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GRAND FORKS NOW HAS daily air mail service and is in direct connection by air with every place on the continent which is similarly served. Letters may now be carried by air between Grand Forks and such widely separated points as the cities in far western Canada, New York City, Miami and southern California. And this is but the beginning. Plans are under way for the extension of regular service through Mexico and Central America and down to Panama, and for a more easterly route across the Caribbean and along the South American coast to Buenos Aires. Northward the Canadian authorities are rapidly extending their air mail lines, and the vast territory north of the railroads into Alaska and along the Arctic coast will soon be similarly served. Much of that northern territory is now served by private planes, and distances which formerly required months of travel are covered in a few hours.

Within three quarters of a century, a single lifetime, main service in the Red river valley has passed through a process of evolution from transportation on foot and by dog sled, through the era of the steamboat and stage coach and the railway to the speedy flight through the air. In much of the territory the transition has occupied a much shorter time, but the beginning of mail service in the Red river valley was in 1857, when the first postoffice was established at Pembina.

MAIL SERVICE IN THE VALLEY became fairly regular when the Blakely Carpenter line of stages was established. Before that time the delivery of mail at such postoffices as had been established was fitful and uncertain. There were no real roads, and the faint trails that had been followed were often impassable. Winter storms, spring freshets and summer rains impeded progress, and the time when mail would arrive depended largely on the operations of nature.

The stage line was really the first step in the line of regular and dependable transportation, although the steamboat performed valuable service during the summer months, and the boat trips were made with a fair degree of regularity. The stage business was well organized. Stations were established about 14 miles apart, and at each station horses were kept to provide the relays for continuous travel. One such station was at Grand Forks, and the next one north was that at Turtle River, near Manvel. Because of the later prominence of its owners, Geo. B. Winship and William Budge, the Turtle river station has become more famous than any other on the line. Mr. Winship has described it in his Herald letters, and most of the older readers have become familiar with it.

WITH THE ADVENT OF THE stage coach some attempt at systematic road building was made. Something along this line had been done for the accommodation of the long trains of ox carts that moved back and forth between Fort Garry and St. Paul, but generally these ox cart trains picked their way as best they could, often making detours of many miles to escape bad local conditions. The stages had regular schedules and regular routes, and permanent roads were desirable. Accordingly, rough bridges were thrown over the streams, long culverts provided passage across coulies which could not well be forded, and soft spots were patched up with corduroy. Most of the evidences of these trails have disappeared, but there may be persons who could still trace the old stage route, just as the Eastgates of Larnmore can pick out the old stage route between Grand Fork and Fort Tot ten and pick out the ridge along which the trail ran and the hole in which their ox team bogged down.

THE MEANDERING ROUTE of the old trail is now criss-crossed by graded roads following rigid section lines, and most of the marks of the trail have been obliterated by the plow. Fragments of some of the old bridges remain, and at the Turtle river crossing there still stand one or two of the old buildings, with fragments of others. Over these ruins, which represent so much of pioneer history, will shuttle daily the planes of the air mail, carrying our letters to St. Paul in the time that it took the stage in good weather to go from Grand Forks to Turtle river, and bringing New York as near in time as Pembina once was.

We do homage to the Wrights who founded and to their followers who have developed the art of flying. Our flyers, as they speed on their way, may give a thought to the vision and enterprise of the men over whose paths they fly so swiftly, and who, themselves, were pioneers in a great enterprise.

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

A FEW DAYS AGO I WROTE something about saloons in Bismarck and other North Dakota cities during the early years of statehood. These existed, of course, contrary to law. Gambling was equally illegal, but public gambling was carried on quite openly for several years, Bismarck boasted several quite elaborate gambling lay-outs, and their wheels spun merrily, especially during legislative sessions. Poker was always a rather popular game around the hotels, being played usually in the quiet of the guest rooms. Usually the game was for small stakes and amusement. Occasionally it was for real money, and large sums have been known to change hands with the run of the cards.

I RECALL A GRIM JEST BY one of the legislators. He liked a game of cards, and sometimes played for high stakes. In the hotel lobby one morning he greeted one of his playmates with:

"Hello! Got any money about you?"

The other examined his pocket and extracted therefrom a ten dollar bill. Thinking that his friend wanted a temporary loan he tendered the bill, saying:

"That's all I have with me. Will that do you any good?"

"Oh!" said the first speaker, waving the bill away, "put it in your pocket. I don't want it now. I just wanted to know if you had it. I'll get it away from you tonight."

THESE QUIET GAMES attracted no attention, but there were often crowds around the roulette wheels and the faro, crap and other games, which were played publicly and open to all comers. It was in 1901 or 1902 that the authorities decided that it didn't look well to have public gambling right at the seat of government, so, with a great show of virtue, all the gambling places were raided and all gambling apparatus was seized. The stuff was piled up on the court house lot and a big bonfire was made of it. James W. Foley, who was then editing the Bismarck Tribune, celebrated the event with an appropriate poem.

PUBLIC GAMBLING EXISTED sporadically in Grand Forks for several years, although the proximity of the more elaborate establishments in East Grand Forks prevented it from getting a real foothold here. Gambling equipment was maintained in a few places, which ran for a time, to be closed for a few weeks and then quietly reopened. During the closed periods the apparatus would be piled in a back yard whence it could readily be moved and again put into action. I recall one actual seizure of such apparatus and its destruction in the court house yard. A young fellow serving a short sentence for indiscreet drinking was commissioned to perform the work of destruction. He seized his ax and with it smashed a beautiful roulette wheel into tiny fragments. A bystander remarked:

"You seemed to have a grudge against that wheel."

"I've tried for years to break even with one of those damned things," he said, "and at last I had a sure thing on it."

STATE PROHIBITION IN North Dakota drove the Grand Forks saloons of territorial days across the river, and it was there that gambling flourished on a large scale for a good many years. In the eastern press East Grand Forks was often held up as a horrible example, its quota of saloons to population being so much greater than in most other places. The fact is that the East Grand Forks saloons drew most of their patronage from Grand Forks. It was so with gambling. The East Grand Forks people did no more gambling than their western neighbors, and if it had not been possible to cross the river public gambling would have been much more in evidence in Grand Forks than it was.

SOME OF THE GAMBLING rooms were elaborately equipped, and one could usually play as high a game as he wished. I have seen considerable sums won and lost in an evening, but I seldom saw a player leave the room much ahead of the game. Much has been written about crooked games and high percentages in favor of the house. There have been crooked games, of course, and in any game there is always a percentage in favor of the house. But I concluded long ago that the real advantage of the "house" lies in the tendency of the individual gambler never to be satisfied with present winnings and to fight a run of bad luck until he has lost all that he can or dare risk. There were those who gambled for amusement and seemed to escape without injury. But there were those, also, who were consumed by a passion for winning, and who were ruined.

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

I WAS GREATLY INTERESTED the other day in reading the account made by Percy Hanson of Jamestown for the Jamestown capitol removal project before the state affairs committee of the house at Bismarck. On behalf of his group Mr. Hanson asked that the committee eliminate the emergency clause for the bill providing for the creation of a capitol commission and instructing such commission to proceed with the erection of a capitol. He also asked that the clause in the bill providing for the erection of a new capitol at Bismarck be changed to provide for the building “at the seat of government,” the idea being to leave the location open until a vote has been taken on the proposed constitutional amendment moving the capital to Jamestown.

ONE STATEMENT IN THE argument puzzled me. Mr. Hanson reported a conversation which he had with one of three officials whom he met on a train between Fargo and Jamestown. This official told Mr. Hanson, if I understand the statement correctly, that it cost the state $20.40 more for him to make the trip from Fargo to Bismarck than it would have cost for the trip to Jamestown. That sum, multiplied by three, made $61.20 which it cost the state for that single trip of the three officials because the capital is at Bismarck instead of at Jamestown.

BISMARCK IS 100 MILES west of Jamestown. Railway fare between the two points is less than $4.00. Pullman fare, if the officials were making a night trip, is about $1.50 more. I can account for those figures only on the basis that the officials must have been traveling by special train, and it is not said that they were.

ANOTHER STATEMENT IN the argument mystified me. Mr. Hanson assumed that many of the present state officials would be opposed to capitol removal, and he described these officials as having grown old and fat in the pay of the people of the state, living in fine homes, driving luxurious automobiles and wearing expensively tailored suits. That seemed queer to me.

IT IS NOT MY GOOD FORTUNE to know all of the present officials of North Dakota, but I have known several of them for a good many years, during which time they have been pretty regularly in the service of the state. I admit that these men are not as young as they were when I first met them. I know little about the style of their domestic establishments and nothing about their taste in automobiles or the cost of their clothes. It never occurred to me to inquire about these things, not supposing, in my innocence, that these matters would become political issues. But as to their being fat—tut, tut! Percy!

TAKING OLD FRIEND Judge Burke, three times governor of the state, and now a distinguished member of its supreme court, I don’t believe Judge Burke is any fatter now than when he practiced law at Rolla and Devils Lake. Nor should I call Judge Christianson fat, and he has been a supreme court justice for a good many years. And judges are required to do some traveling, and I suppose they take their meals in dining cars.

I THINK, TOO, OF ANOTHER official, J. M. Devine, who, as lieutenant governor, governor, superintendent of schools and commissioner of immigration, has been a state official most of the time during the past thirty odd years. Mr. Devine’s present duties require him to do considerable traveling, but when I last saw him I could not observe that he had gained greatly in weight. He was as enthusiastic as ever, and as great a booster for North Dakota, but not perceptibly fatter.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

HOW MUCH DO WE BELIEVE of our myths? Take the groundhog myth, for instance. It would be hard to find a newspaper printed in English which does not each year make some reference to the ancient notion that on the second of February the groundhog emerges from his den to take a look at the weather. If the day is cloudy and he is unable to see his shadow he remains out, for he knows that the rest of the winter will be fine and mild and spring is at hand. If the sun shines and he can see his shadow he returns to his shelter for another sleep, for he knows that there will be six weeks more of winter.

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IN ALMOST EVERY COMMUNITY that old belief is the subject of general conversation, and people remain each other that on the appointed day the groundhog can or cannot see his shadow, and we may therefore look forward to mild or severe weather, as the case may be. Usually these references are jocular in tone, and there are few persons who, if asked point blank whether or not they believe in this notion would say "yes."

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HAVE WE REALLY SHED completely the belief once held quite firmly, or is there still a lingering remnant of it somewhere in our subconsciousness? Belief in charms, and spells and omens are not easy to shake off. Our intelligence may reject these things, but tradition and association are sometimes stronger than intelligence.

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ONE OF THE INDISPENSABLE kitchen furnishings of my boyhood was the almanac which hung on a nail where it would be easy of access. The almanac was consulted frequently, not alone for its calendar, but for its weather forecasts and the astronomical symbols which decorated its pages. Running through the months were "fair and warmer," "rain," "severe cold," "moderating," and so forth, and those "forecasts" were read attentively and received solemnly, as if they really meant something. I never knew anyone's faith to be shaken by the fact that they were wrong as often as right. We haven't yet got quite away from the idea that almanac makers can tell a year in advance what the weather will be, and it is not long since Hicks and Foster were thriving on this popular belief.

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THE OLD ALMANAC GAVE the phases of the moon, with minute data on when the moon "changed" to new, full, and first and last quarters. Those changes were supposed to have something to do with the weather, and the hour at which the change occurred was believed to govern the weather for the next quarter. All this was regardless of the fact that the moon is constantly "changing," and at one time or more than at another.

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THEN WERE THE SIGNS OF the zodiac, Pisces, Aires, Taurus, and all the rest, with their appropriate signs, and a diagram showing to what particular parts of the human anatomy these signs were related. The common herd gave attention to the weather forecasts and the moon, leaving the zodiac to the crude, but there were those who had made special study of this branch and were versed in its mysteries. There were those who would not kill hogs, plant seed, set hens or churn butter without consulting the almanac to see if the sign were right.

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THE ALMANAC IS LESS FREQUENTLY consulted now and there are thousands who would not know what to do if told that the sign is in Sagittarius. But there are millions who believe that the firmness of the goose-bone, the thickness of the muskrat's fur or the texture of a tree's bark indicates what the weather will be during the coming months. Whether the moon is south or north is quite popularly supposed to have something to do with the weather, and the statement that we need look for no change in the weather until we have a new moon is made quite seriously every day.

IN MY CHILDHOOD I WAS given to understand that to get one's first view of the new moon over one's left shoulder meant bad luck during the month. I have run across another theory that is quite the opposite of this; the idea being that looking at the new moon over the left shoulder means good luck. I have no argument to present on either side. I am tolerant to be willing that my friends should look over the left shoulder if they prefer. For myself I stick to what was taught me, and to this day if I happen to look to the left and thereby obtain my first glimpse of the crescent of the new moon, I am conscious of a slight shock, as if I had stubbed my toe, or something.

—W. P. DAVIES
WEATHER SUCH AS THE Northwest has been enjoying prompts recollection, comparison and speculation—recollection of outstanding weather peculiarities of the past, comparison of the present with the past and speculation about what the future may have in store and of the possibility ultimately of forecasting weather conditions long in advance with a reasonable degree of certainty.

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SCIENTISTS, I BELIEVE, ARE generally agreed that disturbances on the sun’s surface, as evidences by sun spots and in other ways, have an important influence on meteorological conditions on the earth. There is no certainty as to just how this influence manifests itself, or to what extent, if any, it causes the weather variations with which we are familiar. In a paper just published by the Smithsonian Institution Secretary C. G. Abbott, of that body, presents a theory that he has worked out from a long series of observations bearing on the relation of solar radiation to terrestrial weather. By means of observations extending over a period of several years Dr. Abbott has concluded that changes in solar radiation are periodic, and he has found evidences of a rhythmic order so definite that he has ventured to chart the probable variations in radiation for 1931 and 1932.

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COMPARING THE RECORDS of solar radiation with weather records made at various places, among them Williston, North Dakota, he has become convinced that solar changes produce weather changes which can be rather definitely predicted. He believes that this will prove an important step in the direction of long-range weather forecasting.

THE OBSERVATIONS AND conclusions of a man who occupies the position of secretary of the Smithsonian Institution are not to be treated lightly. Nevertheless, there are facts perceptible to the layman which seem to stand in the way of the practical application of Dr. Abbott’s theory, however sound that theory may be in the abstract.

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FOR INSTANCE, ON MONDAY, while the greater part of the central northwest was basking in summer temperature, the whole Atlantic coast was in the grip of winter. On Monday night a temperature of 35 below zero was recorded in Massachusetts. North Dakota was warmer than Virginia, Maryland or South Carolina. Many eastern cities reported their lowest recorded temperature. The east was getting its coldest weather and the Northwest its warmest. Yet solar radiation was the same during that period. Conceding that changes in solar radiation affect average temperatures on the earth, it appears that temperature is distributed over the earth’s surface by influences quite apart from solar radiation, producing extreme heat at one point and extreme cold at another at the same time. And in so far as its influence on life and growth are concerned, weather is a local phenomenon. Vegetation thrives or stagnates, animals enjoy comfort or suffer discomfort according to the weather that prevails in their particular locality, and not according to any law of general averages throughout the earth.

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ANYWAY, I BELIEVE I HAVE lived to see a winter weather record broken in the Northwest. In answer to numerous questions early in January I referred to the winter of 1888-89 as having been as mild in its early stages as the present winter, and even more free from snow up to about the middle of January. That record has been eclipsed. I recall no winter now that compares with this for continued mild weather and almost complete absence of wind. Doubtless the quietness of the air has had something to do with the steadiness of the weather. If, one of these days, we have a strong wind from the southwest, I am going to hunt up my fur cap and heavy overshirts, for I shall be quite certain that before long we shall have a strong norwester, with temperature that will remind us of old times.

THERE ARISES NOW THE question of the influence of snowfall on crops. One of the old theories is that a winter of heavy snow is followed by a season of good crops, and that crops are apt to be poor after a snowless winter. While I am unable to cite dates and crop records, I know that in many years this theory has been shown to be unsound. Not much melted snow finds its way into the soil in such a way as to have much effect on the current crop. Water will not run through frozen earth, and long before the earth in this latitude thaws more than a few inches, the water is gone. Much of it flows off into the streams, and the rest evaporates. Some of it, which settles in inland coulles and pools, soaks into the subsoil and helps to fill the great underground reservoir, but not much of it reaches the crop roots at least until the following year. Some big crops have been raised in this territory after winters in which there was scarcely any snow. Other big crops have followed winters of heavy snow. All the facts indicate that the crop depends more on the character of the growing season than on that of the winter that precedes it. —W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

DR. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS of Yale, thinks that our books are becoming more filthy and our songs more puritanical. Thus balance is being maintained. While Dr. Phelps finds in modern popular songs little to offend the prudish, he has no high opinion of their grammatical construction or their own literary excellence. Their content, he says, is largely "sweet, sentimental slush."

THERE IS SOMETHING CURIOUS and interesting about varying taste in popular songs. Most of the songs of the day which are currently described as "popular" justify the characterization of the Yale critic. By hook or crook they are usually made to rhyme, but there is no vestige of reason in them. Their rhythm is often achieved by the dragging or cutting off of syllables in defiance of all the rules of order, and they fairly ooze sickly sentimentality. In their subject matter there is noticeable one marked departure from a class of songs very popular a generation or more ago. As a rule they do not dwell on the subject of death.

IN ONE OF HIS ESSAYS POE presents what he holds to be the basic principles of poetic construction, maintaining that sadness and beauty are indispensable in true poetry, and that the subject in which these two essentials are more completely combined is the death of a beautiful young woman. Hence we have "The Raven," "Annabelle Lee," and other productions in which the changes are run on the same theme.

SONG WRITERS WHO NEVER heard of Poe seem to have arrived independently at Poe's conclusion, and to have acted accordingly. The result is a vast collection of songs popular in their day, and many of them still popular, in the singing of which multitudes have enjoyed themselves vicariously in sentimental unhappiness. As I write the radio is delivering "Nellie Was a Lady." That song has not usually been sung as a dirge. It has been popular where good fellows got together, and doubtless the first emphasis has been placed on Nellie's ladylike qualities, nevertheless, last night Nellie died, and the bell is to be tolled for her.

"LOCH LOMAND," ONE OF the most popular of Scottish songs, deals with the thought of impending death and bereavement. In "Old Black Joe" the black ancient is preparing to answer the last call. Beautiful "Belle Brandon" sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree. In "Ben Bolt" we are told "they have fitted a slab of granite so gray, and sweet Alice lies under the stone." The song of the mocking bird seems calculated to arouse joyous memories, but in the one song about the mocking bird that has become popular the composer is reminded only that the bird is singing o'er the grave of his beloved Haille, of whom he dreams. "Annie Lisle" passes away gently and piously. "Lily Dale" lies where the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, 'neath the trees in the flow'ry vale. The singer weeps good-bye o'er the grave of "Sweet Belle Mahone," who is implored to wait for him at heaven's gate.

THESE SONGS ARE TYPICAL of a great collection of songs which, although treating of sadness and death, were sung for pure enjoyment. In versification they are as a rule vastly superior to much that is popular now, and so far as their sentiment is concerned, it is no more strained and unreal than that in most of the productions of the modern Tin Pan Alley. As a rule people did not shed tears while singing those songs, any more than they are impelled to embrace each other by the modern so-called love song. Perhaps the reason is that the sentiment in each group is largely unreal and has no counterpart in actual human emotion. There are, of course, exceptions in both groups.

It is interesting also, to note that of the songs that have been written in recent years, those that appear to have some prospect of survival are those which in their form resemble more the songs of long ago than those of the present. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "The Long, Long Trail" are examples. These resemble the older songs in their continuity of thought and regularity of expression. For some reason or other jazz does not seem to impart life to the literature that is expressed in song.
THROUGH THE KINDNESS of a friend who has had sufficient faith in me to loan me the book I have been reading “The Intimate Letters” of Major Archie Butt, and I have found the collection a most fascinating one. Major Butt, as all the world knows, was military aide to both President Roosevelt and President Taft. He was the close attendant, right-hand man and intimate friend of each of the presidents whom he served. He was Roosevelt’s companion at tennis and Taft’s at golf. It was his business to guard the president against interruption by strangers, to see that guests were properly presented to him and to arrange for the smooth running of the machinery at the White House and at other places where the president appeared. The occupant of such a position has opportunities for observation of the personal side of official life which as are enjoyed by no other person, and the comments thereon of a man as well qualified as Major Butt are invaluable.

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MAJOR BUTT, A REGULAR army man from Georgia, was chosen as his chief aide by President Roosevelt, and there grew up between the two a warm affection which the political confusion of a remarkable period never weakened. He was retained by President Taft, whom he served with equal faithfulness, and for whom, also, he grew to entertain a strong regard. During his service in Washington he wrote almost daily to his sister-in-law in Georgia, giving intimate accounts of the political and social activities in which he had participated, or which he had observed, with frank comment on whatever came to his mind. The letters comprising the two volumes of the present collection were written during the first three years of the Taft administration.

WE OFTEN REMARK ON THE rapidity with which time appears to pass, the events of long ago retaining their freshness and distinctness, as if they had occurred but yesterday. But time moves in strange ways, and one is sometimes shocked to discover that the familiar things of yesterday have already become history, and many of them are being buried in oblivion. The characters mentioned in these Washington letters are all familiar. Many of them are still living. William Howard Taft died only a few months ago. Most of us can remember well the break between Roosevelt and Taft which split the Republican party and placed Wilson in the White House.

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YET THOSE PERSONS AND those events seem now to belong to a distant period and to have little connection with the present. Since then the World war has become history. In the letters Wilson receives brief and incidental mention. Harding had not yet entered the Senate. Of Coolidge and Hoover there is no mention whatever, yet all four men have since occupied the White House.

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IN ONE OF THE LETTERS jestical reference is made to a meeting with “Charlie” Dawes, who is listed among the “has beens” of the McKinley administration. Dawes had been controller of the currency under McKinley, and had retired from public life. Since then he has had charge of the distribution of hundreds of millions of dollars’ worth of property for the United States in a great war, has been vice president of the United States, and is now our ambassador in London, where he had the temerity to tell American Legionnaires the other day that America did not win the war.

** ** **

UNCLE JOE CANNON was speaker of the House and was fighting to retain control. He had been disliked and distrusted by Roosevelt, and that feeling was shared by Taft. Major Butt could see in him only a foxy old schemer, utterly without manners, but clever enough to command, for a long time, the support of men who would gladly have seen him defeated. Major Butt gives an amusing account of a reception at the White House to a Chinese prince and the Chinese minister at which the speaker after dining took well, stood with his long cigar at its customary angle while he told funny stories to the Chinese dignitaries, poking them in the ribs to emphasize the points. The Chinese gentlemen could not understand a word of what Cannon said, but they poked each other in the ribs and laughed, and all had a good time.

** ** **

RAPID TRANSIT WAS A LITTLE different from what it is now. On one occasion the president and his party were delayed and had to hurry to be in time for a dinner engagement. Under these circumstances, says the major, they made the thirty-odd miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes.

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I INTENDED WHEN I STARTED to write several other things about those letters, but the rest must wait until another day.

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

MAJOR BUTT HAD NO EASY job as chief aide to two presidents. The letters which I have been reading relative to his experience under President Taft, but they have the background of experience with Roosevelt. In each case it was the duty of the aide to look after a multitude of details in order that the time and strength of the president might be conserved, and that friction might be avoided as much as possible. While there could not be two men more different in habit and temperament than Roosevelt and Taft, they had in common the very human desire occasionally to have their own way, and the tendency to develop streaks of stubbornness when opposed.

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ON THE WESTERN TRIP which included a visit to the Mexican border the Taft party visited the Grand Canyon in Arizona, and the president announced his intention to ride horseback down the trail into the canyon. Butt was horrified. Taft did a great deal of horseback-riding around Washington, and was quite at home in the saddle, but the narrow, crooked, precipitous canyon trail was different. Butt sought to dissuade his chief, but the president had set his heart on that ride. Butt argued, without result. After his fourth or fifth attempt to change the president's decision Taft burst out:

"See here! You go to hell! I will do as I damn please sometime."

Butt subsided for the time, but he made a last appeal next morning, and won. though Taft threatened to get even with him later.

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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN Roosevelt and Taft is strikingly illustrated by the description given of the riding habits of the two men. Major Butt had been Roosevelt's riding companion, as he was Taft's. Roosevelt was eager and curious, seeking a new route each day and looking everywhere for a new experience. Taft preferred to stick to the familiar paths, and if he had not been led or persuaded otherwise he would have ridden the same road day after day. Butt adopted the plan of riding a little ahead and thus leading the president along a new road without seeming to be too officious. Taft would usually follow without comment, but at one time, when Butt had got some distance along a new road he looked back and found that the president had taken the old one and was quietly gogging along. Butt hurriedly retraced his course and caught up with the president, who showed his enjoyment of the joke by his usual chuckle.

* * *

TAFT IS DESCRIBED AS slow and dilatory in his working habit. He referred until the last moment the preparation of a message or an address, insisting that it was just not his nature to hurry with anything. Newspaper men all over the country became familiar with this trait. Usually a message by Roosevelt was in all the newspaper offices of the country days ahead of its delivery, and this advance preparation has been characteristic of all other presidents in recent years except Taft. Editors learned to expect by wire at the last moment Taft messages which they should have received by mail days before.

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THIS LEISUREDLY HABBIT extended to Taft's dealing with engagements and callers. He thought nothing of being late for important engagements, and several times he gave offense to important personages by keeping them waiting while he permitted some caller to consume an hour on matters that could have been finished in a few minutes. In such cases it was the aide's task to pour oil on the troubled waters and smooth ruffled feelings without impairing the dignity of the presidential office.

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THROUGH THE SERIES OF letters there runs the note of impending tragedy, growing stronger and stronger until it culminated in the open break between Roosevelt and Taft. Major Butt was placed in a difficult position. He loved and admired Roosevelt. He grew to love Taft, and was loyal to him. At the beginning he saw evidences of estrangement and was distressed by it, and hoped for reconciliation. He blames Roosevelt for not remaining entirely aloof from politics for at least a year after his return from Africa, and he recognized the unfortunate results which grew out of Roosevelt's passion to dominate every situation into which he entered.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I thought I had completed my discussion of the letters of Major Archie Butt, but the episode involving Major General Smedley Butler of the Marines prompts one more reference. In one of his letters Major Butt tells of being commissioned by President Taft to warn two colonels of Marines in Washington that if he heard of any more lobbying by them to check the government in its plans for the corps, one of those officers will find himself in the Philippines and the other in Guantanamo. The corps is said to be very unpopular in the navy, and at the request of the department President Roosevelt has ordered the marines off the ships. This order the marines succeeded in having set aside. The marines are said in the letter to have built up influence in congress by admitting sons of every congressman who happens to have a boy who has failed at everything else."

"The President," says the letter, "said that sooner or later the marines would have to leave the ships; that as a distinct body the corps had become almost useless, and as far as the navy was concerned it was an actual detriment."

In the contacts which I made a few years ago with naval men I found much of this feeling. The conditions of their service makes some friction between sailors and marines inevitable. Imagine several hundred of each group living for months on the same battleship, each group under its separate and almost independent command, sailors engaged in operating the ship and marines having wholly different duties, among them being the policing of the ship. The men would not be human if they did not get more or less on each other's nerves.

The Marines, also, have received a great deal of publicity which the sailors are inclined to resent. If there is trouble in a foreign port it is the marines who are landed first, and presently we are told that "the marines have the situation well in hand," which is often neither more nor less than the truth. But the sailors feel that if they had been landed they would have done the job just as well, as they would, in all probability. But even though sailors are landed later, it is the marines who have captured the headlines, and who usually hold them, regardless of what the sailors do. I learned that it was prudent to say very little about the marines when in the company of naval officers.

Just in time for the celebration of Lincoln's birthday, Edgar Lee Masters comes forward with a "debunking" of Lincoln. According to Mr. Masters, Lincoln was a coarse, ignorant backwoods lawyer who developed some skill as a politician of the baser sort, but who was destitute of all the qualities of a statesman. How the world has been mistaken, unless, as may be possible, Mr. Masters is guilty of deliberate slander. Some of Lincoln's admirers have done him the poor service of attributing to him qualities more than human. They have created a myth of supernatural goodness and wisdom. But their imaginings have been swept away, leaving us a real figure, majestic in its simplicity and human sympathy. I cannot conceive of an intelligent person studying Lincoln without recognizing in him, more and more, one of the world's great men.

Edgar Lee Masters achieved a certain prominence some years ago by his "Spoon River Anthology," a work in free verse for whose material he had ransacked a graveyard, and for which he had dug up a lot of petty scandals about the dead. It was a ghoulish performance, indicative of a morbid tendency, and appealing to a morbid taste. The form of the work was appropriate to its subject matter, for it had neither rhyme nor rhythm.

The late Dean Squires, of the University of North Dakota, paid his respects to Edgar Lee Masters several years ago in an amusing parody on "Spoon River Anthology" in which he showed that a similar work could be produced by anyone who has sufficiently slight regard for the proprieties of subject and language.

A few years ago Rupert Hughes undertook to debunk Washington in a slanderous biography. A caller on President Coolidge mentioned the book, which was just out, and evidently hoped for some comment. The president smoked silently, looking out of the south window of his office across the Mall. Presently, turning from the window he remarked quietly: "I notice that the monument still stands."

There are also monuments to Lincoln that will stand, despite all the assaults of the muckrakers and mudslingers.

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

DURING THE PAST FEW days there has been a diligent searching of records for information concerning a Saint Valentine, in honor of whom the 14th of February is set apart. Children returning from school brought with them interesting versions of lessons which they had learned, or partly learned, and set their elders to scurrying to find out what it all meant.

VALENTINE IS A NAME which was borne by several of the early Christians who became admitted to the calendar of saints, so that instead of one Saint Valentine, we have several. One account lists two of these, one a Roman ecclesiastic and the other a Bishop of Terni, both of whom are said to have been martyred on the 14th of February, hence, so far as church history is concerned, it is not certain whether we honor one or both of these men on this date.

VALENTINE'S DAY OBSERVANCES, however, are not related in any way to the history of either of these saints, or to any person or event in church history. Like many other of our observances, the celebration with which we have become familiar is of pagan origin, and its solemnization at this particular time merely happens to coincide with the date set apart in memory of one or both ancient martyrs. Among the early inhabitants of western Europe the date was celebrated in honor of the approach of spring.

FORMS OF OBSERVANCE have varied with the time and country, but running through nearly all of them has been the idea of the coupling of young people in an affectionate relationship, not always as an engagement preceding marriage, but usually as a temporary association which ordinarily would be expected to lead to definite engagement and marriage.

ONE CUSTOM WHICH PREVAILED in certain parts of France was observed by companies of young people who, on Saint Valentine's Eve, would gather, youths and maidens in equal number, and write their names on separate slips of paper. The slips were placed in receptacles, the boys' in one and the girls' in another, and then the young people would draw names of those of the opposite sex. Other names from among the friends of those present might be added. When the drawing was over the persons were paired accordingly, and became "Valentines" for the coming year. The young man was expected to wait on his Valentine during the period and show her proper courtesy, and the maiden was expected to reciprocate by showing him proper favors. The relationship did not necessarily extend beyond the year.

SCOTT'S NOVEL "THE FAIR Maid of Perth," starts with an incident that occurred on Saint Valentine's Eve in the good town of Perth, and reference is there made to the manner in which the holiday had been observed in Scotland. At that time, in the reign of good King Robert, it seems to have been the custom for the young swain to show his eagerness to be the fair lady's Valentine by being the first to greet her on the morning of the holiday.

IN THE NOVEL THE DAY seems to have coincided with the beginning of Lent. This coincidence must have been accidental, as Valentine's Day is fixed for a certain day of the month, while the occurrence of Lent is governed by the phases of the moon. It is scarcely likely that a man so well versed in the customs of the country as Sir Walter was would have made the mistake of suggesting that Valentine's day and Lent always occur at the same time.

MODERN CUSTOM HAS DEPRIVED the observance of Valentine's day of much of its original meaning. Messages are still sent by those who wish them to be regarded as more than evidences of mere friendly interest, but more of them are sent without love-like implications. The so-called comic
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I SEE THAT PREMIER MUSсолини has issued orders that hereafter Italian college students are not to make fun of their professors. I say that Premier Mussolini has issued such orders, for we may take for granted that whatever orders are issued in Italy originate with this modern Caesar. The idea is that the youth of Italy are being educated to serve the state, and anything so frivolous as poking fun at a professor, who is the representative of the state, implies lack of reverence for the state itself, and is not to be tolerated.

* * *

Perhaps this order will put Italian youth in its place, and hereafter we shall see all the young people speaking only to their teachers, but of them with sobriety and reverence that contains no glint of humor. Perhaps not. I rather think not, for without knowing very much about it, I have a notion that the young people of Italy are pretty much like young people the world over, prone to have their bit of fun at the expense of those who are set in authority over them. It would be a sad thing for Italy if this order were to be interpreted and obeyed literally, for it would indicate that there is growing up in Italy a generation which is destitute of one of the most valuable elements in human character, humor.

* * *

After having observed for some years, at a respectful distance, the relations between college students and professors, I have reached the conclusion that when the attitude of students toward a professor is only that of dignified respect, that professor should be looking for another job. In some way he has failed to fit. Oscar Wilde tells how men kill the thing they love. College boys are less extreme, but they do like to have fun at the expense of a popular professor. If the professor’s students do not make fun of him on occasion, either he lacks character, or they are a dull lot. There have been on the faculty of the University of North Dakota, for instance, some very able and popular men. And the more able and popular they were, the greater delight their untamed students seemed to take in lampooning and caricaturing them.

* * *

This characteristic is not confined to college students. It seems to be born in us. I recall one of my country school teachers. I suppose he was a pretty good teacher. I know he was a rigid disciplinarian. He had an uncanny faculty for finding out what we were at and acting accordingly. We drew outlandish caricatures of him on the blackboard while he was out, and sometimes got caught at it. We concocted villainous verses about him and sang them—too each other, not to him. We played tricks on him which we thought were safe, and which sometimes turned out to be unsafe. But deep down in our hearts we loved that old fellow because without knowing it we found in him the qualities of a real man. Somewhere beneath his apparent crabbiness and crustiness there were friendship and sympathy which cropped out in unexpected and surprising ways. We poked fun at him and made all sorts of trouble for him, but let a boy from another school say a slighting word about him, and that boy had better take to the tall timber.

* * *

Therefore, because I suppose the boys in Italy are much like other boys, and the Italian professors much like other professors, I take it that the new Fascist order will be more honored in the breach than in the observance. Here and there will be a tame professor as destitute of character as lukewarm dishwater. He will, perhaps, be treated always with sobriety and dignity, because the boys will not know he is there. But there will be other professors, with funny hair, or queer noses, and odd little angles of character, to serve as subjects for ridicule, and great minds and big hearts that will make boys warm up to them in spite of themselves. If that is not true, then so much the worse for Italy.
forward to the time when the American accent will be practically uniform, a composite of all that we now have. Let us pray that in the meantime the New York city accent, which seems to have come up from the East Side, and threatens to engulf the whole city, will have been lost in the shuffle.

SOME OF THE RADIO PEOPLE are about to put their announcers through a school of instruction in order to bring about something like uniformity in the pronunciation of words. It is a good idea. There has been noticeable improvement in the treatment of words by announcers since radio came into vogue, but there is plenty of room for still more improvement. One of the simple words most frequently mispronounced is "again," which many of the announcers persist in rhyming with "lane" in spite of the fact that Webster rhymes it distinctly with "ten." The Minneapolis Journal hopes that "tomatoes" will take the place of "tomatoes," and, presumably, that paper is not in favor of "tomatoe's," either.

RADIO SPEAKERS, of course, are out of the jurisdiction of the broadcasting companies in the matter of pronunciation, and the companies might not feel at liberty to suggest to the president of the United States that he say "government," just like that, instead of "government," which is his usual practice. We missed hearing Roosevelt over the radio, but if he were here now we should be hearing from him about the "pahy," in a strong "Hahvaad" accent, and Mr. Coolidge frequently mentions "fahmin."

ACCENT, HOWEVER, IS LARGELY an accident of locality. Whether we soften or roughen our "r's" or broaden our "a's" or clip them short depends largely on whether we were reared in one place or another. Just as dialects tend to disappear as members of formerly isolated communities are enabled by modern means of transportation facilitate personal intercourse, so marked differences in accent will tend to be smoothed out by the same influences, and we may look

BOOTJACKS MAKE ONE think of boots, and what a trial they were, sometimes. Rubbers were unknown, and in weather such as we have had of late one's foot gear would be soaked through unless the boots were well greased. Then, if they were permitted to dry over night without being greased, in the morning they were warped, shrunk, and stiff as iron. If it was a task to get out of them at night it was torture to get into them in the morning, and their creases produced painful welts and callouses. An effective way of drying boots was to heat a quantity of oats in the kitchen oven and fill the boots with the heated grain. The oats would absorb most of the moisture from the leather without warping or shrinking it.

W. P. DAVIES
CIRCUS PERFORMERS LIVE in a world of their own, apart from other people, and those who see them in their acts, in the ring or in the air, do not often think of them as real people, with sentiments and emotions much like those of others who lead less spectacular lives. Perhaps many of those who read of the tragic death of Lillian Leitzel of Copenhagen will have difficulty in recalling just what her act was like, if they happen to have seen it.

AS STATED IN THE NEWS columns, Lillian Leitzel visited Grand Forks in the summer of 1929 as one of the star performers with the Ringling-Barnum and Bailey circus. Her act consisted in spinning many times, at a great height, while suspended by her right arm, her entire body pivoting on her right shoulder. It was a marvelous exhibition of strength, skill and endurance in a figure slight, graceful and well proportioned. Her fatal fall, it appears, was due to the defective placing of a suspending fixture.

AS IS THE CASE—WITH SO many circus people, Miss Leitzel came of a circus family, her mother having been a talented performer, and having originated the act in which the daughter became famous. Miss Leitzel's husband, Alfredo Codona, and his brothers, constitute a group of famous aerialists, Alfredo being the leader of the group and performing the sensational triple somersault from a swinging trapeze into the hands of his brother on another swinging bar.

IN A MAGAZINE ARTICLE not long ago there was a description of the training of circus ring horses for bareback acts. The horses used for those acts are always broad-backed and steady-going, and to the spectator the performance of acrobatic stunts on their backs seems quite simple and easy. In this, however, as in many other such acts, time is an important element, and the horse must be so trained that he will keep an unvarying gait or the act will end in disaster. The horse must be exactly where he is supposed to be at a given moment or the performer is likely to break a leg, or his neck. For this reason each horse used for this purpose is put through a long course of training and is taught to keep his pace without variation, no matter what disturbances go on around him.

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the use of music at the circus, and with the appearance of trained animals keeping time to the music in their acts. A good many people know, and this article emphasizes the point, that the animals know nothing about the music, but that it is the music that keeps time to the animal, and not the animal to the music.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

The International Harvester company's pictures illustrating the invention of the reaper by Cyrus McCormick and the development of the machine through successive stages revive memories among the older men who were familiar with harvest fields in their youth. The original reaper was invented 100 years ago, so that there are none now living who can remember the time when there was no such thing as a reaping machine. There are many, however, who can remember when the reaper was not in general use, and when the usual method of harvesting was with the cradle, and when a man with a rake followed the cradler and hound the sheaves of cut grain by hand.

* * *

At the showing of the pictures at the Kiwanis club last week the use of both sickle and cradle was illustrated, leading up to the invention of the reaper. One view is of a binder making a straw hand and without binding the bundle. I suppose making a straw hand is something like swimming or riding a bicycle in that when it is once well learned it is never forgotten. As the man in the picture smoothed out his handful of straw and divided it, there were several men in the group whose hands I have no doubt, unconsciously caught the swing and twist of his movements and mentally made straw bands as they had been accustomed to do many years ago.

* * *

I have seen all the types of reaper illustrated in the pictures except those from which the grain was raked by hand by a man walking alongside, and I have worked with most of the others. There were two others not shown in the pictures which should fit in somewhere. One of these had a sort of hinged sweep, one end of which was attached to an endless chain which ran around the grain table. When the driver tripped something that sweep was set in motion, and in its course around the table it swept the grain off at one side. The other was a machine which used, instead of the familiar reel, a revolving nest of rakes which served the same purpose and any one of which rakes could be dropped to rake the grain off when enough had been collected.

* * *

In the early days of farming in the northwest there was no International Harvester company. The McCormick and Deering companies, which were the principal units in the later consolidated company, were separate concerns and keen rivals. Each company maintained agencies at all the principal distributing points, as did several of their competitors. There were not quite as many kinds of harvesters as there are of automobiles, but there were plenty, and there was as strong partisanship among the harvester owners as there has ever been among automobile owners. The man who owned a Deering machine was convinced that the McCormick was a miserable because of its weight and clumsiness, and the McCormick owner insisted that the Deering machine was unsafe because it was likely to fly to pieces at any moment.

* * *

The Osborne and Plano harvesters had some vogue in this territory, although the McCormick and Deering had the bulk of the trade. I am not certain whether or not there was a Champion harvester, but many Champion mowers were sold through the valley. The Champion used a sort of oscillating gear to operate the sickle, quite unlike any other then in use, and there was animated controversy among farmers as well as dealers as to the merits and demerits of that device.

* * *

All the old Harvester frames were of wood, and because the machine had to stand considerable racking, the team, in addition to providing power with which to operate the machinery, had to haul around enough timber with which to build a small bridge. The wood

THE MCCORMICK COMPANY occupied, and I think built the building at Fourth Street and Kittson now occupied by the Grand Forks Grocery company. It was while the company occupied that building that the International corporation was formed, and that building was the first headquarters of the company in Grand Forks.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

READING A REVIEW OF A recently published life of Lord Nelson, I was reminded of the late Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, famous electrician and inventor. The case of Dr. Steinmetz has become a classic. It is used as the great standard illustration in support of the theory that we should open wide our immigration gates and admit freely all comers as they come, helter-skelter, or otherwise.

* * *

STEINMETZ CAME TO THE United States from central Europe, a poor boy, strangely deformed, and apparently unfit to hold his own in the great struggle for existence and progress. He did hold his own, and more. He had courage and determination, and that brain of his was capable of working at an astonishing rate and in amazing ways. He studied physics, and presently he became a skilled electrician. He joined the staff of the General Electric company, and for years before his death he was recognized as an authority in electric science and one of the most brilliant inventors in that field.

* * *

BECAUSE OF THAT UNUSUAL history we have been told that our immigration policy is all wrong. Under our present immigration laws Steinmetz would not be admitted, because there would be a fair prospect of a youth of his type becoming a public charge. Yet in admitting him we admitted the youth who was to grow into one of our most valuable citizens. Therefore, we should admit everybody, lest, by excluding those who do not appear likely to be self-supporting, we exclude some material of which brilliant scientists and inventors are made.

* * *

JUST WHAT HAS THIS TO DO with Lord Nelson? Perhaps not a great deal, yet there seems to be an analogy. Nelson was a puny youth, inclined to effeminacy in his boyhood. He got into the navy through the favor of a relative when he could not have been admitted otherwise. He never became robust, and his health was always poor. At no time would he have been picked as material of which to make a sailor, much less an admiral. Yet, this little fellow, with one blind eye and one useless arm, won the battle of Trafalgar, besides having various other naval victories to his credit.

* * *

THERE IS NOT A NAVAL academy in the world which today would admit young Horatio Nelson as a cadet. He was too small; too puny, and his health was too poor. But, according to the Steinmetz theory, our policy is all wrong. We ought to admit to our naval academies all the lame, halt and blind that apply, for fear that in excluding these we may be excluding a potential Nelson. But we do not do this. For some reason we require that the young men who aspire to naval commissions shall be well built, physically sound, and in good health. Similarly, in admitting to the country persons from abroad, we require that they shall be from such mental defects and physical blemishes as seem likely to stand in the way of their being orderly, self-supporting residents. Our policy may, possibly, deprive us of an occasional Steinmetz or Nelson, which is unfortunate, but it is the best policy that has yet been devised to maintain the standards of our citizenship and our naval service somewhere near the desired level.

* * *

THE NELSON WORK, BY THE way, whose joint authors are George Edinger and J. C. Neep, seems to be intended in some measure as a debunking of Nelson. I gather from the review that not many facts concerning the famous admiral are brought out which were not known before. We know that he was small and slight, and anything but robust; that he sometimes appeared to lack in reverence for his superiors; that his treatment of his subordinates was not always above criticism. We know that he had a rather well defined sense of his own importance, and that in his domestic relations he was anything but a model. As a human being he had his share of imperfections. Yet he seems to have earned his monument about as well as most other heroes have earned theirs. However, it is a tough time for heroes.

* * *

C. H. HARRIS, 204 TENTH Street, Havre, Mont., writes that sometime last May he read in The Herald that a Grand Forks man owned a 50 cent piece coined in 1824. If the owner of the coin wishes to dispose of it Mr. Harris would like to hear from him. He has a 50 cent piece himself which was coined in 1805 which has been in the family since 1850.

W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE ADVANCING SUN, THE continued mildness of the weather and the appearance of the seed catalogues turn one's thoughts gardenward. The habit of messing around in the dirt, when once contracted, is not readily shaken off. Even when the ground is bare, or covered with snow, one can see visions of growing things, tender shoots bravely emerging from the soil, expanding leaves, vegetables that tickle the palate and flowers that delight the eye.

THE SEED CATALOGUE IS A rather modern thing, as is the seed business, in which plant families are divided into distinct varieties so numerous as to be bewildering. Before the business was systematized as it is now, most garden seeds were produced at home, and type and variety were matters of luck. The flower garden was gay during the summer with marigolds, balsam, sweet William and other familiar flowers. Morning glories and scarlet runner twined over windows and "stoops." Peonies sometimes adorned the front yards. Rose bushes yielded profusely, and sweet briar gave its fragrance to the rising dew as the air warmed on a June morning.

THE PERENNIALS, OF course, took care of themselves from season to season, but the seeds of the annuals had to be saved each fall, and the gathering, drying and storing of flower seeds was quite a task. Nobody thought of buying flower seeds. They were begged from a neighbor or obtained in exchange, and the flowers of a given species in one garden were exact replicas of those in another except that occasionally, through some accident of fertilization, a new strain would spring up of its own accord, often to become distributed through an entire neighborhood.

NOW ALL THIS IS CHANGED. Science has taken the development of plants in hand, and one can buy seeds by name, the plants from which will run true in size, color, fragrance and all other characteristics. It is no longer necessary to save seed, for a nickel or a dime will buy all the seed that one can conveniently use of most varieties, and one can be sure, if buying the product of a reliable house, that the variety is exactly as described.

IN MY PART OF THE COUNTRY most vegetable seeds were bought at the store, although some home gardeners went to the trouble of growing their own. This involved considerable labor, as such vegetables as cabbage, carrots, beets and onions are biennials, producing seed the second year from planting, and requiring to be stored over winter and planted again the second spring.

THOSE WHO TODAY EAT sweet corn and garden peas cannot realize what a privilege they enjoy unless they date back to a time when those things were unknown, or very rare. In my boyhood I never heard of either of them. We raised corn, quantities of it, very much the same kind of field corn that is grown now. When we wanted green corn for the table we went out to the field and gathered a mess. We thought it was very good, but it must have been flat and insipid in comparison with the delicious sweet corn which may now be grown in any garden.

OUR GREEN PEAS, LIKewise were plain field peas, and as the pea crop was one of our important farm crops, green peas, such as they were, were abundant during the season. The green pea season, however, was a very short one, as field peas were ripe and ready for harvest in June or early July, and every farmer planned to have his peas stored away before the winter wheat was ready for cutting.

WE KNEW NOTHING OF canned vegetables, and little of canned fruits. Vegetables stored in a cool cellar lasted well through the following spring, so there was little occasion for canning them. There were on the market for customers who did not give a hang for expense small quantities of canned fruits, put up in tin cans in light syrup, but the housewife had no means of preserving fruits except by the use of a heavy syrup, which made a heavy jam, or preserve. This was put up usually in small stoneware jars having loose lids, and these were often sealed by pouring melted rosin over the lids, paraffin was unknown. With the heavy syrup used there was no danger of fermentation, but if the contents of the jar were exposed to the air mould might develop or the contents might crystallize because of the evaporation of moisture.

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

MANY AMATEUR GARDENERS forget, or have neglected to learn, that there are decided differences in plants and seeds, and that on the selections made much of the satisfaction and pleasure to be derived from gardening depend. To many a primrose by the river’s brim is merely a primrose, and all primroses are assumed to be alike, which they are not. Among plants of the same family there are differences as marked as if they belonged to different species. In many groups there are dwarf, medium and tall or climbing varieties, to say nothing of the differences in form and color.

IF ONE HAS SPACE WHICH IT is desired to have covered with climbing nasturtiums the purchase of just any sort of nasturtium seed is quite likely to result in disappointment, the resultant plants being the sort that refuse to climb. Peas of one variety grow about a foot tall, and yield one early crop and one only. Another variety grows five or six feet tall, requires a strong support, matures late, and may continue in bearing until frost. Sweet corn ranges all the way from the two or three very early varieties to the late Evergreen, which produces enormous ears but does not come into bearing until late in the season.

THERE ARE EXCELLENT VARIETIES among all these, early and late, dwarf and mammoth, but none of them is desirable in the wrong place. The variety is governed by the seed. Not only should seed be selected with a definite view to the kind of product desired, but it should be remembered that poor seed is dear at any price. The least important item in a summer’s gardening is the cost of seed. It costs no more to grow a good plant than a poor one, and it is poor economy to waste a summer’s labor on scrubby plants in order to save a few cents in the cost of seed.

MANY GARDENERS FIND IT desirable to grow several varieties of sweet corn in order to have succession lasting until late in the season. Corn is very sensitive to cross fertilization, and if different varieties are planted close together they will mix. I once planted five varieties close together, and the ears of the latest resembled Joseph’s coat, having samples of all five varieties jumbled together.

SOME OF THE GARDEN books advise the practice of conserving room in the small garden by planting such early maturing vegetables as radishes between late-maturing plants. That can be done successfully within certain limits, but it must not be overdone. In a large corn patch I once planted radishes in the four spaces between as many rows of corn. Both corn and radishes prospered for a time, but after the radishes had become too old for use I neglected to clear the remaining growth out. I was away from home for two weeks, and when I returned my four rows of corn were ruined, while the rest of the crop was in fine condition. The radishes had robbed the soil of the water that the corn needed. A radish, or any other plant, out of place, is just a weed.

I AM VERY FOND OF SNAPDRAGONS. There are few flowers more generally satisfactory. Under proper conditions they grow luxuriantly and bloom profusely, and they present a variety of color that is very attractive. In this climate we treat the snapdragon as an annual, but I have heard somewhere that farther south it is a perennial. I have had the plants live over winter out of doors here, but they have not bloomed well the second year. Since the snow has disappeared I find that some of my last year’s plants are fresh and green, and I shall give them a chance and observe the results.

FOR THE KEEPING OF bulbs over winter we need the old-fashioned farm cellar with its earth floor and its temperature just a little above freezing. Bulbs and tubers can be kept over winter in a heated basement, but it is no easy job. The air is usually so dry as to shrivel the roots unless sprinkling is done frequently, and if there is too much moisture the warmth will induce rot or growth. It is a good plan to start dahila tubers and gladioli bulbs well in advance of planting time so that those which are not vigorous may be discarded. There is no satisfaction in preparing ground for things that will not grow.

THE INEXPERIENCED SMALL gardener will do well to ask the advice of his local seedsman as to the kind of seeds to buy, whether vegetable or flower. In this we selections may be made suited to the space to be occupied, and to needs to be served.

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

I HAD JUST FINISHED READING the story of the death of Melba and the sketch of her life. Turning on the radio I moved the control idly until I heard music. Listening, I heard a pure, clear voice, and with it the notes of a flute, the two producing strains so perfectly in unison that it was difficult to tell them apart. It was the song which Melba had sung for a Grand Forks audience more than twenty years ago, and which was being reproduced on Monday evening by one of the great broadcasting companies in a program in memory of the great singer who had just passed away.

* * *

MY MIND WENT BACK OVER the twenty years to that wonderful evening when Melba sang to us. All that we had heard of her was more than verified. She had reached a splendid maturity without impairment of beauty. Her carriage was easy and graceful, and her charm was more than that of a cultivated manner, for it seemed to spring from a wholesome and gracious spirit. And her voice! Liquid as a brook, pure as a bird's, warm and sympathetic, and deeply emotional, it seemed capable of expressing the whole range of human sentiment, and of doing this so naturally that the audience forgot the artist in the artistry of her creation.

That song, with L'Homme's flute obligato, was a remarkable performance, so perfect that in certain passages one scarcely knew whether to admire most the pure, flute-like quality of the voice and its wonderful control and flexibility, or the skill with which the sweet tones of the flute had been made so nearly to resemble the human voice. On that same program was Tosti's "Goodbye," unutterably sad, in which the very depths of sentiment were reached.

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IN BROWSING THROUGH an old Herald file I was reminded of the changes which forty years have brought in transportation, as in some other things. Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" was still fresh in 1890, and there had been much discussion of how quickly the circuit of the globe could actually be accomplished. The New York World had promoted a race by two girls, "Nellie Bly," and a Miss Bisland, the former traveling eastward and the latter westward, and on a day in January, 1890, Nellie won the race and completed her journey in the amazing time of 72 days, 6 hours and 11 minutes. Her rival had been delayed, had missed one boat, and was many hours late.

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THE WINNER OF THIS CONTEST was met at the train by a crowd which is said to have numbered more than ten thousand, and the celebration is described as the greatest on record. Just think of a celebrity of any kind being greeted in New York by only ten thousand people! And, be it remembered, Nellie Bly's round-the-world journey was as much of an event in its way as was the trans-Atlantic flight of Lindbergh, and on the occasion of Lindbergh's reception there were more people in every block or two than the entire number who turned out to cheer for Nellie and welcome her home. "Nellie Bly" was an assumed name. The lady was really a Miss Elizabeth Cochrane, of Pittsburgh.

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SO MANY RECORDS HAVE been made and broken that one loses track of them. I have forgotten in what time the circuit of the earth has been made by the modern combination of rail, steamer and plane, but before the airplane was known the journey was made in about 34 days, or less than half the time made by Nellie Bly only a few years earlier, and with the same means of transportation at her disposal.

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THE NORTH DAKOTA LEGISLATURE was in session during the early part of 1890, that being the period of organization of the affairs of the new state. The first session of the assembly began on November 19, 1889 and continued until March 18, 1890. There was a pleasant intermission in January in the form of a trip to the Pacific coast, which the members of the two houses made as guests of the Northern Pacific Railway company. That trip provoked a lot of comment, some indignant and some merely sarcastic. Some of the commentators wanted to know how the railway company was going to break even if it carried legislators on junketing trips free of charge, and if it didn't break even that way, why the people who paid for their own transportation wouldn't also have to pay for those who rode free.

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

AMBASSADOR DAWES has told the correspondents that there is nothing in the rumor that he intends to resign. He knows of no reason, he says, why he should not serve out his term, which will keep him in London for two more years. The dispatches carrying this story refer to the popularity which he has won in Great Britain, and, almost inevitably, mention his famous “Hell an’ Maria” utterance. Probably his British friends have read about that expression oftener than they have heard it from his lips for there is really no reason to suppose that Mr. Dawes is especially demonstrative in his intercourse with other people.

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SOME OF THE WISE ONES devoted much study to the “Hell an’ Maria” expression while it was fresh, and undertook to acquit Mr. Dawes of an utterance bordering on the profane. By means of elaborate research they discovered, or thought they did, that Mr. Dawes had not said what he was reported to have said at all, but had merely delivered himself of a mild expletive involving the names of two ladies named Helen and Maria. In support of this theory they drew on ancient history, mythology and a lot of other things, and left us with the impression, if we chose to receive it, that in a moment of impatience with the foolish questions to which a senate committee was subjecting him, this dynamic, impulsive person, had gone into the scholarly classics for an expletive to fit the occasion.

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I NEVER BELIEVED A WORD of it. I believed then, and still believe, that Mr. Dawes, having reached a point where he felt the need of blowing off steam, just used the queer phrase which was attributed to him, just as millions of other people use other phrases which have no particular meaning, for exactly the same purpose. With many that tendency expresses itself in what we call profanity. With others there is a substitution which serves the purpose without doing violence to conscientious scruples.

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LEARNED ESSAYS have been written concerning the origin and meaning of the expression “tinker’s damn,” and we have been told with due solemnity that what is meant in that case is not a damn, but a dam, the dam being a preparation used by old-time tinterns to check the flow of solder, and which, having been used, is thereafter worthless. Again I think the wise ones utter nonsense. I do not doubt that tinkers used dams, but neither do I doubt that the expression that is so often heard originated, and has since been used, as a mild cussword. So with the “continental damn,” and a whole host of other expressions used to express nothingness and utter contempt.

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THERE ARE SCORES OF EXPLETIVES in common use in polite society which are mere variations of ancient practices among primitive and pagan peoples, such as calling on the gods to witness or heaping maledictions on an enemy. As commonly used, those expressions are as meaningless as inarticulate sounds, and, quite often, they represent vacancies in the speaker’s mind which it is thought proper to fill with something that sounds emphatic. There are artists in expletory phraseology, of whom Ambassador Dawes seems to be one, when he feels like letting loose. Their imitators are legion, and imitations can usually be detected quite easily.

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MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER had an expression which, so far as I know, was all his own. I never heard it used by anyone else. He was not a profane man, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He was thoroughly convinced that it was wicked to swear. But he was passionate and impulsive, and when deeply stirred he would let loose his favorite, and I believe, his only oath, which was “by god-
CAPITAL REMOVAL IS BY NO MEANS A NEW SUBJECT IN NORTH DAKOTA. ON THE CONTRARY, IT IS SO OLD THAT IT HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN UNTIL IT WAS REVIVED BY THE CIRCULATION OF THE PETITIONS PROPOSING THE REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL TO JAMESTOWN. THE SUBJECT CROPPED UP IN THE VERY FIRST SESSION OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

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THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF DAKOTA TERRITORY, WHICH COMPRISED ALL THE TERRITORY NOW INCLUDED IN THE STATES OF NORTH DAKOTA AND SOUTH DAKOTA, WAS CREATED IN 1883. IN THAT YEAR THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE PASSED AN ACT PROVIDING FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE TERRITORIAL CAPITAL FROM YANKTON TO A POINT TO BE SELECTED BY A COMMITTEE CREATED FOR THAT PURPOSE. THAT COMMITTEE CONSISTED OF ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, MILo W. SCOTT, BURLEIGH F. SPAULDING, CHAS. H. MYERS, GEO. A. MATTHEWS, ALEXANDER HUGHES, HENRY DELONG, JOHN P. BELDING AND M. D. THOMPSON. THE COMMITTEE MET AT FARGO ON JUNE 2, 1883, AND LOCATED THE CAPITAL AT BISMARCK.

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BY THE TERMS OF THE ACT AUTHORIZING THE RELOCATION OF THE CAPITAL, THE CITY SELECTED, IF IT CHOSE TO ACCEPT THE SELECTION, WAS REQUIRED TO PROVIDE $100,000 AND 160 ACRES OF LAND FOR CAPITAL PURPOSES. BISMARCK COMPLIED WITH THE CONDITIONS, AND EXCEEDED THE REQUIREMENT AS TO LAND, DONATING 320 ACRES INSTEAD OF THE 160 ACRES DESIGNATED. THE $100,000 WAS RAISED BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION WHICH MET IN 1889 TO PREPARE A CONSTITUTION FOR THE STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, WHICH WAS ABOUT TO BE ADMITTED TO THE UNION, INCLUDED IN THE CONSTITUTION A LIST OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, PRESCRIBING THE LOCATION OF EACH. THESE INCLUDED THE CAPITAL AT BISMARCK, STATE UNIVERSITY AT GRAND FORKS, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT FARGO, NORMAL SCHOOLS AT VALLEY CITY AND MAYVILLE, SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AT DEVILS LAKE, REFORM SCHOOL AT MANAND AND HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE AT JAMESTOWN. PROVISION WAS ALSO MADE FOR THE LOCATION OF SEVERAL OTHER INSTITUTIONS TO BE ESTABLISHED LATER. IT WAS PROVIDED THAT THE SEVERAL INSTITUTIONS SHOULD BE "PERMANENTLY LOCATED" AT THE PLACES NAMED.

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THE CONSTITUTION CONTAINING THOSE PROVISIONS WAS SUBMITTED TO THE VOTERS AND ADOPTED BY THEM, AND THE STATE BEGAN TO DO BUSINESS. HOWEVER, A LITTLE TIME WAS REQUIRED FOR THE INSTITUTIONS TO BECOME FIRMLY ROOTED, AND AT THE FIRST SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE, WHICH LASTED THROUGH THE ENTIRE WINTER OF 1889-90 SEVERAL PROPOSALS, MORE OR LESS DEFINITE, WERE MADE FOR A CHANGE IN THE LOCATION OF THE CAPITAL. THE ONLY ONE OF THESE WHICH REACHED ACTUAL CONSIDERATION WAS FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL TO GRAND FORKS. A RESOLUTION PROVIDING FOR THE NECESSARY CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT FOR THIS PURPOSE WAS INTRODUCED BY REPRESENTATIVE ZIMMER, OF THE SIXTH DISTRICT. THIS RESOLUTION REACHED THE STAGE OF DISCUSSION IN THE HOUSE, BUT IT DIED AN EARLY DEATH. IT WAS GIVEN SUPPORT BY THE REST OF THE GRAND FORKS DELEGATION, BUT THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT IT AROUSED ANY GREAT ENTHUSIASM, EITHER HERE OR ELSEWHERE.

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THE SAME ARGUMENTS WERE ADVANCED IN FAVOR OF THIS PROPOSAL THAT HAVE RECENTLY BEEN ADVANCED BY THE PROMOTERS OF THE JAMESTOWN REMOVAL PROJECT, THAT THE PROPOSED REMOVAL WOULD BRING THE CAPITAL NEARER THE CENTER OF POPULATION, AND THAT THE PEOPLE SHOULD AT LEAST HAVE A CHANCE TO VOTE ON THE SUBJECT. TO THIS IT WAS REPLIED THAT THE PEOPLE HAD JUST VOTED AND DECLARED THEIR APPROVAL OF A DISTRIBUTION OF STATE INSTITUTIONS WHICH, ON THE WHOLE, WAS FAIR TO ALL SECTIONS OF THE STATE, AND THAT THERE WAS NO MORE REASON FOR MOVING THE CAPITAL THAN FOR MOVING ANY OF THE OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

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THERE HAD BEEN SOME TALK OF A SIMILAR MOVEMENT IN FAVOR OF JAMESTOWN, AND IN THE DISCUSSION REPRESENTATIVE COLE SAID THAT FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ECONOMY HE WAS IN FAVOR OF MOVING THE

capital to Jamestown if it were to be moved at all. Jamestown, he said, already had in the asylum a public institution with 200 inmates who could perform the functions of a legislative body, thus relieving the state of the trouble and expense of holding elections, and he thought that the work would be quite as well done as by a regularly elected body so deficient in good sense as to consider the removal of the capital from the place where it had been duly established.

W. P. DAVIES.