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THE ARMY Fliers Who
ascended into the stratosphere
from Rapid City in the hope of
breaking all altitude records and
obtaining valuable new scientific
data found at an
elevation of ten
miles a tempera-
ture of about
minus 70, Fahr-
enheit. That is
about the tem-
perature that Ad-
miral Byrd has
been having at
his advanced sta-
tion in the An-
tarctic. While no-
body knows what
is the ultimate
limit of possible
heat, if there is any limit, there is
a limit to the possible degree of
cold. Physicists tell us that heat
is the evidence of a form of vibra-
tion. The less the vibration of
that particular wave the less
heat is generated, or, in other
words, the "colder" it is. If the
vibration is absent altogether no
heat is generated, and we have
what is known as absolute zero.
Measured in degrees the absence of
all heat, or the greatest possible
cold, is about 460 degrees below
zero, Fahrenheit. That, it is un-
derstood, is the temperature of
interstellar space, where, so far as
we know, there is nothing. That
tremendous degree of cold has
never been produced artificially, at
least on this planet, but one ex-
perimenter reports having reached
within three tenths of a degree of
it. That degree of cold impresses
itself on human tissues and hu-
mam sensations very much as an
excessive degree of heat would do.
If one touches liquid air, which is
many degrees above absolute zero,
the sensation is that of a severe
burn, and the effects are some-
what similar.

* * *

CURIOSITY IS RENEWED
as to why Admiral Byrd chose to
spend five months alone in a hut
on the Antarctic barrier 120 miles
from the nearest human being.
Interest in the subject has been re-
vived by news of the unsuccessful
attempt of a tractor party from
Little America to reach their chief
and the absence, day after day, of
word from him. Byrd raided
about two weeks ago that his bat-
teries were out of commission, so
that he had to crank his instru-
ment by hand. He reported that
he had a "bad arm," but whether
or not this was the result of some
accident he did not say. The trac-
tor party which was sent out for
him made a little less than half
the distance, when bad weather
and the impossibility of finding
the guide flags made return neces-
sary. Whether Byrd received mes-
sages, though he could not send
them, was not known.

* * *

JUST WHY ADMIRAL BYRD
chose that long, lonely vigil, no-
bodv seems to know. Members of
his organization in New York pro-
cess ignorance. Captain McKin-
ley, a former companion of Byrd,
said long ago that he believed that
Byrd expected at that lonely post
to make discoveries important and
startling in their nature, and that
he did not wish to ask one of his
men to undergo the discomforts
which spending those months
alone would entail. But McKinley
confessed that he was only guess-
ing. Inasmuch as Byrd was in
daily communication with his
force until recently, the loneliness
of the winter would be mitigated.

The real danger involved was of
illness or accident which, in the
absence of help, might easily be
fatal. We shall have to await
further and more definite informa-
tion before it is possible to judge
fairly whether the possible bene-
fits to be derived are such as to
warrant the risk involved.

* * *

WHEN THE NAVY VISITED
New York a fund was raised by
subscription to provide for the en-
tertainment of the guests. When
the visit and entertainment were
over there remained in the hands
of the committee an unexpended
balance of about $6.00, which was
returned, pro rata, to the subscrib-
ers. That was so unusual as to
cause much comment. Usually
there isn't anything left over.

* * *

AT VARIOUS TIMES THE
late Carl C. Gowran served as cus-
todian of funds raised locally for
civic or philanthropic purposes.
On several occasions small bal-
ances were left in his hands, and
as the sums were too small to re-
turn he kept them in separate ac-
counts. Little by little the sum
thus derived accumulated until
there was on deposit in the ag-
gregate a very substantial sum.
Mr. Gowran wished to dispose of
this and relieve himself of respon-
sibility. Upon the recommenda-
tion of persons who had been associated
directly or indirectly with the en-
terprises for which the funds were
raised originally the entire sum
with accrued interest, was paid
ever over to a philanthropic organiza-
tion for use in its work. Every
cent received was accounted for
separately. One of the earlier bal-
ances had been about doubled by
the bank interest which it earned.
SOME YEARS AGO THERE was written in England the story of a man who on New Year's eve was given one wish by a genii. He chose to receive at once a complete issue of the London Times for the coming year. When he reached the last number he read the news of his own death. How often we express the wish to be able to see ahead for a few days, or months, or years. Yet what a calamity that would be.

W. P. Davies.

Even lives which in retrospect seem to have been the happiest have their dark hours. Across them have been drawn the lines of privation, illness and bereavement. Yet these things have been endured and their ill effects overcome. The spirit has been mellowed by them, but not crushed. But to know in advance of the ill that is to overtake us at a given moment, to live in anticipation of it and in a futile effort to avert it, what a life of agony!

A RATHER FAMILIAR STORY of a different type is that of the Hudson's Bay factor who had sent to him each year by the company's annual ship to York Factory a complete volume of the London Times for the past year. The papers were stored carefully and each day the number for the corresponding date of the preceding year was perused religiously. Never under any circumstances did the old factor permit himself to anticipate the news of the world by a single day. In that way he was always up to date, even though he might be a year behind the calendar.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times Book Review asks for an old poem beginning:

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then she kissed her work and folded it tight,
And said "Dear work, good night, good night."

The poem tells how the birds and animals on their way home said good night to the little girl. The verses were published many years ago in the Campbell's second reader used in the Ontario public schools, and I have no doubt that some readers of The Herald who were brought up on those books will remember the poem entire.

ACCORDING TO TURNER Catledge, who writes in the New York Times, Dillinger's only known federal offense was the transportation in interstate commerce of a stolen automobile. All his other crimes, according to the writer, were offenses against state laws, over which the federal government has no jurisdiction. Yet he was shot down by federal officers. This point was raised months ago by Dillinger's attorney, who in a public statement said that the only federal charge against his client was that of the automobile.

YET IT IS SAFE TO SAY that the federal officers who shot Dillinger were not thinking at all about the automobile charge, but were determined to capture or kill a dangerous criminal. Apparently they were acting outside of their constitutional authority. Yet nobody complains. On the contrary, everybody applauds.

SINCE DILLINGER'S NAME became familiar to the public, and since the commission of most of his crimes, federal statutes have been enacted which would render similar acts now federal crimes. Among these are laws making it a federal offense to rob a national bank or to kill or assault a federal officer in the discharge of his duty. In this way the federal government has been projecting a few rays of light into the twilight zone between federal and state authority, a zone in which many criminals have found refuge.

AMERICAN ARMY PLANES have invaded Canada without protest from the Canadian government. Flights across the border are now no uncommon thing. This recalls the fact that some years ago Grand Forks was the objective of the first "invasion" of United States territory by troops under the British flag since the war of 1812. The occasion was that of the first visit of the Ninetieth battalion of Winnipeg to Grand Forks on Winnipeg's civic holiday. The soldiers were uniformed, armed, and under command of their officers. That visit was the first of many exchanges of courtesies between the two cities. This year Winnipeg people in considerable numbers visited the Grand Forks fair, and when the Winnipeg fair opens the visit will be returned.
A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY AT
Wilton died in convulsions after eating chokecherries and drinking milk. His death is attributed to that combination of cherries and milk. This recalls the belief, familiar in my childhood, that one would surely choke if he ate chokecherries and then drank milk. I have supposed the idea to be a neighborhood superstition, but it is possible that the fruit possesses some peculiar quality which in contact with milk, sets up violent reaction. I doubt this, however, and suspect that the Wilton child had merely eaten an unusual quantity of the fruit, which, followed by milk, induced a fatal attack of indigestion. Probably any other fruit would have produced a like result. There is, of course, in chokecherries that peculiar puckery taste which is absent from most other fruit.

Davies

THIS YEAR’S DROUGHT seems to have had no unfavorable effect on the chokecherry crop, which seems to be as abundant as usual, and the fruit is of equally good quality, although this may not be true of sections of the state in which there has been no rain at all. I suppose the chokecherry is the most abundant and most widely distributed of our wild fruits, at least of those which grow on trees, for there is no section of the state in which it is not to be found in some quantity. Although it may be as plentiful elsewhere I have found it most abundant in Pembina and Cavalier counties, where, in many places, country roads are lined with trees whose fruit literally overhangs the driveway in great black clusters.

IN THE ABUNDANCE OF chokecherries in a favorable season there is the suggestion of a local industry which might be developed into respectable proportions. This is in the manufacture of an extract or solution for use in jellies and for flavoring summer drinks. The chokecherry has a flavor all its own which most persons find very pleasant, and it seems that if the work could be properly organized the bottling of the juice for commercial use could be made to provide temporary employment for a lot of people.

BACK EAST IN MY BOYHOOD the chokecherry was not highly regarded, probably because of the abundance of other fruit, wild and cultivated. One of our favorite wild fruits was a small black cherry which grew on a large tree instead of the more shrub-like growth on which the chokecherry is borne. Another difference is that whereas the chokecherry is borne in clusters, like grapes, our wild cherry grew on single stems, as with commercial cherries.

I RECALL ONE OF THOSE cherry trees, a big one, in the middle of a pasture, which was as tall as most elms, with a well rounded top. Picking the fruit by hand from such a tree was out of the question. Instead, the women folk would spread sheets on the ground beneath the tree, and with long poles beat off such fruit as could be reached from the ground. Then we small boys would shin up the tree, and thrash the branches with sticks as far as we could reach. It seems to me that we must have got bushels of cherries off that one tree. I don’t remember whether the fruit was much used for ordinary culinary purposes or not, but the juice appeared later in cherry wines, cordials and so forth, some of which were decidedly heady.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY in this section every farm should not produce its own chokecherries. The trees will thrive almost anywhere, if given the shelter of a grove, and if protected from sheep and cattle. If given protection the trees will often appear voluntarily, as the seeds are distributed by birds.

THE LITTLE PIN CHERRY IS a different sort of fruit, less often found, but very desirable. It is a clear, translucent red, seeming to be almost a miniature variety of the little red pie cherry. At one time it was fairly abundant in the vicinity of Maple Lake. I have been told, also, that it is found in large quantities in the hills west of Park River.
A curious suggestion as to why a fire may spread has been received by Dr. J. P. Miller from a friend in his home town in Illinois. A fire for which no one could account occurred in a home there. There had been a small brush fire in the neighborhood, but there seemed to be no possibility of connection between the two until somebody said that a rabbit had been caught in the first fire, and, with fur ablaze, had started the second. As to whether or not a rabbit can carry fire in that way there seems to be no scientific evidence on either side. One person suggests a parallel in the device of Samson to burn the crops of the Philistines by causing foxes to carry fire into the fields. But Samson did not depend on the fur of the foxes to carry the fire. He tied burning brands to their tails.

Dr. C. L. Wallace gave an interesting address on witchcraft and demonology in general before the Kiwanis club the other day. As he pointed out, belief in witchcraft was one of the most natural things in the world during the period in which that belief flourished most luxuriantly. Consciously or unconsciously human beings inherited in very large measure the customs and beliefs of their ancestors, and to its early inhabitants the world was full of malignant spirits who were employed by Satan to work the annoyance, injury and destruction of regular folks.

If the cream refused to break, if the cows went dry prematurely, if the pickles moulded and the jelly failed to jell, and no other cause was apparent, the obvious explanation was witchcraft. If a child were seized with croup, and it were recalled that on the preceding day a neighbor woman had been seen watching the child intently it was considered quite certain that she had bewitched the child. One could go to a witch, and for a small sum obtain from her a little image made of cloth over which she pronounced incantations, giving the image the name of the person to be injured. Thereupon the purchaser could take the image and occasionally twist it or stick pins into it, whereupon the victim of the charm, no matter at what distance, would be seized with spasms of pain.

My English grandparents were unquestioning believers in witchcraft. Apparently they never ran across any specific cases of it in Canada. They were open-minded on that phase of the subject. But as to the existence of witches in the old country there never was any doubt. Some of the most fascinating hours of my life were spent around the fire in the winter evenings when some of the neighbors would drop in for a bit of gossip and tales of witches and ghosts were told. Some of those yarns were real thrillers, which raised goose-flesh on me and made me fearful to look out of a window at night because I knew there were all sorts of grinning monsters there. It was all very real to me, and much of it was actually believed by those who told it. Often I have wondered how people could go calmly about the daily affairs of life, surrounded, as they felt they were, by such hideous and malignant beings.

Dr. W. P. Davies.
SPEAKING OF RAINMAKERS, science has not repeated their claims merely only general principles. Many men of science have experimented long and intensively to discover whether or not rain can be produced by artificial means. It has been demonstrated that it is possible thus to produce rain, provided the conditions are favorable, but it has also been demonstrated that by the use of any method now known an enormous expenditure of energy is required to produce a beggarly few raindrops.

ELECTRIFIED DUST HAS been sprayed from planes upon clouds, with the result that some of the particles of vapor have coalesced and formed rain-drops, but the quantity of rain so produced has never equaled a slight dew. Heavy discharge of cannon have been tried, on the theory that the concussion would shake the particles of moisture together and form drops of rain. In no case has this expectation been realized.

THE IDEA THAT RAIN COULD be produced by making a big noise persisted for many years. Observers noted that rain fell during or shortly after several of Napoleon’s great battles, and the conclusion was drawn that it was the shock of the heavy bombardment that caused the rain. Experiments carefully conducted have failed consistently to verify this belief. As to the record of the Napoleonic and other wars, it appears that during those periods rain fell with just about the same degree of regularity, or irregularity, as no battles.

THERE HAS BEEN TRACED, however, a connection between those battles and rain, and a reason is advanced for the connection. Mechanical motive power was unknown. Artillery had to be moved by horses, and a rainy time was a poor time for moving heavy weights. Whenever possible a commander chose dry weather for moving, and when he had got into his new position he was ready to shoot. As wet and dry periods alternate it was quite likely that there would be rain shortly after an army had taken up its new position.

IT IS POPULARLY SAID THAT rain cools the air. This is true in a measure. The passage of cold rain-drops through the air does have a cooling effect. But meteorologists tell us that when atmospheric conditions are considered as a whole, the cooling comes first. It is the cooling of the air which causes its contained moisture to condense into rain. A familiar illustration is found in the case of the sponge. A sponge, expanded to its limit, will contain a certain quantity of water. Let the sponge be compressed only a little and it must part with some of its water. So air at a given temperature can hold just so much water. If warm air, almost saturated, is cooled, it occupies less space and can carry less water. So when moisture-laden warm air is cooled, a part of its moisture falls in the form of rain.

THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS cool the air that flows in from the Pacific, and the excess moisture is deposited, mostly on the western slopes in the form of rain or snow. The air passing over the mountains is warmed on reaching the lower levels, and in its expanded form it lacks moisture. This it sucks up greedily, giving rise to the phenomenon known as the chinook, in which great drifts of snow are evaporated from the western plains, with scarcely a trace of water being left on the surface.

That which is done by the mountains for the air that comes from the Pacific is none in a measure by the great land bodies, less elevated, of the eastern two-thirds of the continent for the winds that come in great circles from the Atlantic and the Gulf. Usually rain is deposited liberally along the coast, and less liberal in the interior. By the time the air has reached the northern prairies there is lost much of its moisture and has less to deposit in rain. Hence the annual rainfall, year by year, is progressively less with distance from the eastern and southern sources, until there is reached the almost completely arid regions at the base of the rockies.

IN VIEW OF ALL THESE facts there is but little prospect that man can do much to increase rainfall. He can do a great deal to conserve such rainfall as there is, and it is to this that intelligent effort must be directed.
AN INCREASE OF 171 PER cent in rail arrivals at Yellowstone National park up to July 1 this year as compared with the corre-sponding period of 1933 is report-ed by the Northern ern Pacific pas-senger depart-ment. Of the r ail arrivals those at the northern entrance at Gardiner, Mont., showed the largest in-crease, 210 per cent. This year seems to be not only a national park year, but a general travel year, as passenger trains are in many cases loaded to capacity instead of running practically empty, as was the case a year or more ago. Improved business conditions account for a considerable part of the increase, and lower rates have also done much to attract more-passengers. The railroads are making a determined, and apparently successful effort to recapture some of the passenger business which they have lost in recent years.

A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF IN-volved logic is the statement: "All generalizations are false, including this one." Embryo logicians have traveled round and round in the circle described by that statement, and probably their successors for many generations will do likewise. The inaccuracy of detailed general-izations is notorious, yet we will continue to generalize. We seek to classify races, nations and local communities by the use of general terms, regardless of the outstand-ing cases which the generalizations do not fit.

NUMEROUS WRITERS AND artists have tried to identify an "American type" of human being, as if it were possible for a general "type" to exist in a geographical country where there is such diversity of race, oc-cupation and geographical distri-bution. So in the matter of social outlook and political alignment, most attempts at general classification fail. So many exceptions ex-ist that the rule breaks down.

THE BREAK, OR RATHER, the cessation of intercourse be-tween President Wilson and Col-onel House has been the subject of much speculation. Until the Versailles peace-conference was well along toward its conclusion the two men were inseparable. Colonel House was trusted by the president and was consulted by him on every step which was taken or contemplated. Then, sud-denly, intercourse ceased, and the two men never met again, nor did any communication pass between them. In a series of reminiscences recently published, Irwin H. Hoov-er, familiarly known as Ike, for nearly forty years major domo of the White House, discusses the rel-a-tions of Wilson and House. He at-tributes the break to the presi-dent's illness, which, beginning in France, completely changed his mental attitude, and which, accord-ing to Hoover, made him resentful and suspicious. He seemed to con-cieve the idea that House was pre-suming on his friendship and was, in effect, trying to supplant the president himself as the chief fig-ure in international negotiations.

* * *

SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF this article Colonel House has de-clared that there was a break be-tween himself and the president. Apparently he means that there was no open quarrel, which is cor-rect. But it is common knowledge that intercourse ceased, and in his own book of reminiscences Colonel House recognizes that fact and de-clares himself at a loss to ac-count for it. In his recent state-ment he says that the president's housekeepers prevented him from having access to the presi-dent and prevented communication between the two.

* * *

THE HOOVER ART I C LE sheds light on a passage in Amer-ican history which had been ob-scure. During the president's ill-ness, toward the close of his term, there was raised the question of his ability to conduct the business of his office, and there were sug-gestions that Vice President Mar-shall serve as acting president. Hoover says that during those long months Mr. Wilson was almost ut-terly incapacitated, and that he was able to give affairs of state scarcely any attention. The infer-ence is clear from the article that for some eighteen months Mrs. Wilson was, in effect, president of the United States. We are told that the president made appointments and signed papers at her sugges-tion in seeming indifference to the character of the subject matter.

* * *

IN ALL THESE MATTERS Hoover was in a position to know the facts. During the president's illness, right up to the close of his term, Hoover was constantly at his side. He says that in his opin-ion the president never recovered after his seizure at Wichita which interrupted his speech-making tour on behalf of the League of Nati-
ONLY A SMALL PERCENT-

age of those living within a few
hours' drive of the Lake of the
Woods have even seen that body
of water, and of those who have
seen it many have no con-
ception of its
beauties. This
latter fact is
due to no abili-
ty to appreciate
beauty, but to
the fact that the
has been
seen from a
point which re-
veals it merely
as a large body
of water, and
one large body
of water looks much like another.

FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE the
lake is usually approached at
Warroad. There the country is
low and flat, much of it marshy,
and the lake spreads out to the
north, an apparently limitless ex-
panse of water, and that is all.
That is characteristic of the south-
ern and southwestern sections of
the lake. East and north the pic-
turesque runs riot. There the shore
line is bold and abrupt, and the
lake is an intricate maze of bays,
lakelets and channels, dotted with
islands ranging in size from those
of a few yards across to those of
many miles in extent. That section
of the lake has been compared to
the famous Thousand Islands sec-
tion in the upper St. Lawrence,
but the description falls far short of
doing the Lake of the Woods jus-
tice, for a dozen sections like the
 Thousand Islands could be set
down in the Lake of the Woods,
and still there would be plenty of
room left.

ONE REASON WHY THAT
picturesque area has not been more
generally visited is because it has
been difficult of access. Until re-
cently the northern shore of the
lake could be reached only by
boat or by rail. There was no auto-
mobile road within many miles. I
made a short stop at Kenora, at
the extreme north of the lake, some
8 or 10 years ago, when the only
automobiles in the place were the
few that had been shipped in by
rail, and they could be used only
around town and on little spur
roads extending a mile or two into
the woods.

THIS CONDITION HAS BEEN
overcome in part by the extension
of the Trans-Canada highway from
Winnipeg to Kenora, and from
Fort Frances to Nestor Falls on
the east. The road from Kenora
has been made passable for about
30 miles toward the southeast,
leaving about 30 miles still to be
built, and now under construc-
tion, to complete the connection at
Nestor Falls. Many of the maps
show the road along the east side
to Kenora as completed, and I was
told at Kenora the other day that
many persons have been deceived
by this inaccuracy, and have gone
up the east shore expecting to
reach Kenora and go on to Win-
nipeg, to find at Nestor Falls that
they had reached the end of the
road. Just now Kenora and the
north end of the lake generally,
can be reached by automobile only
by way of Winnipeg.

FOR THOSE OF US WHO
have lived on the prairie for a long
time a visit to the picturesque part
of the Lake of the Woods is inter-
esting and refreshing. Soon after
leaving the Red river at Lockport,
just north of Winnipeg, one passes
into a region of small farms and
poplar timber, where, by the way,
are some of the finest fields of
small grains that I have seen this
year. Then comes the broken,
and increasingly wild country, from
which most of the white pine has
been removed, but which is gener-
ally cofered with a heavy growth
of mixed timber, in which the ever-
green predominate. Small rivers
are crossed, and many little lakes
are seen from the highway, while
numerous signs indicate the exis-
tence of other lakes within a mile
or two of the road.

THE DISTANCE FROM WIN-
nipeg to Kenora is about 150 miles.
The road, while perfectly hard in
all weathers, is not one for rapid
driving. The western 40 miles was
once sprayed with oil and is now
very rough. The central section is
fairly smooth and moderately wind-
ing. The eastern 15 miles seems to
be the original wagon road, widen-
ed and graveled, but winding in
and out among and over steep
hills, perfectly smooth, but requir-
ing constant watchfulness on ac-
count of the steep grades and
many sharp curves. The drive from
Winnipeg takes about four hours,
according to my own experience
and the testimony of Winnipeg
people whom I met. A new road,
which is now under construction,
being blasted out of the rocks, par-
allel the more tortuous one at a dis-
tance of only a few yards.
THIS IS THE BLUEBERRY season in the Lake of the Woods district. Carloads of the fruit are being shipped from Kenora at the north end of the lake, and from Warroad and Baudette on the southern, or American side. Along the highway from Winnipeg to Kenora when the section of little lakes was reached numerous trucks were seen pulled up by the roadside, each truck heaped with baskets, pasteboard boxes and other receptacles to contain the berries as they were picked. Family parties of Indians or whites were off in the woods picking. One Indian woman carried a large basket of berries which she had picked, she said, "far away, about two mile," pointing over the hill. Some of the pickers work independently and sell the fruit as they can, but where the industry is conducted on a large-scale commercial basis the pickers pick only for delivery to the concerns with which they have contracts. The crop is reported as large this year, and the fruit is unusually fine.

KENORA WAS FORMERLY Rat Portage. The lake receives the flow from Rainy lake and Rainy river and the tributary streams on both sides of the boundary. Some twenty miles north of Bemidji is a ridge which divides the flow, and at one time a settler had a house on the crest of that ridge, so placed that, as he explained it, the rain that fell on the southern slope of his roof flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, while that on the northern slope flowed into Hudson's bay. With such a large drainage area a large volume of water flows through the Lake of the Woods, and all of this is discharged at Kenora into the Winnipeg river, whence it flows into Lake Winnipe, then by way of the Nelson river into Hudson's bay.

THAT GREAT WATERCOURSE was the highway for the aboriginal Indians and for the fur traders and trappers who followed them. At the northern end of the lake a fall and series of rapids made a portage necessary, hence the early name, Rat Portage. A large paper mill at Kenora provides employment for a large crew, and there, and at Norman and Kewatin, adjoining towns, there are lumber and flour mills. Tourist traffic is an important item at Kenora, and this is certain to be of increasing importance as the resort becomes more accessible and better known.

A FEW MILES SOUTH OF KENO- ra is the Canadian Pacific chalet and group of cottages, picturesquely situated at the top of a rocky and timbered eminence. The site is admirable and the accommodations excellent, but the place can be reached only by boat. Launches are available at all times, but many tourists prefer to have their cars accessible on short notice. Numerous other camps dot the shores and nearby islands.

ON SOME OF THE ISLANDS are summer homes the cost of which, I was told, run to five or six figures. These are provided with private launches, two, three or four each, and I was told that the owner of one of those private "camps" has a cruiser which cost him $120,000—a veritable palace afloat.

THE ISLANDS ARE BY NO means given up to luxurious dwellings. On a short cruise one often runs across a little island, scarcely bigger than a house, upon which a trim little cottage nestles among the pines, so close to the water that the owner could just about do his fishing from his front porch.

FISHING THERE IS ANOTHER sport and an industry. For many years the lake has been fished commercially, and large shipments of fish are sent out the year around. These are seined, usually in the open lake, under regulations which seem to be very rigid. The government keeps close tab on the fishing, and when some particular bay seems to offer special attractions for anglers, it is closed to commercial fishing. Few fish are found in the immediate vicinity of Kenora, this fact being attributed by local people to the constant passage of motor boats. In the lake at large, however, fish are said to be as plentiful as ever. This is attributed to the conservation methods adopted by the Ontario government.

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS is our nearest large body of water. It can be reached by car in a few hours, and in beauty and variety it would be hard to find its equal.
THERE IS SOMETHING IN
the atmosphere, the soil, or both, in the northern Lake of the
Woods district which gives won-
derful color to the f l o w e r s,
which grow in profusion where-
ever anyone has taken the
trouble to plant and care
for them. In K e n o r a al-
most every doo-
yard has its flow-
er garden. Pe-
tunias form the
main stock, but there is an-
bundance of zinnias,
dahlias and holly-
ies, as well as
of less familiar flowers. The
growth of all of these is luxuriant,
and the colors are brilliant beyond
description. In the Canadian Pa-
cific yards around the passenger
station there is the finest floral
display of its kind that I have ever
seen. The hill on the north is
high, and along the tracks is a
high stone wall surmounted by a
terrace on which a solid mass of
flowers extends for two blocks or
more, while on the perpendicular
surface petunias grow from the
crevices in the rock wall. In a
more formal part of the grounds
are some of the finest dahlias that
I have seen.

TWO INFLUENCES SEEM TO
be responsible for this intense col-
oring. One of these is abundance
of water. The water supply is, of
course, inexhaustible, and power
for pumping costs next to nothing.
The water is given no treatment
except chlorination, to sterilize it,
and in dry weather many of the
lawn sprinklers are left running
night and day. There is also
abundance of moisture in the air.
The other factor, to which the
strong coloring is attributed, is
the presence of a considerable percen-
tage of iron in the soil.

GENERAL JOHNSON THINKS
it would be a fine thing if the
newspapers would organize a sys-
tem for the disciplining of those
of their members as we uncompli-
mentary things about the general
and the NRA. The general does not
seem to understand that a newspa-
paper has a constitutional right to
be as mean and ornery as it
wishes, just as the general himself
has a constitutional right to be
unreasonable, abusive and intem-
perate in speech. There are new-
papers which, like the general,
abuse their legal privileges, but
their extreme utterances, like those
of the general, are apt to be dis-
counted, and to have influence in
verse ratio to their virulence.

WHEN OUR OLD FRIEND, J.
F. T. O'Connor, comptroller of the
currency, stepped off the Aquitania
at Cherbourg the other day and
bought a copy of the Paris edition
of the Chicago Tribune, he saw
spread across the top of the front
page the headline "North Dakota
Under Martial Law." The paper, a
copy of which Mr. O'Connor sent
me, devotes its main news story to
the developments in North Dakota,
which are stated quite accurately
except that the calling of a special
legislative session is attributed to
Acting Governor Olson instead of
Governor Langer, who actually is-
sued the call. With the North Da-
kaza situation as mixed as it was
just at that time, an outside paper
may be pardoned for an error or
two in its story.

COMMUNICATION HAS AGAIN
been established with Admiral Byrd
at his remote Antarctic outpost,
and a second attempt is being made
to reach him by tractor. The
party now on the way consists of
three men, and an extra supply of
gasoline is being carried to be
cached at the Bryd camp, to be
used in further exploration when
the southern summer begins. This
time the latter portion of the
course is to be laid by navigation,
as the flags that were planted as
guides are so drifted in that too
much time is lost in hunting them.

A PROBLEM, OF WHICH
there have been a few similar ex-
amples, presented itself recently
down at Danville, Kentucky. Two
newspaper men learned in advance
that a state representative was to
be hanged in effigy. When ques-
tioned in court as to the source of
their information they declined to
disclose it on the ground that the
information had been given them
in confidence. The judge assessed
them a small fine for con-
tempt of court, and on their con-
tinued refusal had them confined
for a few hours in jail. This went
on for several days, and it seemed
that an impasse had been reached,
until another man confessed to
having partooked in the hang-
ing. The judge concluded that the
information which he had demand-
ed would not be needed, and the
reporters were allowed to go. The
wife of one of the men, during the
contest between judge and repor-
ters was asked what she would do
if her husband told where he had
got his information. "If he does
I'll divorce him," she replied.

A COMMUNICATION TO A
newspaper man is not privileged in
law, and the reporter who has re-
ceived such a communication even
in confidence may be required to
disclose it just as any other indi-
vidual would be required to do. On
the other hand, the violation of a
confidence, even under a court or-
der, is repugnant to every sense
of honor. When such a conflict
arises both judge and reporter are
placed in a tough spot. As a rule
in such cases the reporter has re-
ained firm and the judge has
been as lenient as the circum-
cstances would permit.
DROUGHT PREVAILS OVER the British Isles, and, while the situation there does not compare with that in much of the United States, it is serious enough. A meteorological survey discloses that for the entire area of Great Britain and Ireland the accumulated deficiencies of water is 27 per cent, and that several months of abnormally heavy rainfall would be required to restore the balance. The situation is gravest in England and Wales, where, in spite of unusually heavy rains early in 1933, the deficiency at the end of May of this year was 30 per cent. Scotland and Ireland are more fortunate. Although recent rainfall there has been inadequate, the reserves of water in those countries are greater.

W. P. Davies.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree; Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowered;
The sheep’s "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road—
All seeming to say, with quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God’s time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Luch tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her evening prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

SOME DAYS AGO I PUBLISHED a request for a little poem beginning “A fair little girl sat under a tree.” Two copies of the poem have been received, one from Miss Mathilde Helland, of Grafton, who writes that she found the verses in Appleton’s third reader, and the other from Mrs. Grace Graham, of Fordville, who had the poem assigned to her for memory work when she attended the school near Hanna taught by Peter Dewar, formerly of Manvel and later of Cavalier. Following are the verses, authorship unknown:

UP IN FAR NORTHERN CANADA they have more jobs than people. At Aklavik, on the shore of the Arctic ocean, is the headquarters of a Mounted Police district. The superintendent, C. E. Rivett-Carnac, in addition to his duties as commander of the little police force, is coroner, deputy-sheriff, commissioner for affidavits, sub-collector of customs, collector of income tax, immigration officer, agent to the mining recorder, receiver of applications for naturalization and registrar of births, marriages and deaths. It would take that man some time to resign.

* * *

THIS POEM, I AM QUITE sure, was contained in the second reader which was used in the Ontario schools sixty years ago. Mrs. Graham also would like information as to the date of the sinking of an excursion boat on Lake Erie, or possibly Lake Ontario, in which 75 persons were drowned. She thinks this was about 1881 or 1882. My first thought was of the Lady Elgin, but that boat sank many years earlier, as the story of the tragedy was given in one of the Canadian readers in the sixties. Can anyone supply the requested information?
FOR SOME TIME THE NATIONAL museum in Washington has had in its possession an ear of corn, supposedly of Peruvian pre-historic origin which was accepted as corroborative evidence of the theory that our familiar Indian corn, or maize, originated in Peru. Careful examination has revealed that the object is not corn at all, but a cleverly executed imitation made of clay and evidently intended to serve as a rattle, because of the presence of several pebbles in its hollow interior. The imitation is said to be remarkably well done.

WHILE THE SUPPOSEDLY genuine corn has thus proven to be clay, it is still accepted as evidence that corn was one of the products of ancient Peru, otherwise the imitation could not have been made. The one element of doubt in the whole case lies in the possibility that the clay model may not be ancient at all, but may have been made and planted by a modern artist, to be "discovered" by antiquarians. That sort of thing has been done before.

THE EGYPTIAN WHEAT myth has been pretty thoroughly exploded, but there was a time not very long ago when it was given wide credence. Wheat said to have been grown from seed which had been buried for three or four thousand years in Egyptian tombs was marketed at fancy prices on representations that it would yield heavily grain of superior quality. Many purchased the seed and planted it. It grew and yielded, but in yield and quality it differed not at all from familiar modern varieties.

NOT ALL OF THOSE SALES originated in fraudulent intent, at least on the part of western vendors. Wheat of undoubted antiquity have often been found, together with other objects, in Egyptian tombs, but none of that ancient wheat has ever been made to grow. But thrifty Egyptian guides have a pleasant habit of planting in tombs things that tourists would like to find, and then of assisting in the discovery of the buried treasures. Thus, in some cases, tourists actually saw kernels of wheat recovered from tombs which seemed to be intact. These they bought at whatever price could be extorted from them. The grain upon being planted grew and yielded, and the delighted owners did not suspect that the seed which they had planted was from last year's crop.
AWAY DOWN AT THE OTHER end of the world, in the center of the island of New Guinea, just north of Australia, there has been discovered recently a race of human beings not previously known to exist, in an area never before penetrated by by white men. Surrounded by mountains the center of the island has been supposed to be a vast jungle. Instead, explorers flying over it by plane, found a vast expanse of rolling country threaded by pleasant rivers, luxuriant with grass and bits of forest, and inhabited by some 200,000 people who knew nothing of white men and who had no communication with their neighbors beyond the mountains and along the coast.

**THESE PEOPLE ARE DESCRIBED as a fine, sturdy race, and it is supposed that they are the remnant of some prehistoric race of which history has no record. Their language is quite different from that of the coast natives, and, unlike the latter, they are expert in small-scale agriculture and gardening. They grow sweet potatoes, bananas and sugar cane, and their little fields are well tilled and their gardens neatly arranged. The head of the British expedition which was sent to reconnoiter reports that the people are peaceful and friendly, though timid at the approach of strange whites. His government, he says, is determined that they shall not be exploited, and he anticipates no difficulty unless gold is found in the area, in which case it will be difficult to hold back the crush of prospectors.

**IT IS TO BE HOPEFUL, by all means, that no gold will be found there, and that those people, who have done well for themselves, and are living in plenty and contentment, will be left alone and be permitted to enjoy without interference the civilization which they have built for themselves and which serves their needs, and that neither cupidity nor mistaken kindness will attempt to force upon them new ways unsuited to them, and likely to be injurious.

**MRS. J. D. HOVEY, OF TOLNA, North Dakota, who was born in Wisconsin in 1875, and whose childhood was spent in that state, recalls in the Lakota American how Sunday was spent by the children of her neighborhood 75 years ago, with mention of the activities of other days. Mrs. Hovey writes:

**"THE FIRST I CAN RECALL is how my grandmother scrubbed me with soft soap that she had made herself. I always felt like I had been skinned. She then melted some lard in her hand to grease my hair, and proceeded to comb the snarls out. Then I was dressed for meeting at the school house. My stockings were home knit and little cloth gaiters, about two sizes smaller than my feet were pulled on; they had rubber sides. My pantlets were made of nankeen, and hand embroidered. My dress was home-spun wool, no matter how hot the day, as that was my Sunday gown. For every day I had linsy woolsey.

**"WHEN WE GOT SEATED the preacher, or colporter, as they called him, came riding an old horse that did not have to be tied. As I recall the C. F. he was tall and thin, had long whiskers on his chin, his coat looked like a vest in front and had what we called swallow tails; his hat was very tall, and was called a stove-pipe hat, and could he talk. For hours and hours he thumped the teacher's desk and said we were all going to hell and would be burned in a fire made of brimstone. If I had not gone to sleep by then I would slip out and run home.

**ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS the neighbors would gather at the corners and have horse racing, dog fighting and sometimes rooster fights. The children played pom-pom-pull-away; the women sat in the shade and visited and gossiped.

**ABOUT ONCE A YEAR P. T. Barnum's circus came to Portage City, 10 miles away. The wagon boxes were filled with hay, the younger ones put on that while the older ones sat up on boards across the wagon box. Some were well-to-do and had one spring seat to a wagon. I always had an orange on circus day—the only one I would see for a year. Now the baby can't have his orange juice every day he won't grow. I wonder if people were not just as happy and contented then as now. They had pork and beans, johnnie cake and sorghum molasses and singing schools. What more could they expect or want?"
W. P. Davies.

WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE SAY

that the planting of trees or the
damming of streams and the cre-  
a tion of a lot of little lakes will in-  
crease rainfall I think of a brief  
visit to the West Indies ten years ago. Upon the  
arrival of our party at the lit-  
tle island of Culebra, a mere  
speck in a vast expanse of water,  
we found the island drenched  
from a torrential rain which had  
fallen a day or two before. More  
rain fell during our stay. We were to  
that those  

cisterns at the base. Great  
towers that had once been sugar  
centers to conduct the water into  
used for water storage. Thus it  


in the beautiful DeRemer home in  
Riverside park. From the rustic  
cabin at the river's edge one has a  
view of the rolling eastward slope

with its stately trees, where in the  
morning the land birds congregate  
to greet the rising sun, and also  
of the river, where wading and  
swimming birds feed and play.  
From that vantage point Mrs. De-  
Remer during the past few years  
had identified no less than 80  
species of birds, some of them very  
rare in this territory.

LAST YEAR MRS. DE REMER  
was puzzled by the arrival of six  
bird visitors which were strange to  
her. They were large birds, ap-  
parently of the size of geese, and  
they chose for their perch a dead  
branch on a large tree at some dis-  
tance across the river. Presently  
the number dwindled to three, and  
the three remained until the ap-  
proach of cold weather. This sea-  
son either the same three or others  
just like them appeared again, and  
those three still occupy the same  
perch. By the use of a field glass  
and a collection of birds books  
Mrs. DeRemer has concluded ten-  

tatively that the birds are cormor-  
ants, of which I never heard be-  
fore in this part of the country.  

CORMORANTS ARE OF MANY  
varieties, those best known inhabi-  
ting sea coasts. They have been  
tamed and trained to catch fish for  
their owners, the precaution being  
taken to fasten a strap around the  
neck of the bird before it is sent  
to fish as fast as it catches them.  
There are also cormorants which  

frequent inland waters and do their  
fishing there.  

ON AUGUST 6 THE VALLEY  
City Times-Record headed its edi-  
torial column with a brief para-  

graph in appreciation of Percy R.  
Trubshaw, former publisher of the  
paper, the day being the anni-  
versary of Mr. Trubshaw's death last  
year. The Times-Record is now  
published by Mrs. Trubshaw under  
the editorial management of Thom-  
as E. Nugent. For a full genera-  

tion Percy Trubshaw was one of  
the outstanding figures in North  
Dakota newspaperdom. For years  
he published the Cooperstown Cour-  
rier, which he sold to enter the  
daily field in Valley City.  

EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT  
us several things about the use of  
oil on highways. One of these is  
that a good foundation is abso-  
utely essential if the road is to  
stand up. Another, which has been  
pretty thoroughly demonstrated, is  
that spraying oil on gravel will not make a good road.  
Among the multitude of evidences  
of this we have the condition of  

No. 81 from Grafton to Pembina.  
There also remains as a question  
still open the ultimate economy of  
the "oil mix" treatment in prefer-  
ence to concrete.  

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE  
of the "oil mix" road is the high-  
way between Emerson and Winni-  
peg. Scarcely could there be a bet-  
ter foundation. For years that was  
a well-traveled gravel road. As  
heavy traffic pounded each coating  
into the roadbed another coating  
was given, and that roadbed now  
must be a mass of almost solid  
rock. On top of that a heavy  
coating of oil-treated gravel was  
laid and rolled down with heavy  
rollers. When finished the road  
was perfect. It is still a good road,  
but it has been kept good only by  
constant repair work, for in spite  
of the solid foundation and the  
heavy surface coating, the top has  
bulged here and broken there, and  
the annual maintenance cost must  
be considerable even on a road as  
well built as that is.
EMPHASIZING THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSERVING STRAW AND OTHER ROUGH FEED, Dr. J. E. Engstad quotes as follows from a letter which he received from J. M. McCall, acting superintendent of school and experiment station at Crookston.

"I received your letter, and I can say that I heartily agree with you in your ideas concerning the saving of straw. We have been urging farmers throughout the district this year to save every bit of straw they have. There is already a demand for rye and wheat straw and they are bringing good prices on the market. Dr. Andrew Boss, of the Minnesota experiment station has just sent out a notice to all the valley and state papers to farmers to stack their straw carefully and bale it ready for shipment before any spoilage occurs."

A letter of similar purport has been received from Commissioner Trovaten of the Minnesota department of agriculture, who describes the methods being used by his department to insure the conservation of rough feed for use in districts where the supply is scant. Of his own experience Dr. Engstad writes:

"I may in passing note that three years ago a so-called stingy farmer living north of Grand Forks on the Minnesota side who had saved his straw stacks charged his neighbors from $6.00 to $7.00 a ton for straw. I might add that most of these neighbors had burned their straw early in the fall."

"In the dry years of '88, '89, and '90, I had charge of the large Eddy farm near Kempton. My foreman was instructed to save all the straw he could. This was sometimes difficult as the threshers invariably went on a strike after the third or fourth day if they were detailed to, as we may express it, 'stand in the straw stack.' We were, therefore, by necessity compelled to buck the straw away from the machine. Our neighbors nearly always burned their straw and were soon in the market for straw. Farmers towards the hills where there were almost total crop failures were some of our best customers. The average income from straw during the three years was about $300.

"After forty years with experience in dry years as well as wet years, most of the farmers are still burning their straw. I understand that shippers expect that the straw may be marketed at from $6.00 to $8.00 a ton if properly dried and taken care of."

A correspondent asks where he can find the poem on labor beginning:

"Ho! Ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow."

Each stanza of the poem closes with the lines:

"Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do."

The poem has appeared in both American and Canadian readers of many years ago, but I have not been able to find a copy.

In a chatty letter reminiscent of old times Fred Redick tells of moving from his former home at Reseda, California, to Tarzana, which is nearer his service station at 18035 Ventura Boulevard. This, Fred remarks, is only 133 blocks from downtown Los Angeles—almost in the heart of the city.

Fred mentions that he just had a call from Jim Lyons, who was then headed for Hollywood, not, apparently, for the purpose of crash ing the movies, but to visit relatives. Tarzana, as one might suspect, is named for the famous fictional character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Near there Mr. Burroughs has a beautiful country home and ranch where he spends his time when he is not busy writing at his office in the city.

Enclosed with Fred's letter is a photo of the residence which he occupies, with Fred himself in the foreground. On the reverse of the card is the information that the house is 12 miles from Hollywood, 21 miles from downtown Los Angeles, and that it has five rooms and bath, hardwood floors up stairs and down, wall bed, gas burner in floor, double garage, one acre of Kadota figs and plenty of shrubs and flowers. And Fred gets all this for the amazing sum of $14 per month.

Said Alkili Ike to Dusty Rhodes: "D'you think there's any chance of us getting to Heaven when we die, Dusty?" "You never can tell," said Dusty, "but from what I've heard of the place we won't feel at home there if we do make it."
NEIL McDOUGALL, OF OME-mee, read the story the other day of the rabbit which was said to have caught fire and to have spread the conflagration by running, ablaze, from place to place. That reminds Mr. McDougall of a somewhat similar story that was current in Canada in his boyhood, only in that case the principal performer was a cat whose fur was ignited by a coal which her master dropped while lighting his pipe. The burning cat set fire to the house, which was destroyed.

* * *

AN OLD IRISH NEIGHBOR OF Mr. McDougall's told him of the method practiced in Ireland to break the spell cast by a witch over the cream which had rendered it impossible to make butter. The informant's family found that, churn as they might, butter would not come, while a woman near by who was popularly suspected of being a witch was churning and selling butter right along. The boy was sent to the witch to buy from her a pound of butter, unsalted. The boy performed his errand. The witch weighed out the fresh butter and when she left to get salt for it the boy seized it and ran. Part of that butter was put in the next batch of cream, which broke without any difficulty, and thereafter the family had no similar trouble.

* * *

STORIES OF THAT CHARAC- ter were told in all seriousness and were believed without question. Not only were they believed by those to whom they were told, but in many cases they were believed by those who told them and who professed to have experienced the marvels which they related. Given a belief in magic, white or black, and it is not difficult for us to convince ourselves that many of our most ordinary experiences are the result of magic.

* * *

PRESIDENT WEBSTER MERRifield, of the University of North Dakota, once faced what seemed dangerously like a charge of bigamy. Shortly after their marriage he and Mrs. Merrifield made a tour of Europe. On entering Germany it was necessary to have identification papers filled out, and these went into quite minute detail. Asked his own age, Prexy answered promptly and accurately. When it came to his wife's age, he was stumped. He had never inquired. Thinking that an approximation would be satisfactory he made a rough guess and named a figure, which was set down. A little later, wishing to move on to another place, he had to have another set of papers filled out in order to obtain permission. In the meantime he had inquired Mrs. Merrifield's age and found that his guess was three or four years off. On this occasion he gave her correct age. Within a few hours he received a visit from a police officer, who bore the two sets of papers, and, pointing accusingly to the discrepancy in the figures the officer asked: "Have you one wife or two?" With some difficulty the matter was adjusted, and President Merrifield escaped both prison and deportation.

* * *

ADMIRAL BYRD HAS BEEN reached and rescued from what was becoming a precarious situation. Exactly that has occurred which was seen as possible when that long, solitary vigil was undertaken. A slight misadventure in the operation of an oil stove resulted in the discharge of fumes which might easily have been fatal, and which, in fact, seems to have been grave enough. A little further tilting of the balance would have been fatal.

* * *

THE PUBLIC HAS YET TO learn of any purpose which was expected to be served by Byrd's residence alone under those conditions which could justify an act in which the hazard was so great and so apparent. If that feat had been undertaken by a man of lesser fame and of lesser real achievement it would have been discounted, and probably with justice, as a mere publicity stunt. Byrd, we have understood, is above such tricks. It is to be hoped that this estimate of him need not be changed, and that we shall learn of some definite purpose in his vigil commensurate in importance with the hazard involved.
LAST DECEMBER HENRY
Schuldt and family left Stevensville, Montana, for Germany. When
the reports from the Northern Pacifc office at Stevensville were
checked up it was found that through an error the Schulds had
been overcharged $3.21 for their tickets. They had
left the country and their exact destination was unknown. By
means of inquiry it was learned that they had
gone to Munsterdorf, Germany, and
when that the amount of the over-
charge was sent a few months ago.

* * *

IN THAT CASE NO CLAIM
had been made, but once it took
me almost that long to collect from a
railway company after making a
claim. Living on a farm I had
ordered a car of lumber for use
in building. On a Saturday even-
ing Dave Dobson, one of my men,
went to the village five miles away
and returned with the mail, which
included a card from the railway
agent notifying me that a car of lumber had arrived for me that
day and that it must be unloaded
within 24 hours or demurrage
would be charged.

* * *

THE FREIGHT TRAIN ARRIV-
ed at 11 A.M., and I arranged to have men and teams go to the sta-
tion Monday morning and unload
the car. The men left Monday
morning with instructions to un-
load the car any old way so as to
have it empty by 11 o'clock and
to load their wagons afterward.
The exact amount of money was
sent to pay the freight.

* * *

WHEN THE MEN RETURNED
Dave reported that the agent had refused to let him have the lumber
except upon paying $3.00 demur-
rage. Dave had borrowed the ne-
necessary amount from the local mer-
chant and paid it. On the ground
that Sunday was a day on which
all work was prohibited I filed a claim for the return of the three
dollars. I got it after about six
months, during which time the cor-
respondence on the subject had

piled up about a foot high. I never
knew before that a railroad com-
pany had so many auditors and de-
partments to pass on things and
ask questions about them.

* * *

AUGUSTUS THOMAS IS DEAD.
Living to the great age of 77, he
had achieved a reputation for
clean, honest, artistic work rarely
equaled, and never surpassed, I be-
lieve, in the history of the Ameri-
can drama. His had been a varied
career, including, before he settled
down to the serious business of
playwriting, work as newspaper
reporter, railroad brakeman, illus-
trator, messenger, law student and
labor leader. Each of these oc-
cupations yielded him material for
the portrayal of life on the stage,
and in that work he charmed and
inspired multitudes and won last-
ing honors.

* * *

HIS FIRST REALLY SUCCESS-
ful play was "Alabama," produced
in 1891, and given in Grand Forks
not long after. "Arizona," another
hit, was given in Grand Forks at
least twice. In another of his plays,
"The Earl of Pawtucket," Law-
rence D'Orsay gave a Grand Forks
audience a hint of the quality which
was to establish his position as one
of the leading actors of his day.
"The Earl of Pawtucket" was re-
ived within the past year. Still
later Mr. Thomas lectured in
Grand Forks, and impressed his
audience with his eloquence and
sincerity. The stage has given us
much that is cheap and tawdry,
but it has also shown possibilities
of a vastly different kind in the
work of such men as Augustus
Thomas.

* * *

DOWN IN CONNECTICUT
the general election will not be held
until November 6, but already the
first ballot in that election has
been cast. The state law provides
that absent ballots may be cast any
time between August 6 and Novem-
ber 6, and the other day one voter
applied for an absent ballot,
marked and deposited it. As can-
didates for the election have not
yet been chosen the city clerk was
mystified. He couldn't understand
how one could vote when there
were no candidates in the field. The
voter replied that he had voted a
straight ticket, for what party he
did not say. Evidently he decided
that whatever the party of his
choice decided to do would be good
enough for him.
A SHORT TIME AGO A COR-
respondent asked for information
concerning a steamship tragedy of
early eighties, which she thought
occurred on Lake
Erie or Lake On-
tario. James A.
Thorburn of Bot-
tineau thinks that
the incident was
that occurred on
the Thames river
near London,
Ont., when the
steamship Victoria
capsized with a
load of excursion-
ists. Concerning
the disaster.

W. P. Davies.
Intosh of Cavalier
Women writes: "In response to Mrs. Gra-
ham's inquiry, August 31 column, there
was an overloaded excursion boat
topped sideways into the
Thames river, London, Ontario, in
1881 on the 24th of May. Some-
thing attracted the attention of the
excursionists on one of the shores
when nearly all rushed to that side
so much so that they were par-
cipated into the river. Nearly
one hundred drowned, mostly wom-
en and children. One man unable
to swim walked to the shore safely
over the struggling bodies. There
was a young man from my home
town in Bruce county, named Bill
Hay, and a good swimmer got
ashore. Seeing so many women
and children struggling helplessly
in the water he rushed into the
rescue. Somehow or other he was
struck on the head with a floating
piece of timber, stunned and
drowned. I can well remember
when his body was brought back to
Pinkerton, Bruce county, for burial,
on account of the deep sadness
that enveloped the community over
his untimely death and sacrifice. I
read in closing, 'Good Night and
Good Morning' in the old stone
school house near the old Plum
creek." *

CROWDING TO ONE SIDE OF
a vessel may lead to tragedy. Or,
the result may be funny, as in a
case in which I participated. In
the late seventies or eighties I went
to Toronto on an Orangemen's ex-
cursion on the 12th of July. Little
steamers plied across the harbor to
Hanlan's point, where Ed Hanlan,
the famous oarsman, owned a ho-
etel. I had gone across to inspect
the island and swim in the lake,
and on the return trip we ran
across Hanlan himself, out for ex-
ercise in his shell. He rowed cir-
cles around us, and the passengers
crowded first to one side and then
the other to see the celebrity, which
caused the little boat to list badly.
The captain ordered us to know our
places, and all but one passenger
obeyed.

THE EXCEPTION WAS A BIG
Orangeman, decked out with
badges and regalia, who had
enough drinks to make him argu-
mentative and combative. He re-
fused to budge, standing on his con-
stitutional right to be wherever he
took to be, and when the captain
undertook to draw him from the
rail he made a pass at the officer,
and a fight was on. In the scrim-
mage the captain slipped and fell,
and the helmsman, seeing his su-
erior at a disadvantage, left his
wheel and joined in the fray. The
course of our craft must have
attracted onlookers, for we headed
to every point of the compass.

Women screamed, children cried,
and an exciting time was had by
all. Presently the obstreperous
passenger was brought under con-
control, the ship was brought to port,
and the passenger was turned over
to a cop, who led him off, reason-
ing with him in a fatherly manner.

THE MYSTERY SURROUND-
ing the sudden, seemingly capric-
ious, shifting of bees from one kind
of plant to another has been lifted,
in part at least, by recent entomo-
logical students in California by the
United States department of agri-
culture. The concentration of nec-
tar seems to be the deciding factor
in drawing bees to blossoms. Ap-
parently, bees like their nectar
straight, the entomologists say.

THE BEES OBSERVED IN
California avoided fruit blossoms
of open structure, such as apric-
cot and some plum blossoms, dur-
ing the time the nectar was dilut-
ed with rain or dew, reports a fed-
eral bulletin. Almond blossoms,
however, in which the nectar was
well protected, were attractive
to the bees at all times. Apple blos-
soms, which in general rank high-
est of all deciduous fruit tree blos-
soms in California in attractiveness
to bee visitors, do not enter into
competition with other fruits
because they blossom so late that
they have the field to themselves.

BEES OFTEN DEVOTE THE
early morning hours to the gather-
ing of pollen only. For example,
they were abundant among the
Bartlett pear trees each morning
during the observation period, but
shifted to apricot and plum blos-
soms as the sun caused evapora-
tion of the dew deposited during
the night in these blossoms. Blos-
soms of other plants having high-
ly concentrated nectar may lure
bees away from orchards, the study
showed. Mustard, chickweed and
mannazita, growing near fruit trees,
are not in competition for visiting fruit trees as frequently as they otherwise
would have done.
THE CHURCHS FERRY SUN urges the adoption throughout the state of a program of individual tree conservation, not as a substitute for the ambitious shelter belt plan of the administration, but supplementary thereto. Millions of volunteer trees spring up each year in this state, says the Sun, from seeds scattered here and there by birds, and if each family would start a tree plot this year and begin transplanting every little tree they find on their premises, within three or four years a large portion of the trees needed for planting the shelter belt across North Dakota would be available.

I TAKE IT THAT THE TREES for the government’s work will be obtained from large-scale plantings, from which they can be removed to the places where they are needed more cheaply than they could be obtained from scattered individual plots throughout the state, even if, in the latter case, the trees were donated by the growers. But why not transplant these seedlings as suggested and create a little grove on every farm?

SEEDLINGS OF ASH, ELM, box elder and cottonwood spring up almost wherever the soil is cultivated and some shelter is given. Each spring I hoe up hundreds of such plants in my garden. Here they are merely weeds, for there is no place to which to move them, but such plants collect around the edges of a farm garden and planted in a suitable place would soon develop into a satisfactory grove provided they were protected from stock.

ONE OF THE FINEST ELMS in Grand Forks is at the rear of the Swiggum home on Reeves drive. Years ago Geo. B. Clifford, then the owner of the property, found a little elm seedling growing from under the edge of his back porch. He was about to pull it up and throw it away, but it was a thrifty little thing and he decided to save it. He dug it up, and set it out in the back yard, where it has become a magnificent specimen.

JOHN HANEY SENDS ME A clipping from a Canadian paper containing a story from Brantford, my old home town, to the effect that Frank Clark, a resident of that city, claims credit for a great rain storm that recently visited that section. Mr. Clark has a conception of wires and things concealed in a packing case with which he says that he can produce rain at will. The dingus, it appears, is more than rainmaking concern, for its inventor says it can also be operated as a radio receiver, and that he expects to adopt it to television. It should be easy to fix it so it would shell corn and cook flapjacks. Mr. Clark has come on the scene since my time, but I can remember when the people back there laughed at W. P. Davies. beginning to talk over a wire, so perhaps we should respect judgment with reference to Mr. Clark. If his machine will do all that he says, it is to be hoped that he will use it in moderation. We want rain, but not a deluge.

TURKEY AND EGYPT ARE experiencing the influence of western contact in the matter of surnames. In those countries, as in most others in their early stages, there were no such things as surnames. The individual was given an arbitrary or descriptive designation, and to this might be added, for further designation, the name of his father, of his village or his tribe. That, in effect, has been the practice in both Egypt and Turkey, but the people there are moving about more and are adopting western ways, and in both countries regulations are being made for the use of family names, somewhat similar to the practice in western Europe.

MOST OF US ARE FAMILIAR with the fact that the name, “Angus McDonald,” originally meant, “Angus, son of Donald.” Various prefixes and suffixes to indicate that relationship have been used, as “O,” “Flitz,” and “son.” The Hebrew form is “ben, the Arabic “ibn,” and the Persian “leh.” The Spaniards have used the conjunction “y” to join the mother’s surname to the fathers, and this has resulted in some combinations which, to most of us, would seem remarkable, as when the Spanish caballero in the humorous poem announces himself as “don Camillo Guzman Miguel Pedrillo de Xymenes y Ribera y Santallos y Herrera,” with a long string of other designations.
TO HAVE A POLICEMAN IN A foreign country flash our own photograph on you when making an official visit would be likely to give one a shock.

That was the experience of Dr. Isaac S. Corn, now on leave from Wesley College, while he was a student in Germany. As is well known, the German regulations concerning passports and all that sort of thing have always been very strict, and violation of them is apt to entail serious consequences. On entering Germany as a young student Dr. Corn was careful to see that all his papers were in order, and he was admitted without difficulty. His permit to remain in the country was for a limited time, as was customary, and when that period approached expiration he applied in the usual manner for an extension. Something went askew, and no notice of extension was received, and a new application was made, also without result. In the meantime he had continued his studies and had allowed his period of legal residence to expire, supposing that the matter would be adjusted in a short time.

* * *

NO ADJUSTMENT WAS made, and when the time when he had intended to leave the country approached he applied for the usual permit to leave, which was issued. Shortly thereafter he received a visit from a Berlin policeman, a large and formidable-looking person, who pulled some important-looking documents from his pocket, and among them, to the visitor's consternation Dr. Corn's own photograph, a duplicate of that on his passport. To this the officer pointed accusingly, and identifying his victim from it, charged him with being in Germany without leave.

* * *

DR. CORN INVITED THE OFFICER to his room, and, producing various documents tried to convince him that he had made proper application for extension of leave, and also exhibited his permit to depart, which, he maintained, would not have been issued unless everything had been in order.

He was not sure whether or not he had convinced the officer of his innocence of evil intent until the latter, thawing a little, asked: "Have you any American postage stamps?" He explained that his young son was interested in stamps and would appreciate any that the stranger had to spare. Dr. Corn had just dumped into his waste basket a quantity of old envelopes, and from these he retrieved a quantity of stamps, which were accepted gratefully. To cap the climax he gave the officer a Lincoln penny for his son. The officer recognized the portrait and expressed his admiration of Lincoln. This closed the episode but Dr. Corn confesses to a sinking feeling when he saw that Berlin officer flash his photograph.

* * *

ON ANOTHER OCCASION DR. Corn, in search of rooms, was directed to the home of a retired German general, a widower, who had rooms to rent. The general was of an old family and inhabited a pretentious mansion. Dr. Corn was admitted to the general's study quite ceremoniously, and found the old general fully as formal and forbidding in appearance as his imagination had conjured up. Glancing about the room he noticed over the general's desk, in the most conspicuous place in the room, a large copy of the famous picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. He made some comment on the fact, and the general's face lighted up and his eyes sparkled, as he exclaimed "Ah, your Washington! He was a great man!" Dr. Corn found, as was quite natural, that the general's admiration was for Washington as a soldier rather than as a statesman.

* * *

THE CANADIAN QUINTUPLETS have had a hospital built for them. Donations from many quarters provided the funds for a small hospital building where the five little girls, still in incubators, are cared for by special nurses. Of course the rarity of quintuplets accounts for the attention which is being paid to those five children, but there is something in the struggle for life itself which commands interest. We get a thrill out of the gallant rescue of a lone individual from the menace of death, when, neither before nor after, have we any interest in him.

* * *

DICKENS TOUCHES EFFECTIVELY on that point in "Our Mutual Friend." One of his characters, a disreputable fellow known
A CHATTY LETTER FROM
George A. Benson, Washington cor-
respondent of the Minneapolis
Journal, tells of a visit of Don V.
Moore, to the cap.
ita and of reun-
ions of the two
old Grand Forks men with
other of their acquaint-
ance now in
Washington. Don
Moore, who came
to Grand Forks to
operate the branch
commission office of his
uncle, Chas. E.
Lewis, of Minne-
apolis, was the
first secretary of
the Grand Forks
Commercial club and of the Grand
Forks fair. He is now operating
a five thousand-acre ranch in Tex-
as, formerly the property of the
Lewis family, but of which Don
has become principal owner. His
address is Crystal City, Texas, and
everybody ought to write him a let-
ter.

BENSON SAYS THAT MOORE has become a typical Texas ranch-
man. He wears a several-gallon
hat, and his present ambition is
to raise enough crop to buy one of
the $80 broadbrims which are
worn in exclusive Texas circles.
Mrs. Moore drove with him to Chi-
cago and then went on to Michi-
gan to visit their married daugh-
ter, Mary, who has two children.
Robert, the son, also married, and
with five children, lives on the
farm and assists in its manage-
ment. Benson says that Don has
changed little, except that his hair
has grown a little more gray, and
that he can still sing "I'm a little
prairie flower" as melodiously as of
yore.

WHEN DON RAN THE COM-
mmission office in Grand Forks he
was located just across the hall
from me in the old Herald build-
ing, and often when there was lit-
tle doing he would slip across the
hall for a chat, leaving both doors
open so that he could hear a call.
Don might be telling a funny story,
paying no attention whatever to
the click-clack of the telegraph in-
strument in his office, but the mo-
ment that his own call sounded he
would be across the hall like a shot.
To me all the calls sounded alike,
but I suppose Don would have rec-
ognized his own call even in his
sleep. Telegraphers are that way.

DON HAD A PLEASANT VISIT
with his old friend, Secretary Wal-
lace, who, when Don was secretary
of the Iowa fair at Sioux City, cov-
ered the fair for his farm paper.
With Benson, Moore also called on
Don V. Herschel Hunter, who is with the
Deposit Insurance corporation and
on Judge Birdzell, who is winning
distinction as counsel for the same
corporation. Dr. John Lee Coultier
is another of the old Grand Forks
crowd. He is serving as special
representative of the Peek recipro-
cal trade organization, and he is
credited with being the best in-
formed man in Washington on all
matters relating to the tariff.

MINTYRE, WHO DUGS UP
more interesting stuff than any
other columnist, quotes a line from
one of the old melodramas which
always won a big round of ap-
plause: No man who lays hands on a
woman save in caress deserves the
name of American gentleman." How a sentence like that used to
ring out! Another line which
comes to mind was spoken in
some play, not now recalled, by a
Southern gentleman of the old
school, suh! Legal proceedings had
been brought against the lady of
the piece, which aroused the ire of
the old gentleman. It was ex-
plained to him in extenuation that
the suit was only a civil suit.
"Suh!" proclaimed the old gentle-
man in rising tones, "no suit
against a lady is evah civil." And
did the audience raise the roof!

FRED BORUSKY, OF LANG-
don, writes that he studied the
poem beginning "Ho, ye who at the
anvil toil," in the fifth reader in
New York. I have no doubt many
readers would appreciate the poem
if he could supply it.

DRIVING ALONG A NORTH-
ern railway recently I saw on the
road a dead porcupine which acci-
dently had been struck by a pass-
ing car. I have wondered since
about the later experience of the
driver of that car with his tires. A
friend of mine who has been driv-
through the Minnesota woods
for many years tells me that in his
opinion the man who has the mis-
fortune to strike a porcupine with
an automobile tire may as well buy
a new tire and tube at once and
have it over, for the cost of repairs
and ruined tubes will soon amount
to the price of a new outfit. The
reason is that the quills penetrate
the rubber of the tire and the
barbed points remain imbedded
there without being noticed. Pres-
ently one works through and punctures the tube. Presently the proc-
ess is repeated, and it may be re-
peated a dozen times. Therefore it
is cheaper to write the thing off
as a dead loss at once.
A CLUSTER OF NINE APPLES on one small twig has been left at the office for inspection by J. W. Wolford, 1005 Oak street.

The fruit is not a product of North Dakota, but of Indiana, and is from a tree which was planted 60 years ago by Mr. Wolford in his former home near Akron, Indiana. Mr. Wolford says that the tree now measures 34 inches in diameter near the ground, has branches with a circumference of 106 feet, and is 25 feet high. The prospective yield from the tree this year is 25 bushels. Its average yield for 49 years has been seven and one-half bushels, without a single failure. Mr. Wolford does not name the variety of apples, but he says that when they ripen, in October, they are red and of good size, similar to Wine-sap or Delicious.

ONE OF MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS is of apples. When I was so young that relatives had insisted that it would be impossible for me to remember anything about it, I was taken to visit a great-aunt who lived on a little farm north of the western end of Lake Erie, a famous apple country. There the old lady took me by the hand and led me off to give me a big red apples from a great pile that she had stored in a vacant room. The idea that I don't remember that pile of apples, and the rich fragrance that arose from them as they went through the "sweating" process which was necessary to develop their finest flavor! Nonsense!

THE EARLIEST APPLE IN our orchard in my boyhood was an unnamed yellow fruit known only as a "harvest" apple. It was not good for cooking, but was fine for eating when fresh. It ripened rapidly and quickly became dry and mealy, and could be kept only a few weeks. After the harvest apple came the mid-season fruit, which with us included the smallish red snow apples and the Tallマン sweets, both of which were good for eating and baking but not for general cooking, and several varieties of pippins, big, juicy fellows, quite tart, which made delicious pies and sauce, and which, with care, kept well along into the winter. Our late apples was the Rhode Island greening, hard and ather juiceless when picked, but which mellowed with age and was at its best about March. Many other varieties were grown in the neighborhood, but these were the varieties in our own orchard.

AMONG US IN THOSE DAYS commercially canned fruit was unknown. Of native fruit there was abundance — wild strawberries, found in occasional patches in the woods and meadows, wild raspberries and blackberries, gathered from thickets in the rail fence corners, plums, pears, and grapes. These were all perishable, but were preserved according to the formula of pound for pound of brown sugar and fruit. Apples provided fresh fruit until late spring, so that there were only a few weeks in late spring and early summer when fresh fruit was not available in abundance. We knew nothing about vitamins, but we got the same. That's what made us tough.

MAJOR BERG AND W. K. Treumann were exchanging reminiscences of the Philippine campaign the other evening, and Berg recalled the time when Captain Mudgett sent out his uniform to be pressed. The captain had official duties which kept him in Manila for a long time, and he made a policy to be appropriately and immaculately dressed at all times. For that reason he kept several uniforms always on hand. A private named Blatz, who was serving as orderly, or something of that sort, was sent on the spring with one of the captain's uniforms to be pressed. Blatz took the uniform, but instead of taking it to be pressed, he put it on and went down town into quarters prohibited to privates but free to officers. In a captain's uniform he was quite safe, and he had a fine time. He kept this up for two weeks before returning the uniform, all properly pressed, as it was not missed in the meantime.

BLATZ IS DESCRIBED AS A reckless, happy-go-lucky fellow, ready to try anything once, and seemingly immune to fear. He was recommended for a medal or honor for bravery, but because of some technicality the award was not made. When Major Berg was leaving for home Blatz sought him out to say goodbye. The major expressed surprise that Blatz was not returning with the rest of the North Dakota outfit. "No," said Blatz, "I'm going to stick for a while. I was recommended for a medal, but it fell through. Now I'm going to stay here until I get it." Not long after his return Major Berg read that Private Blatz had been awarded his medal. He started all over again, and distinguished himself afresh.

Davies
ON A SMALL FARM NOT FAR away an aged lady afflicted with an incurable malady, lives in the knowledge that death is near, that it may come in a few hours, and that it can scarcely be more than a few weeks away. Death, inevitable, is awaited sometimes in fear, sometimes with bitter complaining, sometimes with obvious stimulation, sometimes with groans, sometimes with an ostentatious display of patient resignation. This good woman approaches death in none of these attitudes. As best she can in her physical condition she lives each day as she has been accustomed to live it, happy, witty, with a cheery greeting for the friend who calls, and a funny story to send him away in laughter. She has lived her life wholesomely and naturally, and she will continue to live it that way until the end.

IT IS TOLD OF THE GREAT preacher, John Wesley, that on being asked how he would conduct himself if he knew that he were to die at the close of the next day, Wesley replied that on rising he would do thus and so, repeating the schedule which he had actually in mind for the next day. "And then," he said, "I should lie down and go to sleep." In that spirit the fine woman on the farm rounds out her days.

DROUGHT IS A CONDITION which has occurred from time to time in almost every part of the world. The present drought is no greater than any which have preceded it. It differs from most others in the extent of territory affected at one time. A condition which occurs sporadically almost every year is this year almost world-wide. In 1872 the north-western prairies were stricken with drouth, concerning which H. V. Arnold, in his History of Grand Forks county, has the following:

"THE YEAR 1872 WAS A HARD one in the valley, yet people already here were not particularly affected by it for the reason that the business being done and the avocations they followed were not, as yet, based upon agriculture. There was, as yet, scarcely any attempt to cultivate the land west of Red river, and in Grand Forks county its agricultural development did not fairly set in until toward the end of the decade. Here the principal cause was the lack of railroad facilities in this part of the valley."

IN REGARD TO CLIMATIC conditions in 1872 Mr. John Kinan, a former hotel keeper at Grand Forks, who wrote in 1896:

"The year 1872 was a dry year; not a drop of rain fell from the first of May until snow fall on or before the first of November. The grass grew about an inch long. You could not get a ton of hay all over this country, outside the river bottoms. The first of August vegetation was dried brown, not a green spear in sight. The first of September a fire swept this country and it was black from one end to the other. That summer General Hazen was sent out by the government to examine into and report on the resources of this country. He reported it a barren waste, fit only for Indians and buffalo. There has been a great deal of criticism in recent years on General Hazen's official report by the press and otherwise. But any man that would travel over this country in the summer of 1872 and make any other report would be void of ordinary judgment. This report was sent broadcast all over the United States, and it took years of extensive advertising to counteract it."

IT MAY BE THAT IN THE near future we shall have an entirely new form of radio entertainment—musical comedy created exclusively for radio. A movement for the development of that form of art is under way and a national survey conducted by Sigmund Spaeth, noted critic and commentator, reveals the existence of a pronounced opinion among authorities as to the desirability and feasibility of such a plan.

Radio has its advantages, and, in certain directions, its decided limitations. While television seems to be just around the corner, it has not yet been realized in general practice, and radio cannot now present the effects, which depend on vision. The old musical comedy at its best was a delightful form of entertainment, but it was something to be seen as well as heard. Its music can be reproduced acceptably over the radio, but not its spectacular effects. Those who were familiar with Gilbert and Sullivan years ago can derive enjoyment from "Pinafore" over the radio, because as they listen they can recreate in their minds the stage pictures of fifty years ago. But the effect on one who has never seen the production must be entirely different. It is the sight of the actual performance that will make the radio music come to us by sound something which will be equal in value to the old musical comedy, and which will not leave us with a sense of something lacking they will be doing a good job.
MENTION OF THE CAPSIZING OF THE excursion steamer Victoria on the river Thames near London, Ontario, in 1881, prompts a reminiscence from Mrs. Earl Minnie of the days when Devils Lake was a much larger body of water than it is today and when Captain Heerman navigated his steamer the Minnie H. between the city of Devils Lake and Port Totten. In 1896 Mrs. Minnie’s father, Frank Judd, a pioneer of the Devils Lake district, had charge of the mail between Devils Lake and the fort, and his young daughters were given free rides across the lake by the genial captain. At that time the Chautauqua was in full swing, and Secretary LaRue made it a point to provide acceptable entertainment for the Chautauquans. On one occasion in 1896 he had arranged for an excursion on the Minnie H. at reduced rates, and with an orchestra for dancing.

A big crowd went on the trip, among them a large group of guardsmen from the military camp near by. The weather was fine when the boat started, but a storm blew up, and the Minnie H., with her heavy load, rolled dangerously in the big waves and furious wind. Captain Heerman signaled for help, and a smaller boat, the Rock Island, put out with a barge attached. The barge was drawn up alongside the Minnie H. and many of the passengers were transferred to it.

During the confusion passengers crowded to the side of the vessel next the barge, which caused the steamer to list so badly and so suddenly that one man slid overboard. Fortunately he landed on the barge with no greater damage than a sprained wrist and a bad scare. Mrs. Minnie says that many of the women passengers lost their Merry Widow hats in the wind, some wept, others prayed, and to make it all more impressive the orchestra played “Nearer My God, to Thee.” One visiting Devils Lake now would not think that anything of the sort could have been possible.

President Roosevelt is said to be greatly interested in the possibility of developing power by impounding the tide water in Passamaquoddy bay, which, as the class in geography will remember, juts off from the bay of Fundy and breaks the coast line just where Maine joins New Brunswick. For many years engineers have speculated on the possibility of generating power there. I believe the thing has been pronounced feasible, but the question is whether or not the returns would be sufficient to warrant the outlay for construction. Because of the configuration of the coast the tides in the bay of Fundy are almost the highest if not actually the highest, in the world. A high tide of 90 feet has been known. Sixty feet is not uncommon, and some of the books say that the normal is about 30 feet. When a body of water 30 or 40 miles wide rises at that rate every day there is a lot of power behind it.

Because of what seems to me to be the enormous power possibilities involved the map of Nova Scotia, just across the bay, has long had a peculiar fascination for me. If the class will examine the map carefully I will explain why.

The upper end of the bay of Fundy is forked, the two branches being Chignecto bay and Minas Basin—where Evangeline lived. Each of these cuts almost cross the land, the former reaching to within about 10 miles of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and the latter to within about 15 miles of the Atlantic. The tides on the gulf side and on the Atlantic side are very much lower than in the bay of Fundy.

Because of its greater area and the narrowness of the channel which separates it from the bay proper Minas basin seems to offer the better prospect. My scheme is very simple. I propose the building of a dam across the channel at the neck of Minas basin a little less than the height of normal high tide and the cutting of a wide canal across from the basin to the Atlantic. High tide once a day will keep the basin full. The dam will prevent the water from flowing back. The canal will carry an immense volume of water to the lower Atlantic level, and there you are. There would be a constant flow in great volume through the canal, and a fall of several feet. A set of turbines on the Atlantic side would be kept spinning the year around.
WHEN ONE STARTS FIGURING on the government plan for a great shelter belt through the prairie states he is apt to find the results somewhat staggering. The belt is to extend 1,000 miles north and south, and is to consist of a series of 100 narrow belts, each seven rods wide, and running parallel for the whole distance. In each of these narrow belts there are to be seven rows of trees, a rod apart. This would be the equivalent of one continuous row of trees 700,000 miles long. If the trees stand one rod apart in the row there would be required for planting 224,000,000 young trees.

NURSERIES TO GROW THIS stock will occupy considerable space. Assuming that trees in the nursery are to stand one foot apart in the row with rows three feet apart for cultivation, each nursery acre would contain 1,452 young trees, and it would require something over 15,000 acres of nursery space to accommodate the entire lot at one time.

WHILE THIS LOOKS LIKE A big undertaking the element of relativity changes the picture somewhat. If we had not been in the habit of growing corn, and it were announced some spring that it was planned during the next few months for the United States to plant, cultivate and harvest several billion hills of corn a few strokes with a pencil would demonstrate the magnitude of that task. Yet we have been growing those hills of corn every year for some time, and nobody has thought much of it.

SOME OF THE VERY FINE groves in the Red River valley was started, not from seed, but from cuttings. Cottonwood cuttings especially will establish themselves quickly if they are given reasonably good care and the weather conditions are favorable. But the ease with which cuttings can be planted was utilized by occasional settlers to acquire title to government land without rendering any real service for it.

THE OLD TIMBER CULTURE act was designed to dot the prairies with groves, for long before the days of President Roosevelt, and long before the days of an organized forestation movement, the value of trees on the plains was recognized. In order to promote the planting of trees congress enacted that in the treeless sections one quarter-section in every section of land might be acquired as a tree claim, no residence thereon being required. On such a claim the settler was required to plant and cultivate ten acres of trees, according to certain general specifications.

THE INTENT WAS FINE, BUT the law was loosely drawn and more loosely administered, and while many settlers planted and cultivated trees in good faith, and thereby developed fine groves, there were others who took advantage of the laxity of the law and its administration to go through the motions of planting trees which could not possibly grow.

ONE MAN NOT FAR FROM Grand Forks made a tree claim filing, and broke and cropped a lot of it before planting trees which was quite regular. In the spring when he should have planted his ten acres he ordered and received a bundle of cottonwood cuttings sufficient to plant the tract. But in the spring he was busy with other things until too late for tree planting, and the cuttings all dried up. Early the next winter when the snow was deep, he took out the withered cuttings and planted them by poking holes in the snow with a wagon rod and sticking the twigs in the holes. He made final proof, declaring that he had cultivated the ground as required, and that he had planted the trees, and a complaisant neighbor who had assisted in the planting served as witness.

AL CAPONE AND CERTAIN others of his calibre have been removed to the government's new prison at Alcatraz, fitted up especially for desperate characters. In order to prevent the possibility of plans for escape or rescue they are to be permitted no communication whatever with the outside. There is not even a radio on the island, and prisoners in that group are not to be permitted even to read newspapers. With those contaminating influences eliminated, who knows but that at the end of his term Capone may emerge, a changed man?
MANY THINGS ENTER INTO the culture of trees," said Rev. Dr. J. G. Moore at his farm at Bowesmont the other day," but if a man is to succeed at it, one thing is absolutely essential. He must love his trees." In that respect Dr. Moore can qualify. Around the cozy cottage in which he spends his summers is a large grove containing 66 separate varieties of trees and shrubs, some of them represented by only a few specimens and some by many, and of all those trees and shrubs he knows each by its first and middle name. In youth, he associates with its entire history and temperamental peculiarities. This knowledge arises from his inborn love of trees and from experience gained in caring for each tree in its seedling days, nursing it through inclement weather, providing it with water in drouth, shielding it from the ravages of insect pests, binding up its wounds made by marauding animals or in tempest, and rejoicing as it grew in strength, and stateliness and dignity.

DR. MOORE HAS CARRIED a pack and driven dog sled while ministering as missionary to the fishermen of Labrador. He has breastasted the storms of North Dakota winters as a Methodist pastor and as presiding elders before they called presiding elders district superintendents. Acquiring a small farm near Bowesmont he has added to his holding until now he has devoted a large share of his time to the cultivation of trees and the study of their tricks and manners. Early in the spring he and Mrs. Moore move out to the summer cottage which they have built on the farm, and there, among his trees, with incident attention to sheep, cattle and grain fields, he has the time of his life.

FOR THIRTY YEARS DR. Moore has been growing trees at his farm home, and he has some magnificent specimens of both evergreen and deciduous trees. One interesting fact is that most of his trees were planted in sod, and not in cultivated ground, which is the usual custom. In his own practice he has made this plan succeed admirably. On his grounds one may compare the relative growth of elms and box elders. Box elders are often planted for their supposed rapidity of growth, but on the Moore grounds where in some cases the two varieties stand side by side, the elms far surpass the others in size.

LIKE OTHERS WHO GROW trees, Dr. Moore has been troubled by borers, which at times have threatened the existence of some of his trees. Eternal vigilance is required to keep ahead of these pests, also treatment with tar, cement and other applications to repair injuries.

AMONG THE FINEST TREES on Dr. Moore’s plantation are the spruces, Black Hills, Colorado blue and Colorado green, which, grown from the seedling stage, have reached the proportions of magnificent forest trees. Incidentally, Dr. Moore says that he finds that the evergreens resist sleet storms much better than the deciduous trees, this being due to the greater elasticity of their branches.

CUT-LEAVED BIRCH ARE having a hard time of it during these dry years. Dr. Moore says that this tree reaches maturity in about 35 or 40 years, and cannot be expected to last much longer, and during the period of its growth it shows a tendency to die off at the top during excessively dry seasons. This tendency has been noted in many trees in Grand Forks, and several fine trees here have died this summer.

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WATER AT THE MOORE farm is reached at a depth of about 15 feet and when the right vein is struck the water is excellent for domestic use, although under present conditions wells cannot be relied on for any considerable quantity of stock. There is observed there, however, the same peculiarity that is observed in many other places in that while excellent water may be struck in one well, a little distance away another well will yield water so strongly impregnated with salts of various kinds that it cannot be used.
A NOTE FROM MRS. F. A. Willson of Bathgate says: "While in Seattle last week I saw a copy of the Grand Forks Herald, and in looking over the That Reminds of Me column I saw the poem: 'A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see,' but as there was no mention of the author I thought it might interest you to know that the poem was by Lucy Larcom, whose column in the Grand Forks Herald was always published on pink stock, in keeping with its name, and distinctive, also, because of the originality and forcefulness of its editorials. It was distinctive, also, in being aggressively Democratic when Democrats were as scarce as hens' teeth in North Dakota."

W. P. Davies.

I RECALL LUCY LARCOM AS the author of many graceful lyrics, none of which I remember now. Without knowing anything about it I had supposed that the name was assumed because of its pleasant alliteration.

FRANK A. WILLSON WAS the founder, and for many years publisher of the Bathgate Pink Paper, a paper distinctive because it was always published on pink stock, in keeping with its name, and distinctive, also, because of the originality and forcefulness of its editorials. It was distinctive, also, when the first issue appeared.

WILLSON CONCEIVED THE original idea of giving to each of the four principal pages of his paper the name of one of the Pembina county towns. The first, and official page, was captioned "Bathgate Pink Paper." One of the inside pages was headed, "Hamilton Oak Leaf," and I believe Neche and Cavalier figured in the other two captions.

WHILE WILLSON WAS OPERATING his Bathgate paper Frank Wardwell was editing the Pembina Pioneer Express and Grant Hager the St. Thomas Times. All of them usually had something interesting to say, and often what was said in an exceedingly spicy way. At one time when Willson and Wardwell were engaged in one of their frequent controversies, and the fight waxed fast and furious, J. K. Fairchild, who then published the Drayton Echo, undertook to show both disputants where they were wrong. But Fairchild did not belong in such fast company. The other two editors turned upon him with one accord and left of him nothing but shreds and patches. Those were the grand days of weekly newspaperdom in North Dakota. Even if the editors didn't make much money they had a glorious time.

SOME YEARS AGO REV. MR. Birchough—I don't recall his initials—was pastor of the Methodist church at St. Thomas. He was an excellent speaker and because quite widely known for political addresses which he delivered in one of the heated state campaigns, He was a Welshman, and I believe he came direct from Wales to Pembina county. There he became acquainted with Dr. J. G. Moore, who undertook to advise him while he was becoming acquainted with his new surroundings.

IT WAS SPRING, AND MR. Birchough was at the Moore farm at Bowesmont helping with the planting of some trees. On leaving the house Dr. Moore put a bottle of milk in his pocket a bottle of milk, which he planted, unobserved by Birchough, at the foot of a tree, covering it with loose straw. When the work had been under way for some time and the two men had become well warmed up Dr. Moore said: "A cold drink would taste good. I remember I had some milk out here last spring. I wonder if there might be a bottle left somewhere." So saying he prodded around in the straw and presently discovered the bottle of milk, while Birchough watched, pop-eyed. When the opened bottle was passed to him for inspection and he opened it and found it fresh and sweet he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. "That's nothing," said Moore. "You see we had some snakes around the farm very deep and thaws out slowly, so things will keep fresh for a long time."

ON THAT OR A SIMILAR OCCASION Birchough found a colony of snakes in a ditch near by, and he brought the information to Dr. Moore. "Where are they?" asked Moore. "Right over there in the ditch," said Birchough. "But I don't see any snakes," said Moore. "You thought you saw them. But Fairchild did not belong in such fast company. The other two editors turned upon him with one accord and left of him nothing but shreds and patches. Those were the grand days of weekly newspaperdom in North Dakota. Even if the editors didn't make much money they had a glorious time.

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FRED E. WHITING, OF MINNEAPOLIS, doesn't actually make shirts, but he sells them for the company of which he is president, and he has been selling them in this northwestern territory for something like half a century. I suppose no man in the northwest has a larger line of individual customers. Whiting started in the shirt business as a young man, after serving several years as clerk in a general store in southern Minnesota. When he started out on his first trip into North Dakota he was a stranger to this territory, and his people in Minneapolis had sent him out to see whether he could sell shirts or not. A good deal depended on the results of that first trip.

FARGO WAS HIS FIRST North Dakota point, and there he called on a banker with whom he had been acquainted in Minnesota. The banker liked the youngster and decided to give him a lift. He called in all the young men of the bank, of whom Fred Goodman was one and said: "This is Fred Whiting, who sells shirts. Whatever he says is correct. I'm going to have him call on you immediately after banking hours, and I shall take it as a personal favor if each of you will give him an order and recommend him to your friends."

WHITING GOT A NICE STACK of orders there. He was given letters to the elite of Grand Forks, and the boys here gave him orders. And so the word was passed from place to place, and everywhere there were orders, lots of them. When the Fargo orders reached the office the staff looked over and said: "Somebody has been pulling that youngster's leg. There aren't that many people in Fargo. They've been loading him up with phony orders. Better write him somewhere and see how many of these orders are good, if any." But Whiting was moving right along, and collecting orders all the time. He kept a jump or two ahead of his mail. There were no telephones, and in those days the telegraph was used only in cases of desperate emergency. Orders kept pouring in and they were allowed to pile up in the office until Whiting was finally reached. Then he talked turkey to that office. He wanted to know why in Sam Hill his customers should be kept waiting for their goods. Finally he induced the people in the factory to make the shirts and send them out, and greatly to the surprise of the office force the shirts were received and paid for.

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS about the Antarctic seasons are confusing. The facts themselves are confusing to a northerner, who finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the idea of winter in July and Christmas in midsummer. But some of the press dispatches are confusing the thing still more by referring to August 21 as the beginning of summer in the Antarctic. It isn't anything of the kind except that on that day the rim of the sun was visible for the first time above the northern horizon at Little America.

IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE the seasons are divided just as they are in the northern, except that they are reversed as to warm and cold seasons. At the south pole the sun reaches its highest point in the sky, about 23½ degrees above the horizon, approximately on December 21, our midwinter, and its lowest point on June 21. Theoretically on March 21 and September 21 it will swing around in a circle at the exact level of the horizon. Little America is several hundred miles from the pole, and gets its first glimpse of the returning sun about a month before the sun does. Points farther from the pole or nearer to it get their first glimpse of the sun earlier or later, according to their distance, and if they lie north of the Antarctic circle the sun shines on them at some time during every day—provided the weather is right.

DOWN IN FLORIDA SUNSHINE is advertised as one of the important assets. Years ago Lew Brown, publisher of the St. Petersburg Herald made an offer of free papers to everyone who wanted them on every day on which the sun did not shine at some time on St. Petersburg. That offer is still kept standing. Eight years ago Brown told me how many years he had been making that offer. It was quite a lot, and my recollection is that during the entire period he had been called on to make good only twice.