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William Preston Davies

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CONTINUING THE SERIES OF letters written during the Civil war by Captain John P. Reese to his wife at South Pass, Ill:

Vicksburg, Miss., Feb. 16, 1864.
"My dear wife:

"I seat myself this morning to write you another letter, my health



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not good, though I am able for duty. I have a severe pain in my right breast. The doctor says it came from the smallpox. I think I will be well again in a few days. I am not in a good humor this morning, for I have just got an order to destroy all my clothing, blankets and all. I do think it a hard case, for it will take all the money I have and all I can draw the next pay day to buy as much. The privates that have had the smallpox have to destroy theirs, but the government gives them new clothing free of charge, so they will be gainers in the end. But not so with officers. They give us nothing and take what we have. Our wages will hardly keep us now, for we have to pay three times as much for everything as we did six months ago. A suit of officers' clothes costs nearly a fortune here, while \$40 for a month's board is cheap board. I think the government ought to give the officers some show, for they are as necessary as privates. If something is not done it will be a hard job to keep good officers in the army. One week we are ordered to rig up very fine, and the next we are ordered to burn our rigging.

* * *

"BUT LET HER RIP. I HAVE never thought of making a fortune in this war, and if I can live to go home, even if it is to die and be buried beside my dear boy who rests so gently in the little mound in the lot, I am satisfied, whether I have one cent left or not, and all others will have to be content.

* * *

"BUT DON'T THINK I AM DESPAIRING, for I am not. Thank God I can still hold up my head and my eyes are as bright as ever. Let

come what will, I am ready. I am not afraid to live and not afraid to die. I intend to do my duty as a soldier as far as I am able, for there is one consolation left me. I have tried to do my duty, and I believe I have been successful."

* * *

THE NEXT LETTER IN THE series, written May 23, 1864, reads:
"On board the steamer Sallie List.

"After a long and painful silence on my part I again take hold of the pen for the purpose of sending you a few scratches letting you know that I am in good health, hoping that this may find all of you well. I didn't get any letters from you from the time Jack Anderson came to the regiment until the 18th of May. I then received letters up to the 21st of March. I got 17 at one time, five of them from you. I need not tell you the reason I haven't wrote before, for perhaps you have already heard that our communications with home were entirely cut off.

* * *

"WELL, TISSA, I HAVE SEEN the hardest time I ever saw in my life, almost three months of hard traveling and hard fighting, without tents or shelter of any kind, so you see I am nearly played out. I have not shaved since I left Vicksburg and I have not pulled off my pants but twice since the 10th of March. And today is the first time I have had a pen in my hand since I wrote to you the 8th of March. I expect you will have hard work to read this letter, for the old boat rocks and my hand cramps so hard I can hardly write at all. But I knew you were anxious to hear from me, so I thought of sending you a few lines now and after I get to Vicksburg and rest a little I shall give you a longer letter describing what I saw and what we done on the Red river expedition.

* * *

"WE, THAT IS, THE 81ST, were not in any general battle, but were in 8 or 10 skirmishes. We had some killed and wounded, none in Co. E. Isaac Neal is very sick on the hospital boat, also Corporal Beltz. The rest of Co. E is well. I guess we will get to Vicksburg sometime tonight, where I think we will stop for some time. Give my love to father, mother and children, and believe me, your true husband until death."

AN INTERVAL OF A LITTLE more than a year occurs between the writing of the last quoted letter in the Captain Reese series and the one available today. This letter is dated February 26, 1865, and it was written from the site of the battle of New Orleans in which General Jackson administered a signal defeat to the British forces under General Pakenham. That battle, the last in the war of 1812, was fought after



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the treaty of peace had been concluded. Lacking telegraph, telephone and radio, and even railway and steamboat service, the generals in the field were not aware that the war was over, and kept up the fighting until one was whipped. This letter reads:

* * *

"I HAVE JUST RECEIVED your kind letter of the 18th inst., with some stamps enclosed, for which accept my thanks. Though I bought myself a good supply of stamps at Cairo. I got a photograph of Sherman at Vicksburg and sent it to you in a letter from that place. I also got a letter from you of the 14th inst., and was glad to hear you were all well. I have written you one letter from here and I hope you have them before now.

* * *

WELL, I HAVE NO NEWS TO send, only we are ordered to store all our surplus stores, which I think means a move by water. Mobile is our destination. I shall be glad of a move from here, for I never saw as muddy a camp since I have been in the service. Rain and wind all the time except today, which is as pleasant as June in Illinois, a little too warm for me.

* * *

WE ARE NOW ENCAMPED on the very spot where Jackson whipped the British in the War of 1812. The old ditch dug by Jackson's forces from the lake to the river is still visible. That was called a great battle. Well, it was a big thing for those times, but I have been in battles that would make it seem like child's play.

* * *

"WHEN I LOOK AT THE

ground occupied by our forces in that fight I am almost astonished, for there is not room enough for our skirmish line now. Indeed, we have grown considerable since then. Jackson had some 7,000 men, so history says. Well, now 7,000 men wouldn't be called a force at all.

* * *

"WELL, TISSA, YOU SEEM to be fretting (here a line is undecipherable) by which you had to pay tolerable heavy taxes. Be of good cheer, for six months from this day I will be a citizen again, if I don't re-enlist, and I don't think I shall, for I want to go home to my family. I think three years long enough for me to stay away from home, and then I shall stay at home and do the talking and let someone else do the fighting. Indeed, I feel that I ought to be at home now, but of course I shall not quit until my time is out. Then let some of them that think it fun to wear shoulder-straps put them on and see how they will fit."

* * *

IN THE NEXT AND FINAL installment in this series of Civil war letters Captain Reese instructs his wife in the mysteries of some of the "Yankee fixin's" which were improvised out of the necessities of the moment. The invention of wooden mortars is attributed to General John A. Logan. Gabions and fascines were made by the soldiers to serve as protection against the enemy's fire.

* * *

THE GABIONS WERE IN EFFECT great baskets built of poles and vines and filled with sand and clay. Fascines were bundles of small poles bound together with the enemy's telegraph wire. Both were effective as fortifications. Nowhere in his letters does Captain Reese mention the use of trenches, perhaps because the country in which he was stationed was not suitable for that type of warfare.

* * *

THE WORD "FASCINES" CARRIES one back to the days of ancient Rome, and to the use of bundles or rods bound together to signify the strength that there is in unity. Our Civil war soldiers found a practical use for such bundles. The word is another form, but with analogous meaning, is now revived in Italy, where Mussolini and his Fascisti rule the country and are launching a foreign adventure similar to those of the Caesars.

"BEFORE SPANISH FORT,

"April 3, 1865.

Alabama.

"Dear Tissa:

"My health is good this morning," wrote Captain Reese in the letter dated as above, "and I hope this may find you all well. I have been v e r y uneasy about little Mattie, but I hope she is better now. I do wish she could get well, though I fear she never will. I would be glad if I could be at home and help you take care of the little ones, but I can't come

for a few months yet. The time is rolling on very fast. My three years will soon be served out, then I can go home and stay there.

* * *

"THE SIEGE IS STILL GOING on, fighting all the time, just like we did at Vicksburg. I believe it will take several days before Spanish Fort, for it appears to be a formidable work, and the rebels defend it with vigor and determination. General Steel has attacked Blakeley, a small town further up the bay about five miles from where we are fighting. Steel sent in 275 prisoners yesterday, which shows he is not idle. I can hear him fighting all the time. Our loss for the last few days has not been so heavy as at first, as the troops have built themselves protections. However, it is no strange thing to see a man shot through the head with a minie ball or mangled with shell.

* * *

"MY WORK IS MOSTLY DONE in the night, so we are not so badly exposed as when we first came here, but the rebel sharpshooters keep up a continual fire all night, making very dangerous these clear, moonlight nights. I have a party of men making wooden mortars, and, by the way, they are a great curiosity, as I believe John Logan invented them at Vicksburg. But few of this army ever saw them.

* * *

"WE HAVE BEEN MAKING gabions and fascines. Of course you don't know what they are, so I shall describe them to you. A ga-

bion is made by driving small poles around a circle of three feet in diameter, then plaiting in vines, forming a thing like a bee gun (?) made of withes. They are used for embrasures of cannon by setting them on end and filling them with clay and sand. They make a bullet-proof fortification.

* * *

"FASCINES ARE MADE OF small poles placed together, forming a bunch of poles 27 inches in circumference, which are tightly bound with wire. The fascines are from six to 18 feet long and are used for the same purpose as the gabions.

* * *

"WE HAVE USED UP FIVE miles of rebel telegraph making

fascines. The vines we use for making gabions are muscadine and rattan. There is many other 'Yankee fixin's' the pioneer boys are making to kill the rebels with. My command is large, having two captains and six lieutenants under my command. It keeps me very busy, but if I keep well and don't get shot I don't mind the work."

* * *

THE WAR OVER, CAPTAIN Reese is about to leave camp for home. For him war has meant hard work, privation and long separation from his family. He welcomes the prospect of being with his loved ones again, yet the prospect of separation from comrades who have also become dear brings its feeling of sadness. He looks forward now to taking up the responsibilities of husband, father and citizen, and writes thus in his last war letter:

* * *

"MONTGOMERY, ALA., JUNE 1, 1865.

"My dear Tissa:

"I take hold of the pen to write you my last letter as a soldier, unless some unforeseen difficulty should change my present prospects. I am glad that I am so soon to go home, not on a leave of absence for 30 days, but for all my life.

* * *

"STILL, I FEEL SAD TO FOREVER separate from my old war comrades. Men who have been with me for nearly three years, through some awful long and tiresome marches, in so many battles and dangers. When I think of

leaving them, never more to see their brave faces, nor more to hear their war shout, a feeling of sadness passes over me, which is only relieved by the thought of soon embracing my wife and little ones so long left and neglected.

* * *

"PERHAPS I SHALL REACH you nearly as soon as this letter, so I suppose this will wind up a correspondence that has been such a source of pleasure to me for so long a time. Your letters you have written to me since I have been in the army are all destroyed because I could not carry them, yet I shall always remember them with pleasure, for they taught me that if all the rest of the world forsake or forget me, there was still one on earth that would still be true to me.

* * *

"I HOPE I SHALL SOON BE where I can show you that your faithfulness has not been entirely thrown away, for I believe we will see some happy days together. The only ambition I have is to raise my children honestly and right and see you once a happy and contented wife.

* * *

"YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER, God bless them, I shall love them for their kindness to you and the children and hope I shall soon be able to take some of their hardships off their hands. Tell the children that I shall soon be with them. My health is good, and I hope you are well."

ALBANY, N. Y. — WHETHER because of the quantity of material that has been published concerning them or in spite of it, the



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Dionne quintuplets continue to be objects of lively, and apparently increasing interest. In my wanderings eastward during the past week or so I have found interest in them everywhere, and lively curiosity. When acquaintances or strangers have found that I came through the section

of country that those infants have made famous, invariably I have been asked if I saw the babies, and when it is found that I had that good fortune I am questioned as to every detail of their appearance, behavior and surroundings. Therefore these paragraphs about our call on the most famous babies in existence.

* * *

CALLANDER, NEAR WHERE the Dionne babies were born, is a railroad junction village about a dozen miles south of North Bay, and Toronto. The children have their regular visiting hours—8 A. M., 11 A. M., 1 P. M., and 3 P. M., daylight saving time in each case. It is important to remember this. One of my friends forgot about the daylight saving and missed the show. At these hours the children have been bathed, fed, or otherwise given treatment appropriate to infants and are then held up for inspection.

* * *

AS A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE we chose the 8 o'clock hour and made it a point to be on time. The drive from North Bay to Callander took only a few minutes. From Callander we took the side road leading to the children's hospital, which had been named for Dr. Defoe, who officiated at the multiple birth, and to whose care and common sense is due the fact that the quintuplets are alive and well. The road, running into the back country for about three miles, has been graded and graveled to accommodate the stream of visitors who call. On one side of the road is the Dionne farm house, a cheap little building, neither better nor worse in appearance than hundreds of others to be seen in that territory, and on the other is the new hospital, a neat structure built in rustic pattern of freshly peeled logs.

* * *

THE HOSPITAL IS SURROUNDED by a neat wire fence which passes in front about 50 feet from the porch. About 100 feet farther away is another fence which keeps visitors entirely away from the premises until the proper hour arrives. At that hour about 100 persons were present awaiting a view of the children. At 8 o'clock the big

policeman in charge opened the outer gate and admitted the sightseers to the enclosure, where we lined up against the inner fence.

* * *

PRESENTLY A WHITE-CLAD nurse appeared with a babe in her arms and another nurse displayed a card which informed the company that the little one was Marie. For some reason, perhaps because she seemed originally to be the frailest of the group, Marie seems to be the public's favorite, and her appearance was hailed with smiles and subdued cheers. Marie surveyed the crowd smilingly and signified her pleasure by kicking her legs and making patty-cakes with her hands. That performance over she was placed in one of the five carriages which were lined up on the platform in order that she might receive her sun-bath.

* * *

THIS PROGRAM WAS FOLLOWED with each of the others. All the children were full of life and seemed to enjoy their view of the crowd. When the top of her carriage obstructed the view of one of the infants she gave a lusty yell, just as any other healthy infant would have done. When the cover was adjusted to her liking she was satisfied. The whole performance may have lasted 20 minutes, and the crowd began to scatter.

* * *

THE OFFICER IN CHARGE told me that the attendance now, during the tourist season, is estimated—no accurate check is made and no fee of any kind is charged—at 1,200 daily through the week and 4,000 to 5,000 on Sunday. The children have brought a lot of business to the towns along the way, as tourists from all over the country often travel several hundred miles out of their way to see the babes. A restaurant is being built on grounds adjoining the hospital, but I think that is a private venture.

* * *

ACROSS THE WAY FROM

the hospital is a little stand in which Mamma Dionne sells photos and souvenirs. She is a rather pathetic looking woman, older in appearance than her years, speaking English with a strong French accent, and, apparently, carrying a grudge, although she and the rest of her family are immensely better off now than they ever were before. Among the people of the vicinity I found no sympathy for the elder Dionnes in their effort to obtain independent control of the children and the substantial fortune that has been accumulated for them. They are persons of no education, seemingly of less than average mentality, and I found a very general impression that they have been misled by schemers who wish to get their clutches on the fortune that would last only a short time if it were not safeguarded by the government.

INFLUENCE OF SUN-SPOTS

on weather, crops, forest growth and the life of animals is being made the subject of an intensive study by the Canadian weather bureau. In the course of the study examination has been made of the records of the bureau as far back as records have been kept, and an effort has been made to check plant growth, temperature and other terrestrial phenomena with the known occurrence of sun-spots through the recorded period and to draw from such comparisons conclusions as to what may be expected from the recurrence of sunspot periods.



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While the investigations are too incomplete to arrant definite conclusions except of the most general character, the investigators are convinced of the soundness of the theory, now generally accepted, that the tremendous storms on the sun of which sun-spots are evidence, influence meteorological conditions on the earth, and that that influence is extended over a wide field in which man himself operates. While this generalization has been reached with considerable positiveness, such general influences are affected in so many ways by local conditions as to leave the application of the theory to local cases very much in doubt.

* * *

There are more than 50 things wrong with the average auto driver, Governor Hoffman of New Jersey charges in a magazine article. Seven million car owners in the U. S. should not be allowed to go faster than 35 miles an hour, he insists. Among his general criticisms are the following:

* * *

“THOSE WHO TALK ABOUT doing 100 miles an hour on the open road are just talking through their bonnets. As a matter of fact, we who drive at 60 miles an hour are already way over our heads: few of us are either physically or emotionally equipped for that sort of thing. Fewer still have any conception of what we are doing.

* * *

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“Relatively few drivers really know how to negotiate a curve. The result is that the death rate on curves is 126 per cent greater than the average for all accidents combined. “A mile a minute at night is the height of folly. The top safe speed at night is 36 miles an hour.

* * *

“THREE-QUARTERS OF THE cars on the road have defective lights. As to our boasted four-wheel brakes, one-third of them are so badly adjusted that they have at least 40 per cent more braking power on one side than on the other.

“Fatigue is an important factor in driving. Eyestrain affects the entire body; a confined position which cramps muscles is reflected in nervous reaction; the seemingly slight physical exertion involved plays its part. A man moves his wheel 12,000 times on a

350-mile drive—maybe 25,000 times on sub-par roads.

“There are 100,000 accidents a year directly charged to drivers asleep at the wheel.

“Carbon monoxide is a factor in motor accidents, especially in cars that are sealed up like Mason jars. Seven per cent of cars on the road have definitely dangerous amounts of this gas, and there are 1,400,000 cars in the country that are stupefying their drivers with poison gas every time they are out on the road.

* * *

“THE DRUNKEN DRIVER presents a menace which beggars words. Drinking and speed don't go together. Just one or two drinks will double a driver's reaction time.

“The really smart driver, when moving at 40 miles an hour, remains 75 feet back of the car ahead. If he's going to pass, he never steps on it until his car is out in the passing lane.

“Lack of judgment is responsible for 85 per cent of all fatal accidents.

“Forty-eight per cent of all cars have faulty tires. Thirty-four per cent have defective brakes.

“The vast majority of fatal accidents are caused by speeds too high for the surrounding conditions.”

* * *

IN SPITE OF THE GREAT efficiency of modern brakes, Governor Hoffman figures that a car going at 60 miles an hour takes 226 feet to stop, under ideal conditions. In snow or mud, or on a wet wood-block pavement, or on a loose gravel road, this minimum stop-

ping distance may be increased to half a mile or more. Here is Governor Hoffman's calculation of brake operation on a first-class concrete road with new tires and perfectly balanced brakes:

“At a speed of 30 miles an hour a car is traveling 44 feet a second. During the interval of the driver's mental reaction to an emergency (3-4 of a second, on the average) it travels 33 feet. The braking distance is 40 feet. And the total distance required for stopping is 73 feet.

“At 40 miles an hour, the car is traveling 59 feet a second. Reaction distance, 44 feet. Braking distance, 71 feet. Total stopping distance, 115 feet.

“Fifty miles an hour, 74 feet a second. Reaction distance, 55 feet. Braking distance, 55 feet. Braking distance, 111 feet. Total stopping distance, 166 feet.

“Sixty miles an hour, 88 feet a second. Reaction distance, 66 feet. Braking distance, 160 feet. Total stopping distance, 226 feet.

“Seventy miles an hour, 103 feet a second. Reaction distance, 77 feet. Braking distance, 218 feet. Total stopping distance, 295 feet.”

* * *

SOME OF THE STATISTICAL lessons which Governor Hoffman points out from his study of 96,000 motor deaths which occurred in the past three years are as follows:

“About 61 per cent occurred on perfectly straight highways or between intersections. About 75 per cent occurred on dry roads, and 84 per cent on clear days. About 88 per cent of the cars were traveling straight ahead at the time. More than 90 per cent were doing less than 50 miles an hour. All the increase in deaths since 1927 has been due to collisions. Fatalities on improved rural highways have increased 102 per cent in 10 years.”

FIFTEEN HUNDRED CHILDREN,

ranging in age from seven to 17, set out recently on an intensive drive to rid Duluth of ragweed, in an effort to make more healthy the area for sufferers of hay fever. Women's clubs, Girl Scout organizations and others are directing the campaign. Thousands of the weeds, with roots attached, have been "checked in" at the various collection stations established throughout



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the city, with the children being paid a penny for each two bundles of 25 weeds they bring in to the stations. At the close of the drive, the child bringing in the largest number of weeds will receive \$20, with a second prize of \$15 and a third prize of \$10 to be given by those in charge.

* * *

AN INTERVAL OF 52 YEARS elapsed between the first visit paid to Yellowstone park by D. S. Slayton of Billings, Montana, in 1883 and his first return to this area in June. In that time many changes have taken place, Mr. Slayton found, but the fishing is still as good. Traveling by saddle horse and pack train, the veteran Montanan took three weeks to cover the highlights of the then new national playground. Each night found his party camped on a new site.

* * *

"WE WERE IN A CONSTANT state of excitement," he recalled, "because between the discovery of new wonders and sampling every stream for fish, no one wanted to attend to the work of setting up camp and repacking when we were ready to leave. The fish bit on anything, and we had them on our camp menu in some form for every meal. Now after 52 years we have covered more ground and seen more of the park in three days than we did in three weeks during my first visit here," he concluded. At least in one respect he duplicated his half-century old experience, for in his first fishing jaunt he caught his limit.

AMONG THE ANNIVERSARIES being observed this year is the four hundredth anniversary of the first printed English Bible. On October 4, 1535, the first printed English Bible, a translation by Myles Coverdale, was issued from the press. During the four centuries since that date, the Bible has not only surpassed in circulation any other book in the world, but has profoundly influenced the lives of people and the ideals of government. A committee headed by President Angell has been formed to organize a general commemoration program in which the entire nation will participate.

* * *

WHILE THE COVERDALE edition was the first complete English Bible to appear in print, it was not the first English translation. The first complete version of the Bible in English was the translation of Wyclif, completed about 1382. When printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1477 the printing of parts and summaries of the Bible began. In 1525 William Tyndale's New Testament appeared. This was followed ten years later by the Coverdale complete Bible.

* * *

THE COVERDALE BIBLE would be almost unintelligible to most readers of English today. For one thing, the typography was entirely different from any with which we are familiar, and to learn to read it would be almost like learning a new language. Also, English as written and spoken in 1535 was very different from English as we know it, and the rendering of many passages differs greatly from that in the modern English Bible.

* * *

IN 1604 SIX COMMITTEES were appointed by King James I to prepare a new translation, and in 1611 those committees reported the present "Authorized," or "King James" version, which in literary richness, variety and dignity has never been surpassed. What is known as the revised edition is the result of work begun in 1870. The revised New Testament was published in 1881 and the whole Bible in 1885. When the text of the revised New Testament was made public in 1881 the Chicago Daily News had the entire text cabled to Chicago and published it in the next issue of the paper.

NEW YORK—SO FAR AS MY personal observation goes mine is the only North Dakota car east of the 90th meridian. There may be others circulating around some-



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where east of Lake Michigan, but I haven't seen any of them. And I find that for some mysterious reason a North Dakota car is a curiosity in the east. It isn't the car that makes the difference. Mine is identical in appearance with thousands of others that are speeding along the highways, and nobody pays the slightest attention to it on that score. But let an easterner get his eye on the license plate and his eyes begin to stick out. It is considered marvelous that a car should have traveled so far from home.

* * *

IN THIS CASE GEOGRAPHY seems to cut no figure. Nobody pays any attention to a California car, though it has come twice as far as one from North Dakota. Louisiana cars are rare and they do seem to attract some attention. One drew up along side us at a filling station, and there was some facetious talk from bystanders about Huey Long. Thereupon the occupants of that car denounced Huey Long and all his works.

* * *

REGARDLESS OF WHAT THE geographical authorities tell us, North Dakota is popularly regarded as an exceedingly remote place, like Nova Zembla, or Antarctica, a country which has the fascination of danger and mystery. I pulled up for gas at a wayside filling station in northern Michigan. It was in a spruce and blueberry section, a rather desolate section where anybody lives. The gas man seemed to hunger for company, and we had quite a chat. He noticed my license plate at once and wanted to know how things were "out there." Twenty-five years ago, he said, a brother-in-law of his had gone "out there," and nothing had ever been heard of him since. He gave me the brother-in-law's name and wondered if I might have met him, which I hadn't, but I promised that if I ever did meet him I would let my new friend know. To that man, living in a lonely hamlet in the woods, whose only contact with the world is with occasional travelers who stop for gas, I was a visitor from a distant, mysterious and almost inaccessible country full of dangers such as had swallowed up his relative twenty-five

years ago. Yet it was only the day before that I had left Grand Forks.

* * *

OUR JOURNEY EASTWARD was by way of Duluth and Sault Ste Marie. The road to Duluth is familiar to our people, of course. The concrete pavement ends at Bemidji, but the rest of the road to the head of the lakes is of asphalt composition which, for most of the distance, is in good condition. There are many stretches, however, which are being repaired or rebuilt, and this slows up traffic materially.

* * *

FROM DULUTH TO THE SOO, and from there to North Bay, where we turned south, there is hard-surface road, mostly black-top, which varied greatly in quality, with some stretches of gravel in northern Ontario. We struck the latter on a blistering hot day when there was not a breath of wind, and the air in the defile through dense forest was so full of dust that it was necessary to use lights much of the afternoon in order that cars might be visible.

* * *

EXCEPT FOR A FEW SUCH sections the road surface is hard and reasonably smooth, but through most of the rough sections—and they are mighty rough—the road follows the contour of the landscape without much attempt to grading or straightening. The result is a road that winds up hill and down dale at precipitous grades, with hairpin curves at all sorts of unexpected places. Usually the road is narrow, and unless one keeps religiously to his own side of the road there is likely to be a clash at the top of a steep hill or the point of a curve. Under those conditions the day's mileage is necessarily much less than it would be over a prairie road of equal surface conditions. That whole northern country is full of picturesque places and thousands of tourists are visiting it.

* * *

THROUGH THAT ENTIRE section there is a lack, which I suppose will be remedied later on, of convenient information for the tourist concerning good, but inexpensive stopping places other than hotels. The hotels have their useful and necessary place in the scheme of things, but there are many touring parties who wish accommodations less formal and less expensive than those at the good hotels, and usually such parties must go it blind. They have not time to do much hunting, and they may find themselves in cabins or other quarters which are good, bad or indifferent, as luck may be with them. There is need for a system of listing, with character of accommodations and prices definitely stated. In the older districts considerable progress has been made in this direction.

NEW YORK — OUR JOURNEY eastward was interrupted by the greater part of an afternoon spent at Mackinac island. The place is



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visited by thousands of tourists annually, yet there are many who pass by without seeing it. It is well worth the time required to make a call. The island lies at the point where the waters from three of the Great Lakes meet, where the water from Lake Michigan enters Lake Huron, and near where the water from Lake Superior emerges from the St. Mary river also into Lake Huron. Steamers to and from Duluth and Chicago all pass that way.

* * *

FEDERAL HIGHWAY NO. 2, which comes from the Pacific through Grand Forks and Duluth and ends at Sault Ste Marie, dips down to the tip of the northern peninsula to St. Ignace. Those early French explorers certainly did their best for the saints and saintesses. St. Ignace is a rambling little town strung out along the water front and back into the bluffs. I remember it from 30-odd years ago, when it was scarcely more than a hamlet. Now it has a rather pretentious residence district, and a lot of business places which cater chiefly to the tourist trade.

* * *

MACKINAC ISLAND IS ABOUT five miles from the main land and is reached by ferry, launch or speed boat. It is three or four miles long, not quite so wide, and rises at its highest point to 300 feet above lake level. No automobiles are allowed on the island, a provision established by state law in order to insure peace and quiet on the island. Cottagers and others living on the island may have their cars taken over by ferry, but they must be parked at the water front and are not allowed to be used on the roads.

* * *

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF tourists horse-drawn carriages are kept for hire, and in one of those rigs one may make a tour of all

the winding trails of the island in about two hours, climbing to one level after another until the pinnacle is reached and one has a fine view of the surroundings. In those carriages many visitors get the first buggy ride they have had in years, in some cases the first in a lifetime.

* * *

THE WHOLE ISLAND IS steeped in tradition, much of which is real history. In the very early days there were many struggles for its possession between whites and Indians, and it was the scene of sanguinar conflicts in the French and Indian wars. In colonial times it was British territory and passed into the sovereignty of the United States with the treaty which terminated the revolutionary war.

* * *

IN THE WAR OF 1812 THE ISLAND, desirable for its strategic position, was captured by the British in an exploit which rivaled that of Wolfe in his capture of Quebec. A fort had been built near the water front by the Americans, and this, with its massive walls of masonry—still standing—was occupied by an American garrison. One night a British force landed at the upper end of the island, brought ashore several heavy guns, and began a cautious and silent movement through the woods to an eminence overlooking the American fort. That point was reached without alarming the American sentries, who may have been negligent because of the isolation and fancied security of their position, and shovels were brought into action to throw up earthworks. Hurriedly a crude fortification was built, guns were mounted, and in the morning the Americans awoke to find the guns of the enemy trained on them from above. In the ensuing engagement the American commander and several of his men were killed, and their bodies lie buried in a little cemetery on the island.

* * *

THE EARTH FORTIFICATION raised by the British is still there, the embankment six or eight feet high overgrown with grass. The earth wall incloses a space about 100 feet in diameter. The island remained in the possession of the British until the close of the war of 1812, when it was restored to the United States.

NEW YORK — NORTH BAY, Ontario, is an important railway point and the junction of two important highways. The road straight east runs down the Ot-



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tawa valley to Ottawa and Montreal. This is said by those who have traveled it to be a wonderfully interesting and picturesque drive. Our itinerary took us south through southern Ontario, so we missed the Ottawa valley. At North Bay is the big lumber plant established there years ago by William Milne, formerly of Huron county, Ontario, and a cousin of the late John Milne of Grand Forks. The lumber business is now conducted by William Milne's sons.

* * *

BEFORE ONE REACHES North Bay he passes through the famous Sudbury mining district. At Sudbury and the adjoining little town of Copper Cliff the International Nickel company is extracting from the bowels of the earth gold, copper, nickel, and I do not know how many other metals, and its plant at Copper Cliff is said to be the largest and most complete of its kind in the world. For several miles around the landscape has the bare, bleak appearance characteristic of mining districts. Gigantic masses of rock stand stark and forbidding, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation to cover their nakedness. This is due in part to the character of the country itself, as the rocks have had scarcely any covering of soil, and partly to the fumes from the smelters, which destroyed such vegetation as there was. The introduction of new scientific methods and the building of the biggest smokestack in the world at Copper Cliff have corrected this latter feature.

* * *

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL company is financed largely with American capital, but even if this were not so it would be exceedingly sensitive to American business conditions. While Canadian factories, with which southern Ontario is dotted, draw on the Sudbury district for their supplies, it is in the American industrial centers that the company finds the largest market for its products. During the depth of the depression the company's output in all lines was severely restricted, and some units were closed altogether. Recently there has been a marked improvement and operations are now being conducted on a large scale. In that there is an index of improved business conditions all over the country.

TRAVELING SOUTH FROM North Bay one reaches "old" Ontario over a good road which runs direct to Toronto through the famous Muskoka district, which is full of lakes, big and little, vast forest areas and hills which equal in ruggedness and approach the altitude of mountains. The view from the eminence known as Muskoka Heights is truly magnificent.

* * *

OUR COURSE LAY WEST-ward through the rich agricultural district bordering on Lake Huron, south through Stratford and Brantford to Hamilton and Toronto. Harvest was just beginning, and the fields gave promise of abundant yields of small grains, especially of winter wheat. Practically no spring wheat is grown there. The wheat fields were reddish brown in color, which farmers said was due in part to rust, of which there appears to be considerable. However, the natural color of the standing grain verges on the reddish brown, and the farmers do not seem to be disturbed by the appearance of rust, which is quite different from the black stem rust of which our northwestern farmers are having some undesirable experience this year.

* * *

SOUTHERN ONTARIO WAS once famous for its apples, but the severe winter of 1933-34 played havoc with the orchards. The hard freezing killed thousands of trees, and everywhere the trees have been cut down. Some replanting has been done, but in many cases farmers have grown indifferent to the apple crop, which demands much labor in spraying and other care if it is to yield returns.

* * *

ONTARIO FARMERS, I WAS told, are having difficulty in getting help and in getting machinery. One local dealer told me that the farmers of his district were clamoring for mowers with which to cut their hay, which is an immense crop, but that the machines could not be obtained fast enough from the factories.

* * *

THE LABOR PROBLEM IS complicated in Ontario, as everywhere. There are many unemployed, and many on relief, yet there is a shortage of farm labor and the papers have told of women going into the fields to work because other help was not available. Some of the relief subjects are loafers and chiselers, a condition which may be found everywhere, but many of those on relief are unfit for farm work because of lack of experience, and in some cases because of lack of properly selected food. A man will not last long in the harvest field unless for some time he has been eating food that will stick to his ribs.

THOSE WHO GROW CABBAGE on a large scale are familiar with those pretty white butterflies with black spotted wings that are seen flitting about cabbage plants about this time of the year. The small gardener may regard them merely as beautiful insects, but the commercial grower knows that they mean trouble for his crop. Those pretty butterflies lay tiny, greenish-yellow eggs, with ridged sides, depositing them on the leaves of cabbage, cauliflower



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and other plants, and presently worms hatch from the eggs and devour the plants. Dusting the plants with arsenical preparations which are handled by dealers will destroy the worms without injuring the plants or endangering those who eat the finished product.

* * *

THE RAREST BIRD IN THE United States is said to be the ivory-billed woodpecker, and the National Association of Audubon societies is congratulating itself on the success of two of its representatives in finding a new spot where these birds occur. Only one other spot in the United States, somewhere in Louisiana, is known to be frequented by these birds, and both locations are kept secret. A competent warden has been placed in charge of the newly discovered nesting place, but until further precautions can be taken the association will not reveal its location. The ivory-billed woodpecker, which was once numerous in all the states from Louisiana east, and south of the Ohio, and to some extent in Indiana and Illinois has disappeared from state after state until it is almost extinct.

* * *

IN A NOTE ON THE APPOINTMENT of Dr. Elmer Merrill to take charge of Harvard's entire botanical department reference is made to the valuable work which Dr. Merrill has done in studying the history of plants. From his researches he is convinced that when Columbus made his historic voyage there was not a single basic food product common to the two hemi-

spheres. In both hemispheres there were food plants in abundance, but the useful plants of one-half of the world required the agency of man to find their way into the other.

* * *

THE POTATO HAS BECOME such a universal food that it is difficult to imagine people going through their whole lives without potatoes, but it was not until after the time of Columbus that Europe knew anything about potatoes, which are believed to have had their origin in Peru. The American Indians had the grain which is now known distinctively as corn, although in earlier years corn was a name applied to any grain. The grain which the explorers found the Indians using they called Indian corn, or Indian grain, and now that name is applied to it exclusively.

* * *

WHEAT, BARLEY AND RYE were used in the old world from time immemorial, but the American Indians knew nothing about them. Each hemisphere obtained much of value from the other, and the whole world was enriched.

* * *

IN CONNECTION WITH DR. Merrill's new position mention is made of the Parkman lily, which is described in a London Horticultural magazine as "the grandest flowering plant yet introduced into our gardens." It is the result of the work of Francis Parkman, the famous historian, in hybridizing certain well-established varieties of lilies. Parkman is known to most of us only as a historian, but he was also a professor of horticulture, who knew flowers and loved them. He was an authority on lilies, and he also wrote a book about roses, to whose growing he gave attention as an invalid in his later years. How many a life has been enlarged and brightened by flowers!

* * *

WORKMEN IN MOSCOW, excavating under an old building, discovered an underground chamber in which Ivan IV, known as Ivan the Terrible, had his victims tortured some four centuries ago. There were found also the ruins of passages connecting the torture chamber with the imperial palace. This afforded Ivan means to go secretly to the torture chamber and witness the agonies of his victims. Cheerful old devil!

MANY WEEKS AGO I RECEIVED FROM Mrs. J. F. Stewart, of Gilby, a copy of the poem, "Mary, Queen of Scots,"



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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

By H. G. Bell

I looked far back into other years,
and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms
of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its
old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad
green walks, where soft the foot-
step falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the
creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noon-day sun
a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard,
save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or
the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat,
beneath the orchard trees,
In that first spring of youth, when
all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they
sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder
names — held none more dear
than theirs.
And little even the loveliest
thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent
from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days few on,
uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind
a long-continued light.

* * *

The scene was changed. It was the
court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver
lamps, a thousand courtiers
throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye,
well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth
and grace and chivalry:—
But fairer far than all the rest who
bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is
she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts
—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a
life whose charms are but begun,
They lighten up her chestnut eye,
they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow,
and high-souled joy bespeak;
Ah! who can blame, if scarce that
day, through all its brilliant
hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's
calm, its sunshine and its flow-
ers?

The scene was changed. It was a
bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er the lee the coast of France
in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a Lady sat, who
gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills, that
dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the Lady wept—
there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, al-
though she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land
of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had
found for all her griefs, amends—
The land where her dead husband
slept—the land where she had
known

The tranquil convent's hushed re-
pose and the splendor of a
throne;
No marvel that the Lady wept—
it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the
garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those
dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering
night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again — one long, last
gaze — "Adieu, fair France, to
thee!"

The breeze comes forth, she is
alone upon the unconscious sea!

* * *

The scene was changed. It was an
eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of
ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and
sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy
state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched
her cheek—her smile was sadder
now,
The weight of royalty had pressed
too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came,
and rebels to the field;
The Stuart sceptre well she sway-
ed, but the sword she could not
wield.
She thought of all her blighted
hopes — the dreams of youth's
brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his
lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years,
the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs that erst were sung, per-
chance, by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares,
they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot
zeal and fierce domestic broils;
But hark! the tramp of armed
men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come!—and lo!
the scowl of Ruthven's hollow
eye!
And swords are drawn, and dag-
gers gleam, and tears and words
are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—
the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the
tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she
said, "my woman's heart, fare-
well!"

(Continued tomorrow)

HEREWITH ARE THE CON-
cluding stanzas of the poem "Mary,
Queen of Scots," in which is given



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Anderson scored a triumph with his play, "Mary of Scotland." Here are the concluding stanzas of the poem.

* * *

THE SCENE WAS CHANGED.

It was a lake, with one small lone-
ly isle,

And there within the prison walls
of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their
queen, till she should stoop to
sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched
the throne from her ancestral
line:

"My lords! my lords!" the captive
said, "were I but once more
free,

With ten good knights on yonder
shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter
wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart—
queen o'er my remorseless
foes!"

A red spot burned upon her cheek
—streamed her rich tresses
down,

She wrote the words — she stood
erect—a queen without a
crown!

* * *

THE SCENE WAS CHANGED

A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood
round their smiling queen once
more;—

She stayed her steed upon a hill—
she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts — she read
success in every eye.—

The tumult of the strife begins—
it roars—it dies away;

And Mary's troops and banners
now, and courtiers—where are
they?

Scattered and strewn, and laying
far, defenseless and undone;—
Alas! to think what she has lost,
and all that guilt has won.

—Away! away! thy gallant steed
must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost
bear his arrow in thy heart!

* * *

THE SCENE WAS CHANGED.

Beside the block a sullen heads-
man stood,

And gleamed the broad axe in his
hand, that soon must drip with
blood.

With slow and steady step there
came a lady through the hall.
And breathless silence chained the
lips, and touched the hearts
of all.

I knew that queenly form again,
though blighted was its bloom,
I saw that grief had decked it out
—an offering for the tomb!

I knew the eye, though faint its
light, that once so brightly
shone;

I knew the voice, though feeble
now, that thrilled with every
tone;

I knew the ringlets, almost gray,
once threads of living gold;

I knew that bounding grace of
step, that symmetry of mould!

Even now I see her far away, in
that calm convent aisle,

I hear her chant her vesper hymn,
I mark her holy smile,—

Even now I see her bursting forth,
upon the bridal morn,

A new star in the firmament, to
light and glory born!

Alas the change!—she placed her
foot upon a triple throne.

And on the scaffold now she stands
—beside the block—alone!

The little dog that licks her hand,
the last of all the crowd

Who sunned themselves beneath
her glance and round her foot-
steps bowed!

—Her neck is bared—the blow is
struck—the soul has passed
away!

The bright—the beautiful—is now
a bleeding piece of clay!

The dog is moaning piteously, and,
as it gurgles o'er,

Laps the warm blood that trickling
run unheeded to the floor!

The blood of beauty, wealth and
power—the heart-blood of a
queen—

The noblest of the Stuart race the
fairest earth has seen,—

Lapped by a dog!—a solemn text!
—do, think of it alone;

Then weigh, against a grain of
sand, the glories of a throne!

A FLASH-BACK TO BYGONE pioneering days was encountered by a ranger stationed at the Cooke City entrance to Yellowstone Park a few weeks ago. An aged, griz-



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zled veteran of the saddle trail rode up to the ranger station, dismounted, tied his mount and pack-horse, and reported to the station for permission to travel through the park on his way to a new range and new home. He was William F. Pexton, long a sheep herder in Wyoming, and last from Braee, Wyo. All his belongings were strapped to the pack-horse, and he announced that he was on his way to start life anew at Sand Point, Idaho.

* * *

PEXTON IS 71 YEARS OLD, but the two hundred-mile saddle trip did not daunt him. Already he had covered nearly half of the trip, coming by way of Casper, Cody and Clarks Fork. Although he had spent all his life near the park boundaries, this was his first visit into the area, and he declared that the trip was really a lark for him.

* * *

A COMPILATION OF WEATHER records for the first six months of 1935 revealed that Yellowstone Park received more snow during the past winter than in the past 18 years. An all-time record was set for the month of April when 23.7 inches of snow fell, surpassing any previous April by more than one inch. The total season's snowfall, 123.6 inches, was surpassed only in the winters of 1916, 1898, 1891 and 1889.

* * *

RELICS OF A BYGONE DAY, when swashbuckling voyagers and dusky Indians tread the wilderness paths at the head of Lake Superior, have been unearthed on the site of the original John Jacob Astor fur trading post at Fon du Lac, suburb of Duluth.

* * *

WHAT ARE BELIEVED TO BE

the original keys to the post; two pairs of finely beaded Indian moscasins; nails of a type indicating they were drawn in the Eighteenth century; and old-fashioned flint-lock pistol; powder horns and a variety of other objects were discovered by officials in charge of rebuilding the post in preparation for a recent statewide pageant depicting the start of fur-trading in the Northwest.

* * *

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I spent several of the small hours of the morning chatting with a Pullman conductor in the smoking compartment of my car. I was not in the mood for sleep, and remained in the compartment reading long after the other passengers had turned in. The conductor, a middle-aged man, was in the mood for visiting, and he dropped in on me several times during those hours, and we talked of many things. I remember only one part of the conversation. It was the conductor's. It impressed me then, and it has impressed me since.

* * *

"I HAVE A BOY JUST ABOUT to graduate from high school," he said, "and I suppose there are thousands of cases just about like his. He's a good boy, reasonably bright, with what I suppose is just about the average share of mischief in him. He has never given me any serious trouble, but I can see that he is often puzzled by what lies around him and before him.

* * *

"IN HIS CLASSES THERE ARE boys of wealthy families. I am not wealthy, and I can't give my son the luxuries which those other boys have, and which all boys enjoy. I can't give him a car. I can't send him on expensive vacation trips. I can't do many things that are done for those other boys quite as a matter of course. Naturally, my boy finds that for some reason he must live a life quite different from the lives of those others, and I can't help wondering what is going to be the effect on him. Is he going to get the idea that the world hasn't given him a square deal, or is he going to be able to realize that the things which must seem so very desirable to him now are really of very little consequence. I wish I knew."

BOOTLEGGING IS SAID TO be about as prevalent in England just now as it was in the United States during the height of prohibition.



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But lest our dry friends should draw conclusions for this in favor of prohibition, it should be understood that the bootlegging is not either exclusively or chiefly of intoxicating beverages, but of such items as bread, tooth-brushes, chewing gum, razor blades and handkerchiefs. The British have not taken the liberties with the alphabet that have been taken here. They have no NRA or AAA, or FERA, or HOLC, but they have a DORA, which is an easy way of indicating the Defense of the Realm Act, which is a hangover from war days and among a multitude of other things, prescribes the hours within which various kinds of establishments may remain open for the transaction of business.

* * *

THE DRUGGIST, FOR INSTANCE, is forbidden to sell anything except medicines after 7 P. M. The regulations are so numerous and so varied that nobody knows more than a fraction of them, and notwithstanding the Britisher's boasted reverence for law, they are all violated constantly and with impunity. There is a certain pretense of secrecy about the violations, but everybody knows that sales are being made at prohibited hours, and nobody does anything about it.

* * *

SANDWICHES MAY BE SOLD in restaurants only within certain hours, but a bright restaurant man discovered that if a sandwich were built in three decks and served with a knife and fork it became a meal, and meals may be served at any time. The sale of liquors is prohibited after certain hours, but next door to the liquor places are "bottle clubs," and the "member" of one of such clubs may at any hour sent his agent, who looks and acts exactly like a waiter, to

the place next door for the bottle of strong waters which he had ordered delivered at that precise moment. Doubtless Dora was a grand old girl in her time, but she is showing the marks of age.

* * *

SMALL AMERICAN CHILDREN hereafter play with cheap toys made in Germany, or in Japan? Just now the chances seem to favor Japan. Unemployment stalks through Germany's highly developed toy industry.

Conditions in the Thuringian toy centre are officially described as "hopeless," and the Reich's labor offices are trying to put at least 25,000 toy-makers, mechanics and doll specialists back to work.

Japanese competition is blamed for Sonneberg's decline. Cheap Japanese toys outdistanced the German "quality principle" which could not keep pace with the price competition made possible by mass production. Germany's exports of playthings dropped approximately 100,000,000 marks within twenty years to about 25,000,000 marks in 1934.

* * *

A DOLL BED—CLAIMED TO be an example of the handicraft of Abraham Lincoln's father—is in the possession of Mrs. C. L. Jones of Ashland, Ky. The bed, made of yellow poplar, is presumed to have been made about the year 1818 by Thomas Lincoln for a child of whom he was most fond.

* * *

THE CHILD BECAME ILL, according to information in Mrs. Jones's possession, and Lincoln told her he would make her a bed like those she had heard described often by one Stephen Jefferson, who was one of the "travelled" gentry of the section. (He had once been over into Indiana!)

* * *

LINCOLN STARTED WORK on the bed, but couldn't find lumber long enough, so, being a man who never cared much for hard work, he abandoned the idea of a large bed and made the small one.

"It is for your rag doll," he told the child. "Besides, it is much better than the big bed."

The doll bed has come down through the generations, and now is preserved as a Lincoln curio by Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps some day I shall give it to a museum," she said recently.

IF A MIXED COMPANY WERE asked what country has the greatest railway mileage per capita, probably not one person out of 100



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would be able to give the correct answer, and probably a still smaller proportion would be able to guess the answer on the basis of probabilities. When one is told that the greatest per capita railway mileage is in Australia the reasonableness of that fact at once becomes apparent. Australia is a continent of vast area and few people. With one central government the inhabited parts of its provinces are separated by great stretches of desert. In order that these distant sections might be brought together in some form of unity, railways were necessary, and railways were built.

* * *

REALIZING THIS SITUATION, it is not difficult to conclude that Canada must follow Australia closely in railway mileage, for the conditions as to area and population there are quite similar to those in Australia. Actually, Canada is second on the list in mileage per capita, with 42,000 miles of line and a population of some 9,000,000.

* * *

WHILE THE BUILDING OF railways in eastern Canada progressed gradually and systematically from the beginning of railway enterprise, Canada's first really great adventure in railway building was the construction of the Canadian Pacific, the main line of which was completed in 1885. That was a gigantic undertaking, but a political necessity.

* * *

UNDER THE ARTICLES OF confederation the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia were united, in 1867, into the Dominion of Canada. What are now the other prairie provinces were then unorganized. British Columbia, separated from the

other provinces by hundreds of miles is uninhabited prairie and great mountain chains, had been promised railway connection as the price of her joining the Dominion. The carrying out of that pledge was necessary as an act of good faith. It was also necessary as a matter of policy, for without it there was the prospect that British Columbia would presently become either an independent state or one of the states of the American union.

* * *

MANITOBA WAS SEPARATED from the inhabited part of Ontario by hundreds of miles of rock and lake and forest along the north shore of Lake Superior, and from that territory and the western prairie and mountain areas no considerable railway revenues could be expected for many years. Yet on the strength of substantial cash and land grants a private company undertook the building of the Canadian Pacific.

* * *

SCANDALS ASSOCIATED with the inauguration of that enterprise led to the downfall of the administration headed by Sir John A. MacDonald, who, more than any other man, had been responsible for the creation of the Dominion. As the head of the government Sir John was held responsible for improper practices which were clearly proven, but it has since been established that he was entirely innocent. Men associated with him had been responsible, and he never undertook to clear his own reputation at the expense of theirs.

* * *

CANADA'S FIRST RAILWAY was built just 100 years ago. This line, known as the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway, was only 16 miles long. It connected St. Johns and Laprairie, Quebec, and was in reality a portage railroad, the original purpose being to shorten the journey between Montreal and New York. From St. Johns transportation was effected by boat through the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain and then along the Hudson river. The railroad was opened for traffic one year later, and the motive power in the first year of its operation was horses. In the following year, 1837, locomotives were provided.

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT John Roosevelt, son of the president, was given a ticket for speeding on a newly paved section of the Albany Post road. The officer who made the charge said that he had clocked John for a mile and a half at 54 miles an hour. Which suggests the question: What is speeding? I know nothing about the Albany Post road, and it is possible that there are special regulations covering the portion of road over which young Roosevelt was driving which do not apply elsewhere. But if 54 miles an hour is speeding, the jails are not big enough to hold those who would be arrested if the regulations were generally enforced.



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AFTER A 4,000-MILE TRIP, meandering through much territory between here and the Atlantic, I have concluded that the average driving speed, on good roads, is somewhere around 50 to 55 miles per hour. According to my observation if one maintains about that speed on a good road where there is nothing to interfere he will pass just about as many cars as pass him. If he goes at a slower rate he will be overtaken by more cars than he overtakes, and if he moves faster he will be passing more cars than pass him. At 65 miles one is passed by occasional cars, but not many, while at 40 the entire procession goes by him.

ON A LONG DRIVE ONE ENCOUNTERS many different conditions and on the recent trip it was interesting to observe not only road conditions, but the driving habits of people. We read much about reckless driving, and it is true that there are many distressing accidents. However, as against the number of casualties we must consider the vast multitude of people on the highways every day. On the recent drive to the Atlantic and back over mountains, through crowded cities, and under all the varied conditions to be met on

such a trip, we saw evidence of but one accident. In that case, in northern Michigan, I think, a car which had suffered some damage was being hauled in by a wrecking truck. In no other case was there evidence of any trouble whatever.

NEITHER WAS THERE OBSERVABLE any evidence of drunken driving. Beer, of course, is available everywhere, and in most places hard liquor is obtainable by those who wish it. But not in a single case was there evidence of the kind of driving which might fairly be attributed to drink. On the contrary, cars generally were driven steadily and on the right side of the road, except that there was a curious tendency on the part of perhaps a majority to pull over toward the left just on reaching the top of a hill. That practice was the occasion for comment in our party all along the way.

THE HIGHWAYS ARE DECIDEDLY dangerous for the careless driver, regardless of his own speed, and he, in turn, is a menace to others. The general assumption is that the other fellow is going to keep on his own side and otherwise observe the rules of the road. On that assumption cars are driven safely at speeds that would be fatal if anyone along the way loitered or wobbled.

WHEN ONE COMES TO think of it he can hardly fail to be impressed by the degree in which the safety of each of us rests with others, and of the confidence which we place in others doing what they are expected to do. This is by no means confined to automobile travel. We take a berth in a Pullman car and go to sleep, serenely confident that we shall arrive at our destination on time and in safety. And almost always, we do. But the failure of any one of a thousand men to do the thing which is his particular job would wreck the program. In an auto we meet an oncoming car at 60 miles an hour, keeping our own side of the road and confident that the other driver will keep his. The cars rush by each other with only a few inches between them. The inadvertent pressure of a finger on the wheel of either would wreck both.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of a marriage reminds one forcibly of the passage of the years, for in the nature of things



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those who are privileged to celebrate such an event must have seen many more seasons come and go. We who have just had that experience can say sincerely that it is possible to enjoy growing old. With the years comes long and happy companionship, mellowed and enriched by both joys and sorrows, with each bit of good fortune brought into stronger relief by struggle and sometimes by failure, and the past, seen in perspective, presents a pleasing picture, with the darker shadows softened and subdued and the warmer colors glowing with stronger light.

* * *

ON BEHALF OF MYSELF

and Mrs. Davies I am taking this occasion to express to our friends our thanks for letters, telegrams and personal greetings on the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, and our appreciation of the kindly spirit in which these greetings were given. Such an anniversary would be a meaningless thing if it did not bring with it the knowledge of warm friendships that have endured through the years, and it is the evidence of such friendship that has warmed our hearts, and which will be cheering and inspiring as we continue on our way. No written words can express the happiness which the experiences of this day have brought to us, and most humbly and gratefully we return thanks.

* * *

A LETTER FROM FRED

Redick, who owns an oil station at Tarzana, Calif., conveys greetings to friends in Grand Forks and encloses a clipping from a California paper telling of the suicide of a girl from a small town who, attracted by the glamor of Hollywood, had gone there in the hope of obtaining work in the movies. Depressed by failure after failure, she had taken her own life.

* * *

"THESE THINGS," WRITES Fred, "are bound to happen so long as hundreds of inexperienced

girls go to Hollywood in the hope of finding work. Too many here now. Bill Peck, who works for Columbia Pictures, tells me there are 3,000 girls looking for work at their studios every day, and if a director came out and called for 1,000 girls to take part in a nudist picture every hand would go up and some would put up two. I hardly think any Grand Forks girl would be foolish enough to come out here to try to bust into pictures. It wouldn't pay. The glamor is great, but it does not pay room and board."

* * *

FRED WRITES THAT THERE is plenty of oil business, but that there is little money in it. A grade of gasoline which costs the dealer 9 cents, which includes a state tax of 3 cents per gallon and federal tax of 1 cent, retails for 9.9 cents, whereas the dealer needs 3 cents margin to make the business pay. But gas stations are numerous and prices are cut to the bone. Fred reports a week of hot weather during which the thermometer registered from 98 to 104, which is another illustration of the unusual weather that usually prevails in California.

* * *

IN THE TOWN OF GETTYSBURG, Pennsylvania, there is a little bookshop whose window presents a striking contrast to the average bookstore window in the literary quality of its contents. Gettysburg is a small town, population about 5,000, and its principal business is that of catering to the wants and tastes of the thousands of tourists who visit it every summer to look over the historic field on which Confederate hopes for victory were shattered.

* * *

THE MODERN BOOKSTORE window, especially if it is intended to appeal to the tourist trade, is usually filled with the latest light fiction. The window of the little Gettysburg shop is different. In it is displayed fiction, but not of the frothy type, and there are volumes of Emerson, Will Durant, Poe and several other standard poets, and a whole collection of works of similar literary merit. I noticed the window in the evening, after closing time, and in the morning we had to be on our way. But I should have enjoyed a chat with the bookseller, to learn how books of that type, so seldom displayed prominently, appealed to the tourists who visit the famous battlefield.

AN EXPERIENCE NEW TO all of our party on our recent vacation trip was that of driving during the greater part of a day in



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the clouds which enshrouded the Adirondack mountains. We reached the mountain district late in the day, having crossed the St. Lawrence from Prescott on the Canadian side to Ogdensburg, N. Y., after a pleasant drive along the north shore of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence about to the point where the enlarged canal will begin if the waterway treaty ever becomes effective.

* * *

DURING AN HOUR'S DRIVE in the foothills with the lights turned on we became conscious of great quantities of mist around us, and called it fog. I suppose cloud is fog up in the air, and next day we found plenty of it. Until along in the afternoon we were constantly surrounded by clouds which rolled upon us in great masses and intermittently cleared away, giving us a view of distant peaks and ridges and of deep valleys which were sometimes completely filled with the fleecy vapor.

* * *

DURING MUCH OF THE WAY there was sufficient condensation to cause light, misty rain to fall, but this was intermittent and interfered little with driving. Over the crests of ridges around us the cloud masses rolled like great fleeces of wool. Then a current of air from a valley would catch them and send them upward again. Occasionally some vast mass would roll into a valley, filling it completely, and sometimes the road ahead would appear to be blocked by an impenetrable mass of whiteness.

* * *

THE SCENE WAS TRULY fascinating. The only drawback was lack of time to absorb it as it should be absorbed. The mountain roads are perfectly safe, but they are not made for fast driving. There are steep hills, where one must be on his guard in scending lest there be a collision with another car at the top. There are declivities down which one must coast with caution on account of the hairpin turn at the bottom, with, perhaps, a gorge some hundreds of feet deep ready to receive car and occupants if the turn is missed. We encountered no grades which the car could not take with ease on high, but there are many places where at the top of a long, steep descent, the driver is instructed to shift to second. Some do and some do not. I was told that there are places where guards are stationed at the top and bottom of such grades, the first to direct that the shifting be done and the second to see that it has been done. In such cases the driver

who is caught with high gear at the bottom of the hill gets into trouble. On our trip we met no supervision of that kind.

* * *

OUR ROUTE TOOK US through the towns of Saranac Lake and Lake Placid and by the lakes of like names. At Lake Placid we watched skaters in the big rink perform some wonderful evolutions on real—but artificial—ice in July. We passed through Saratoga Springs at the height of the racing season without pausing to place a bet, and after reaching Albany we drove down to New York along the west bank of the Hudson over the famous Storm King highway. That road takes one through the Catskills and along it are some wonderful river and mountain views.

* * *

I HAVE MENTIONED LACK of time to do justice to the scenery. Of that we were conscious all the time. At innumerable spots there are magnificent views where one would like to stop half an hour or an hour soak in the scenery, take a few pictures and perhaps eat a bite of lunch in the shade of a friendly tree. But that can't be done when one must hurry along to get some other place by nightfall. For that mountain trip, not counting stops at any of the principal resorts, I should recommend a schedule of about 100 miles in a day. At any rate one could loaf along for two days through the mountains and have a wonderful time. Of course there are resorts all along the way where one could spend delightfully an entire supper, but that is something else, involving considerations of both time and funds.

THERE ARE DISADVANTAGES in celebrating a golden wedding anniversary in the rain, but there is one compensation, especially if it quits raining about leaving time, in the number of umbrellas that may be left after the convention is over. When we came to check up after the recent merrymaking at our house we discovered six or seven perfectly good umbrellas which seemed to have been left as donations. Some have since been claimed, but there are still a few left, and if the original owners do not appear we shall be well fixed for a shower. One hat was left, but it was claimed next day. It was a good hat, too, and just fit me.



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* * *

LAST WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE Dakota Republican, published at Vermillion, S. D., announced the forthcoming celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. F. Elmore, of Vermillion, who also were married on August 19, 1885, and whose anniversary coincided with our own. Mr. and Mrs. Elmore have spent their entire wedded life in Vermillion, where Mr. Elmore is engaged in the furniture business. Congratulations and best wishes from Grand Forks.

* * *

IN THE ONE BLOCK ON Forty-second street, New York, between Fifth and Sixth avenues one evening a couple of weeks ago, three street hawkers plied their trade at different points along the long block. They were delivering the usual patter of their trade, and one was entertaining the crowd with sleight-of-hand stunts preliminary to selling whatever he had to sell. Around each were packed 50 to 100 persons. Those at the rear crowding forward so as not to miss any part of the entertainment. If a similar crowd were assembled under similar circumstances on Third street in Grand Forks, a sophisticated visitor from New York would probably have smiled a superior smile and remarked on how little it takes to amuse people out in the sticks.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN ASKED ABOUT the difficulty in driving a car in a large city. It is perfectly simple, and presents less difficulty in the large city where traffic is regulated than in the smaller place where there are no regulations. The traffic moves and stops with the signals, and one goes with the traffic. It would be difficult to do anything else. However, in a large city, where traffic is dense, as in New York, except for long drives a car is more of a nuisance than a convenience.

ON REACHING OUR HOTEL

in New York the car was stored, to remain until we were ready to leave. In the mid-town section the stops are so frequent that usually one could walk several blocks more quickly than it would be possible to drive the same distance. Then, there are available the subways and elevators at a nickel a ride and the buses at a dime, and taxi fares are remarkably low. By using one of these means of conveyance one is relieved of responsibility for care of a car and of the annoyance of parking, which is a problem in New York as everywhere else.

* * *

IN PHILADELPHIA, WHERE we had parked by special permission while visiting Independence Hall, I must have driven five miles to pick up the folks at a restaurant a block away where we had had lunch. Prohibition of left turns sent me blocks out of the way, and I found that street after street into which I would have turned were one-way streets, with the traffic going the wrong way. Then in Philadelphia they use stop-and-go signs operated by hand and they are so constructed that at certain angles "stop" and "go" appear with equal prominence. I complained about this to a Philadelphia man whom I met in Washington, and he promised to have it fixed. But I have my doubts.

* * *

THE TOURISTS IN NEW York will naturally wish to go to the top of the Empire State building, for the double purpose of enjoying the satisfaction of standing at the top of the tallest structure ever built by human hands and of having the wonderful view that one gets there of New York and its surroundings. The experience is altogether pleasing, and one can stay on the great observation platform as long as he pleases. Our party had dinner in the excellent restaurant near the top of the tower and then watched the lights being turned on in the city below until streets and buildings were aglow with light.

A LETTER FROM W. G. McConnachie of Fordville encloses snapshots of the airplane flight of Arch Hoxsey at the Grand Forks fair in 1910 and



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of a flight by Tom McGoey in the first plane flown by a North Dakota man. The detail in the pictures is too small for newspaper reproduction, but the following description by McConnachie give details of construction and appearance which are not generally known: "I have read with interest," writes Mr. McConnachie, "the stories published in your column about the first airplane flight made in the northwest by Arch Hoxsey at Grand Forks. At that time I was watching the development of the airplane through the Scientific American and other papers and knew that Arch Hoxsey was one of the country's outstanding fliers. So when the announcement came out that a contract for flights had been made, I knew that if anyone could do it Hoxsey could. I was present and saw the flight and purchased a photo as soon as offered for sale after the flight.

* * *

"TWO PROPELLERS WERE driven by chains from one engine which was mounted slightly to the right side of the center of the machine. The pilot sat out in front and enough to the left side to about balance the weight of the engine. The engine cooled better when the pilot was not directly in front of the radiator and in case of a crash the pilot had just a trifle better chance if the engine could not break loose and land between his shoulder blades.

* * *

"I ALSO ENCLOSE A PHOTO of 'Tom McGoey, the Grann Fawkes but,' as the announcer said, and his home-made plane. It was a Curtis type, which was the other leading make of machine at that time.

* * *

ABOUT THE ONLY POINTS of similarity I could see between these two makes of machine was that they both were biplanes and both had left-hand drive. Both also were of the pusher type, with propellers mounted at the rear edge of the supporting planes. The methods used for controlling the

machines and keeping them right side up while in flight were entirely different in the two types of machines."

* * *

MR. McCONNACHIE ALSO mentions the first time that an airplane was used by a physician in North Dakota to visit a patient. In that case the patient was Art Wyman, then a resident of Fordville. Mr. Wyman's case requiring immediate surgical attention, Dr. W. H. Witherstine of Grand Forks was called by telephone. The distance was considerable. No train was available at the time, and the roads were next to impassable. Al Forseth, a local boy who did barnstorming stunts with a plane, had his machine at the fair grounds, and in the emergency Dr. Witherstine asked Forseth if he could take a passenger to Fordville. Forseth was willing to try it, and did, and the distance was covered in short order. While the doctor was operating Forseth performed stunts with his plane for the entertainment of the Fordville people. The round trip was made without accident and the patient made a complete recovery, though he died a few years ago.

* * *

IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION in Washington the other day our little party saw two historic planes. One is the reconstructed Langley plane, which, had it been properly powered, would have been the first machine to fly under its own power carrying the weight of a man. With steam used as a motive power the machine improperly balanced, crashed on taking off, and, with financial support withdrawn, Dr. S. P. Langley, famous Washington scientist, its designer, died heartbroken. Years later the plane, rebuilt and equipped with a modern engine, was flown successfully.

* * *

SUSPENDED NEARBY, IN the same room, is the "Spirit of St. Louis," the plane in which Lindbergh made his epochal flight from New York to Paris, giving to aviation its greatest single impetus and establishing a record for care in preparation and for precision in performance which has never been surpassed.

WHILE WE ARE ON THE subject of New York and tall buildings, Radio City must not be overlooked. The official name of



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the vast collection of buildings, I understand, is Rockefeller Center, but the Radio City title seems to stick. The mammoth pile stands on ground which belongs to Columbia university and which was leased by the Rockefeller interests for a term of 87 years.

At the end of that time the land and the buildings on it will revert to the university. The radio people are tenants of the Rockefellers, and their offices and studios occupy a considerable part of the buildings. The rest of the space is occupied by professional and commercial offices.

* * *

WHILE THE EMPIRE STATE building is the taller structure, and is distinctive on that account, one gets practically as good a view of the city from the observation platform at the top of Radio City, and the buildings themselves are much more interesting because of their architecture and the varied uses to which they are put. Part of the plant is still under construction, and work on at least one of the collection of buildings has not yet been started.

* * *

THERE IS ONE PLEASING architectural effect which was not anticipated by the architects. The east front of the principal building faces St. Patrick's cathedral, directly across Fifth avenue, and in the center window, which has not yet received its final decorative touches, is mirrored perfectly, as a picture in a frame, the entire Gothic front of one of the most beautiful religious edifices in the world. The guide who directed our steps expressed the hope, which I share, that the original decorative design be not carried out, and that the beautiful picture, a pure accident, may remain as it is.

GUIDES ARE PROVIDED FOR the convenience of visitors, and each guide makes the tour with a little group of 15 or 20 persons. My advice to any of my friends who visit the buildings is to watch for a guide, a slender, dark-haired young fellow, who speaks with what I should call an Oxford accent, and join his party, if possible. I made the mistake of not obtaining his name, but he is a treasure. Most guides are courteous, but some have learned their speeches by rote and repeat it like parrots. This young chap, in addition to the courtesy always to be expected, is a scholar who is thoroughly familiar with every angle of his subject. He can, and does, if asked, tell the name and source of the various kinds of marble used in walls and columns. He knows by their first and middle names the artists whose work appears in the murals and gives an intelligible explanation of the

thought which each artist has sought to express with brush or sculptor's chisel, and he answers all sorts of questions as only a cultured and informed man could answer them. The fee for a guided tour of the buildings is a dollar per person, and it is well worth the price. No tips are permitted.

* * *

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of the Center is the garden on the roof of the eleventh story of one of the lower buildings. There, perhaps 150 feet above street level, is a garden with flowers in full bloom, a rockery with a brook trickling through it, trees of many varieties growing sturdily, and a vegetable garden with corn, potatoes and other garden truck, just like home. While we were in the city a Girl Scout built a camp fire in the garden and in it roasted ears of corn plucked from the plants growing there. The young lady in charge of the garden, and who is responsible for most of its attractiveness, told us that their greatest problem is with wind. The towering structures around induce violent and erratic currents of air which are hard on vegetation, and especially on trees.

* * *

AN INTERESTING REMARK was heard in the lobby of St. Patrick's, just across the way. With us, in the hushed solemnity of the

great cathedral, while an impressive service was being conducted, was a Jewish girl, a friend of the family for years. As the worshippers moved out quietly at the close of the service she whispered: "Isn't it wonderful that with all the hurry and turmoil on the street just outside there can be such an atmosphere of peace here. And isn't it wonderful that in a world so torn and troubled this symbol of hope and security is preserved in America?"

* * *

IT IS WONDERFUL, AND that remark, uttered by a Jewish girl in a Catholic cathedral, touched something that goes right to the roots of human life.

AWAITING ME ON MY RETURN from the east was a letter from Mrs. Myrtle Rendahl, formerly of Petersburg, N. D., and now of Forest City, Iowa. Forest City is only 20 miles from Clear Lake, Iowa, where the "singing village" conducted by Mario Cappelli, famous Italian tenor, is situated, and Mrs. Rendahl has enclosed a program of the ten days exercises at the village.

Signor Cappelli sang at the Methodist church in Grand Forks earlier in the season, and later reference was made to the "singing village" in this column. On a crowded street in New York three weeks ago I recognized Cappelli, although I am sure he didn't see me. We were going in different directions, and in a moment the crowds had swallowed us up. Had there been any occasion for me to speak to him I should scarcely have been able to find him. Thus paths which had separated months before in Grand Forks came together again amid the myriad other paths that traverse a great city many hundreds of miles away.

* * *

ANOTHER WAITING LETTER is from J. W. Crewson, a former resident of Brantford, Ont., and now of Cornwall, Ont., who had seen an article from this column which in some manner unknown to me had found its way into a Cornwall paper. While the names which Mr. Crewson mentions will be meaningless to most readers of the Herald, I am reproducing his letter on the chance that some of them may be familiar to a few readers, as most of them are to me:

* * *

MR. CREWSON WRITES:

"I saw your letter in the Cornwall Standard-Freeholder, I know Dr. Watson whom you mentioned. Pauline Johnson and her father used to visit at the home where I boarded when at the Brantford Collegiate institute in 1878. As you knew him when you were quite young, it might happen that you were in B. C. I. then. (I wasn't.) I led the Cadet Corps when marching in file as I was tallest. Mr. Sullivan was with me.

* * *
 "CHARLIE MAC HAFFIE LIVED here for many years. Ed Sweet and Willie Jones were in my class. Albert Ames was also in Mr. Rothwell's classes. Mr. MacIntyre and Mr. Petch were on the staff. James Mills was principal. Sara Jeanette Duncan was in my class. L. E. Horning was a year behind, Mark Henwood was there. Tom Inglis was with me in the glee club.

D. Wills Snyder visited me about 15 years ago. John White, Alex. Haig, Charlie Mayberry and Herb Wood were with me in the orchestra when we gave a concert in Palmer Hall. John Robertson afterward married May Fairchild. His brother Empey was named after M. P. Empey M. P. P. Just say his name over. Horning married another in the class but I forget her name. He and Petch were professors in Victoria College. Dave Wishart died lately in Toronto. He was in the Glee Club too. I taught for 20 years in Cornwall High and then spent 21 years as inspector of schools in Glengarry."

* * *

STILL ANOTHER ECHO FROM the Cornwall reprint comes from Cornwall, forwarded by my friend Dr. Watson, of Red Lake Falls, who came from that eastern section of Ontario and still maintains contact with its people. In the letter to Dr. Watson C. J. McTavish, managing director of the Cornwall Standard-Freeholder, extends to me a cordial invitation to include Cornwall in my itinerary. The latter arrived while I was in the east. I did not reach Cornwall, but crossed the St. Lawrence at Prescott, some 50 miles west. It is a beautiful country, and the highway gives one frequent glimpses of the St. Lawrence.

* * *

THAT SECTION OF ONTARIO was the early home of many of our North Dakota families. Dr. W. G. Williamson of Grand Forks came from Picton, a little farther west. The late N. B. Black of Fargo came from Port Hope, near by, and Cornwall itself has occupied a prominent place in the history of Canada. Dr. Watson writes:

* * *

JOHN SANDFIELD McDONALD, first prime minister of Ontario, is buried at St. Andrews, six miles from Cornwall. Rev. John Bethune, who I think was the first Presbyterian minister of Cornwall, and a United Empire Loyalist, was also the first Presbyterian min-

ister at Williamstown, Glengarry county, my home, and is buried there. There were many other men prominent in all walks of life. Simon Fraser, after whom is called the Fraser river in British Columbia, is buried at St. Andrews. David Thompson who lived at Williamstown, and was a great explorer, was one of the early explorers of Lake Itasca, Minnesota. He once visited Red Lake Falls. Sir Donald McMaster, one of our greatest lawyers, was born at Williamstown, also Sir Roderick Cameron. And so I might go on."

* * *

I AM SURE THAT IF I HAD been able to visit Cornwall I should have enjoyed meeting some of the present residents and dipping into the early history of the locality.

MANY OF THE STATES STILL retain the maximum legal speed limit for their highways, and in a good many states signs are posted



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indicating what that limit is. And with one accord automobilists disregard signs and limit. The only cars which do not exceed the legal speed limit are those which, because of infirmities due to age, or because of some temporary indisposition, cannot be made to go faster. And those who hold

up their hands in horror at the recklessness of this reckless age are guilty with the rest. When the law says that a car shall not be driven more than 35 miles an hour it is a violation of the law to drive it either 40 or 80 miles an hour. "There is none righteous, no, not one."

* * *

WHEN SPEED LIMITS ARE fixed so low that it is known beyond peradventure that everyone will exceed them, and that nothing will be done about it, why have them? Those who defend the regulation say that in case of obviously fast and reckless driving a charge of fast driving can be made to tick if the limit is 35 miles and the car was actually going twice as fast, whereas if no limit were specified it might be more difficult to support a charge of recklessness. But the fact that several states have abolished the legal limit and find that the newer plan works satisfactorily does not appear to bear this out.

* * *

MORE AND MORE DO THE authorities seem to favor the plan of having no limit fixed except, perhaps a reasonable limit in crowded centers, and of holding the driver responsible for his speed under the varying conditions of travel. Under certain road and traffic conditions a speed of 60 miles or more may be perfectly safe and moderate, whereas under other conditions a speed of 25 miles may be reckless and dangerous.

* * *

MUCH IS SAID ABOUT THE greater regard for law exhibited in Canada than in the United States.

It is quite true that law in general is taken more seriously in Canada than on this side of the line, but the Ontario speed limit of 35 miles is ignored just as generally and cheerfully as is the similar limit in North Dakota.

* * *

IN ONTRARIO I FOUND THE people waiting expectantly for announcement of the dominion elections, which have since been fixed for sometime in October, as I recall it. While I was across the line the provincial election in Prince Edward Island was held, resulting in the complete wiping out of the Conservative parliamentary representation in that province. The new parliament of 30 members has not a single Conservative in it.

* * *

CONSERVATIVE DEFEAT IN local elections in province after province is accepted everywhere as a sure indication of the overthrow of the Bennett Conservative administration in the dominion in the forthcoming dominion elections, and the preponderance of opinion seems to favor the return to power of the Liberals under Mackenzie King, who was succeeded by Bennett a few years ago.

* * *

THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN, however, is complicated by two other factors of unknown magnitude. Stevens, lately a member of Bennett's cabinet, has parted company with his chief and has organized a party of his own, whose platform is full of vague promises of price-fixing and wealth-sharing. Then there is the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, which stands for a program quite similar to that advocated by the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota in the last campaign.

* * *

THE ONE THING THAT seems to be reasonably certain in the Canadian situation is that the Conservative party is doomed to a period of eclipse. Against it are made the familiar charges of extravagance and incompetence, but the major element in the situation seems to be the prolonged depression, from which as yet there is only partial recovery, and the fact that Premier Bennett has been stampeded from his party's traditional position of caution and conservatism, and on some policies has switched from the extreme right to the extreme left without being at all sure of his footing.

A PARTY OF EIGHT PERSONS drove from Duluth to Bemidji one day last week for the purpose of seeing the Fireplace of



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States which has interested so many tourists since its construction. The now famous fireplace is housed in a beautiful log structure on the shore of Lake Bemidji where headquarters for the Bemidji Civic and Commerce association are also maintained. It was built with

CWA and relief labor, and is composed of stones from all parts of the United States and Canada, of which some 500 are of historical importance or unique in other ways. Among the specimens are those from the flagstone walk at Mount Vernon, the Statue of Liberty, President Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park, Theodore Roosevelt's ranch in North Dakota, the original United States capitol, the original assembly house at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The mantel is a slab from Winona county, Minn., and the center-piece is an effigy in stone of Chief Bemidji, for whom the city is named.

* * *

FACTS GAVE A CURIOUS disregard for theories. An elaborate theory may be framed and buttressed at every point until it seems impregnable, when along come a few facts which knock the whole structure to smithereens. Something of the sort has happened to the cycle theory, or theories of weather. Meteorologists have devoted years of study to available evidences of regularity in the recurrence of periods of wet and dry and warm and cool weather, and some of them have become convinced that there is a certain regularity in such periods, attributable to causes not definitely established.

* * *

SUCH STUDIES HAVE BEEN conducted intensively during recent drouth years, and quite vigorous support has been given to the theory that types of weather occur in cycles, with cycles of 11, 23, or some other number of years having their respective adherents. Of course no cycle theory is tenable except on the basis that in the matter of precipitation, for instance, the changes are fairly regular and gradual, the seasons changing little by little back again. All sorts of records have been cited to show that changes actually occur in just that manner, in cycles varying in length with the respective schools of thought on that subject.

ALL THESE THEORIES ARE shattered by what has occurred this year in relation to the preceding one. Last year was one of remarkable and almost unprecedented drouth, at least over most of the northern half of this continent. But instead of a gradual lessening of the drouth this year, in preparation for progressively heavy rainfall for several years to come, until the maximum is reached, we have been plunged precipitately into a season of unusual and in some cases unprecedented wetness. At this time, before the end of August, this section of the northwest has received a supply of water almost equal to the total normal precipitation for an entire year, with the water due from fall rains and early winter snows yet to come. That does not fit in with any cycle theory that has been advanced.

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SOMEWHERE ABOUT 1888 much of the wheat crop of the northwest was seriously injured by what was then called blight. The crop was a heavy one, but before maturity the grain ceased to develop, and the yield, quite generally, was of shrunken, misshapen kernels, of light weight, quite similar in appearance to the grain that has been damaged by rust this year. At that time there was no talk of stem rust, which seemed not to be known or understood. I do not recall whether or not the stalks bore the characteristic marks which are now known to be due to the rust fungus. We just called the disease blight and let it go at that. I wonder if what we called blight may not have been stem rust, the same disease under another name.

MY FRIEND MILO WALKER, of Bowesmont, does not think that there is anything in the theory that the stem rust that affects wheat is caused by anything floating in the air, but thinks that it is due solely to heat and moisture. Mr. Walker's idea that wheat and moisture have much to do with the prevalence of rust is quite consistent with the established conviction of all scientific students of the subject that rust is produced by the deposit on the plants of spores afloat in the air. Except when carried over from season to season locally on the leaves of a host plant, such as the common barberry, rust spores are brought from the far south by south winds, which also bring with them heat and moisture. These conditions make for rapid growth and a soft, easily penetrable plant structure, a condition ideal for the development of the spores to the destructive stage. The conditions are analogous to those which produce tuberculosis. That condition cannot exist unless its active germ has obtained a foothold. But the germ of tuberculosis is apt to be present in unsanitary surroundings, and it is more apt to take possession if the subject is enfeebled by disease or lack of nutrition.

A LITTLE FOLDER DESCRIPTIVE of the Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia in Washington comes from Miss Katherine Whiteley, who visited



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the site of the great work on her present western tour. The folder describes the dam as the "most gigantic of man's constructive enterprises." It is true that the Grand Coulee dam will not be as high as the Boulder dam on the Colorado when completed,

the heights being 500 feet for the Grand Coulee and 730 for the Boulder structure. But the Grand Coulee dam is 4,100 feet long—nearly a mile, and the Boulder dam only 1,180 feet. The mass of the former, therefore, is vastly greater than that of the latter.

IN ONE OF THE FOLDER'S illustrations there has been drawn to scale for purposes of comparison a picture of the Great Pyramid immediately in front of a sketch of the dam. The pyramid, one of the world's Seven Wonders, looks like a mere detail in the vastness of the dam. A scale picture of the sphinx on the top of the power house is so small as not to be noticeable.

A GREAT DEAL OF NONSENSE has been written about the pyramids. They are tremendous pieces of masonry, of course, and great skill was shown in their design as well as great resourcefulness in their construction. The variation of their lines from true north and south and east and west is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. This fact has been held by some writers to be evidence of the possession by the Egyptians of advanced astronomical knowledge, but in fact it is not especially impressive. Only very rudimentary scientific knowledge is required to determine the points of the compass. Much more convincing as to their astronomical knowledge is the fact that the Egyptians were able to foretell eclipses accurately, a task more complicated than running a line north and south.

MEN HAVE LOOKED WITH amazement at the huge masses of stone on the larger pyramids, and have wondered how it was possible to transport them from the quarries where they were cut to their present site, and to elevate them to their present positions. Because these things were actually done it has been argued that the Egyptians of that age were in possession of advanced scientific knowledge as that term is understood

today, and it has even been contended seriously that modern science would be incapable of duplicating the pyramids.

ALL THAT IS NONSENSE. The building of the pyramids was accomplished, not by the use of engineering and other scientific knowledge which the world has lost, but by simple brute force. The labor of 100,000 slaves was employed for twenty years in the building of the Great Pyramid, and the mechanical appliances used were of the most primitive kind. That number of men, properly harnessed, and with the driver's whip cracking over them, can carry more great weights. There is good reason to credit the statement, facetiously made by someone, that if it were desired, modern science could not only build the Great Pyramid, but could move it to any desired place, all in one piece.

I AM INDEBTED TO W. E. Johnson, of Nekoma, for the privilege of reading a poem, "Life as It Is," by William Methewson Clark. The poem, which is too long for publication here, and was not sent for that purpose, presents an impressive panoramic view of life, from verdant spring to chill winter. It has been clipped from a Clinton, Ontario, paper, which would have been Mr. Johnson's home town paper long ago, as Mr. Johnson writes that he was born at Bayfield, a little Lake Huron town in a country with which I am familiar. Bayfield, by the way, was the boyhood home of Judge William Watts, of Crookston.

IN MY PRESENCE THE OTHER day someone mentioned baked onions. Stewed onions, fried onions, and onions in several other forms are familiar to most of us, but under certain conditions baked onions beat them all. Onions should be baked with the skins on, the reason for that being that during the process of baking the skins exude a juice which gives to the interior a flavor that can be imparted in no other way. The job of baking may be done acceptably in an oven, but for the perfect result a camp fire is requisite. The fire, not too large, should be of hard wood, and should be allowed to burn down to ashes and bright coals. Then rake part of the ashes away, place the onions on the remaining hot ashes and cover with what have been raked off. Half an hour later dig out your onions and go to it. If the job has been properly done the onions will be baked through and the dried skins will peel off, leaving a flaky, juicy interior, ready for a whole lot of butter and a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Twice as many onions as you think you will need will be just about enough.

LOCAL PEOPLE WHO HAVE made the drive between Winnipeg and Port Arthur by way of Kenora and the newly opened section of the



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Trans - Canada highway between Kenora and Port Arthur report the road soft in spots in wet weather, and somewhat rough, but on the whole quite good for a new road. Many crews are now employed on it and work is being pushed to put it in first-class condition.

Sections of it have been blasted out of solid rock. While much of it traverses rough country the grades have been made easy, and the drive, winding among hills and past innumerable lakes is one of great scenic beauty.

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MUCH OF THE FOREST through which the road passes is of spruce and fir. There are also great tracts of poplar, but these have presented a desolate appearance this summer as much of the poplar foliage has been stripped by a grub described locally as the army worm. A late report says that the trees are putting out new leaves, and it is hoped that they will not be permanently damaged.

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IN THE VICINITY OF THE Lake of the Woods many fine birch trees have been killed by a pest which appears to be peculiar to the birch. It is a borer which paying no attention to the foliage, bores into and beneath the bark and quickly ruins the trees. If this borer is at all similar to the one which attacks elms, its work can be rapid and deadly.

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NORTHWESTERN TREES are not alone in suffering from insect pests and destructive diseases. Efforts are in progress to check the advance of the Dutch elm tree disease, which has been most prevalent in New Jersey, and the spread of which throughout the country would be a national calamity.

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IN PENNSYLVANIA MANY letters have been received by the highway department calling attention to the stripping of leaves from trees and shrubbery along the highways by caterpillars. Control

measures to eradicate these pests have been practiced by highway forces for the past two years, reports Capital News.

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MORE THAN A QUARTER million nests of caterpillars have been destroyed along the highways, according to the state secretary of highways, and more than 12,000 wild cherry trees cut down in order to eliminate these pests. The department not only burns the nests but also sprays its trees and shrubs where the infestation is serious enough to warrant the expense.

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DAMAGE DURING THE PAST spring was due largely to the tent caterpillar, except in the north-eastern counties. The tent caterpillar builds unsightly webs along the limbs, which contain immense numbers of the worms. The caterpillars eat the foliage, but leave the nests after a few weeks to find a place where they can change into adult moths.

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THE DAMAGE IN THE northeastern counties, particularly Pike, was due to the spring canker or measuring worm, which usually does not appear in large numbers although being present in that section this spring by the millions. Ordinarily, this pest confines its damage to walnut, wild cherry, apple and other farm trees, but it infested shade and forest trees this year. Shade trees along Route 209 along the Delaware river in Pike county, planted by the department a year ago, were defoliated over night.

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IN NORTH DAKOTA THE tops of many trees, both in the natural forests and in planted groves, have died and in some cases the trees have died all the way down to the ground. Popularly this has usually been ascribed to drouth, but that theory does not seem to meet all the facts in the case. In some cases whole groves have suffered severely, while others only a mile away, on the same kind of soil have shown no evidence of trouble. Further, there were evidences of damage while the state was still receiving its normal supply of water. A further fact is that the injury has been extended to trees on river bottoms where, as in the Red river at Grand Forks, a moderate water level has always been maintained. It is well known that trees push their roots to great depths, and in some of these cases the soil must have been moist the year around.

THE ARMY HAS BEEN CONDUCTING manœuvres in the state of New York involving 36,000 regulars and National Guard troops.



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This is the largest body to be engaged in any American peacetime war game. Reports from the front, made by officers in charge, indicate the existence of startling deficiencies in equipment and in officer and non-commissioned personnel, and deplorably deficient training, especially on the part of National Guard troops. Motor equipment is inadequate, tanks are antiquated, and there was not half enough blank ammunition for the exercises.

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THAT PRESENTS A TOUGH outlook, and on top of it, within the next few weeks, will come reports from all the football coaches telling of the deplorable condition of their respective teams. The teams will be obliged to go into the fall frays with teams emaciated, anemic, under-sized and crippled. Of course that prospect has existed before—practically every year. And the recuperative powers of the teams have been such that there appeared on the grid-irons groups of husky young giants, who could have cleaned up an equal number of ancient Rome's most powerful gladiators.

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ONE OF THE NUMEROUS farming groups objects to the purchase of sub-marginal lands by the government on the ground that it will increase production instead of decreasing it. The argument is that while the withdrawal of 50,000,000 acres of such lands from cultivation may decrease production 1.5 per cent, the people on those lands, being moved to better locations, will produce more than they are now doing. Perhaps the department should buy up the good land and move the inhabitants to sand hills and gravel ridges.

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A THOUSAND PEOPLE TOOK part in a riot over the calendar in a little Rumanian town the other day. A parish priest of the Orthodox, or Eastern Greek church, persisted in celebrating church

festivals according to the old, or Julian calendar. Officers of the government insisted that the new, or Gregorian calendar be observed. The populace took sides with the priest, and the fight was on. Probably every method of computing time that has been introduced since the world began has been opposed on religious grounds, notwithstanding the fact that every method ever employed had originated in the brain of man, and has been devised by man for his own convenience, and is not even remotely related to any religious principle.

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THE CALENDAR WHICH IS now used by most of the nations usually termed civilized, is an inheritance from the days of Julius Caesar, modified by subsequent changes. Scientists in Caesar's time found that the calendar then in use was seriously defective, and that the years as recorded were becoming sadly out of harmony with the movements of the celestial bodies. Caesar authorized the making of corrections and the framing of a new calendar which it was supposed would keep the reckoning straight.

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LATER IT WAS DISCOVERED that Caesar's calendar was defective because its framers had neglected to take into account a matter of a few minutes a year, and mathematicians in the service of Pope Gregory XIII formulated a new one correcting this defect. Upon the adoption of this, some 1600 years after the time of Julius Caesar, the reckoning had gone ten days awry, and that correction was made, in spite of vigorous protests in which it was charged that mere mortals were blasphemously attempting to regulate divinely ordained time.

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OVER IN ETHIOPIA THEY use a calendar of twelve months of 30 days each, with five days added at the close of each year. These five days are observed as holidays. The proposed World calendar, which is thought likely to be adopted, retains the present twelve months, gives the first month of each quarter 31 days and the other two months 30 days each, and adds a "year day" at the end of each year and a "leap year" day each fourth year at the end of June. The present arrangement is retained of omitting leap year in every century year which is not divisible by 400.