January 1934

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Recommended Citation
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regrets the passing of the old-tim New Year’s watch meeting, such as they had in Canada many year ago. He recalls the abundance of home-prepared food that was provided on such occasions, and explores the fact that we are now living out of tin cans.

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TIMES CHANGE, BUT THERE are still watch-night services held in some of the churches, and there are still merry gatherings assembled to the purpose of seeing the old year out and the new year in. And it is still possible to dish up a pretty fair serving of provender, even though much of it has been taken from tin cans. For instance, look at the way the boys down on the verge of the Antarctic fed themselves on Christmas.

* * *

HERE ARE SOME OF THE items on the Christmas dinner menu on Admiral Byrd’s flag ship, the Jacob Ruppert:

Olives, pickles, cream of tomato soup, mashed potatoes, creamed onions, buttered squash, roast Vermont turkey, giblet gravy, lobster salad, apple pie, fruit cake, tarts, coffee, punch, beer, fresh Guernsey milk, (from the ship’s own cow, which has just presented the ship with a calf) apples, candy, oranges, mixed nuts, cigarettes.

There were eight turkeys, and nobody had reason to complain that the company was too large or the servings too small.

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ON THE SISTER SHIP, THE Bear, of whose force Richard Black of Grand Forks is a member, there was an elaborate dinner the items of which are not given but there was excellent food and lots of it. The cabin was appropriately decorated, and toasts were drunk to the president, the captain, the admiral, and to the success of the expedition.

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ON THE WYATT EARp. Lincoln Ellesworth’s ship, which is almost in the same latitude, though on a different course, the day was celebrated with more style and included all the trimmings, including a plum pudding and a fruit cake which the commander says had been bought in New York by Mrs. Ellesworth and cooked in rum for three months. Toasts were drunk in champagne from a magnum presented by the citizens of Dunedin, New Zealand, after a promise that everyone would autograph and return the bottle. Thus it is apparent that whether here or at the south pole, whatever surroundings, people will find ways to celebrate the holiday season with good cheer and good fare.
FOR A TIME IT LOOKED AS though we might have the coldest New Year's day as well as the coldest Christmas day on record, but the wind switched and the temperature moderated, and the record remained unbroken. It was just a good, average sort of day, decidedly wintry, with lots of snow, but w i t h o u t the slightest element of discomfort. As to the theory that our winters are growing milder, we recall the New Year's day of 1889. The early part of that winter had been mild. The little snow that had fallen in November had disappeared and the ground was perfectly bare, and cattle foraged in the fields as if it were summer. On New Year's day the sun shone all day from a cloudless sky and its rays came through the still air with almost summer warmth. As a fitting climax to a perfect day we were afforded the splendid spectacle of a solar eclipse just as the sun went down.

THAT WAS THE DAY ON which a dozen young Grand Forks men made their New Year's calls in a group on horseback, each wearing a long linen duster as the appropriate garb for a warm day. Baseball games were played in many northwestern towns, and generally the day was given over to activities appropriate to the summer season.

THE WEATHER TOOK A chill, however, and there was plenty of snow later on. It was a winter of wide fluctuations, for after the storms of late January and February spring started in earnest, and seeding in the Red river valley began in March and continued practically without interruption.

AS ONE LOOKS BACK OVER the behavior of the weather year after year it becomes apparent that temperature and other conditions at the beginning of a season afford no indication of what is to follow. Years ago I lost all faith in weather "signs," but I am always willing to agree with the next fellow that the weather will "prob-ably" be just what he thinks it should be. It saves a lot of argument. Incidentally, it is seldom that two persons are found who will interpret the signs the same way.

A MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL notes with gratification signs of renewed interest in the game of chess, especially on the part of the younger element. There is also noted the possibility that some of the younger players may surprise their elders by springing on them unexpected combinations which, though not included in the traditional features of the game, may put opposition to rout. It's a great game, but it requires more concentrated attention than most persons are willing to give it. I have played through whole games in almost complete silence, and had a perfectly wonderful time. That was a long time ago. Today I could scarcely tell the difference between a queen's gambit and casting the king.

PUBLIC OFFICIALS ARE sometimes accused, and sometimes justly, of using their official positions in order to make pecuniary profit for themselves. In that connection there is an interesting story of Lincoln which I have read somewhere. As President Lincoln received a salary of $25,000 a year, which was a considerable salary for those days. The story is that about the time of his inauguration Lincoln asked a personal friend to take charge of whatever funds he, Lincoln, might have for investment from time to time. The money was to be invested according to the friend's best judgment, but Lincoln was not to know anything about the form of such investments. His desire was that he might be able to perform all his duties without being influenced, even unconsciously, by consideration of his own personal interests.

SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTER has succeeded in developing new species of flies by subjecting the parents to temperature far higher than those to which the original flies are accustomed. Doubtless the experiments are interesting and they may have value as shedding light on the great problem of life. It is to be hoped, however, that the experimenter will keep his new flies caged up. We have plenty of kinds of flies as it is.
WRITING FROM FORDVILLE

on December 22 Neil Johnson says: "Late in October this year mention was made in the 'That Reminds Me' column of seeing blackbirds, robins and other birds that had not gone south at the usual time. It may be of interest that on December 17 I saw a lark. He was right out on the open prairie, peacefully scratching among some straw that had fallen from a passing sleigh. He seemed quite happy, although the wind was blowing moderately strong and snow sitting, with a temperature of 10 below zero." I wonder if that bird survived the rigors of Christmas week.

ONLY A FEW SPECIES OF birds remain with us regularly over winter, and this year the conditions must be fairly difficult for them, as in most places there is enough snow to cover their usual supply of food. However, about the greatest disaster that can come to the birds is a sleet storm, of which we have had none this winter. Such a sleet storm in those years covers the entire landscape with ice and seals up effectively the food which birds usually find on some of the shrubs and on standing weeds. Snow alone leaves some of such food uncovered and accessible, although much of it buried under the drifts. Food scattered where they can reach it will be appreciated by the birds.

MR. JOHNSON SENDS FOR my inspection four pages of the Herald for November 6, 1898. That was the Inkster supplement, containing a brief description of Inkster, personal mention of prominent business men of the place, and portraits of many of them. Among those thus honored were Jim Mahon, William A. Scouten, H. F. Relton, Walter Casement, Nc Rustad, Walter Bond, Ed Pierson, H. E. Payne and J. McConnell. Some of those exist now only as memories.

ONE OF THE DIFFERENCES between the old McCormick binder and the Deering was in the type of construction, the McCormick being the heavier. The man who owned a Deering was quite apt to describe the McCormick machine as a horse-killer, while his neighbor, who owned a McCormick, maintained that the Deering was in danger of flying to pieces whenever it was driven around a field.

JUSTICE PHIL McLOUGHLIN recalls that during the New Year's season fifty-one years ago, he was bucking snow on the Northern Pacific road between Fargo and Jamestown. And bucking snow in those days was a real job. There were no rotary plows, and no way of getting through the drifts except by main force. The old-style plow, weighted down with iron, was followed, often by flat cars, also weighted down. Behind these came the locomotive. Back from the drift, fast and well done, under way, this outfit was speeded up and furious run was made at the drift in the hope that the momentum of the tons of iron would force the plow through. Sometimes it did. Sometimes there were broken couplings and bumpers, and often engines completely disabled. Drifting was worse than now because the railway grade was only slightly raised above the surrounding level and snow fences and other means of partial protection had not yet come into use on the new roads.
H. A. RIPLEY, WHOSE CRIMOLOGIST, Fordney, presents those "minute mysteries" which appear daily in The Herald, has his sleuth make the statement that dew does not fall, but it rises out of the earth. Someone might like to have Professor Fordney explain how the dew gets on a flat tin roof on a summer morning. Surely it does not rise through the pores in the tin. Actually, of course, dew does not fall in drops like rain. But it comes out of the air, just the same. When warm air comes in contact with a solid surface cooler than itself, a part of its moisture is deposited upon the surface in the form of dew.

INCIDENTALLY, I HAVE NEVER been able to get straightened out on that story of Gideon and the wool fleece, which on one night was covered with dew when there was no dew elsewhere, and on the next night was dry when everything else was covered with dew. Which incident, if either, was in accordance with the usual order of things, and, if either, why would there be a difference between the fleece and the objects around it? I have seen that discussed scientifically, but I forget what the answer is.

MANY PERSONS HAVE COMMENTED on the unusual scragginess of the Christmas trees brought in from Minnesota this winter. Many of the branches have been almost destitute of needles, and such needles as there were have been few and short. This gave the branches the appearance of ragged sticks. This condition has been attributed to drought. I wonder if that is correct. Trees shipped in from the Pacific coast were well supplied with soft, fine needles. I don't know of what variety the western trees are, but I have been told that those brought here were grown on plantations for Christmas purposes.

IT HAS ALWAYS SEEMED TO me that the automobile people have overlooked something in not making special provision, not in the way of extras and accessories, but in permanent design and equipment for extreme cold weather. In power, speed, durability, comfort and attractiveness, the modern automobile is a marvel, but cold weather causes machines to be laid up, I suppose by the million, because of starting or other difficulties for which satisfactory provision has not yet been made.

IN ALL OF OUR NORTHERN states and in all of Canada, below-zero temperatures may be expected at any time during each winter, and that sort of weather may continue in many localities for weeks. That is a vast and populous area in which the ratio of automobiles to population is as great as in any similar area on the continent or in the world. Within that area most cars are housed in cold garages, and, if used, must stand exposed to the weather for hours at a time. Obviously the requirements here for an all-the-year-around car are quite different from the requirements in more southern latitudes. Yet no car, so far as I know, is built particularly in accordance with the usual order of things, and, if either, why would there be a difference between the fleece and the objects around it? I have seen that discussed scientifically, but I forget what the answer is.

WHEN I BEGIN BUILDING automobiles I shall build one that will start with a bang after standing all day in the fiercest winter storm; with battery and generating power so adjusted as to keep properly charged while stopping and starting in round-town service; in which all trouble from freezing of condensation in the crank-case will be avoided; and with weather-proof lubrication. My machine will cost a few dollars more, but it will be worth more. I suppose, though, some regular manufacturer will beat me to it. That has always been my luck. I have thought of some of the cleverest things to make, only to find that some fellow had them on the market before I got started.

EVEN WITH CARS AS NEARLY perfect as human ingenuity can make them, winter driving on northern highways is ticklish business. The best car in the world may be stuck in a drift or stalled for some reason utterly beyond the driver's control. And the person few miles away from a human habitation on even a moderately cold day is in a serious predicament, especially if he is not accustomed to being out of doors and is not equipped with clothing suitable for the experience.
THE LOG HOUSE AT INKSTER, about which I inquired the other day, was built in 1879 by George Inkster with the assistance of three neighbors. This is the information given me by M. McGuire of East Grand Forks, the sole survivor of the group of four men who built the house who also supplies interesting facts about Inkster's first resident, for whom the town was named.

GEORGE INKSTER, according to his information, came to Grand Forks from Winnipeg, or Fort Garry, where he had lived for some time. He was an Englishman, and it was understood that in the old country this name often ended in -ly. Inkster himself had become a determined frontiersman, and he demanded lots of room. When Fort Garry seemed likely to become a city he moved to Grand Forks, and settled on a claim two or three miles east of the river. There's oodles of gravy! To think he was an Englishman, and In thinking whereof some a determined frontiersman, and found too many people through the whole story as this version had. There was a title in the "Think of calling Bob Cratchit's family. Inkster himself had become a determined frontiersman, and he demanded lots of room. When Fort Garry seemed likely to become a city he moved to Grand Forks, and settled on a claim two or three miles east of the river. There's oodles of gravy! To think he was an Englishman, and In thinking whereof some a determined frontiersman, and found too many people through the whole story as this version had.

According to Mr. McGuire's recollection the log house was built sometime in November, 1879. Inkster moved his effects to the bank of the Forest river with an outfit of six yoke of oxen. Accompanying him in addition to M. McGuire were George Gardiner and "Inkster" Jim Sullivan, so called to distinguish him from the several other Jim Sullivans who lived in and around Grand Forks. Mr. McGuire drove through Inkster last summer and saw that the old house was still standing. It has served its purpose well.

I WONDER HOW MANY OF my readers heard Dickens' "Christmas Carol" over the radio by one of the national broadcasting companies on Christmas day or Christmas eve. I didn't hear it, so I can't say whether or not the criticism given below is justified. Anyway, here is what one Harold F. Loekle, of Allendale, N. Y., has to say about it in the New York Times:

"Please, on behalf of the thousands of your readers who are lovers of Charles Dickens and his immortal "Christmas Carol," allow me space to protest the sacrilege that has just been practiced in broadcasting over WABC the garbled monstrosity of that beautiful story."

"Sacrilege! It is worse than that. Some license is permissible in adapting an author's work to dramatic form but to deliberately change the theme, the purpose, the scenes and characters, and to put in the mouths of the latter new and ridiculous expressions, even to the use of slang, is unbearable! The more so when it is recalled that the 'Christmas Carol' is, as Dickens wrote it, intensely dramatic in its opening, its climaxes and its ending, and needs no altering.

"Dickens knew what he was doing when he wrote it, and as he has said himself, he 'wept and laughed and wept over it, and excised himself in a most extraordinary manner in its composition, to the severest condemnation from every Dickens lover.'"

Accordine to Mr. McGuire, the log house was built sometime in November, 1879. Inkster moved his effects to the bank of the Forest river with an outfit of six yoke of oxen. Accompanying him in addition to M. McGuire were George Gardiner and "Inkster" Jim Sullivan, so called to distinguish him from the several other Jim Sullivans who lived in and around Grand Forks. Mr. McGuire drove through Inkster last summer and saw that the old house was still standing. It has served its purpose well.

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"Please, on behalf of the thousands of your readers who are lovers of Charles Dickens and his immortal "Christmas Carol," allow
AWAY BACK IN 1913, WHEN it was announced that Woodrow Wilson intended to deliver his message to congress in person there was great excitement. At least, there were those who professed to be excited and who sought to excite others. No president since Washington had addressed congress in person. Wilson evidently felt himself to be as great a man as Washington. He was about to commit a gross impertinence, if not an unconstitutional act. He might be about to proclaim himself dictator. The event was regarded with grave foreboding.

* * *

WILSON MADE HIS SPEECH, and nothing in particular happened. The world continued to revolve much as usual. He made other personal appearances at the capitol, with no dire results. Harding delivered some of his communications in person and sent others by messenger. Interest in the subject waned to such an extent that I have forgotten what method was used by Coolidge and Harding. The novelty had worn off the thing, and nobody cared. So, it was a matter of indifference whether President Roosevelt should appear in person or not, except that a personal appearance would give opportunity for a radio broadcast. The sensational departure of twenty-one years ago has become commonplace, and nobody cares. I wonder if any of those who were so wrought up over Wilson realize now how silly and childish their objections were.

* * *

P. O. BUGGE, OF BISBEE, says that it took a little crippled Indian girl to write the nicest Christmas letter. Her name is Ironhoop, but they call her Lollipop, in care of the Little Flower school, St. Michael, N. E. A. Christmas greeting with a few dimes brought the following letter:

“THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR the nice Christmas gift. I never had so much money before. I will pray for you every day and ask the little Jesus to bless you and make you happy. I went to stay a week with my mamma, now I am back at school. It is hard for me to write because my arm has many scars and not much flesh, but I am trying real hard to please you. Your poor child in Christ, Lollipop.”

* * *

EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT it was that the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina, but not everybody knows what particular governor made the historic remark, or under what circumstances. Various accounts are current, one that it was Governor Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina, who suggested to Governor Wade Hampton of South Carolina that it was a long time between drinks.

* * *

JOHN MOTLEY MOREHEAD, minister to Sweden in the Hoover administration and grandson of that governor of North Carolina who made the then as now pertinent remark to the governor of South Carolina, vouches for this report of the event as handed down from father to son in the Morehead clan. It seems that a controversy between the states of North and South Carolina had developed over the attempt of the governor of South Carolina to force the extradition of some fugitives who had crossed over the line into North Carolina. The latter state refused and the governor of South Carolina waxed exceeding wroth. In an effort to settle the problem a meeting was arranged between the two executives not far from the state line in South Carolina.

* * *

THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH Carolina, a small but determined Southern gentleman, was resolved that his state should suffer no such indignity. He delivered himself vigorously and at length to his adversary, six-foot-six. The atmosphere grew blue. The peace meeting threatened to degenerate into a battle.

* * *

THE PEPPERY SOUTH CAROLINIAN hinted ominously of the military forces he had encamped near by and after enlarging on the martial strength of his state asked the governor of North Carolina what he had to say to that. It was a dramatic moment.

* * *

IN THAT ELECTRIC ATMOSPHERE Governor Morehead stood up, towering above his diminutive but belligerent opponent, and, having in mind the common denominator which in those halcyon days tempered the spirit of men with its mellowness, delivered himself of that remark which has come down through the intervening years. “I say,” he declared, “it's a long time between drinks.”

* * *

THROATS WERE DRY FROM many words. This speech sank into absorbent minds. As if by magic the tension relaxed. The meeting adjourned. Soft answers turned away wrath. The calm compromises of gentlemen replaced the angry demands of militant men. The dove of peace once again fluttered over the Carolinas.

“King Arthur” C. Townley’s latest scheme is to wheedle a cool five million out of the RFC with which he and Governor Bill Langer will erect hundreds of small factories all over the Flickertail state (maybe)! Just what these factories are to ‘factory’ is no clearer than is the manner in which the government is to be reimbursed by the promoters. One would think that North Dakota’s experience with Townley’s socialistic schemes, which cost many millions of dollars, would be plenty to last for a lifetime, but—member what Barnum said?—The Detroit Lakes Record.
HERE IS A LETTER FROM J. H. Griffin, characteristically short and to the point, who writes from Brandenton, Florida;

"Seventy - five in the shade here (January 3) this afternoon. We are all outside on the porch, some sleeping and others reading, so I thought I would write you something about Florida winters. "It is hard, I know, for people in the northwest to realize that winter down here means flowers of all kinds in bloom, trees that never shed all their leaves at the same time, and that trees continue to grow throughout the entire year. Florida farms contain as a usual thing five, seven or perhaps twelve acres, and three crops are raised on these farms every year. Farmers have about the same trouble finding a satisfactory market and price for their products that ours have in the north.

* * *

"THESE SMALL FARMS ARE actually kept clean, and every foot is cultivated and seeded to something. Harvesting of oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, papayas, guavas, tangerines, avocado pears, beans, peppers, celery, potatoes, egg plant, endive, lettuce, beets, carrots, onions, cucumbers, tomatoes, squash, is now in full swing, and the products are bringing fair prices. Colored people do all the work, and there are no jobs for transient white laborers."

* * *

BRANDENTON IS ON FLORIDA's west, or Gulf, coast, about half-way between St. Petersburg and Sarasota. Those who live on the west coast will tell you that there only is the real Florida, while residents of Miami and Palm Beach are firm in the belief that while the west coast may be a little better than California, it will not bear comparison with their own salubrious region. Then in the interior, around Orlando and Winter Haven, one learns that it is only among the rolling hills of that section, some of which attain the dizzy altitude of 300 feet above sea level, that the real beauty and luxury of Florida are to be enjoyed. Anyway, all Jim's friends will be glad to know that he is enjoying life."

* * *

JOE BRULE WRITES FROM Crookston that he enjoys this column, especially the checker problems, and he sends this just to keep the boys busy:

Black—4, 5, 6, 7, 15. K 16, 21.
White to move and win.

* * *

BEN WRIGHT OF FORDVILLE says that he got his figures mixed in sending in his last problem, and he furnishes this correction:

White to move and win.

* * *

MR. WRIGHT ALSO CONTRIBUTES the following:

Black to move and win.

* * *

WINTER ALWAYS BRINGS to me recollections of skating, for I lived alongside a river which provides as good skating, I suppose, as can be found anywhere. The winters were always cold enough to insure ice that would carry, and usually there were periodic thaws which would melt most of the snow that had fallen since the last thaw, so that in the average winter our vast rink would be reflooded several times. Even when the snow did not thaw all the way across, enough water would flow from the banks to flood into a gray ice, pleasant to skate on, but so soft that it was soon shut up.

* * *

ALL THE SCHOOL CHILDREN who lived anywhere near the river skated to school as a matter of course, and it was pleasant to stand on the top of the hill and watch the youngsters coming from both directions around the two bends, skates flashing in the morning sunlight and the sound of them ringing through the frosty air.

* * *

ABOUT THE TIME I LEFT school two or three of our fancy skaters equipped themselves with those new-fangled skates with the runners mounted in steel frames, that clamped right onto the boot. The present hockey equipment was unheard-of. All of my skates had the runners mounted in wood. At the rear there was a screw which fitted into a hole in the heel of the shoe. Brads near the front kept them from slipping sideways, and straps across the toes and around the instep secured them firmly. The wise skater carried a little gimlet with which to remove the ice from the hole in the heel of his shoe. And with outfits of that kind some of the skaters could do as many tricks as the best of them can today.
"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE" WAS given at the Metropolitan opera house in New York on Saturday afternoon to an accompaniment of hacking and coughing which could be heard over the radio as plainly as the voices of the soloists and the notes of the instruments. At first the coughing seemed to be confined to one person. Then others took it up, and presently it became general. Much of the hacking that is heard in large gatherings is the result of suggestion and unconscious imitation. One person in the room, perhaps, is actually forced to cough, and does so. Almost certainly others who would not have coughed at all of their own accord, are seized with an overpowering impulse to cough. The thing spreads until half the people in the room are coughing. The original cougher couldn't help it. The others thought they couldn't. That tendency which comes from suggestion can be overcome, but it takes a determined effort.

THE VITALITY OF THE curse of King Tut-ankh-Amen has again been demonstrated to the satisfaction of those who love to frighten themselves with the mysterious and occult. Arthur Weigall, who participated in the opening of the ancient Egyptian tomb, died a few days ago, thus adding another to the list of those who participated in the exhumation, and who have since gone to the beyond, a direct result, according to the credulous, of the curse which was visited upon all who should dare to violate the sanctity of the boy king's last resting place.

IT WAS THE DEATH OF LORD Carnarvon, backer of the exploration, and who died as the result of an infected wound within a year or two after the opening of the tomb, that attracted attention to the "curse" and set afloat a fresh wave of superstition. Since then several other members of the party have died, and each of these deaths has been attributed, of course, to the dread influence of the curse.

MR. WEIGALL, WHOSE death has revived comment and speculation, survived the opening of the tomb fifteen years, which may indicate that the curse is losing some of its potency. He was only 58 years of age, by no means an old man, but in the meantime a great many younger men who had nothing to do with the opening of tombs, have also died. Also, Howard Carter, who was really the moving spirit in the enterprise, still lives, at the age of 61. The curse has not got him yet. But some day Carter will die, and the memory of the curse will be revived and people will shake their heads and whisper of dark mysteries.

THE CURSE OF TUT-ANKH-Amen has recalled to the thousands of readers the inscription on a flat stone slab over the grave of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

THE WISH OF SHAKESPEARE that his remains might lie undisturbed has been respected, and this is as it should be. The body of the great interpreter of human life could have no more fitting resting place than by the waters of Avon, where he first saw the light, and where his closing years were spent.

THE DEATH OF ERNEST Raymond in a storm on the prairie fourteen miles east of Crookston illustrates the terrible risk run by anyone who undertakes to travel far on foot in a winter storm, especially if he is not accustomed to such exposure and is not properly clad for it. Those who have had no experience in blizzards can have no conception of the difficulty which even the most experienced have in maintaining their sense of direction in such storms and of avoiding the sense of confusion induced by blinding, suffocating snow in even moderate storms. When once the sense of direction is lost the case becomes almost hopeless, and the clothing suitable for office work or for driving in a heated car affords little protection from the wintry blasts.
A CLIPPING FROM A NEW YORK paper received by Charles Allen in a letter from Rev. H. G. Mendenhall contains the announcement of the engagement of Miss Jean Louise Flagler to Mark Stanley Mathews, who will be remembered by older Grand Forks residents as a former pastor of the First Presbyterian church. Miss Flagler is a granddaughter of the late Henry M. Flagler, one of the founders of the Standard Oil company. Her father is prominent as a financier and philanthropist. Among his other activities he is president of the New York Philharmonic society.

THE MATHEWS FAMILY LIVED in Grand Forks for several years, and the young people attended school here. Two of the boys, Edwin and William, delivered papers for The Herald, but the record does not say that Mark was so employed. Since his graduation from the Columbia law school in 1930 he has been a member of a New York law firm.

REV. H. G. MENDENHALL, who sent the clipping to Mr. Allen, was also pastor of the First Presbyterian church in the early days. For many years he occupied an important position in the councils of his church in the east, and a year or so ago, on the occasion of his retirement from active work on account of his great age, he was highly honored by his associates who spoke in appreciation of his character and achievements. His home is at Litchfield, Connecticut. In his letter he gives evidence of a mind that is keen and alert, referring to friends whom he knew here fifty years ago. He mentions, casually, that Mrs. Thomas D. Campbell (Bess Bull), had recently visited New York, and that she now has a daughter in Vassar. He has noted the recent low temperature records in the northwest, and is reminded of the winter that he spent at Larimore with the Spauldings.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS REV. W. H. Mathews has had offices in New York as secretary of the American Tract society. Some seven or eight years ago I was in New York and about noon I was walking along Forty-second street on my way to lunch at a restaurant just around the block. On my way I almost collided with Mr. Mathews. We chatted for a few minutes, and Mr. Mathews inquired after old friends; then we went our respective ways. I lunched, as I had intended, at the restaurant on the opposite side of the block, and as I was leaving the place I met Mr. and Mrs. George B. Clifford going in. Thus it chanced that I, a stranger, should meet within an hour and on opposite sides of the same block, two former Grand Forks people out of all the millions in that great metropolis.

OF COURSE THERE IS NOTHING really new about reforestation, a subject which attention has been given for many years. The interest taken in the subject by President Roosevelt has brought it rather conspicuously to the front. In that connection I often recall a statement made to me many years ago by F. W. Wilder, who, during his lifetime, was an active promoter of worthwhile civic projects in Grand Forks. We had been talking of the rapid stripping of the forests, leaving vast areas bare and valueless.

MR. WILDER SAID THAT even at that time there was in progress a reforestation movement of considerable proportions in his native New England, not under public auspices, but as a private investment. He knew of several cases, he said, in which funds belonging to large estates had been used in the purchase of great tracts of cut-over acreage with the intent that the investment should remain undisturbed for as long as 100 years. In such cases there was no expectation of deriving current income, as this was not needed. The desire was for a long-time investment which should be absolutely secure, the ultimate returns from which would yield a satisfactory rate of interest on the investment. In the cases with which he was familiar it had been computed by specialists in such matters that the natural growth of timber on the purchased lands would in the course of approximately 100 years yield a net return equal to an annual interest rate of 2 to 3 per cent. The investment in such cases as he mentioned was considered attractive because it was regarded as perfectly secure and because it would involve scarcely no cost of administration.
OFTEN, WHEN I HEAR DIS-
cussions of taxes, and exemptions, and privileges of one sort or an-
other, which many seem to con-
sider so desirable, I think of an
old Presbyterian pastor, Rev. D. B.
McRae, whom it was my good for-
tune to know back in Canada fiftyn-odd years ago. He was a
highland Scot whose pastorate in-
cluded two small villages in Huron county, in both of which he
conducted services each Sunday, driving some
times over roads where the snow was drifted level with the tops of
the rail fences on either side. He
spoke "the Gaelic" fluently, for it was his mother tongue, and his
pastoral duties often took him into the hilly back district where Highland families had set

t on gravel ridges when they might just as well have had gently rolling land-

t and easy of cultivation. The current explanation of their choice
was that they preferred the hilly country because it reminded them of Scotland.

* * *

IN THOSE DAYS—AND FOR all I know the custom has not changed—ministers of the gospel
were privileged to claim exemption from taxation, and many of them did so. If they exercised this priv-
lege, however, they waived their right to vote. Did Mr. McRae
claim tax exemption because he was a preacher? He did not! As
a free-born and independent citi-
zen he preferred to stand right up on his own hind legs, accepting all the responsibilities and perform-
ing all the duties of citizenship. He paid his taxes, cast his vote, and asked no odds of anybody. I don’t
know much about his theology, but I suspect that it may have been somewhat antiquated. But I do
know that he had the kind of char-
acter of which the world is greatly in need.

* * *

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO it was customary for the Canadian government to recommend to the king—which was a matter of form, of course—the conferring of titles of distinction on persons selected for such honor. Those honors ranged all the way from simple knighthood, which attached a "Sir" to a man’s name, to membership
in the British House of Lords. Some years ago the Canadian parliament adopted a resolution against the making of further recommendations of this kind. This year Pre-
mier Bennett sent in a new list of recommenda-
tions without consulting parliament, and the opposition maintains that this is an insult to that honorable body.

* * *

I TAKE NO PART IN THE controversy that has ensued, but the subject of titles is at least of academic interest. In the United States, titles of nobility are pro-
hibited. Ours is a democracy in which all are equal—theoretically. The rule that congress shall grant no titles has been accepted in prac-
tice by the states, so that officially ours is a country without titles. Unofficially, we are titled, and
badged and beribboned without rhyme or reason.

* * *

NO CONSTITUTIONAL PRO-
bilation can destroy the appetite for distinction, and, as in some other cases prohibition has result-
ed in a lot of bootlegging. We have no dukes or marquises here. We haven’t even any plain "Sirs." But of "Honorable" and "Colonels" there is no limit, and if one can’t be a duke he may get himself elected Grand High Stickelback of something or other, and that seems to answer the purpose. We scatter titles promiscuously, whereas in countries where they are conferred officially they are used only where regularly conferred. A member of the Canadian dominion parliament, for instance, is not addressed as "Honorable," unless he is a cabinet minister or holds some other position of special distinction.

* * *

WHILE CONGRESS MAY NOT confer titles, the states are not pro-
hibited from doing so, and I be-
lieve there is no such prohibition in the constitution of North Da-

dota. Anyway, what’s the consti-
tution among friends? It occurs to me that in this matter Governor Langer has overlooked something, and he doesn’t overlook much. There is a grand opportunity here for the creation by executive pro-
clamation of several orders of
knighthood, with their appropriate sashes, knee-breeches, and so forth, the titles to be granted in recog-
nition of distinguished service, which, of course, would include suitable subscriptions to the party campaign chest. If the manufac-
ture of uniforms were restricted to North Dakota talent what a boom there would be in the tailoring in-
dustry.
C. H. DOYON, WHO HAS BEEN the leading resident of Doyon for many years, was a resident of Grand Forks way back in the nine-
ties, and drops in frequently yet to talk things over. The other day he
told of an incident entirely new to me that hap-
pened in 1897, the year of the fa-
rous flood. While the principal ac-
tor in that little episode mo v e d
from Grand Forks and died
many years ago, I prefer not to
use his real name for reasons which
I need not explain. So for the
purposes of this account we will
call him Jones.

Davies

WHILE THE WATERS WERE
at their flood Charlie Doyon took
a lot of pictures, many of them
from a boat in which he reached
suitable points of view, some of
them several miles up stream. He
recalls that one of the pictures was
of a group of cattle stranded on
a little island consisting of what
remained of a straw stack in a
farm barnyard. As the water rose
the animals had climbed upon the
straw, and before the flood was
over they were all drowned.

DOYON LEFT HIS FILMS
with a photographer whose name
he does not recall, to be developed
and to have prints made. The pho-
tographer having completed the
work, rolled up the films and at-
tached a label marked $5.00, this
being the price which he intended
to charge for his work. A "Jones" boy happened in, saw the roll, and, supposing from its shape and the
label that it was a roll of money,
slipped it into his pocket and left
with it. The photographer, miss-
ning the roll, and having reason to
suspect this boy, charged him with
the theft and obtained a confes-
sion. The lad said that when he
got home and examined the roll
and found that it contained only
films he burned them, thinking this
the easiest way to dispose of the
evidence.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER RE-
ported the facts to Doyon and said
that he would collect from the
boy's father. Shortly thereafter
he appeared in Doyon's room in
the Dacotah with the elder Jones.
After some conversation Doyon
agreed to accept five dollars in set-
tlement, whereupon Jones tendered
a $20 gold piece from a collection
of similar coins which he drew
from his pocket. Not having suf-
ficient money about him to make
change Doyon went down to the
office to get change. When the
coin was dropped on the counter
itself with a dull thud, and on ex-
amination it proved to be a base
counterfeit.

DOYON RETURNED UP-
stairs, reported to Jones that the
coin was bogus and offered to re-
turn it. Jones stormed and pro-
tested that the bogus coin was not
his and refused to accept it. The
photographer was well acquainted
with a federal special agent who
happened to be in the city, and re-
ported the facts to him. The offi-
cer placed Jones under arrest and
found in his possession four coins,
apparently $20 gold pieces, all
counterfeit. Doyon knows nothing
further of the case except that
Jones was obliged to make a trip
to Fargo in connection with some
federal court proceeding. What
happened to him, and how he suc-
cceeded in preventing an open
scandal remains undisclosed.

JONES WAS A MAN OF EDU-
cation and intelligence, not at all
likely to have five counterfeit $20
gold pieces in his possession witho-
out knowing what they were.
Where and how did he get those
coins, and were there more of the
same kind where he obtained
them?

THE MANUFACTURE OF
moonshine liquor is an art of
which little was known except in
a few remote mountain districts
until the days of prohibition. Oc-
casionally some experimenter
would try his hand at it, with us-
ually deplorable results. I recall
one case that got into court prob-
ably in the early nineties, when
Tracy Bangs was United States
district attorney. An old chap in
Walsh county had rigged up a still
on his farm and was arrested for
violating the federal excise laws.
A bottle containing a sample of
his product was in the possession
of the district attorney, and moon-
shine liquor was so unheard-of in
this territory that the bottle was
regarded with great curiosity and
interest by those who knew of its
existence. I examined it—at a re-
spectful distance. It smelled aw-
ful. Perhaps, like limburger, it
may have tasted better than it
smelled. I do not know. But
imagine there being curiosity about
moonshine.
A SHORT TIME AGO I COM-
mented on the sparseness of the
foliage on most of the Christmas
trees that were
brought in from
Minnesota. B e n
Wright, of Ant-
ler, writes: "We
have an ever-
green grove here
of 500 trees,

have noticed the
condition
of which you wrote.
Our trees were
brought from east
of Winnipeg and
have been on our
sandy land about
25 years. The
tallest is now
about 30 feet. We
cut out an occa-
sional one for
Christmas trees, and this season
noted how dry and shaggy our
trees looked compared to those in
town that our merchant said had
come from California.

"IT HAS BEEN EXTREMELY
dry here during the past few years,
but our evergreen trees are living
thus far and are in better condi-
tion than the natural grove along
the creek or planted groves of oth-
erkinds in the neighborhood. Our
evergreens are quite close together.
I often wonder that they live on so
little rainfall."

MR. WRIGHT'S REFERENCE
to the condition of a natural grove
in his neighborhood recalls the fact
which has been observed by many
that it is not alone the planted
groves that have suffered during
the past few dry years. Along the
streams, where there is luxuriant
natural forest growth, thousands of
trees are dying or dead. This sug-
gests that the natural groves that the

Nature planted trees along most
of our streams, and in spite of the
vicissitudes of weather and all the
other hazards, there has resulted a
fine growth of timber. Individual
trees perished, sometimes in great
numbers. But the forests them-
selves survive and regain their
strength and beauty. This has oc-
curred in the natural groves; why
not in the planted ones?

MILO WALKER OF BOWES-
ment tells how their unerring in-
stinct took two pigeons straight
home after they had been carried
ten miles in a closed box. That
was many years ago in Canada.
Mr. Walker, his wife and children
visited a relative at a distance, and
the boys wished to take a pair of
pigeons, home with them. Two
birds were captured at night after
dark, their legs were tied and they
were placed in a small box and
covered up. Next day on the trip
home the family stopped with a
friend ten miles away, and the
boys lifted the cover of the box to
see how the pigeons were getting
along. Away went the birds, strik-
ing out straight for home. A little
later they were found hopping
about their own barnyard with the
strings still attached to their legs.

MR. WALKER SAYS THAT
for four years in succession a king
bird made its nest in the binder
head of a grain binder. Although
he has seen many animals highly
trained, Mr. Walker has never seen
a trained rabbit. That reminds me
of an animal trait on which I
made some money. In the neigh-
borhood of the village store where
I clerked were several families of
rabbits which wandered about at
will. The store was the general
meeting and resting place on sum-
mer evenings, and a lot of the fel-
loewas who worked in the brickyard
would sit on the front porch and
sway yarns. Rabbits often crossed
the street. I would bet nickels
with the other fellows on which
way a rabbit would run when I
clapped my hands. Usually they
would bet that the rabbit would
run to the nearest side of the
street. But I had observed, that
no matter how far across the rab-
bit had got, if there was a sudden
sound or motion he would almost
invariably make a break for the
side from which he had started. I
won many nickels, and it looked
as if I had struck a good thing. But
the other fellows caught on after
a while, and the enterprise petered
out.

MR. WALKER ASKS FOR THE
poem which he recalls as being in
one of the old school readers, be-
ginning:
"It was a summer evening,
Old Casper's work was done."
The poem is Southey's "Battle of
Blenheim," and I will use it one of
these days when I have time to
look it up.

A poem requested begins
"Hark, Hark! Old Betty's joints
are on the rack. Loud quack the
ducks; the peacocks cry." I don't
recall that one from the quotation,
although there is something about
it which seems familiar. I may
run across it.
MY FRIEND HYWEL C. ROWLAND, head of the music department of the University of North Dakota, is one of those who were shocked with the distortion of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in a radio program on Christmas day or the day before. In quoting an adverse comment I said that I had not heard the rendition myself but I have heard from several others who did listen to it and who were greatly displeased with the liberties taken with the text of the great classic. Mr. Rowland writes:

"AS ONE OF THOSE WHO listened to the broadcast of what purported to be Dickens' Christmas Carol and who thoroughly objected to the absolutely uncalled for liberties taken with the story, I would like to say Amen to the remarks by Harold F. Loekle, which were published in That Reminds Me.

"THE PEOPLE WHO DID THE broadcast version had plenty of time to do the thing with decency and dignity. I saw several times, some years ago in London a beautiful condensation of the "Christmas Carol" done as a vaudeville sketch by Seymour Hicks, a fine English actor. This sketch certainly did not take more than half an hour, and yet presented all the essential features of the story. Such a travesty as was put on the air Christmas Eve seems utterly uncalled for.

"ANOTHER PAINFUL EXPERIENCE of the Christmas season was to hear a broadcast of the world's greatest oratorio which was given over a national hook-up. An effort was made to pack too much into the sixty minutes allotted, with the result that the whole thing was dreadfully rushed and devoid of dignity.

"IT MIGHT BE ARGUED THAT to have the Christmas Carol and the Messiah broadcast at all is fine, but those of us who teach others have our task made more difficult when distorted versions are given by the professional artists of a great national organization.

I ONCE HEARD THE PLAYING manager of a little road company playing cheap melodramas express himself learnedly on matters pertaining to the drama. He didn't think much of Booth and Mansfield, evidently feeling sure that he could play their parts much better than they did. He has his opinion, also, of the playwrights, Shakespeare included. "Now you take this Shakespeare," he said. "I'll admit that there are some pretty good bits in his stuff, and you take it and rewrite it and bring it up to date and you'd have something." I'll say you would.

SOMETHING JUST MADE ME think of Nicholas Nickleby and his stage experience. At one time he was actor, stage manager, property man and playwright for a worthy pair of Thespians whose daughter, the Infant Phenomenon, had really outgrown infant parts by a couple of decades and 150 pounds or so. It's all of fifty years since I read the book, and I haven't it here, so the details are a little foggy. But it seems to me that it was a pump that the manager of the show acquired in some way, and it became the duty of Nicholas to write a play featuring that pump. And the handbills informed the public that it was a genuine pump that was used in all performances. While Dickens was usually after bigger game, he could have his little fling at the realists.

SOME WEEKS AGO I MET Alf Eastgate, of Larimore, and in our brief visit we chatted of game birds and vermin, and Alf repeated the opinion which he has often expressed that there is little use in trying to increase the number of our game birds so long as we give equal protection to the animals that prey on them. When a bird refuge is established, he said, there is a decided increase in the bird population for a season or two. Then the skunks, weasels and other species of protected vermin increase and multiply and the increase of birds is checked. It stands to reason. One skunk will kill more birds than will be killed by a whole flock of hunters.
IN DR. GOTTFRIED HULT’S translation of “Peer Gynt” there is now available for the first time a faithful and adequate version in English of the masterpiece of the great Norwegian poet and dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. Dr. Hult’s work, completed in manuscript some time ago, and the stage productions of which have won high commendation from competent critics, has been published in attractive book form by G. P. Putnam’s Sons. New York, a famous publishing house whose imprint is a guarantee of excellence.

* * *

THE WORK OF TRANSLATING Ibsen is to Dr. Hult a labor of love. With training distinctly American, experienced as a teacher of languages, gifted with the poet’s vision and insight, and with rare facility of expression, Dr. Hult has written much original poetry of a high order. His poems have been published in some of the best magazines, and he has published several books of verse. Of Scandinavian lineage he has been familiar from childhood with Scandinavian literature and the human background of its greatest works.

* * *

THIS COMPLETE FAMILIARITY with the two languages, together with his own imagination, made it possible for him to interpret Ibsen American readers as that author has never been interpreted before. Even with this equipment the task was by no means an easy one. It is not difficult for a translator to present in one language the substance of a thought originally expressed in another if no attention is given to form, but in that way much of the flavor of the original is lost. It is an entirely different thing not only to translate words and recast sentences but to retain the original form, with its rhythm, rhyme, idioms and figures of speech, so that the new reader will have before him what appears to be an original production, written in his own tongue, but which conveys to him faithfully the thought that was in the mind of the original writer. This is what Dr. Hult has done in this translation of “Peer Gynt.”

* * *

IN HIS ILLUMINATING INTRODUCTION to the work Dr. Hult discusses some of the difficulties encountered in this work, among them that of adapting English rhyming methods to the totally different customs in the Norwegian language, but in justification of the method employed the reader is reminded that, while “Peer Gynt” is a dramatic poem of serious import, much of it is satire, carnival pageant and even burlesque, and the translator must beware of making the verse labored—“feet in toiler’s cowhide boots instead of shoes of the wind.”

* * *

I HAVE BEFORE ME A REVIEW of the book written by Dr. Martin Ruud, alumnus of the University of North Dakota, for many years professor of English in the University of Minnesota, and himself an authority on Scandinavian literature. Dr. Ruud says in part:

* * *

“ONE WELCOMES, THEREFORE, this rendering of Professor Hult’s, in which not only the meters, but the rhyme of the original are scrupulously preserved—even Ibsen’s tumbling abundance in double and triple rhymes and the breathless run-on lines of Peer’s ride on the buck’s back along the razor-like edge of Gendin. No one could hope to be completely successful in such a task, and Professor Hult makes no such claims; but he has succeeded in conveying in English a sense of the poet’s quality and the movement of the verse such as one could never get from the drawing-room rendering of the Archers. The dash along the Gendin rim, Peer’s fantastic improvisation at his mother’s death-bed, the scene in the madhouse at Cairo, and the devastating conversation between Peer Gynt and his cronies on the desert shore—these scenes, and many others, come back to the reader with something of the color, the movement and the tempo of Ibsen himself.”

* * *

THE TRANSLATION OF "PEER GYNT" is but part of a stupendous work which Dr. Hult has undertaken and which he has well under way. He has just ready for publication a translation of Ibsen’s "Brand," and is at work on "Love comedy," by the same author. At intervals in his other work he has also translated most of the separate poems of Ibsen, and these will be published in due time.
THE SPECIAL TRAIN OF THE
Kelley-How-Thomson Hardware
company of Duluth, which is now
making a tour of the northwest,
and which will
carry a large line
of exhibits in every
department of hardware.
Aside from its interest
as a traveling exhibition,
the appearance of the
train here will have a special interest for many
Grand Forks residents
from the fact that the designs for the exhibits, with their
striking color schemes, are the work of a former Grand Forks boy, A. J. Prescott. Albert is the son of the late Louis Prescott and a brother of Mrs. Axel Larson. While attending the local schools he showed unusual talent in drawing and design. Associated with the Duluth Hardware company for many years he has continued his work in designing, and many old friends here will be glad to see specimens of his work.

Davies

JONES, McMANUS AND THEIR fellow conspirators knew the weight of that dog to an ounce, and the visitors didn't. Consequently the members of the force were enjoying free meals right along. Occasionally if a caller guessed very close to the known weight of the dog would be arranged, the rule being that the guesser who came furthest from the actual weight should pay for lunch for the entire group.

AN IRISH COURT HAS RULED General O'Duffy may wear a blue shirt if he wishes to do so. That brings promises of relief in a situation which threatened to become embarrassing. I have several shirts, such as they are, but it has become difficult to select a color which can be worn without danger of being thought implicated in some political plot or other. The old black one, ragged at the elbows, might suggest sympathy with Signor Mussolini. The brown one, which could be patched just as well as not, naturally suggests Hitler. The blue one which lacks only a few buttons might not be approved by friends of De Valera. I haven't dared to wear a red one, even since we recognized Russia. Now if other courts will only follow the lead of the distinguished Irish jurist, all of us may be able to wear old shirts, of whatever color, without being suspected of political conspiracy.

HERE AND THERE IN VARIOUS parts of the state are occasional individuals who in the early days were inveigled into paying for the luncheons of a Grand Forks office force because they couldn't guess correctly the weight of a dog. It was before the days of automobiles and good roads, when those who came to town from any distance came by train and usually stayed over for a day. There was plenty of time to drop around and talk things over.

AT THAT TIME THE INTERNATIONAL Harvester company had its offices at the corner of Fourth street and Kittson. The local manager was Jones, first name forgotten, but he got away up in the company before he retired. Charley McManus was one of the office force, and there were other kindred spirits. One of the habits of the office was a dog, of no particular breed—just dog. When callers appeared shortly before noon the clerks would direct the conversation skillfully to the subject of dogs and their weight, and a guessing contest on the weight of the office dog would be arranged, the rule being that the guesser who came furthest from the actual weight should pay for lunch for the entire group.

JONES, McMANUS AND THEIR fellow conspirators knew the weight of that dog to an ounce, and the visitors didn't. Consequently the members of the force were enjoying free meals right along. Occasionally if a caller guessed very close to the known weight of the dog would be arranged, the rule being that the guesser who came furthest from the actual weight should pay for lunch for the entire group.

JOE BRULE OF CROOKSTON sends in other checker problems, of which I am using this one today:

Black—4, 13, 21, kings 6, 7, 14, 15.
White—22, 23, 26, 29, kings 20, 28.

I haven't dared to wear a red one, even since we recognized Russia. Now if other courts will only follow the lead of the distinguished Irish jurist, all of us may be able to wear old shirts, of whatever color, without being suspected of political conspiracy.

WILL ROGERS THE OTHER day commented on the yodeling of alleged cowboys over the radio, saying that cowboys don't yodel—that it's a Swiss disease. Once the yodeler was an important member of the vaudeville road show. It's different now. I think it is in his "Tramp Abroad" that Mark Twain tells of his experience with yodelers in the Alps. The first one yodeled for him and received a good tip. Around the next corner was another who yodeled and also got a tip. As the journey progressed it appeared that every jutting rock on every Alp concealed a yodeler and instead of tipping them for yodeling the travelers were willing to pay them to quit. Look the story up. It's good reading.
THE FACT THAT HENRY
Ford has obtained an option on the
birthplace of Dr. McGuffey, whose
famous school readers served sev-
eral million American girls and boys, has
directed fresh attention to that
series of readers.
In comparing notes with men of my own age I
find that it is often assumed that I, too, was
brought up on McGuffey's readers. That is a mis-
take, for my school days were spent in Canada,
where in my time we used the Campbell readers. On
comparing the two, however, I find them very similar in style and con-
tent, and both were wonderful contribu-
tions to the cause of education.

* * *

THOSE BOOKS CONTAINED
articles on political and natural
history, science, adventure, poems
and selections from great orations.
The selections were progressively
arranged, each book beginning with
selections in simple form and con-
cluding with those more difficult.
Progress through the book, there-
fore, was intended to mark pro-
gress in understanding. Our courses
were not so minutely subdivided as
they have since become, but the
reading lesson was intended to cov-
er more than the mere reading of
that particular selection. If the se-
lection were historical we were ex-
dected to dig up something about
the history of the event, and a
reading lesson with a scientific
background demanded some exami-
nation of that background. The
three R's of which so much has
been said and written included a
great many things then unclassi-
fied, but now listed under separate
headings.

* * *

I PROMISED MILO WALKER
of Bowesmont that I would repro-
duce "The Battle of Blenheim.
Southey's famous satire on war. It
was included in the Canadian read-
ers, and I think also in McGuffey's.
Here it is:

* * *

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.
It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and
round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about," Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother, then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like these, you know,
Must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know,
Must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marl-
bro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.'

And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win.
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
A CORRESPONDENT, READ- 
ing my statement about having heard wolves howl at night when
I taught school east of Manvel, says that she lived some 25 years
ago in the northern part of the "brule" and won- ders if I might have taught in her school. She mentions having heard wolves howl on winter nights on many occasions. My school was the little one on the south bank of the marais in what was then the Harvey neighborhood. The district just north had once been timbered, but had been cleared, and was known as the "brule," the word, I understand, meaning a burned over district. The town seems to have been common in eastern Canada, whence many of the original settlers of that neighborhood came.

THAT AREA IS NOW INCLUD- 
ed in Ferry township. Originally it was the fractional township of Harvey, consisting of about half the usual number of sections, the rest being cut off by the river. The Harvey family, which was a large one, in my school-teaching days, owned, I believe, all the land along the marais between the schoolhouse and the Red river. Grandma Har- vey, then a widow, occupied the original homestead, which was farthest east of the several farms. Of all that large family of sons, and one daughter whom I knew, I believe not one is still living, and while nearly all married, there are only a few of the grandchildren left.

I STARTED TEACHING A three-months term there in the fall, and at the end of the term, rather than go to the trouble of finding another teacher in the middle of winter, they let me keep on teaching for another term, for which I was truly thankful. In the winter I boarded with Peter Ferry, a giant old Irishman, whose son, Joe, now lives, with his large family, in the house which his father built when he beome- steaded.

E. J. TAYLOR WAS COUNTY superintendent of Grand Forks county when I conceived the notion of teaching. There wasn't much else to do in the winter time. I borrowed a lot of books from Taylor and proceeded to cram for the teacher's examination, which I approached with fear and trembling. One of the questions related to the heating of small rural school buildings, and the candidate was required to state his views on that subject. There I was right at home. I had been doing odds and ends of carpenter work, and had acquired some notions on the subject of heating. I just laid myself out on that examination paper. I got a mark of 100 on it. I also got a second grade certificate with quite creditable standings. I have a suspicion that the examining board must have got hold of the heating paper first and concluded that anyone so well versed in school heating must be a hum­dinger and just marked up all the rest of the papers without looking at them.

WE ARE TO HAVE AN eclipse of the sun—not visible here —in February, and C. S. Horner, United States navy recruiting officer here, quoted from the Navy Bulletin: "The next total solar eclipse, February 14, 1934, will go down in history as the paradox eclipse that ended the day before it began. The eclipse will begin in East Longitude off the Malay peninsula at sunrise on Wednesday, February 14, and after sweeping across the Pacific will finish in West Longitude off the Alaskan coast at sunset the day before, Tuesday, February 13, having crossed the date line, the 180th meridian, and therefore losing one calendar day."

THE FIXING OF THAT IN­
ternational date line has been a matter of evolution. Astronomical­ly the day does not begin in any particular place, for sunrise and sunset, midnight and noon, are continuous, moving around the earth by almost imperceptible de­grees. The day "begins" out in the middle of the Pacific because it was a matter of convenience to order it so. Exploration proceeded eastward from Asia and westward from Europe. The territory be­yond in each case was unknown. The day centered naturally at the approximate center of civilization, and when the formerly unknown territory had been traversed there was general agreement that the day should be considered to begin in the center of that great taty waste. The maps show the date line, not as a straight line, but as a meandering one, in order to avoid cutting through inhabited areas. New Zealand is the first country of considerable size to greet the new day. Its time is about 13 hours earlier than standard time at Grand Forks.
When Christmas Day falls on Monday the next Monday will be New Year's day. Everyone is so familiar with the fact that the two days are exactly a week apart that when the statement is made that next year, or some other year, New Year's and Christmas will not fall on the same day of the week, that statement is pretty certain to be challenged, though the calendar is apt to be invoked, and pencil and paper brought into use. It's very simple, though. New Year's day of 1934 came on Monday. Christmas day, 1934, will be on Tuesday.

Mrs. John KelliSVic, of Devils Lake, sends in these verses telling of what may happen if Christmas came on Monday:

If Christmas day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,

Full of tempest lasting long
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.

They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen
He shall be found that stealthily sought
Though thou be sick thou diest not.

Christmas having come on Monday last year, perhaps we have got over all that.

* * *

Milo Walker of Bowes-mont notes that there has been some discussion of a flax mill for Grand Forks. He does not take much stock in it if it is to be a linen mill, as he remembers a linen mill at Drayton, Ontario, for which it was necessary to pull the flax by hand. The mill about which there has been discussion is not intended to be a linen mill, but a linseed oil mill, which is quite different. Many years ago we had such a mill at Grand Forks and it handled a large quantity of flax seed and shipped out many tanks of oil. The mill, which utilized a large elevator which stood by what is now the Great Northern service track in the northern part of the city, burned one night, and with its contents of raw flax seed and thousands of gallons of oil, it made one of the most spectacular fires ever saw.

* * *

Mr. Walker inquired some time ago for a poem containing something about old Betty's joints creaking. I could not recall it at the time, although it had an air of familiarity. I find that it is the poem "Signs of Rain" written late in the eighteenth century by Dr. Edward Jenner, the famous English discoverer of Vaccination, as a humorous reply to a friend's invitation to go for a ride. I published the lines a year ago, but they may interest some who have not seen them, so here they are again:

* * *

Signs of Rain.
The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow in the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell;
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her
And to her bed untimely sent her;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh;
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine,
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading back to earth it bends;
The wind unsteady veers around,
Or setting in the south is found;
Through the clear steam the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' uncautious files;
The glowworms, num'rous, clear and bright.

Illumed the dewy dell last night;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling dust that wind obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed;
The sky is green, the air is still,
The merry blackbird's voice is shrill,
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see your roots, how odd their flight!

They imitate the gliding kits,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they belt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back to lie,
Their cobwebs shake, their trunk of hair
Shrieks mutton bones on grass to eat;
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see your roots, how odd their flight!

They imitate the gliding kits,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they belt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back to lie,
Their cobwebs shake, their trunk of hair
Shrieks mutton bones on grass to eat;

* * *

Our jaunt must be put off tomorrow.
RETURNING FROM BISMARCK I found awaiting me a letter from J. C. Stewart, of Drayton, concerning the poem "Signs of Rain", which I had already in type for publication on Sunday. Mr. Stewart thinks that the lines were used on one of the old Canadian readers, or perhaps in the third reader, a copy of which I have. They may have been in the fourth I do not recall that they were there, but I have seen them published elsewhere many times. Thanks anyway, for the suggestion.

J. H. GRIFFIN, WHO IS STILL sunning himself in Florida, sends a copy of the Trenton, N. J. Times-Advertiser, which contains a column conducted by John J. Cleary, one of the interesting features of which is the cut which adorns the top of the column pertaining to represent Trenton in bygone days. Sketched in outline are a period with cobblestone, horse drawn, street cars, ladies with wasp waists, crinolines and bustles, mansard-roofed buildings, and a burly cop looking dubiously at a youth mounted on a high-wheel bike. The artists has got a lot of old times into that one picture.

ONE OF THE STORIES IN the column is the first installation of electric lights in Trenton. Foster C. Brooke, a member of the city council, was responsible for the bringing about of this revolution in city lighting in Trenton. He had made several moves in that direction, but all had failed. The narrator, John W. Brooke, does not recall the exact date of the adoption of the necessary resolution, but he says it was sometime during his term as president of the council, which was from 1884 to 1887. Brooke had presented several resolutions providing for the change, but all had been defeated. Then he went to work quietly and prepared a resolution, not only providing for installation, but specifying where the lamps should be placed. Then he peddled out to the members of the council the privilege of locating those lamps, one, two, or three to a ward, on that basis he got enough members signed up to put his resolution over. Which indicates that away back in the eighties they knew something about practical politics.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IS SO much a matter of course that even some of the older persons find difficulty in thinking back to the time when there was no such thing. Our first street lighting in Grand Forks was by means of oil lamps, followed by gas, and the gas system was retained for several years after electric lighting had become quite common. Gas and electricity were supplied by the Grand Forks Gas & Electric company, which was subsequently bought out by the present Red River Power company. W. J. Murphy of Minneapolis was president and Tom Roycroft manager.

DIRECT CURRENT WAS SUPPLIED to the down-town district for power and for a small amount of commercial lighting, but the company was unwilling to extend its wires throughout the city on the ground that it would be competing with its own gas service. I had many hot arguments with Roycroft over that, my point being that most of the residents were using neither service, but were burning kerosene, impatiently waiting for electricity. My arguments had as little affect on Tom as his had on me.

ALSO, WE DISAGREED VIO­lently on the matter of rates. Tom said that if and when the lines were extended it would be necessary to make a service charge of 25 cents per lamp per month in addition to the charge for current used. This was on the ground that the company must at all times be ready to provide current for all the lamps in existence and must be compensated for maintaining the "ready-to-serve equipment".

I TRIED TO CONVINCE TOM that it was all nonsense to make such a charge for a lamp in clothes closet or an attic or a potato bin, when these would never be used except for a minute or so at a time. But Tom's reply was "You may be giving a party, and then all the lights in the house will be in use, and we must be ready to supply current for them." To this my "rejoinder was" all the people in town don't have parties at the same time. If they did there wouldn't be anybody left to go. And if I give a party all the neighbors will be there, and their lights will all go.

ALL THE ARGUMENTS HAD no more effect on Tom than it had on me, and we started all over again whenever we met. Ultimately the wires were extended and everybody installed electricity, and gas service was installed where it had not be used before. Our first electric street lights, of course, were of the open-arc type, dazzling and noisy, and casting unpleasantly sharp shadows.
ALL THE CARS ARE BEING stream-lined, and they are building stream-lined trains which are to run 100 miles an hour or better. The new form is intended to overcome air resistance, which is an important factor at high speeds. Nobody thought of air resistance when old Dobbin was in use. He hadn't much speed and didn't develop much resistance. But it's different now. The fellows who figure those things out tell us that air resistance increases with the square of the velocity of the moving object. In other words, when you double the speed the resistance is multiplied by four, and so on. When one follows that out he reaches the interesting conclusion that if one moves fast enough the air resistance will be so great that he will be standing still. There may be a hitch somewhere, but that's the way it seems to come out.

WHO INVENTED THE AUTOMOBILE? Not only is the automobile as we have it today the product of many minds, but it is the product of many centuries of investigation and experiment. In an interesting article on the subject Waldemar Kaempffert says that Sir Isaac Newton and Christian Huygens—both of whom lived before what we know as the age of steam—had as much to do with it as Gottlieb Daimler and Henry Ford. Newton proposed a sort of rocket car, and Huygens, about 1680, experimented with gunpowder as a motive force. It was not until Watt succeeded in utilizing steam in a practical way, however, that the dream of a horseless carriage began to be realized in a practical form. And it will probably surprise many readers to learn that as far back as 1833, twenty steam coaches were traveling in and about London, and that a dozen or more less profitable companies had been formed to operate them on the highways.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE horseless carriage in England was checked, not by inventive or commercial inability, but by popular prejudice and the opposition of those engaged in competitive forms of transportation. The new vehicles were clumsy and noisy and the public did not like them. Coach owners and horse drivers saw a menace to their interests in the new carriages. Farmers feared that they would not be able to sell horses if the new vehicles were permitted to operate. The steamers were stoned. Trenches were dug across roads to wreck them. Exorbitant taxes were imposed. In 1861 parliament limited speed on the highways to ten miles an hour, and in villages and towns to five miles. Four years later the highway speed was reduced to four miles and in towns to two miles, and it was required that a man on foot, carrying red flag, should precede each road locomotive to warn all and sundry that the monster was coming.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1896 THAT the road limit in England was increased to fourteen miles an hour, and not until 1903 that a speed of twenty miles was permitted. Britain's early start, in the face of popular prejudice, had the effect of holding her back in the race with other countries which came in somewhat later, but in which not so much opposition developed. Late in the nineteenth century the automobile business in France, Germany and the United States got under way, and Great Britain has never regained the place which she seems to have lost.

STEAM WAS THE FIRST MOBILE power used in the horseless carriage, and the fuel was coke or coal. The kerosene was applied to boilers, and presently the internal combustion engine was developed. Clumsy as the early machines were, some of them were strong and serviceable. One manufacturer in London, after three months his coach had traveled 4,200 miles and carried 12,751 passengers without mishap or serious delay.

BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS contributed greatly to the development of the automobile. They found out how to make their machines light, strong and resilient with light steel tubing, ball bearings and pneumatic tires. The automobile designers took over what their predecessors had developed along these lines. The question whether steam or internal combustion engines would ultimately be used to propel automobiles remained undecided for a good many years, if it is decided yet. There were many who clung to the idea of steam until well into this century, and it is only a few years since there was designed a new steam-powered plant which was believed by many to have great promise. The United States has taken the lead in place in automobile manufacture, not because of originality in design, but by superior organization in the department of production, but we still borrow from our European neighbors valuable ideas in design.
I HAVE NEVER HAD ANY faith in the dirigible either as a commercial vehicle or as useful in the physical environment which he had left. He actually found the old swimming hole full of water and the spot where he formerly fished unchanging. At the latter place he cut a willow switch fitted it with hook and line, threw the baited hook into the water and yanked out a fine trout. He had done that many times as a boy, and the experience made him feel young again. There are not many old fishing places where that experience could be repeated.

SWIMMING HOLES, SPRINGS and fishing are pretty much dried up. One of my favorite spots as a youngster was beneath a great maple, where ice-cold water bubbled from a crevice in a rock and the water filled a little pool in which one could see his face mirrored with clearness. Many years later I visited the spot, and tree, spring and pool were gone.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I REFERRED to an article written by Sir Henry Dickens shortly before his death, telling of his association as a boy with his father, Charles Dickens, and among other things, of the great novelist's deeply religious spirit. Sir Henry told of the writing of a "Life of Our Lord" by his father for the use of his own children, the manuscript of which he had, but which he had never published because of the author's reluctance to have a little work so simple and informal placed side by side with the novels on which his reputation rested.

SIR HENRY RESPECTED HIS father's wish, but in his will he left his family free to use their own judgment as to publication. The members of the family have just voted to have the book published. In his will Sir Henry wrote:

"Being his son, I have felt my- self constrained to act upon my father's expressed desire that the manuscript should not be published. But I do not think it right that I should bind my chil- dren by any such view, especially as I can find no specific in- junction against such publication. Therefore I beg my wife and children to consider this question quite unfettered by any view of mine."

ONE CAN APPRECIATE THE author's reluctance to have a little work so personal and intimate published during the lifetime or soon after his death, and the son's re- spect for his father's wish. But the considerations which have kept the manuscript locked up until now no longer apply, and no doubt the de- cision of the family to have the book published will be approved and applauded.
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

on Tuesday Jack Binns sent the first wireless message that brought relief to a liner in distress in mid-ocean. Aside from the fact that the event marked an important step in the development of wireless communication, it had, and has, interest for many persons in this part of the northwest, for that message was sent to summon aid to the Republic, upon which well-known residents of Grand Forks and adjacent territory were passengers, and which had been rammed by another vessel in a dense fog in the early morning and was in danger of sinking.

A DAY EARLIER THE REPUBLIC had sailed from New York bound for the Mediterranean with a party of tourists for southern European ports. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. George B. Winship, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Titus, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Murphy and Mrs. J. Walker Smith, all of Grand Forks; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mooney of Langdon, M. V. Linwell of Northwood, and Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Baskerville and Mr. and Mrs. Phelps of Watertown, S. D.

THE BIG SHIP SET FORTH on her voyage under ideal conditions. Bright skies and smooth water gave promise of a pleasant passage, and the local people were bidden God speed by friends who were then in New York. H. Bendele, a frequent visitor to New York, was there and acted as master of ceremonies. Joining him in messages of farewell were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Mendenhall, Sig Wolff and George Wilder. No journey could have had a more pleasant or auspicious beginning.

DURING THE NIGHT THE REPUBLIC encountered dense fog, and the deep boom of her fog signal sounded across the water. About 6 in the morning there was a jar which sent passengers rolling from their beds and a splintering crash, as the bow of the Italian Florida sheared into the Republic amidships, wrecking much of the upper structure, with all the lighting equipment, thus throwing the ship into complete darkness.

FOR A TIME ALL WAS CONFUSION. Passengers groped their way in the darkness or struck matches to shed a glimmer of light. There were numerous wounds and bruises, but surprisingly few major injuries. Of the little North Dakota group W. J. Mooney of Langdon was killed outright, Mrs. M. F. Murphy of Grand Forks suffered injuries from which she never recovered completely, and Mr. Murphy was cut about the face. One Boston lady, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, was killed, and her husband was seriously injured. Four colored sailors were killed.

A SWIFT SURVEY OF THE DAMAGE indicated that the Republic was in unsafe condition. The Florida had her bow stove in, but her after compartments were intact, and it was decided that the passengers and crew should be transferred from the Republic to the Florida. This was done in good order and without accident, the sea being calm at the time, and daylight was filtering through the fog.

BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR on the Republic, had his equipment wrecked, but he rigged up an emergency outfit, and presently the distress signal of those days, "CQD" was being clicked out. After several hours communication was established with several other vessels, which immediately began to steam toward the wrecked ship. The first ships to reach the scene passed on, as the Florida was in no immediate danger, and the Baltic, sister ship of the Republic, was on the way. For thirty hours Jack Binns worked at his key, sending out, first, the alarm, and then following with messages giving such information as could be obtained from time to time of the position of the ship, her condition, and the welfare of passengers.

THE FLORIDA WAS A FREIGHTER, carrying also a large number of Italian immigrants. In her partly disabled condition the additional weight of the hundreds from the Republic made her difficult to handle, and as storm was brewing. When the Baltic arrived it was decided to transfer the Republic's passengers to her, and this was done. Women and children first, the passengers were lowered to boats pitching and tossing on the rough sea, and one by one the boats were rowed off into the darkness, the lights of the Baltic being barely visible in the distance, and flashes of lightning piercing the sky.

THE TRANSFER WAS MADE without accident, and next day the Baltic steamed into New York, carrying to safety those who had been saved from death by that miracle, wireless, which Marconi had just given to the world. The Republic sank a few hours after her passengers had been taken off. The Grand Forks travelers were greeted at the wharf by several of those who had seen them off so happily only a few days before, and were given every possible assistance by their friends. Mr. Mooney's body sank with the ship. Mrs. Mooney and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy returned home. The other Grand Forks people resumed their journey on another ship after procuring new outfits in New York.
AN OCCUPATION WHICH seems to have gone by the board, at least so far as this northwestern territory is concerned, is that of book agent. There are still occasional book agents, of course, but usually they are of the transient type, flitting rapidly through a town, picking up a few orders, perhaps, and then disappearing forever. Seldon does the same person make the same territory twice. The publications which they handle are usually flimsy in make-up and content, and they are usually sold, if at all, on some basis other than that of literary excellence.

YEARS AGO WE HAD AGENTS of that type, graduates from schools of high-pressure salesman-ship, who had committed their sales talks to memory, and who were lost if interrupted in their flow of words. But there were book agents of another type, real salesmen who represented reputable publishing houses, who made the territory regularly, and who carried lists of standard and thoroughly desirable publications.

I KNEW SEVERAL OF THOSE men well. It is strange that I cannot now recall the name of one of them. I was always glad to have them drop in, for, although I seldom bought anything of them, they did not seem to mind, and they were fine fellows with whom to visit. They had been everywhere, and traveled with their eyes open. They knew preachers and politicians, lawyers, doctors and manufacturers. They supplied fresh volumes to the libraries of men of all classes. Among their patrons were those who loved literature for its own sake and others who were interested in filling their shelves with imposing bindings. They knew books, and they knew people. Many of them had been abroad and could talk intelligently of cathedrals and art galleries, or had followed the footsteps of Dickens around London. I wonder if there are any of them left anywhere.

IN A WAY THE HIGH-CLASS book agent was to many of the townspeople of thirty years ago what the itinerant peddler had been to their parents or grandparents back east. How well I remember the visits of the tin peddler to our house. The occupation of tin peddler was fairly well standardized. The peddler’s wagon was covered, something after the fashion of the modern baker’s delivery rig, and in it, securely protected from the weather, were his glistening tin plates, pans and boilers, with an assortment of small goods, needles and pins, ribbons, beads, brass jewelry, and so forth. On top of the wagon were carried the bundles of rags which he took in exchange for his goods, for the “tin” peddler was also the rag gatherer.

OUR TIN MAN WAS OLD, white-whiskered and mild manner- and drove a white horse as ancient in appearance as himself. He and my grandfather had become friends, and he made our house his stopping place at noon or over night when he came that way. On each trip he brought us the news from all his territory, much of it weeks old, but it was news so long as we had not heard it. He was familiar with the political gossip of the countryside, the doings of the country churches, the progress of new buildings and the condition of the crops. And I suspect that when I was sent elsewhere on errands he regaled my grandfather with tales not suitable for my youthful ears.

HE SOLD GOODS FOR CASH when cash was available, but he was always in the market for clean cotton or linen rags, which he took in exchange. Woolen rags were not desired. In every house in the neighborhood there was a rag bag into which went the scraps which could be traded off for tinware or knick-knacks.

ANOTHER ITINERANT WHO made our place his headquarters was the clock mender. He was an old fellow who traveled on foot, carrying the tools of his trade in a small pack, and whose sole business was that of repairing and regulating clocks. It must have been slim picking for him, for on foot he could cover only a few miles in a day, and not all the clocks needed attention. In exchange for his supper, bed and breakfast he cleaned, oiled and adjusted our two clocks, and in view of the time which the job took I can’t figure that he made much more than his board. He also was a purveyor of news, and we were always glad to have him drop in.
LOOKING OVER AN OLD FILE

a few days ago I noticed that it was just 25 years ago that Louis James appeared in Grand Forks in "Peer Gynt" and when I mentioned the fact to Dr. Hult, whose translation of the great drama has just been published, he told me something of his own initiation into theatrical matters, not as a player, but as a spectator. He was a student in the University of Minnesota, with a passion for the drama and a meager supply of cash. With other students in similarly straitened circumstances, he frequented the theatre, having an unobstructed, but distant view of the stage from the topmost seats in the gallery, a section popularly and appropriately known as the "University box." There he saw the leading artists of the period, who also visited Grand Forks, and enjoyed unforgettable experiences for a very small outlay. Often gallery seats for as fine performances as were given on any stage could be had for a quarter.

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DR. HULT'S FATHER WAS A Lutheran minister in the White Bear district where there was a large Scandinavian settlement. Like many of the clergy at that time he regarded the theatre with disfavor and when he learned that his son was going to the theatre he expressed disapprobation. His son argued the matter. He explained that he was trying to perfect himself in English literature, and that at the theatre he could see the works of Shakespeare and other great masters produced, and could gain an understanding of them which would be impossible from a mere reading of the text. The old gentleman said nothing, but the argument seemed to be effective, for at Christmas time the young student found among his presents a fine pair of opera glasses, the gift of his father, and thereafter he was able to view the stage to much better advantage.

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A PLEASANT LETTER FROM Dr. William H. Matthews, former pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Grand Forks, and now secretary of the American Tract society, with offices in New York, acknowledges receipt of a clipping from this column of a few weeks ago, in which mention was made of the marriage of Mr. Matthews' son Mark. The latter gives infor-
I DID NOT INTEND TO leave the impression the other day that when the call for help went out from the wrecked Republic in January, 1909, that was the first occasion on which wireless had been used in communication from ship to ship or from ship to shore. It is well known that for several years wireless had been used and with success, and at the time of the Republic disaster that ship had its regular wireless equipment, as had all of the great liners. The Florida, which rammed the Republic, had no wireless. The difficulty experienced in getting intelligible signals through from the Republic was due to the destruction of the regular equipment in the crash. The signals were sent from an emergency set which Jack Binns, the operator, rigged up with such means as were at his command.

MRS. J. E. ENGSTAD RECALLS that in 1903 she and the doctor were passengers on the Lucania, bound for New York on their return from a trip around the world, and that another passenger was a young Italian named Marconi, who had made great progress in the development of wireless, and who had installed his equipment on the Lucania in order to continue his experiments. On that voyage Marconi was in communication with shore stations all the way across the Atlantic, and Mrs. Engstad recalls the feeling of uncanniness which accompanied the receipt of messages from out of the void. Not only were personal messages exchanged, but news bulletins were received. One of these which is now remembered told of the sending of a letter by President Theodore Roosevelt to the governor of Indiana vigorously denouncing lynching.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, from which the modern radio was developed, passed through many experimental stages. While no one person can properly be said to have “invented” wireless, for the scientific researches of centuries contributed to it, the first practical application of the principle was by Marconi, who in 1899 communicated across the English channel, and in 1901 across the Atlantic. But for some time wireless remained a curiosity. In 1904 at the St. Louis exposition there were depicted wireless towers, with instruments in operation, and the attention of visitors was called to the marvel of messages being sent from one part of the grounds to the other without the aid of wires.

DR. A. H. TAYLOR, FOR many years in the physics department of the University of North Dakota, made valuable contributions to the development of wireless telegraphy and the subsequent development of radio. In the early months of the World war he was called to Washington to assist in the wireless work of the navy, and he has since distinguished himself in that service.

I HAVE JUST BEEN HONORED by the receipt of some interesting specimens of wood carving from W. F. Krueger, of Niagara, one of the pioneers of Grand Forks county. Several local friends of Mr. Krueger have been favored in like manner. The objects given to me are a logging chain about four feet long, a pair of scissors, a pair of pliers, and a handsomely decorated bird, each object being carved from a single block of wood. The pliers and scissors work in the usual manner, the joints having been made with cunning exactness.

THE CHAIN IS NOT ONLY AN example of painstaking carving, but it demonstrated Mr. Krueger’s knowledge of how a logging chain should be made. The links are of standard size and regular shape, and at each end is a hook, the hooks being different in size and shape, exact duplicates of those used in the lumber woods. Mr. Krueger has been a long time in North Dakota, but from his knowledge of logging chains one might suppose him to have just come from the Ottawa or the “Old Wisconsin.”

LAST FALL MR. AND MRS. Krueger celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, and I remember that at that time I referred to Mr. Krueger’s interest in trees. On his farm in the very early days he planted black walnuts, and his walnut grove is probably the finest of its kind in the northwest. His example induced others to experiment with walnuts, and because of his interest there are hundreds of these trees now growing on the prairie.
TODAY I AM TURNING OVER this column to a correspondent, E. E., of Grafton, who does not wish his name used, and who writes as follows concerning some former well-known Grafton dances that came into vogue, and were rapidly gaining popularity. These were the twostep, three-step, four-step, and the Cotillion. And then, of course, there was the waltz for those who had not as yet familiarized themselves with this old international favorite. All these dances Mr. Hall taught with the exception of the four-step. This dance Mr. Hall did not seem to favor, and after seeing him once perform it, all were agreed to drop it. It was far from being as graceful as any of the other dances, and besides, very difficult to learn. Music for the class was played by a Miss Kelly, a Grand Forks pianist, whom Mr. Hall brought with him.

"THE CLUB WAS SOMEWHAT exclusive in its character, was composed of adults only, and admittance to membership was determined by the use of white and black balls, much after the manner of secret societies. It met, if I remember correctly, once every two weeks, and it was planned to close the season with a grand ball, and Hall's orchestra to furnish the music. But about a week before the date set, a very popular young girl, a daughter of one Park River's leading citizens died, and all plans for the ball were abandoned. On more than one subsequent occasion, however, we engaged the orchestra.

"NOT ONLY WAS MR. HALL A dancing master and musical director, but he was also a composer. Among his pieces was the music and calls for the "K. P. Triangle," so called in honor of the Knights of Pythias. This was a dance similar to the quadrille except that, whereas the music for the quadrille comprises four separate numbers, and four couples form a set, the Triangle had three numbers, and three couples to the set. The Triangle gained considerable popularity, and I still remember the three numbers very well. The first, a very lively and "catchy" melody written in six-eight time, and could be heard whistled on the streets of almost every town, I guess, where Hall's orchestra had played. The last number was somewhat peculiar in that it closed with the first six bars from 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'"

"MR. HALL WAS UNUSUALLY well equipped for the career he chose. A man of rare personal charm, he combined an intellect of a high order with all the engaging refinements of the cultured gentleman. I think those in Grand Forks who knew him will agree with me in this brief appraisal. I, for one, derived both pleasure and profit from my contacts with him."