible prognosticators of coming weather.

IF THE PROPHET HAPPENED to live in Nebraska, only a few hundred miles away, he might not be so certain of the infallibility of the weather signs on which he had relied. A large section of Nebraska was set afoul recently by a downpour of about seven inches which is one-third as much water as falls in the Red river valley in the course of a whole normal year rain and melted snow included. Streams left their banks, fields were flooded, bridges went out, roads were washed away, trains were stalled and the whole country was demoralized. Yet the heavenly bodies moved calmly over Nebraska just as over North Dakota, and presumably the goosebones were of the same texture there as here.

AGAIN, A LETTER JUST RECEIVED from a friend in southern Ontario, just a few steps eastward tells of the wonderful crops of fruit and vegetables that they are having there, and of the splendid growth of everything, due to the splendid rains. It has rained more or less almost every day for weeks, the letter says, and growth of all kinds has been stimulated accordingly. And the changes of the moon and the other features by means of which the weather wizards prognosticate are about the same for Ontario, North Dakota and Nebraska.

IT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY decided by government authority that the tomato, though botanically a fruit, is commercially a vegetable. It is true that the tomato is used both ways, as a vegetable with meat and potatoes, and as a fruit in preserves, and so forth. Yet there had to be a decision of some kind, because tariff and other laws apply differently to fruits and to vegetables. One person of my acquaintance has decided the thing on another basis. He says that the tomato is a vegetable when you eat it with a fork and a fruit when you eat it with a spoon.

A COPY OF A FULL-PAGE advertisement of the Great Northern railway—then the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba—which was published in Harper's magazine in 1884 has recently come into possession of the management of the road and has been photographed in order to illustrate the means taken to interest people in what was then the almost unknown northwest territory. The advertisement is devoted to setting forth the advantages of Minnesota and northern Dakota, the territory then served by the road.

IN THE MEANING OF THE advertisement this area is described as “The Finest Summer Resort and Santuary in the World.” The dry, bracing air and cool nights are set forth as advantages, and special emphasis is placed in capital letters on the fact that the territory is free from malaria. An appeal is made to the sportsman by reference to the abundance of fish in the lakes, of grouse and prairie chickens on the prairie and of pheasants, partridge and deer in the wooded sections.

DEVILS LAKE, WITH ITS INVigorating atmosphere and salt water bathing is strongly recommended to those suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork or prostration from nervous disorders. The city of Devil's Lake, with a population of “nearly seven hundred,” was then the western as Winnipe was the northern terminus of the road. The company then operated over 1400 miles of road, the small beginning of the great system which now traverses the northern part of the United States. Principal officers of the road listed are James J. Hill, president, who was then in active charge; Allen Manvel, general manager, for whom the village of Manvel was named; W. S. Alexander, traffic manager, and C. H. Warren, general passenger agent.
A FEW MILES WEST OF BYG-land, Minn., and only a few hun-
dred feet from the Red river, is a pleasant little meadow, perhaps
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tures of the landscape on the way to
disappeared before the onslaught of
The meadow is reached by an ungrade trail which leaves the
main road a short distance away, and partly blocking this trail has
been a magnificent elm, standing in solitary grandeur as a sen-
tinel over the fields near by. Sym-
metrical as a Corinthian column, straight of trunk, and with a
graceful sweep of branches, the
great tree was a delight to the eye and a noble landmark. In order
to avoid the tree the wheel tracks swung out of line a few feet, but
the road is a mere fragment, running only to the river, and it bears
no traffic except an occasional farm rig or a party of picnickers, and
obody minded the microscopic detour. It shocked me to
find that the tree was gone and the place where it stood marked
by the charred remains of a burned stump.

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by the charred remains of a burned stump.
ON THE 31ST OF THIS MONTH residents of this part of the world will have the privilege—provided the weather is fine—of seeing a solar eclipse more nearly total than most of those which we have an opportunity to observe. At Grand Forks about three-fourths of the sun’s area will be obscured by the passage of the moon. The phenomenon will be seen as a total eclipse in a band about 100 miles wide extending from the Arctic ocean through northern Canada, the province of Quebec and the state of Maine.

THE GREAT SHADOW WILL strike the earth in the polar sea north of Labrador at 1:04 P. M., Grand Forks time, and will leave the earth somewhere in the Atlantic ocean almost exactly two hours later, having traversed almost half the earth’s circumference at the rate of about a mile a second. At any point along the center of the 100-mile band of totality the sun will appear totally eclipsed for about 100 seconds. The partial eclipse will be visible throughout North America.

Total eclipses of the sun, while not infrequent, are often visible only in such out-of-the-way places that few people see them. Because observations during such eclipses add greatly to scientific knowledge, scientists from all over the world visit places within the line of totality for the purpose of making, during the minute or two of totality, observations whose photographic records will be studied for months or years thereafter. Strange and novel instruments are used for this purpose, and special buildings are erected on concrete bases for the mounting of the instruments. And after all the preparation a passing cloud may spoil everything. It is needless to say that during the few days preceding August 31 the weather forecasts for northeastern North America will be scanned with anxiety by scientists from all over the world.

WE SMILE AT THE CHINESE for believing that an eclipse is caused by the efforts of a dragon to devour the sun, and at their beating of tom toms to frighten the monster away. But people who consider themselves more advanced than the Chinese sometimes view eclipses with anxiety. Such phenomena have been regarded by almost all peoples as direful portents, representing the direct interference of a mysterious power with the ordinary operations of nature.

MY FIRST ECLIPSE MADE AN impression on me which has never been effaced. As in every community there were those of our neighbors who regarded eclipses as serious business, which might mark anything from the end of the world to minor disaster, and that gossip had filtered down to the juvenile population. My own elders had assured me that there was nothing alarming about it, as it was quite in the natural order and meant nothing in particular. That was comforting, to a degree, but how did they know? There had been tremendous happenings, Noah’s flood, earthquakes, and the elements were to melt with fervent heat. Might this not be the time for another catastrophe?

THE DAY OF THE ECLIPSE— it was in the very late sixties—was a beautiful one. Not a cloud was visible and not a leaf stirred. The quiet itself was disconcerting, the lull before the storm, perhaps. Then in the early afternoon it began to grow dusk. The quiet grew more intense and there came a coolness in the air. Chickens went to roost and the cattle acted strangely. Through smoked glass I watched the miracle overhead, ready to bolt and run at the first sign of trouble. Then, after what seemed to be hours, it began to grow lighter. Presently the sun blazed forth as clear as ever, and not a thing had happened. I was greatly relieved, as were my young companions. But with the sense of relief there was also a chastened feeling which lasted for some time. We had come out all right that time, it was true, but it looked like a close call.

AS A SPECTACLE THE FINEST eclipse in my experience was on New Year’s day, 1889, when the sun set eclipsed after as fine a summer day as one could wish to see. The weather had been mild all fall and winter up to that time, and it remained so for some weeks thereafter. Cold weather followed, with plenty of snow, but I don’t think the eclipse had anything to do with it.
THEY HAD 12 INCHES OF rain down in Oklahoma the other day, and 12 inches of rain, if anyone should ask, is some shower. That is more than half the total precipitation in the Red river valley in a whole normal year, the average annual combination of rainfall and melted snow in this locality being about 20 inches. In 1910, our historic dry year, we got about 10 inches of water, according to my recollection, which is about the minimum amount of water on which a crop can be raised provided the water all falls during the growing season when it will do the most good.

A FEW YEARS AGO GRAND Forks had a rainfall of somewhere between three and four inches in the space of about half an hour one summer evening, and that, I believe, is the record for sudden precipitation in this locality. How the water did come down! The sewers could not begin to take care of the flow and the water overflowed streets into basements, for there was nowhere else for it to go. It was a warm evening and the water was tepid. All over the city children in bathing suits and children in all sorts of improvised substitutes romped in the water and it was hours before the streets had assumed anything like their normal appearance.

I GOT MY IDEA OF WHAT constitutes a heavy rain many years ago from a newspaper account of a rain which flooded Chicago. The sewer system of Chicago, so the article said, had been built to take care of a maximum downfall of one inch per hour. The rainfall in question amounted to two inches per hour, and, necessarily, the whole city was flooded. Whenever I read of a heavy rain I check back to the belief of the Chicago engineers that an inch an hour would be all that could ever be expected.

ALTITUDE OF AIRPLANES IS indicated by instruments known as altimeters, which, in effect, and barometers, measuring air pressure. At sea level the weight of air ordinarily created a pressure of something less than 15 pounds per square inch, or pressure sufficient to support a column of mercury about 30 inches high. The higher one goes the less the pressure becomes, and the altimeter records the pressure, and consequently the altitude.

THAT IS ALL VERY SIMPLE. But air pressure varies at a given point with a variety of conditions. In clear, cool weather the barometer here may register 30 inches plus, while in advance of a violent storm it may mark around 28 inches. But when the air pilot sees that his altimeter indicates that his altitude is 5,000 feet, how does he know how near right it is?

I ASKED PROFESSOR HOWARD E. Simpson that question and received the reply that the pilot does not know. On short flights, said Professor Simpson the pilot can check his altimeter with the pressure at ground level, and thus attain accuracy within a very few feet. But on a long flight, where both temperature and air pressure may change widely, there may be an error of many feet, the possibility of which the pilot must take into account.

PROFESSOR SIMPSON REFERRED to the crash which brought death to Ben Eielson, after which the altimeter wrecked with the plane was found to register a considerable height. This has sometimes been attributed to a defect in the instrument. It is now believed more likely to have been associated with a marked lowering of pressure in the storm. The altimeter, responding accurately to the reduced pressure, indicated a safe height when in fact the plane was almost at ground level. The pilot, having no knowledge of this, would be misled by an instrument which, in reality, was working accurately.

IN LONG NON-STOP FLIGHTS over a route dotted with observation stations the pilot can be kept informed by radio of the air pressure and its departure from normal at ground level at the various points over which he passes. He is thus able to adjust his altimeter readings to the known conditions and thus to know his altitude within a very narrow margin.
TWO YEARS AGO, I THINK it was, the summer was unusually dry, not only in North Dakota, but throughout most of the United States east of the Rockies. Then in the late summer or early fall a hurricane moved in from the Atlantic, stirred things up in the West Indies and blew itself out as it crossed the southeastern states to disappear in the north Atlantic. As a hurricane it was not as destructive as some, but it blew hard and covered a lot of territory. * * *

IMMEDIATELY THE DROUGHT was broken. It did not rain everywhere and all at once, but several of the southern states were deluged, and heavy showers were frequent in areas that had been parched for some time. The layman would not be likely to associate a shower in his own locality with a storm two thousand miles away, but at least one meteorologist insisted that there was a direct connection. All over the country the summer had been marked by unusual absence of wind, and it was to this that the meteorologist attributed the lack of rain. The air had not carried the usual quantity of water inland from the ocean and there had been too great uniformity in the condition of the air to cause normal precipitation. The hurricane corrected this. It carried with it an immense volume of moisture which it had picked up at sea and it assisted in creating currents and counter currents in which the moist air cooled and the water was squeezed out in the form of rain. The movements thus set up lasted long after the hurricane itself had disappeared. That, at least, was the opinion of one man who seemed to know. * * *

I WAS REMINDED OF THIS when I read of the tremendous rainfall in Oklahoma and heavy rains in adjacent states immediately following the hurricane that lashed the coast of Texas and caused loss of life and property inland. I was also reminded of another statement made some years ago by a man who appeared to know his subject who said that more than 90 per cent of the rain that falls in North Dakota comes from the Atlantic ocean. * * *

AS A SOURCE OF RAIN FOR North Dakota the Pacific ocean is out. The west winds bring in plenty of water from that ocean, but the mountains catch it almost all, and very little more is picked up between here and the mountains. Not much rain comes from the distant north, because the air tends to become drier as it moves southward and it is more likely to absorb water than to release it. * * *

IT IS TRUE THAT NEARLY all of our violent thunder storms, which are often accompanied by much rain, approach us from the northwest, west or southwest, but the authorities tell us that even in those storms the clouds contain water which was picked up from the Atlantic and carried around in a great circle until it reaches us from another direction. * * *

LOCAL EVAPORATION, WE are told, has mighty little to do with local rain. The water that is absorbed from Devils Lake, for instance, may assist in a sprinkle somewhere a thousand miles away, but it is not likely to fall anywhere near Devils Lake. Bodies of water do have a perceptible influence on humidity in the immediate vicinity, a fact which is shown in the moss-grown roofs of cottages on low ground near small lakes, especially if there is timber enough to check light breezes. This condition is apt to be noticed by the cottage housewife on washday if the air is quiet. The sun may be bright and warm as ever, but clothes simply will not dry. This influence, however, seldom extends for more than a very short distance from small bodies of water. * * *

ALL OF THIS LEADS TO THE conclusion, which appears to be well grounded, that conservation of water locally has no appreciable influence on rainfall in the same vicinity. Water conservation is important and highly desirable for its own sake. It does not add materially to the water that falls upon the ground, but it prevents the ground from drying out unduly. * * *

MY HUMMING BIRD IS BECOMING more sociable. Quite unconcernedly this morning he fed from flowers not more than three feet away from me. Probably he took me for a stump.
THE EDITOR OF THE STEELE COUNTY PRESS, OF FINLEY, NORTH DAKOTA, HAS BEEN STUDYING THE ECONOMIC PHASES OF THRESHING UNDER OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS AND EXPRESSES HIMSELF AS FOLLOWS IN AN EDITORIAL IN HIS PAPER: "THE 'FARM PRODUCTS HOLIDAY' IS ON, BUT THERE ARE A LOT OF FARMERS IN STEELE COUNTY THAT ARE NOT GOING TO DO IT A BIT OF GOOD—ON ACCOUNT OF AN OLD HABIT. IT SEEMS THAT JUST AS SOON AS THE CROP IS IN SHOCK, THE PRESENT DAY FARMER IS UP IN THE AIR UNTIL IT IS THRESHED, AND IT IS NOTHING UNUSUAL TO FIND HIM OUT ON THE STREET LOOKING FOR THREE OR FOUR MEN—EVEN THIS YEAR.

"THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THRESHING. IT IS ONE OF THE TRADITIONAL THINGS IN NORTH DAKOTA. IN THE EARLY DAYS THERE WERE THE ENGINEER AND SEPARATOR MAN, THE TRADITIONAL THINGS ABOUT NORTH DAKOTA WERE ABOUT THRESHING.

IF OF ONE MINUTE DUE TO THE HEAVY LARGE CREW OF MEN AND MANY OTHER THINGS MUST TRAVEL. EVERY MAN WAS THE DUSTIEST AND GREASET OF ALL, BUT MOST HIGHLY RESPECTED BY EVERYONE ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR TERRIBLE MERITS. EVERY YOUNG MAN ASPIRED TO THEIR EXALTED POSITION, SOMETIME IN HIS LIFE. THEN THERE WAS THE RUNNING OF THIS LARGE CREW OF MEN AND MANY OTHER FASCINATING THINGS."

"THERE WAS THAT UNRELENTING SPEED WITH WHICH EVERYTHING MUST TRAVEL. EVERY MAN WAS KEPT WORKING AT FULL SPEED EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY AND THE THRESHING MACHINE MUST NEVER STOP EVEN FOR ONE MINUTE, DUE TO THE HEAVY LOSS OF PAYING A LARGE CREW AND NOTHING COMING IN. EVERYONE UP AT 4:30 IN THE MORNING SO THAT THE WHEELS COULD START TO MOVE AS SOON AS IT BECAME LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE WHERE TO PITCH THE BUNDLES, AND CONTINUE UNTIL LONG AFTER DARK AT NIGHT. THE FARM WAS COVERED WITH STRANGE MEN, WAGONS AND HORSES AND THE FARMER WAS PROUD TO BE THE OWNER OF CROPS THAT WOULD CAUSE ALL OF THIS COMMOTION, THE HOUSEWIFE BEAMED WITH HOSPITALITY AND MADE DISPLAY OF HER CULINARY ABILITY AND THE CHILDREN VIEWED WITH AWE THIS MAGIC TRANSFORMATION OF CROPS INTO GRAIN, DONE ONLY BY THE PROPER APPLICATION OF THE LABORS OF COUNTLESS MEN, HORSES, WAGONS AND SEVERAL SUPERINTELLIGENTS.

THIS SPIRIT OF THE THRESHING SEASON HAS BEEN ALTERED THROUGH THE ADOPTION OF THE SMALL SIZED RIG. THIS CAME ABOUT WHEN THE INDIVIDUAL THRESHER WAS DESIGNED AND NOW ALMOST EVERY OTHER FARMER HAS HIS OWN MACHINE, IS HIS OWN ENGINEER AND SEPARATOR MAN AND RUNS THE WHOLE MACHINE. HE HAS DONE THIS FOR THE LAST 15 YEARS AND HE HAS COME TO LOVE THIS FORM OF THRESHING THAT PROVIDES FOR GETTING THE CROP OFF THE GROUND IN A HURRY. EACH RIG HAS A SMALLER CREW, BUT THERE ARE MANY MORE RIGS THAT IT TAKES MORE MEN AND COSTS MORE MONEY BECAUSE THE COMBINED OVERHEAD IN RUNNING THREE OR FOUR SMALL ENTERPRISES IS ALWAYS MORE THAN ONE LARGE ONE.

AND COMES NOW A TIME WHEN IT WOULD BE TO THE BENEFIT OF THE COMMUNITY AND ALSO TO THE INDIVIDUAL FARMER IF THE THRESHING WERE DELAYED AND BY ALL MEANS DONE WITH THE SLIGHTEST POSSIBLE HURRY. EACH RIG HAS A SMALLER CREW, BUT THERE ARE MANY MORE RIGS THAT IT TAKES MORE MEN AND COSTS MORE MONEY BECAUSE THE COMBINED OVERHEAD IN RUNNING THREE OR FOUR SMALL ENTERPRISES IS ALWAYS MORE THAN ONE LARGE ONE.

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"I AM NOT QUALIFIED TO EXPRESS AN OPINION AS TO THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE LARGE AND SMALL THRESHING OUTFIT, BUT I SHOULD SAY THAT INSTEAD OF INNOVATION THE USE OF THE SMALL OUTFIT, SUCH AS THE EDITOR DEPLORES, IS RATHER A REVERSION TO AN EARLIER PRACTICE.

THRESHING WAS ORIGINAL-LY A STRICTLY INDIVIDUAL AFFAIR, WHETHER THE GRAIN WAS TRODDEN OUT BY OXEN, SEPARATED BY ROLLING A LOG OVER IT OR BEATEN OUT WITH A FLAIL, WHICH HAS RATHER CONTEMPTUOUSLY BEEN TERMED A "POVERTY STICK." IN THE MATTER OF TIME WE ARE NOT FAR REMOVED FROM THE PERIOD OF THE FLAIL, FOR THIS IMPLEMENT WAS IN COMMON USE IN MY BOYHOOD, AND I HAVE TAKEN MY TURN WITH IT ON WINTER DAYS AFTER SCHOOL.

THE FIRST THRESHING MACHINE THAT I EVER SAW WAS MERELY A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE FLAIL. THAT IS, IT BEAT THE GRAIN OUT OF THE HEADS BUT DID NOT SEPARATE IT FROM THE CHAFF. THAT OPERATION WAS LEFT TO BE PERFORMED BY AN ORDINARY FANNING MILL WITH A BOY AS THE MOTIVE POWER.

MACHINES WERE IMPROVED AND ENLARGED. MORE HORSES WERE ADDED TO THE POWER PLANT. GRAIN WAS CLEANED AS WELL AS BEATEN OUT. THEN CAME THE PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE, WHICH MADE POSSIBLE THE USE OF MACHINES OF STILL GREATER CAPACITY WHICH WOULD CLEAR A QUARTER SECTION OF A HEAVY CROP IN A DAY.

THE SMALLER MACHINES, OF WHICH MANY ARE NOW IN USE, ARE COMPARABLE IN CAPACITY TO THOSE COMMON THIRTY OR FORTY YEARS AGO. IT MAY NOT BE GOOD FOR US TO GO BACKWARD IN THIS RESPECT. I DO NOT KNOW. BUT I SUPPOSE THE INDIVIDUAL FARMER FEEL HIS PROBLEM TO BE HOW MOST QUICKLY AND MOST CHEAPLY TO GET HIS LAND CLEARED BEFORE THE GRAIN IS CUT IN ORDER THAT HE MAY GET HIS PLOWING DONE BEFORE WINTER SETS IN. IN PASSING—I HAVE SEEN MORE GRAIN STACKS THIS FALL THAN FOR MANY YEARS PAST. SOME FARMERS ARE BUILDING SOME BEAUTIFUL ONES A FEW MILES NORTH OF EAST GRAND FORKS. STACKING IS ALMOST A LOST ART, BUT THERE ARE STILL A FEW MEN WHO LEFT KNOW HOW TO DO IT.

"ALL OF THE OLD CREDITORS ARE WILLING TO WAIT. WHY MAKE NEW ONES WITH NEW DEMANDS UPON THE CROP. THE THRILL OF THE THRESHING PERIOD WILL BE JUST AS ENJOYABLE A LITTLE LATER IN THE FALL; THE THRILL OF HANDLING A FEW DOLLARS WILL BE NOTHING WHEN THEY ARE NOT DISTANT FROM THE TIME THEY COME IN, BUT THE THRILL OF HAVING BEEN A PART OF A MACHINE THAT DID SOMETHING THAT HAS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE, NAMELY DEMANDING A JUST PRICE FOR OUR OWN PRODUCTS, AND GETTING IT, THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING WORTH WHILE—YES, AND IN THIS CASE WORTH MONEY."
PRESS DISPATCHES

A FEW days ago noted the death at his home at Jamestown of William Farley, a 73-year-old pioneer of Stutsman county. Mr. Farley settled on a homestead near Spiritwood and farmed there for many years. He was one of the influential men of his community, and the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors was shown by the position of leadership which was accorded him by them. I never met William Farley in person, but I became familiar with his name many years ago through the columns of the Fargo Forum when that paper was operated and edited by the late Major A. W. Edwards. The major was a unique character, and the columns of his paper reflected his interesting personality. He and Farley were good friends, but there arose between them a disagreement over a certain subscription account. Each man was positive he was right. Both were stubborn. Neither would yield. Farley would not pay the bill and Edwards would not concede that it was excessive.

EDWARDS COMPLAINED through the columns of his paper that William Farley would not pay his bill. Naturally that made Farley all the more determined not to pay it. Then, for several years, whenever Farley's name was mentioned in the paper some passing reference would be made to that bill. The Forum would announce, perhaps, that "William Farley, one of the prominent farmers of Stutsman county, visited the city yesterday," but there would be added the remark that, "he neglected to call at the Forum office and settle that bill." Or it might run something like this: "William Farley, of Spiritwood, was elected township supervisor on Tuesday. But why doesn't William call and settle that bill?"

THAT WAS KEPT UP FOR years until, I suppose, both parties agreed to call it off. I have no doubt they both enjoyed the scrap, and without question Farley received a marked copy of every mention of him that was made.

That was another of the major's pleasant little habits. If he got into a jangle with an adversary, which he did frequently, he would roast the adversary unmercifully, and then send him a marked copy. He told me that he followed that plan as a circulation device. "If you tear the hide off a man in the paper," he said, "it will make him mad as blazes, but he'll subscribe for the paper so that he'll be sure not to miss any of the other mean things that you're going to say."

THERE IS BEING RAISED the question whether the artists who designed the new silver quarter intended to slip something over on the nation and change eagles on us. The bird shown on the old quarter is the bald eagle, a bird not in any too good repute, whereas the figure on the new coin is said to correspond to the golden eagle. One difference which is pointed out by ornithologists is that the bald eagle has bare legs while the golden eagle's legs are feathered all the way down. It appears, however, that the young bald eagle wears leg feathers, but discards them as he approaches maturity. It is still an open question whether the designers intended to represent a golden eagle or an immature bald eagle.

IT TOOK ME SOME TIME AFTER entering the United States to become accustomed to the feel of the American quarter. My first impulse was to reject it as not being a genuine quarter. This arose from the fact that at that time in Canada we had two silver coins which were continually being refused. Those were the regular quarter and the 20-cent piece. Anyone accustomed to making change could tell the difference instantly by the feel of the coins. The engraving on the quarter was deep and sharp while the 20-cent piece was engraved in low relief and had a much smoother feeling. The present Canadian quarter has the deep, sharp engraving, but the 20-cent piece was discarded many years ago.

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY two coins were minted so near alike when confusion was bound to result. It has occurred to me that the 20-cent piece may have been intended to represent the shilling in one of the numerous currency systems which were used in the early days. I can remember learning a table which said "two shillings and sixpence equals one shilling, five shillings and one pound."

THE 20-CENT SHILLING WAS never in actual use in my experience. It was merely in the books. The English shilling of 24 cents was also foreign to us, as was a shilling of 16-3 cents which I have heard called the Connecticut shilling. The shilling of my boyhood was the York shilling of 12½ cents. It was not a coin, but a term, like the modern "bit." Prices in small amounts were habitually quoted in terms of York shillings, and in a store where I worked selling prices were often marked in shillings. The Six Nation Indians on our reservation understood shillings better than if the amounts had been stated in cents. An article that sold for a quarter would be quoted to an Indian as "tickini shillin'" which conveyed real meaning to him, whereas "twenty-five cents" would have left him puzzled.

Also Aug 26/32
Aug 30/32
"NORTH DAKOTA, A STATE of Awe-Inspiring Beauty and Thrilling History" is the title of a pamphlet just published by Immigration Commissioner Devine. The publication is intended primarily for the information of tourists and visitors, but it will be of real value to permanent residents of the state, for it will convey to them information which is not generally possessed concerning the picturesque features of North Dakota. The cover is appropriately adorned with views of the Badlands, a scenic feature of which North Dakota has almost a monopoly, for travelers tell us nowhere save in the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande is there an approach to the rich coloring and strange formations that are to be seen in North Dakota's Badlands.

THROUGHOUT THE PAMPHLET the pages are devoted chiefly to photographic reproductions of North Dakota scenes, emphasis being placed on the picturesque rather than the agricultural and industrial, although the latter are not neglected. By means of well-executed illustrations the traveler is taken through the state from Fargo to the western boundary over Highway No. 10, with glimpses of attractive spots by the way and excursions north and south to points of special interest. Farther north the process is repeated from Grand Forks to Williston over Highway No. 2, with side trips to Pembina, Walhalla, the Turtle Mountains and other spots of scenic or historic interest.

THE TEXT IS DEVOTED TO a brief running description of the points illustrated, with reference to historical incidents and colorful sentences on the natural beauties and the interesting wild life of the state. It is easy to imagine the joy with which Commissioner Devine devoted himself to the preparation of this work, for it reflects the enthusiasm and the appreciation of natural beauty which have always been characteristic of the man.

THE BOOKLET, WHICH ALSO contains a road map of the state, is intended for general circulation, and copies may be obtained, while they last, by applying to Hon. J. M. Devine, Immigration Commissioner, Bismarck, N. D.

* * *

EVERY SCHOOLBOY OF MY age has known, and many have committed to memory—sometimes under compulsion—that poem of long-ago school days, "Twenty Years Ago." An inquiry for the poem appeared in the New York Times Book Review a few weeks ago, and there were many answers. In addition to sending in the text of the poem, some correspondents indicated that there had been some question concerning its authorship. The first stanza reads:

I've wandered in the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree Beneath the schoolhouse playground. That sheltered you and me; But none were there to greet me, Tom, And few were left to know, Who played with us upon that green Some twenty years ago.

THE TEXT AS GIVEN IN THE Times is a little different, and had it forty years ago instead of twenty, but I have used the above form for that is the way I learned it. The authorship appears to be attributed to Frances Huston in several of the publications in which the verses appear, but W. C. Eddy claims the authorship for his uncle, Will Armour Smith, and identified the locale as Carlisle, Pa., and also identified several of the persons mentioned.

ACCORDING TO THIS VERSION the poem was written about 1845-47 when the author was about 35 years old. The "Tom" referred to was Thomas Officer, an artist of ability and the author's life-long friend. The sweetheart whose name was cut on the elm just below that of Tom was the author's sister, who died in girlhood.

"TWENTY YEARS AGO" is one of those unpretentious things whose appeal lies in an almost universal experience. Old times, old experiences, old associations, are things over which we linger, and the author of these verses, although himself a young man, sensed something of the spirit which remains with most of us through life and strengthens with the years.
ANENT THE COINAGE

By J. C. Davies

A recent issue you refer to the objectionable 20-cent silver piece. This coin was issued by the U.S. mint only from March, 1875, to May, 1878. It circulated, as circumstances are, in the public, for many years thereafter. The mintage of this coin was brought about by a movement to bring our coinage into harmony with the coinages of Europe. Most people are still unaware that our subsidiary silver coins have for nearly 60 years been weighed in grams. The half dollar weighs 12½ grams, the quarter 6¼, and the dime 2½ grams. The silver 5 franc piece weighs 12½ grams, double the weight of our half-dollar. Many countries in Europe and South America issued silver coins—liras guildens, pesos—of this same weight. In 1876 it occurred to someone that it would be an advantage to universal monetary harmony to coin a 20-cent piece weighing 5 grams and so equal to one silver franc.

"THE CHANGE TO METRIC"

THE INFORMATION GIVEN

THE CIRCULATION OF MON-

ed States, or vice versa, for questions of legal tender and exchange values enter in there. But there is no legal tender or exchange difference between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, or between North Dakota and either coast. Yet quite often the kind of currency used in one section is strange in another. In 1892, when I first arrived in North Dakota, gold was in quite common use in the territory. In casing a check at a bank one would be quite likely to be paid in gold unless he asked for paper. Gold no longer circulates in that way here. Gold was the common medium of exchange in California many years, whereas the people in the east seldom saw it.

THE LITTLE SPRINKLE OF

Hailstones on Tuesday evening started reminiscences of real hail storms of the past. There was the one on circus day along in the early nineteen hundreds. That was a real thriller. The circus parade was just over and the streets were still crowded with all sorts of horse-drawn vehicles when chunks of ice as large as a man's fist began to pelt down. From the corner window of the second story of the old Herald building I had an excellent view in three directions, and in every direction there were runaways with horses and vehicles piled up in all sorts of tangles. One man and a little girl were killed. Why more were not killed is a mystery. If the storm had occurred half an hour earlier the parade would have been on the streets. The elephants, evidently sensing something unusual, had been nervous and it was with difficulty that their keepers had got them into the animal tent and chained them to their stalls. It was by a narrow margin that we escaped having a herd of terrified elephants charge through that mass of people and horses.
BERT COLEMAN, WHO MAN-
ages the local offices of the North-
ern Pacific railway, watched a mi-
gration of ants the other day, and,
having read in
this column about
a similar migra-
tion, he reported
the fact to me,
thus performing
his duty as a citi-
genle-
m a n. It
was
moving day with
the ants in Bert's
neighborhood, but
how far they
moved was not
discovered. The
thing that at-
tracted attention
was a column of
ants crossing the
paved street. Upon tracing the
movement it was found that the
insects came from an adjoining lot,
and how much farther was not dis-
covered. They crossed the Coleman
lot diagonally, then the sidewalk,
berm, paved street and the berm
and sidewalk on the opposite side.
The portion of the column observed
was about a foot wide, and the in-
sects never wandered from that
narrow band. On they marched,
thousands and thousands of them,
until they disappeared on some-
body's lot across the street.

I HAVE TOLD HERE ABOUT
a similar movement which some
of us watched one afternoon
many years ago, but in that case we saw
both starting and finishing points.
In that case the ants were aban-
doning a nest and carrying masses
of eggs with them were trekking
to a new home about 150 feet away.
Also they were going in both di-
rections, those going toward the
new quarters carrying eggs and the
others returning empty, evidently
for another load. Coleman says his
ants did not appear to be carry-
ing anything.

HOW DO THOSE INSECTS
know when and where to move?
Apparently one or more expeditions
must have been sent out to pick
out a likely place. Then on the
basis of the report made, a grand
movement was ordered. Joshua
sent his spies into Canaan to look
the country over, and their favor-
able report started a lot of things
which were not altogether pleas-
ant for the Canaanites. How did
the ants find their way through
what were to them miles of wilder-
ness, and how were they directed
and controlled?

THERE ARE ELEMENTS IN
the Iowa farm strike that had
their counterparts in the railroad
strikes of 1893. Thus far the strik-
ers have been a little chary of med-
dling with railroad trains, but there
have been occasional acts of inter-
ference. In each case that has
been reported the strikers were
cautious not to meddle with the
mails. It was interference with the
mails that brought about the send-
ing of federal troops to Chicago
by President Cleveland. Perhaps
it was recollection of that fact that
caused the Iowa strikers to shy
at interference with the mails.

THE MAIL ISSUE WAS A MA-
ajor one at Grand Forks. The strike
had tied up transportation into a
hard knot. But the railroad men
professed willingness to haul mail
cars. For some time a locomotive,
steamed up, and with a single mail
car attached, stood in the Great
Northern yards at Grand Forks
waiting for orders to move. But
the railway management was not
interested in running single mail
cars. The position of the manage-
ting was that it was their business
to run mail cars in the usual way
to run the one without
the other.

PRESENTLY ORD
ARY
trains were manned with deputy
marshals and moved out of the
yards, accompanied by the groans
and epithets of strike sympathizers
who stood packed around the pas-
senger station. I still have a dis-
tinct recollection of the first train
that moved in a bumpy sort of way,
appeared to be something was
wrong with a brake, and Dag-
gett was purple in the face from
struggles to release the brake.

IT WAS AT THAT TIME THAT
federal troops were sent to Grand
Forks for the purpose of maintain-
ing order. There had been no
rioting, and so far as anyone none
of the railroad men had been in-
volved in acts of sabotage. But
the strike had brought into the
situation the usual riff-raff that
hangs around on such occasions
and there was a decidedly sultry
feeling in the air. The soldiers had
nothing to do after they got here,
but in all probability their pres-
ence prevented an outbreak of
hoodlumism. The men camped
near where the coal chute now is,
and their camp was the center of
attraction for several days.
HARRY RANDALL HELD ME up the other day and demanded a correction or retraction or something of the sort because I had told of studying a currency table in Canada which said "twenty cents one shilling; five shillings one dollar; four dollars one pound." Harry insisted that I was all wet, that he had never heard of such a thing, and that I must have been thinking of the old shilling and a half which says "four farthings one penny; twelve pence one shilling; twenty shillings one pound." I assured Harry that the mistake was his, but it was a pardonable one, because I went to school before he did, and therefore have a longer perspective, although Harry himself is longer than I am. I suppose the table he quoted had been dropped from the books before he started, but it was one of several useless tables that occurred in my old arithmetic. As I remarked before, the system represented in that table was never used commercially to my knowledge within my time. The sterling system whose table also we were required to learn at school is standard in Great Britain. We learned it, but never used it. During my lifetime the decimal system was the one used in Canada, as in the United States.

* * *

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE younger element it may be stated that there is no such thing as a United States penny. The penny is a British coin, value approximately two cents, and the farthing, therefore, half a cent. I suppose British farthings are still coined. Years ago they were of copper, about the size of our one-cent piece. I have one of them kicking around somewhere.

* * *

THE POUND, OR SOVEREIGN, is the customary British unit of value. Until Britain went off the gold standard its value in American terms was about $4.86. It is now quoted at about $3.46. The guinea is another British unit, worth 21 shillings. I don't know why they have both pounds and guineas, nor whether or not guineas were ever actually coined.

* * *

THERE COMES TO MIND THE story told of Thomas A. Edison shortly after his death of his sale of a certain invention to a British concern. The company cabled Edison asking his price for the invention. Edison cabled back: "The price is one million. Promptly he received a cabled order for one million pounds. He had been thinking in terms of his own currency and the British in theirs, and that time it worked decidedly to his advantage.

* * *

FRED A. BILL, OF ST. PAUL, passed through Grand Forks recently on his way to Mohall to visit a friend. He came by train from Crookston, his first rail trip between the two cities. Sixty years ago he came down the Red Lake River from Crookston on the first steamboat that navigated that stream. So far as he knows he is the only living member of the crew that made that trip. If there are others he would like to get in touch with them. A letter addressed to this column will make the necessary contact.

* * *

ON WEDNESDAY, IMMEDIATELY after noon, the eclipse begins, and, weather permitting, we should have a good view of it. Don't wait until very last minute, but get your smoked glasses on. It seems we have been practicing with some spoiled photographic film, and it seems to work all right.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN made for excursions to points in New England and Quebec where the eclipse will be total on a barge 100 miles wide and the duration of totality will be about one and one-half minutes. In Montreal they will turn on the street lights, for, while the city will not be plunged into total darkness, it will come pretty close to it for a short time. It was proposed that a half-holiday be declared as a measure of safety, the idea being that so many people would be available looking skyward that numerous traffic accidents might be expected. Just how a half holiday will help is a little too deep for me.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN REMINDED that this should be good mushroom weather, that is, it should be good to get mushrooms started. The common mushroom thrives in moist and moderately cool weather. I suppose that where there are spores they have been dormant during the hot, dry period, and it will take some time to get them started. Contrary to a rather common belief mushrooms do not start up and attain full growth in a single night. It takes several weeks for a spore to develop into a full sized mushroom. Mushrooms are often found one day where none were seen the day before, but that is because some accident has exposed them during their final spurt.
HOW ARE YOUR ELM TREES coming along? It may pay you to look them over. At mine and I have had to cut out two trees and all the rest must be doctored, with results by no means certain. Mine are all forest trees, of good size, set out in the spring of 1930. They have been thoroughly watered, and during the hot, dry spells they have been drenched. In spite of it all one of them died and another was evidently having a hard struggle. It was a woodpecker that started me on an inspection that I should have made long ago and repeated often. Wondering what the bird was pecking at I examined the tree closely, and found the bark was loose in patches almost its entire length. Occasionally I found a white grub, about half an inch long, just under the bark, and somewhere near the center of the loose patch there was a hole leading into the solid wood. Enough of the bark had been loosened to check circulation and the tree had given up the ghost.

Davies

I HAVE NOT LEARNED YET whether this grub is the regular elm tree borer or some other pest. The cut trees are being examined in order to identify the critter if possible so that the proper treatment for the other trees may be indicated. I suggest that readers who have young elms give them careful examination and if they find traces of worm holes have the trees treated at once, otherwise valuable trees may be ruined and several years' growth may be lost. Here at my age I have to start all over again, and three years means a lot.

A NOTE FROM REV. JAMES Austin, of Hannah, makes mention of a recent discussion of threshing machines in this column. Mr. Austin says that there is but one steam threshing rig running in his vicinity. It is on the Will Hay farm. Twelve teams are used to haul bundles from the shocks and three spike pitchers are employed. It reminds Mr. Austin of old times.

THRESHING IN THE EAST half a century ago was a very different job from what it has become on the western plains. In my part of the country the land was divided into 100-acre lots, and while there were farmers who owned 200 acres, there were more who farmed only 50 acres. The 100-acre farm, I suppose, would be about the average. Quite a chunk of that would be in a wood lot at the rear end of the farm. Then there had to be a certain acreage for hay, usually mixed timothy and red clover, a corn field, a few acres for turnips and mangels and often several acres for garden and orchard. That was no great acreage for small grains. A 10-acre field was a sizeable field.

IN THE DAYS OF THE FLAIL it was customary to store field peas in the barn, as it was difficult to stack them so they would keep. Then such room as remained was filled with small grains and the rest were stacked just outside. The grain in the barn would then be threshed out with flails and the sacks would be broken and brought inside.

WITH THE ADVENT OF THE threshing machine the plan was somewhat reversed. It was supposed that peas could not be threshed with a machine as the cylinder teeth cracked them and rendered them unfit for seed. Peas were therefore stacked outside and the stacks were carefully thatched with hay. The farm was filled with peas and the grain, which was threshed by machine, and the peas were brought in and flailed during the winter. This procedure was varied, of course, with the conditions on each farm.

PRESENTLY SOME GENIUS discovered that peas could be threshed without cracking if the concaves were removed, and the flail went permanently into the discard. I have never understood why field peas, one of the staple crops in old Ontario, are so seldom grown in the Northwest. Our people considered peas the ideal food for fattening either cattle, sheep or hogs. They were much preferred to corn, which was soft and yellowish, while that from peas was white and firm.

HOGS GREW FAT IN THE fall feeding in the woods, provided the timber were hardwood. Also, different kinds of hardwood made different kinds of pork. Sweet acorns made excellent pork, but the farmer who wanted good firm pork kept his hogs away from the beech grove if he could. Beech nuts, it was understood, caused the animals to lay on lots of fat, but the fat was soft and oily, whereas the fat from acorns, like that from peas, was solid and substantial.