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William Preston Davies
practical value, as automobiles could never be used regularly on such roads. In a dry time there was loose sand six inches deep, and in a wet time mud very much deeper, and nobody seemed to think it possible to build roads on that soil that would stand up.

WHEN THE VACATIONER got to the lake he made himself at home. He might take a hike through the timber, but constant hiking becomes tiresome. For regular exercise he rowed a boat or for entertainment he sat in one and let somebody else row. The lake was the thoroughfare which everybody used. Social calls were made by boat. Cottagers were given a good lake frontal appearance, because it was known that they would be inspected from the water by boatloads of people making the regular little voyage from Sandy Beach to Blarney Castle. Groceries, milk and butter were delivered by boat, and some of the dealers sent their boys around by boat to call at the cottages and take orders for delivery later in the day. There were no telephones at the lake in those days.

THE ROWBOAT WAS A VEHICLE of utility and a means for the promotion of social intercourse. Frank Kent had a launch which went put-putting up and down the lake. Frank was meticulous in his observance of nautical regulations and his sense of nautical terms. W. W. Hall operated the passenger launch whose dismantled hull now lies high on the beach at Breezy Point, and that launch afloat, freshly painted, with brass work shining and her owner in a white uniform, was a handsome sight.

E. R. PHINNEY, H. N. WELLS and some others had sail boats, and there were some lively sailing races between chack craft. A small sailing boat, abandoned on the beach, was floated and patched up by the boys of two or three families. I appropriated it one evening to go fishing. There was just enough air to make the little tub move, and I had no trouble in handling the sail with one hand, the fishing rod with the other, and the rudder with one leg. I was having a fine time, catching no fish, but enjoying myself thoroughly, when a sudden squall struck. The sail began to flop and I had got it nicely messed up with my fishing gear when the rudder unshipped. My seamanship was equal to the complicated task before me, and there were no casualties.

SO FAR AS I KNOW there are no sail boats on the lake now, just a few launches, and a small number of rowboats. People use the lake to look at, and to bathe in, but not to ride on to any appreciable extent.

BEMIDJI HAS HAD A SIMILAR experience. To see a rowboat on that lake makes one think of Macaulay’s “single fisherman washing his nets in the river of ten thousand masts.”

EVERYWHERE THERE HAS been a like process. The automobile has made the lakes easy to reach and easy to get away from. The rowboat belongs to a more leisurely age when, perhaps because they could not do otherwise, settled down for a few weeks in one place and stayed there.

—W. P. DAVIES.
Don't have to stay in the shade.

There was a period of meteorological conditions in the nineties in May, but that is unusual and highly irregular. Our experience was in September in the Pacific Northwest, where conditions may be reversed.

Various places the thermometer recorded 110 or more. The wind felt like a blast from a furnace, and heat prostrations were numerous all over the Northwest. Today, through the industry and enterprise of the Associated Press, all those prostrations would be listed and classified. Then only a few of them were recorded on the fragmentary dispatches which were published.

**HEAT FATALITIES, HOLIDAY casulaties and things of that sort have become staple matters of news, and sometimes when the items are assembled there is created an erroneous impression as to their number as compared with similar items in other years. There is a tendency, too, to strain a point in order to reach an impressive total. Thus, while the man who dies from sunstroke is definitely a heat casualty, the man who is drowned while swimming on a hot day may be nothing of the kind. He may have been in the habit of swimming every summer day, and for some reason not at all related to the heat have ventured too far, become exhausted and drowned. In that case the heat had nothing to do with it. Several people will be killed in automobile accidents on the Fourth of July. Some of them would have been killed just the same if it had been the third or the sixth of the month. But they will be listed as holiday casualties.

**HOW HIGH OR LOW TEMPERATURE can a human being stand? Temperatures down in the seventies have been recorded in the polar regions, and people have lived. In certain metal operations men work in temperatures up to about 130. Those extremes seem to be about the limits. The limited tolerance of humankind to such extremes formed the basis of one argument advanced by Alfred Russel Wallace, the famous scientist, in favor of his hypothesis that this earth is the only spot in the great universe where intelligent life exists.

**WALLACE SURVEYED THE heavenly bodies from the standpoint of temperature. He found that between the absolute zero of space and the temperatures of such bodies the sun there is a range many thousands of degrees of temperature, and that within that tremendous range there is just one little narrow band of about 200 degrees within which many can live. He checked the ascertained temperatures of many of the celestial bodies and found some always much too hot, some always much too cold, and some by turns too hot and too cold. The science of his day, he said, knew of no spot except this earth where the temperature never becomes too high or too low for human beings to live. Therefore there is no place where mankind can live except on this earth. It is an interesting speculation, and Wallace treated it in an interesting way.

**WE READ OFTEN THAT "the mercury registered" so and so. That expression has come down from the time when mercury was used in all thermometers, as it still is in some. But for recording very low temperatures mercury is useless because mercury freezes at about 39 below zero and will not register below that. Some of my friends have told me of weather so cold that the thermometer registered 50 or 60 below and the mercury was frozen solid. No mercury thermometer can register correctly below 40, and the spirit thermometer which is now in general use does not freeze at 60.

—W. P. DAVIES.
HOT WEATHER MAKES ME think of two beverages. I do not think of those to the exclusion of all others, but it is only in hot weather that I think of those two. They are black currant tea and oatmeal water. And when I think of them I think also of haying time and harvest fields, for those were drinks peculiar to haying and harvest in my boyhood. In our orchard there were several black currant bushes which, well cared for, yielded profusely. Of the fruit Grandmother made preserve. Modern canning method had not been developed. We knew nothing of the cold-ack method, and we had not the means to use it, anyway. There were no glass jars that could be hermetically sealed, hence, any fruit that it was desired to keep had to be made into a rich preserve. At our house that was put away in small stoneware jars with loose lids which were sometimes set with melted rosin and sometimes merely covered with tightly tied paper.

DURING HAYING AND HARVEST men became very thirsty in the field, and plain water did not seem quite to fill the bill. One substitute was made of black currant preserve. A small quantity of boiling water was poured over a liberal quantity of the preserve and the mixture was stirred until the preserve was dissolved. It was then hung down the well to cool. It was then brought up and enough cold water was added to fill a jug or a pail, and it was my job to carry it out to the field. It made a pleasant drink, slightly sweet and slightly acid, with the piquant flavor of the currants.

THE OATMEAL WATER WAS made merely by mixing oatmeal in cold water, or sometimes by scalding the meal first and then adding cold water. The meal was neither rolled nor steel cut, but fine-ground, of a kind not much in use now. It gave a milky appearance to the water, and the mixture was not at all bad to take.

EITHER OF THESE DRINKS seemed to quench thirst better than a like quantity of plain water would have done. Between drinks the jug was kept covered with fresh grass or a couple of sheaves of grain, and when brought out it was pleasantly beaded with moisture. A swig from that jug while sitting in the shade of a spreading tree was mighty refreshing.

BLACKCurrANT TEA WAS more than a hot weather beverage. It was supposed to have valuable medicinal properties. It was a favorite prescription for colds, and, so far as I know, it was as good as anything else. It had the merit of being easy to take, which is more than can be said of many of the doses administered by our grandmothers. In general the idea seemed to be that the more nauseous a medicine was the more likely it was to be beneficial.

CONCERNING THE AGITATION some years ago for storage reservoirs at Red Lake and Lake Traverse, about which I wrote a few days ago, P. A. McClernan offers the following:

"Let me remind you: First that there have been no storage reservoirs constructed at any of the points indicated, or elsewhere. "That the last flood of Red River Valley lands was in 1897. "That a vast amount of the swamp lands of northern Minnesota have been drained by artificial, open ditches during that period of time. "That every time it was proposed to dig a drainage ditch that must necessarily empty into the great river, the farmers along the stream appeared in court and protested most vigorously that it would certainly overflow their lands.

"The first drainage ditches dug in Minnesota—northern part of the state—were by the state: No. 1 an outlet of the Middle River to the Snake. No. 2, an outlet of the Tamarac River to the Red. Those ditches were dug to connect the inland rivers with the Red River of the North, each a distance of eight miles.

"There was once a time when the Arpin company operated twenty "Cross Walkers" in this territory; but never from the advent of ditching has there been an overflow of the low lands from that cause.

"The purpose of ditching is to lower the water level making a sponge like surface to hold the rain as it falls, and the deeper the drainage the less the run off, as there can be no run off till the power of absorption is exhausted. "Drainage ditches and cultivation of the soil has reduced the run off in all the streams and rivers of all this flat country, while the average rain fall has remained as it was in the early years: years when they expected a flood of all the land every ten years: 1881-82-1897, and periodically prior to that time."

I AM NOT PREPARED TO argue with Mr. McClernan as to the influence of ditching on river flow, floods, etc., but it is a fact that admits of no argument that where once there were innumerable ponds, lakes and swamps there are none today. Areas that once held water all summer are now dry within a few weeks after the snow disappears. Permanent lakes are as a rule away below their former levels. The country is drying up. A lot of good scenery and hunting grounds are being turned into very inferior farming land.

—W. P. Davies.
THE FOURTH IN THE YEAR 1900 was a great day in Grand Forks because on that day the Grand Forks baseball team defeated Fargo in two games on the home grounds, and it was always a pleasure to beat Fargo in a ball game. Ernie Kent managed the team that year, and Ball and Snyder were pitchers in the morning and afternoon games, respectively. The lineup of the local team contains some names that are still familiar. The players were Forde, Ball, W. Hanrahan, McNeil, H. Hanrahan, Kent, Maloney, Walker, Anderson. This was in the morning game. In the afternoon Anderson dropped out and Snyder came in. The morning game was a tight one. Grand Forks started well by scoring 2 in the first, 4 in the second and 1 in the third, and then quit for a long time. In the meantime Fargo had scored ones and twos up to a total of 7, at which point the game was tied until Grand Forks made the winning score in the ninth. In the afternoon game Fargo broke loose and rolled up 5 in the third, but the effort exhausted her and Grand Forks came in an easy winner by a score of 8 to 6. Everybody in town was happy.

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The Herald gave two columns of space to the ball games, and four inches to the golf handicap which was played on the links of the Wahkialum Golf club out on University avenue—quite a distance from town. The players in that event, with their handicaps, were: W. K. Nash, 10; Burke Corbet, 18; John Birkholz, scratch; W. H. Pringle, 17; J. Walker Smith, 6; G. R. Jacobi, 18; Thomas Beare, 18; W. R. Vanderhoef, 13; Robert H. Lee, 6; F. S. Lycan, 18; Tracy R. Bangs, 18; G. M. Booker, 10; E. J. Lander, 10; Frank DeCamp, 18. The players finished in the order named, Nash having a net score of 94 and DeCamp 112.

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The most elaborate celebration of the day anywhere in the vicinity of Grand Forks was at Fisher. It wasn't as easy to get to Fisher then as it is now. Navigation had been suspended for several years, so no boats were running. One could go by train, but that made a pretty long day of it. It was possible to go by horse and buggy, but the roads were nothing to write home about, even though the weather was fine. A good team could make it in about an hour and a half.

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However, many Grand Forks people attended the celebration, which was of the traditional kind, with a parade, speeches, games and fireworks. The Crookston band led the parade, the chief feature of which was a chariot carrying beautiful girls in white, one representing each state. J. J. Ryder, state senator for the district, and editor of the East Grand Forks Courier, was the orator of the day, and Jack could make the eagle scream when he let himself loose.

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Some time during the proceedings the four horses drawing the chariot bearing the beautiful girls took it into their heads to run away. They were stopped before anyone was hurt, and this impromptu number was greatly appreciated. Then somebody exploded a firecracker in Laughlin's department store and set the place on fire. A few pails of water put the fire out, but the incident added to the thrills.

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Passengers on the Duluth line reported that the town of Bagley, which had recently been merely the jumping off place for lumberjacks, had the biggest parade of any place along the line.
WHILE THE DEMOCRATS were trying to agree on a candidate the Grand Forks city council was trying to arrange for the installation of water meters. It was a difficult task. There was no trouble about the meters, but for a long time it was impossible to agree on rates for water consumption. I think I have mentioned some time that the problem was solved by the introduction of an ordinance by Alderman Carothers providing for the installation of meters by a certain date and saying nothing about rates. The council just ate that ordinance up. Then, having committed themselves definitely to meters, the aldermen had to agree on a schedule of rates—and they did.

SHORTLY AFTER THE SPANISH American war Richard Harding Davis, who served as war correspondent, suggested that there be a change in the army regulations and that tobacco be no longer classified among "luxuries and officers' supplies," but that it be treated as one of the necessaries and served to the privates. He made particular mention of cigarettes.

THE PROPOSAL WAS RIDICULOUS and the army authorities would have nothing to do with it. It was held that soldiers were not so effeminate as to hanker for cigarettes. After the Boer war Davis wrote an article for a magazine in which he called attention to the fact that after the capture of Ladysmith by the British, a can of condensed milk sold at auction for $2.50, but a package of tobacco brought $15. Davis considered that the incident proved that he had been right. What a change he would have noted during the World war, when Ladies Aid societies, and all sorts of philanthropic organizations hustled round for cigarettes to give to the soldiers. And did the soldiers appreciate them?

MENTION WAS MADE SOME days ago of a drainage convention at Grand Forks in 1900 to inaugurate a movement for the protection of the Red river valley from floods by the creation of great reservoirs at Red Lake and Lake Traverse. Another angle of that flood situation was the proposal that a demand be made on congress for an appropriation to compensate valley residents who had suffered from the flood of 1897.

Davies

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THERE WAS HOT WEATHER during the week of the Fourth in 1900. Over the greater part of the continent the thermometer registered well up in the nineties, and heat prostrations were numerous. Grand Forks and vicinity had welcomed greatly with the thought that the thought that flax would make a crop and that some of the wheat would be saved.

FARther west there was real drought. Around Devil's Lake many of the farmers had given up hope of saving any wheat at all, though it was thought that there was still some hope for flax. Captain Heerman, who had operated a steamer on Devil's Lake for many years, said that the lake had fallen eight inches in May of that year, and in his many years of experience he had never before known such a drop in the lake level at that season.

IT WAS HOT, TOO, IN KANSAS City, for down there the Democrats were holding their national convention and nominating William J. Bryan for the second time. There has been a lot of discontent in the Democratic party during the past few years, and quarrels over party leadership and party policies have created what might be considered a hopeless situation. But the party seems to have been as badly split away back there by Bryan and free silver as it has been more recently by Al Smith and prohibition. The party seems to have remarkable powers of recuperation.

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LEDRO GUTHRIE, for whom the city of Guthrie, Oklahoma, was said to have been named, was the chief mover in that enterprise, and he prepared an elaborate statement of reasons why congress should assume responsibility and make good the damages. In that statement it was set forth that a large number of persons had been induced to settle on Red river valley lands upon the representation that such lands were valuable for agricultural purposes and the building of homes. Relying on the representations made they had spent their time and invested their money, and then, by permitting ditching and other interference with the laws of nature the government had caused the settlers' lands to be flooded, their live stock drowned, and much of their other property destroyed. Therefore, went the argument, Uncle Sam was liable to those people in damages. The case never got into court or into congress, and so far as I know Guthrie never got anything out of it.

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That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE BJARNE CHORUS HAS just been celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. For half a century that organization has been making good music for the people of the valley, and some of the original members are still active and singing in tune.

One of the concerts by this chorus which I always remember with great pleasure was given one Sunday at Maple Lake. I don’t remember the year or the day of the month, but it was just about far enough back to be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the chorus, and it may be that the anniversary was celebrated in that way.

THERE WERE GAMES during the day, and singing, but the memorable feature was the evening concert on the water. The group assembled in row boats just off the entrance to Smith’s bay, and most of the audience of several hundred people occupied other boats. The evening was warm and the water like glass, and the air was so still that the boats did not drift.

IN THE QUIET OF THAT evening those men sang the songs of the Norse fatherland, of their adopted country, and the works of great composers of other lands, and the audience in the boats and on the shore sat in the gathering dusk listening to those fine harmonies. I have but a dim recollection of the personnel of that concert. Hans Pedersen was there, of course, and the Paulsen brothers. L. K. Hassell may have been the leader of the chorus at that time. At any rate he was an influential member. I think Gunnar Hoest, now of Leeds, was one of the number. And there were some who have since crossed to the other side. It is a pleasant recollection, and I have no doubt that many who read this column will remember it.

HERBERT PLUMMER IN ONE of his Washington sketches the other day mentioned Congressman Rainey of Illinois as one of a house member who looks with some suspicion on President Hoover’s moratorium plan. I saw and heard Congressman Rainey just once, and once was plenty. Congress was in session, and Congressman Burtness had found me a seat in the House gallery where I could see and hear what was going on. The debate was on a resolution for a constitutional amendment the effect of which would be to abolish tax-exempt securities. J. Ogden Mills, then a congressman from New York, and now assistant secretary of the treasury, was speaking in support of the amendment.

He made a clean, forceful address, marshaling in an orderly manner the facts bearing on the subject, and presenting in a most convincing way the reasons why he believed the issuance of tax-exempt securities should be discontinued. The speaker indulged in no personalities. He simply presented in a telling way his side of a debate on a subject of national concern.

CONGRESSMAN RAINNEY rose to reply. After a few windy sentences of introduction he drew a paper from his pocket and proceeded to read from it. The paper contained what purported to be a list of the companies in which J. Ogden Mills, the previous speaker, was a director. I have no doubt the list was correct, for Mr. Mills is, or was, very much a man of affairs and was an influential member of a number of important corporations.

WHAT HAD THAT TO DO with tax exemptions? According to Mr. Rainey a man as wealthy as he had shown Mr. Mills to be would not be advocating the abolition of tax exemptions if their abolition were in the interest of the common people. That was the sum and substance of Mr. Rainey’s debate.

There was not in it a syllable of argument on the merits of the subject. There was no review of the arguments presented by Mr. Mills. No marshalling of argument on the other side. There was nothing except the bare, bald assumption that a wealthy man could not in the nature of things be interested unselfishly in the welfare of the country. I have been “off” Mr. Rainey ever since.

W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I DON'T KNOW OF ANYONE who is satisfied with the present price of wheat, but it is some satisfaction to look back and recall that there has been recovery from low prices before; and we are told that history repeats itself. A few of us remember the early nineties, when the grower got about 40 cents for his wheat, and Congressman Johnson had to explain that he never said that 30 cents was enough for wheat, anyway. Then in 1900 the price of wheat in Chicago in early June was 66½ cents. Inside of a month it was selling at 88 cents. This was said to be the most sensational advance in wheat prices since the days of the Leiter corner, and nobody seemed to know what was causing it. There was no evidence of manipulation. The price just seemed to climb of itself.

WE HEAR SOMETIMES OF thermometers blowing up from the heat. Not many persons have seen that actually occur, but there was such a case in Grand Forks on a very hot day in 1900. Street thermometers registered 100 in the shade and better, but some of the fellows wondered how hot it was in the sun. Kilgore, the bicycle man, took down the big thermometer from in front of Carter's confectionery store and hung it in the sun where it would get the benefit of all the heat there was. Up went the liquid to 110, 115, 120, and pop! she went.

AT A CONVENTION OF hospital workers a short time ago there was discussion of the propriety of nurses calling their patients "dearie." The sentiment expressed was decidedly against the practice, and appropriate resolutions were adopted. I never had a nurse try that on me. If it should happen—well, I just don't know what I would do. I'd be so fussed.

OVER IN FRANCE, I UNDERstand, they arrest a man for being run over by an automobile. I came within an ace of having that happen to me once. It was in New York, several years ago. I had just bought a Herald at that place back of the Public library where you can buy almost any paper published for 10 cents. There had been a political convention in North Dakota, and I wanted to see what had happened.

Glancing hastily over the story I found that the convention had done some things which seemed to me plumb foolish, and I began to think it over and try to figure out what could be done about it. While I was thus occupied I walked right into the middle of the traffic at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street. Suddenly I woke up to the sound of horns blowing, people shouting and brakes screeching, and I saw a big car a few inches from me, and headed my way. I jumped clear of that car and I landed right in front of another coming from the opposite direction. There was more shouting and screeching, and I jumped again, this time landing clear of everything but the traffic cop.

DID HE DRESS ME DOWN? He did. He gave me the whole works. At least I suppose he did, for it didn't seem possible that he could have anything left. Then I did a very wise thing. I just said nothing. I let that man call me whatever he could think of, and he could think of plenty, and took it all meekly. As quietly and unostentatiously as possible I slipped into the crowd and effaced myself. That's one good thing about a big city. You may commit anything and then mix in the crowd and you are safe.

SOMETIMES, WHEN I FEEL the need for a little mortification of the spirit, I just think of the way that cop talked to me and I become humble at once.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE PASSENGER IN THE plane which crashed through the roof of a Minneapolis house the other night must have been born to courtesy. His first act after coming through the ceiling was to apologize to the startled family for the intrusion. No man who had merely acquired good manners would have thought of that.

There was a time when people spoke jestingly of the possibility of flying machines dropping on houses and of people being struck by objects accidentally dropped from planes. Nobody took it very seriously, for flying was such a new and rare thing that few realized its possibilities. Popularly it was regarded as a matter of entertainment, good for fairs and such gatherings, but not to be considered as a regular means of travel. The idea of planes becoming so numerous as to create a real hazard was too remote to be entertained. Today that hazard is a very real thing, and it has been found necessary to regulate it in the interest of people who are on the ground. The Minneapolis incident illustrates the importance of having sane regulations rigidly enforced.

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MORE PEOPLE ARE PASSING through the village of Fisher these days than at any other time since Fisher was the head of navigation, and perhaps more than even during the navigation period. The regular highway which is now being paved passes close by the village, but not through it. The detour made necessary by the paving work runs right through the village, and there is a lot of travel over that road.

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THE HISTORY OF FISHER IS closely linked up with the history of the Canadian Pacific railway. One section of that road was built eastward from Winnipeg, to meet the section that was being built from the other end. Some of the material for that section was brought to Moorhead by the Northern Pacific and there transferred to river steamers and carried by river down to Winnipeg. Low water in the upper river made trouble for the boats, and in the meantime Hill had laid rails on his road through Minnesota as far as Crookston on the Red Lake river. The Canadian Pacific people arranged with him to haul their material from St. Paul to Crookston, and steamers picked it up there and carried it on past "The Forks" and down the Red river.

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RAPIDS AND SHALLOWS also made trouble for some miles this side of Crookston, and in order to overcome this the Hill line was extended the 10 miles to Fisher. The going was fairly good down the rest of the river to Grand Forks, and Fisher became the head of navigation. Thousands of passengers were handled through that port. Many of the families that settled in the Red river valley on the Dakota side came that way, and whole colonies were transported over that route to Manitoba.

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DURING THOSE YEARS FAR-go's de luxe hotel was the headquarters, owned by the Northern Pacific. It was a big wooden building with the railway offices in one end. Trains stopped there for meals. One stop in which I participated was of a train coming from the west. A light rain was falling, and passengers hurried from the train to get out of the wet and secure places at the tables. The plank platform was covered with the greasy mud for which the Red river valley has become notorious, and about three passengers out of every four slipped and fell, to the great enjoyment of those who kept their footing. I had been there before and was on my guard.

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

THERE HAVE BEEN SO many expressions of disappointment, and not a few of indignation, over the announcement that the rebuilt Constitution — the famous "Old Ironsides,"—is to be towed from port to port instead of sailed under her own canvas, that something seems likely to be done about it.

The Constitution was once saved from abandonment by Oliver Wendell Holmes' stirring poem: "Aye! for her tattered ensign down," which aroused such enthusiasm among the people for the preservation of the gallant old ship that the navy department reversed its former decision and kept the ship as a memento of gallantry and a source of inspiration.

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THE YEARS AND THE ELEMENTS played havoc with the fine old craft, and again public sentiment came to the rescue. Through public contributions, largely among school children, enough money was raised for the practical rebuilding of the ship. That work completed, the Constitution is to leave her anchorage to visit many American ports, there to be an object of admiration and reverence.

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IT WAS SOMETHING OF A shock to learn that instead of being sailed from port to port, as in the old days the ship would be towed. The explanation given was two-fold. A set of sails would cost $7,000, and there are no funds available for that purpose. And, even though the ship were equipped with new canvas throughout, there are now no sailors capable of handling her.

**THE LACK OF FUNDS PRESENTS no real difficulty.** There are thousands of Americans who would consider it an honor to be permitted to make a small contribution toward the purchase of a new set of sails. The lack of trained personnel is the real problem.

**THE SHORT SPACE OF A few years has worked havoc with the art of sailing.** Of course there are still thousands of sailors, many of them thoroughly competent in the handling of the craft to which they are accustomed, but the art of handling the sails on a fishing schooner, or even on one of the small freighters still left, is very different from that of handling the complicated outfit of a full-rigged ship. In the days before steam supplanted salt, the able-bodied seaman knew the name and purpose of every strip of canvas and every bit of cordage from bow to stern of any sort of ship and took pride in his knowledge and skill. That knowledge and skill have almost vanished, and they have practically disappeared entirely from the navy.

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IF SOME CRISIS MADE IT necessary for our navy to recruit instantly thousands of men for its battleships and auxiliary craft, and it were important to obtain men who could most readily be trained for the work they were to perform, I suspect that the authorities would give the docks and the fishing fleets the go-by. They would draw on the garages for mechanics, on the power companies for electricians, on construction gangs for men accustomed to the use of digging and hoisting apparatus, and for petty officers on the colleges for men versed in mathematics and the physical sciences. All that would be needed of what was once essential nautical knowledge could be taught in a short time.

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I ONCE VISITED A GREAT liner just before her departure for across seas. Everywhere there was a bustle of preparation for the voyage. But certain parts of the ship might as well have been in a factory, and other parts in a hotel. There was mighty little nautical about it. On an upper deck was an elderly man coiling a rope. He was the only person whose appearance and occupation suggested the sea. His face was tanned and lined. His hair was iron-gray, as if from the salt spray of many years. He handled his rope as deftly as Will Rogers handles his lariat. I watched him for a few minutes, and then, addressing him mentally, I said "Old man, you never learned that trick on a steamship."

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I COULDN'T HELP BUILDING UP a little story about him. I imagined him one of the old-time sailors who had sailed the seven seas and knew every trick of the craft, who, finding his occupation gone or going, had gravitated to a job on a big liner. I read into his expression a feeling of superiority to his present job, and of contempt for other employees, machine trained, who called themselves sailors, but who didn't know a hawser from a harpoon.

W. P. DAVIES
One of my unrealized ambitions has been to make a long voyage on a sailing vessel. I should like a trip on any kind of ocean vessel, provided it is safe enough and well handled, but I have wanted one trip under canvas so that I might become really acquainted with the sea. Your passenger liner is interesting in itself, but it is too big, too swift and too crowded. Before you get over your fit of seasickness, if you are going to have one, and have more than made a good start at inspecting the ship, you are across, and you scarcely know you have been at sea at all.

Hence my hankering for a real sail, in a sturdy ship that could stand all sorts of buffeting, under a captain who started in as a cabin boy, and with a boat-swain who could entertain me with stories of thrilling experiences and hairsbreadth escapes in strange and distant parts of the earth. On such a trip there would be time to learn the names of the sails and different parts of the gear, to know what order to expect in certain kinds of weather, to follow the execution of the order with some sense of intelligence, and there might be opportunity to try a turn at the wheel. There would be opportunity, too, to learn something about the sea in its varied moods. There would be the varied experiences of calm and tempest and the feeling of security born of the confidence that the good ship could ride out at storm.

I used to think that on such a voyage I would take along a lot of books to read. My very brief actual experience at sea has convinced me that a few books would do me. The visitor to Cape Cod asked one of the native fishermen what the people there did in the winter time when they couldn't fish. "Wall," replied the native, "we set, an' think. Sometimes we jest set." I found that in the leisure between visits, inspections and so forth, I didn't want to do much reading. I was satisfied to "jest set." In favorable weather I could sit by the hour with my feet on the rail, just watching the changing aspects of sea and sky, and letting it all soak in. So a very small library would suffice for my sailing trip.

One thing brings on another, and writing the other day about sailors and sailing ships has reminded me of my first Great Lakes trip. It was in October, 1882, on the good ship Campana, which was then making her last trip for the season. The Campana was said to be the largest vessel at that time on the lakes. I have no idea as to her size, but to me she seemed immense. For some reason she was traveling light, her cargo being 10,000 bushels of wheat. Only seven passengers left Duluth, and about as many more were picked up at Port Arthur. It was a quiet trip, though a very pleasant one.

The Campana was a steamer with sails for auxiliary power, and as the wind was favorable during a good part of the journey we carried a full spread of canvas. I suppose there is no such thing on the lakes now. At that time there were many sailing craft, some of them of considerable size, and it was puzzling to a landsman that the same wind would blow some of them up the lake and others down.

The finest spectacle on that trip was the north shore of Lake Superior with its enormous cliffs of varicolored rock decked out in all the glory of frost-tinted foliage. It was a sight worth a special trip. I have often wanted to see it again, but I have never traveled that way since at that time of the year.

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

OVER IN MINNESOTA A FEW years ago they undertook to "improve" a lake by draining it and making farm land of it. The process eliminated a creditable lake by turning it into a marsh, dry or wet, as the season happened to be. Now the process is being reversed by damming the outlet in the hope of restoring the lake. There are many other places where similar action might profitably be taken for there are innumerable instances in which very good lakes have been destroyed to make poor farming land.

THE DRAINAGE OF AREAS which were suitable for the breeding of wild fowl has supplemented and accentuated what nature herself does occasionally. A bulletin issued by the department of agriculture says:

"THE SERIOUS DECREASE IN the numbers of ducks noted throughout the United States during the shooting season of 1930-31 has caused general alarm among sportsmen, conservationists, and others interested in these valuable birds. For several years drouth conditions in the breeding season of the birds have been unfavorable in the Northern Plains states and the prairie provinces of Canada, and officials of the biological survey, United States department of agriculture, are co-operating with provincial and dominion officials in Canada in studying actual conditions in the heart of the breeding range of some of our most important species of ducks. Preliminary results of the study now in progress indicate that this year's hatch of waterfowl will prove to be the smallest on record.

"CANADIAN OFFICIALS HAVE reported recently that conditions in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan and parts of Manitoba are even less favorable for the breeding of wild fowl than they were last year. Recent rains in these areas can have no effect on this year's hatch of young ducks, because the peak of the breeding season had passed before the drouth broke.

"THE SERIOUS DROUTH conditions in the breeding grounds of the birds in the spring and early summer this year have accentuated the critical conditions facing the waterfowl. Concern for the safety of the birds is increased by announcements from the weather bureau that the extreme deficiency in moisture that was experienced in 1930 followed similar conditions in the northwest dating back to 1922.

"EARLY THIS YEAR SECRETARY Hyde, of the department of agriculture, recognizing the need for additional protection for wild fowl, authorized amendments to the regulations under the migratory-bird treaty act. These amendments will reduce the open seasons on waterfowl by two weeks in each of the states the coming fall and winter. He also adopted other restrictions to reduce the annual kill of wild fowl, including a reduction in the number of live-goose decoys that may hereafter be used at any gunning stand.

"THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY has been observing the drouth conditions in the breeding grounds of the wild fowl, particularly in the plains states and prairie provinces. A large part of the wild fowl that spend the fall and winter months in the United States come from these areas. The results of the bureau's studies in co-operation with Canadian conservation officials will be awaited with interest, it is believed, by sportsmen and conservationists of both countries, since it is generally recognized that the conditions now confronting the wild fowl of North America are the most serious in our history."
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE come to Grand Forks in recent years have been puzzled by the existence of what appears to be the remains of an old roadbed between the present Northern Pacific tracks and the river, just north of the N. P. depot. The grade is on very low ground, leads nowhere, and appears to have been for no purpose. The fact is that this was the original roadbed, and trains traveled over it for a good many years. When the Northern Pacific planned to enter Grand Forks from the east in the late eighties it found difficulty in obtaining right of way at a price which was not considered prohibitive. Ten or 12 years earlier the Great Northern had cut straight through the townsite, but town lots were not worth much in those days. When the Northern Pacific built in a similar course would have been very costly, and it was decided to parallel the river for a short distance.

ALL THE PROPERTY ON THE river side of Third street was privately owned, and most of it was occupied by private residences, therefore right of way was brought through the low land nearer the river, which was unoccupied except by a few shanties. This necessitated a dip in the roadbed between the bridge and the higher ground in the northern part of the city. The train platform was a dozen or more feet below the level of the old depot. Passengers had to climb up and down a long flight of stairs, and mail, express and baggage had to be lugged up and down. The handling of trains was difficult, and during high water that section of the track was completely flooded.

AFTER STRUGGLING WITH this condition for a few years the company undertook to raise the roadbed, and hundreds of cars of earth were dumped for that purpose. For a time the work went on swimmingly, and then the dump began to settle. The grade would be raised perceptibly during the day, and in the morning it would be at the old level. The company persisted, the idea being that the settling would presently cease and give a solid footing.

THEN ONE DAY SOMEBODY discovered an island out in the middle of the river where no island had been before. That helped to explain what had become of all the thousands of yards of earth that had been dumped. It developed that at that point there is a bed of hard pan sloping toward the river and then curving upward. On this is sand, and over this the surface soil. The weight of the new material had forced the sand downward, outward and then upward until it made a bulge in the middle of the river. One curious fact noted at the time was that while the sand underneath slid the surface which rested on it did not move perceptibly.

THE RAISING OF THE tracks at that particular point was given up as a bad job. In addition to its other troubles the company had to explain to the federal authorities how it came to be building islands in the middle of the river and obstructing navigation. There were steamers on the river then, and considerable business was done in hauling wheat from points up and down the river and transferring it here to cars.

THE COMPANY THEN BEGAN quietly to buy up the property on the east side of Third street. Burke Corbet, the company’s attorney at Grand Forks, had this work in charge, and he had obtained title to almost all the frontage desired, or options on it, before any of the owners knew that the purchases were being made for the railway company. The cost of the property bought was about $80,000, but this sum would have been considerably increased if it had been known that the purchases were being made for railway use.

WITH THIS HIGHER LAND obtained, a new roadbed was built, and the tracks were laid where they are now. In that location there has been little trouble from slipping or settling, although during the progress of building there was enough settling to cause the railway people to wonder if at last they had got onto solid ground.

SOME OF THE RESIDENCES on the property bought were fairly pretentious for those days. All but the one or two now remaining were sold and moved off, and, remodeled and touched up, they are still standing in various parts of the city. As things turned out it would probably have been cheaper for the company to obtain right of way in some other location, as then all trouble with the insecure footing would have been avoided.

W. P. DAVIES.
T	hat Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE CITY OF NOME APPEARS occasionally in the news, sometimes in connection with aviation and occasionally because of other activities. But Nome is no longer the place it was, and today little attention is given to it. A generation ago it was different. Nome was then an important place, and there were few localities in this country in which news from that distant point was not read eagerly, for there were few places of any size from which persons had not gone to Nome or in which there were not others interested in some way in the development of the gold fields there.

GRAND FORKS WAS REPRESENTED in the population of Nome in 1900 by several persons who had gone there to better their fortunes. One of these was Alex McDonald, whose brother Sam, the druggist, received a letter from him telling of his experiences. Alex and Win Boulter had formed a partnership, and when the letter was written they were making money a lot faster than many of the gold diggers did.

THEY HAD BEEN THERE eight days when the letter was written, and in that time Alex had made $280, partly as a night watchman on the docks, and Win had contributed to the pile about $200 which he had made at similar work. Alex wrote that in addition to his job as watchman he had started up one fellow in a lunch counter business, sold two delivery carts and a tent for another, and sold 2,700 cigars for a third. Each transaction yielded its commission. Business was evidently booming, otherwise a stranger could not have caught on so quickly.

PRICE QUOTATIONS AS OF that time are interesting. It cost 8 1-3 cents for the use of a wash basin and comb. A bath cost $1.50, and the same for a shave and hair cut. The cheapest meal was $1.50, and a plain steak $2.50. What were called "good drinks" cost 50 cents and beer and "cheap drinks" 25 cents. Eggs cost 50 cents a dozen, which seems cheap compared with other prices. Condensed milk was 50 cents per can and sugar 50 cents a pound. City lots were selling at $6,000 to $7,000 each. The charge for working horses was $10 an hour, and for men's time $1.00 to $1.50 per hour. The disparity between the prices for men and for horses was due, doubtless, to the fact that there were many men and few horses, another case of supply and demand.

SATURDAY NIGHT WAS A lively night in Nome. On his first Saturday night there Alex saw two good fights, saw one man finish up the loss of $14,000 which he had achieved in two hours, and watched a fire, all in an hour. Seven people, he said, had been shot to death since his arrival. The Nome population at that time was chiefly a male population, but women were there, and Alex wrote that the women got drunk, fought and raised disturbances on the streets, just like a good many of the men, and nobody thought anything of it. Among the Grand Forks people whom he had already met Alex mentions Captain McCormack, Mike Malloy, Stevenson, Plum Campbell, Mr. Duckworth and F. Flynn.

A FEW YEARS EARLIER, while in Grand Forks, Plum Campbell had presided over certain games of chance which were in vogue at that time. Plum was an affable fellow who could riffle a deck of cards or stack a pile of chips with any of them. He was quiet, sober and inclined to be studious. He contracted the gold fever during the Klondike rush and intended to strike out for the Klondike fields. He had accumulated a large collection of maps and other information about the gold territory and how to reach it, and he could discuss Skagway, the Chilkoot pass, Lake Lingerman and the White Horse rapids as intimately as if he had been over the whole route. I never knew whether he went to the Klondike or not, but he was evidently in Nome when McDonald and Boulter were there.

McDONALD ESTIMATED THE population of Nome at that time as 35,000, but he had been there only a little over a week and had to rely on current rumor. A few weeks earlier the American consul there placed the population at 16,000. There was no municipal government whatever, no provision for the protection of life and property other than that improvised for the occasion. The consul had taken personal charge pending the organization of a regular government in accordance with the terms of an act of congress passed at the recent session. W. P. Davies.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A SHORT TIME AGO I WROTE of my hankering for a cruise on a sailing vessel, a desire which I suppose most boys have shared. An earlier ambition was to live on a canal boat. Our river, the Grand, in Southern Ontario, flowed past the lower field of my grandfather's little farm, and in my very early boyhood, after the railroads had supplanted river steamers, flat-bottomed boats, or scows, continued to move up and down the stream, carrying such material as lumber, brick, land plaster, baled hay and other freight in the shipment of which time was not important.

THOSE BOATS WERE MOVED by horsepower. Sometimes one horse was used, sometimes two, depending on the size of the boat and the weight of the load. The horses traveled along a path on the shore, hitched to the boat by a long tow rope. The boat itself was kept out in the stream, a few feet from shore, by means of a long steering oar, or rudder, which was operated by a man at the stern of the boat. The horses had a diagonal pull, which must have made hard work of it.

THIS FIELDS ALONG THAT stretch of the river ran right down to the water without fences paralleling the stream, but the dividing fence between fields was built into the water to prevent cattle from straying. Each fence had a rough gate through which the tow horses could pass. It was understood, and I suppose correctly, that the law gave right of way to everything pertaining to navigation.

THE BOATS, THOUGH OF VARIOUS sizes, were fairly uniform in their type of equipment. At one end, usually, was a little stable which the horses occupied at night and in which the extra horse or team rode during its "off watch. This gave the animals a chance to rest up between pulls. At the other end was a little deck house which was the home of the captain, his crew of one man, and often his wife and children.

TO ME EACH OF THOSE boats represented romance and adventure. Out of the unknown up stream it came, floated slowly and quietly by, and disappeared around the lower bend into another unknown. I was free to people those unknown spaces with creatures of my own imagination, and a boy's imagination works at high speed.

I CULTIVATED A SPEAKING acquaintance with one of the canal boat boys whom I got to know as Sam. He made several trips with his family and a few times his boat stopped near my place to change horses. During those times Sam and I visited, and I sometimes trailed along for a mile just to enjoy his distinguished society. To me Sam was a hero. He had traveled far and visited strange places. He was a sailor, for he lived aboard a boat, and he could tell thrilling tales of his adventures. He told of hairsbreadth escapes when the boat ran aground, of "Injuns" from the reservation down the river attempting to board the boat at night and being held at bay by his father and himself with guns. I suppose there was never a gun aboard the old scow, but I swallowed it all and asked for more. Then he told of the great lake, which I suppose the youngster had actually seen, and which I had not. When on duty Sam rode one of the horses or drove the team. There was no guiding to do, for the horses followed the path without the use of reins, but it was necessary to touch them up occasionally to keep them going. Sam boasted that he didn't have to go to school, which I suspect was only partly true for there were several months of winter when boats could not run. Anyway, I determined that when I grew up, as soon as possible, I would be a canal boat man. I never got that far.

ON LOOKING OVER THE Herald files I find that the early part of the summer of 1900 was exceedingly dry, so dry that much of the crop in the northwest was burned up. Late crops made a fair showing because of copious rains that began in July. One effect of the drouth was to lower the rivers so that the river men could not run their logs. There was a big saw-mill at East Grand Forks, and the mill had to run most of that season on logs shipped in by rail. The mill was almost about opposite where the sugar factory is, and the railroaded logs were run down to the Red Lake river and dumped in at a point not far from where the new golf course is being laid out. The late rains supplied water enough for log running, and the lumbermen were all jubilant.

W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM A man who gives a Minneapolis address complaining that while in Grand Forks recently he had his car tagged because he left it over night on a down town street. He says he was one of about twenty persons who had to appear in police court next morning on similar charges. He thinks it absurd that there should be such a “narrow-minded” ordinance and says that this is his first experience of this kind. In Minneapolis, he says, cars may be parked all night anywhere provided they are 15 feet from a hydrant, and this does not interfere with either the cleaning of the streets or the operations of the fire department.

I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH the Minneapolis ordinances, but I do know that the prohibition of all-night parking in certain sections is not unusual. Notwithstanding what the writer says about Minneapolis, it is obvious that a street sweeper cannot be operated under a parked car, and if the street is lined with parked cars an appreciable portion of the street must remain unswept. Also, while hose can be connected if the hydrant is left clear, a row of parked cars may obstruct access to a burning building.

WHILE THE COMPLAINANT was required to appear in court, he does not say that he was fined. I think the intent of the authorities in dealing with strangers in the city is to be as lenient in the enforcement of traffic rules it is consistent with good order.

THE LEGION DRUM AND Bugle corps played “The Star Spangled Banner” the other evening in the presence of several thousand people at Central park. That reminds me that a great many things go over our heads. To appreciate a fine picture requires some artistic experience, and some of the beauties of a poem are lost on those who have not some familiarity with literature.

IT SEEMED QUITE APPROPRIATE that the Drum and Bugle corps should play “The Star Spangled Banner,” the composition which has long been official in army and navy circles, and which has recently been given official sanction by Congress. But how many among the thousands who heard it realized that they were hearing something very unusual in music?

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT “The Star Spangled Banner” is a difficult piece to sing because of its great range. Not only is its range unusual, but it uses every tone between the extremes. The bugle is a keyless instrument, designed for the production of only a very limited number of tones. It is mostly Greek to me, but there are musicians who heard that number the other night who never heard “The Star Spangled Banner” played by bugles before, and who are still trying to figure out how it was done.

WE WHO ARE IGNORANT OF musical technique take such an achievement as a matter of course, but the well informed wonder and admire. A few years ago at one of the big circuses eight trumpeters played several concert numbers. The limitations of the trumpet are somewhat similar to those of the bugle, and the two performances were somewhat similar in their technical character. The trumpet number was advertised as one of the big features of the show. The Legion boys must have devoted a lot of work to the development of the ability which they have shown, and they are entitled to this word of appreciation.

AMONG THE CONSTRUCTION activities in Grand Forks this season is the extension of its steam mains by the Red River Power company. It is just 31 years since the first steam mains were laid in the city. What has developed into the present Power company was then the Gas & Electric company, whose principal owner was W. J. Murphy, who became widely known throughout the Northwest as the publisher of the Minneapolis Tribune, and whose local manager was Roycraft. Tom supervised the laying of the first steam mains, which made possible the heating of many of the down town buildings from one central plant.
DURING THE COMPLETION of the paving between Grand Forks and Crookston traffic is detoured by way of Euclid, and travelers over that road pass what remains of the headquarters of what was one of the big bonanza farms of which much was written some years ago. The buildings that remain are few in number and would attract no more attention than any other modest set of farm buildings. But they formed part of a cluster of buildings which resembled a small town, the headquarters of the famous Keystone farm.

A FEW SIMPLE DIRECTIONS will enable the traveler who is interested in the subject to identify the site. Leaving East Grand Forks one drives a mile north, then straight east for several miles until the detour again turns north, paralleling a short spur of the Northern Pacific. The road again turns east at a lone elevator on this line. The Keystone farm buildings occupied the center of the section immediately east of the railway track at that point and south of the road leading east from the elevator.

FIFTY-ODD YEARS AGO a group of Eastern capitalists who, I have understood, were important members of the old Standard Oil Co., named for their own state of Pennsylvania. They bought many sections of land and on it erected three sets of large and substantial farm buildings. The largest group of buildings was about the center of the big farm, at the point which I have indicated but because of the size of the farm and the impossibility of operating it by teams from a single headquarters, two other sets of buildings were erected at convenient points two or three miles in each direction from the main buildings.

THE HEADQUARTERS SET included, in addition to numerous large barns and granaries, a fine residence for the superintendent, commodious quarters, with large dining hall and sleeping rooms for the men, wagon and blacksmith shops, where wagons and other machinery were repaired, horses and sheds for housing all lost his bonus.

OPERATIONS WERE CONDUCTED on a big scale. During the threshold season the force was considerably augmented, for the company operated several threshing machines of its own, and each machine called for its complement of extra men. Farming on the Keystone was conducted in a manner which, allowing for the difference in mechanical appliances and methods of the two periods, was quite similar to that advocated by Henry Ford and others of his school today. As nearly as was then possible factory methods were followed. Men and teams went to the field like a company of soldiers, and operated after a similar fashion. There were specialists for almost every operation. The teams took care of their teams under the direction of foremen. There were men whose job it was to keep the stables clean, and who did nothing else. Mechanics kept vehicles and machinery in order. Everything was done by the clock.

TO OVERCOME THAT, DAVIDSON, a canny Scot, made contracts with many of his men at the spring rate for the season, with the proviso that if they worked through the season they would be paid a lump sum as a bonus at the end. Equalized, those amounts to regular wages for the season, but if the man jumped the job he never got his bonus.

THE KEYSTONE FARM WAS broken up years ago. The main building at one of the outlying stations was picked up by the wind in the storm of 1886 which wrecked a good many buildings in Grand Forks. No two pieces of it were left standing. In the spring from 100 to 200 men were employed at the main headquarters, the wife of the foreman - man at that station was killed in the storm. Of the main buildings demands of the season. During the only three or four are left. Some threshing season the force was considerably augmented, for the company operated several threshing machines and were sold, and it is possible to identify some buildings in neighboring farms as former Keystone buildings.

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

DOWN AT LINDBERGH'S boyhood home near Little Falls, Minnesota, tourists have just about wrecked the building in which Lindbergh was born, also its contents, in their craze for souvenirs. That sort of craze for souvenirs is hard to understand, but a lot of people have it.

I have read of a woman who watched Charles Dickens at breakfast in his hotel on his American tour, and who, after the meal was over, picked up the shell from which the novelist had eaten his morning egg and carried it off as a souvenir. That was fully as sensible as collecting a bit of wood from a chair in which Lindbergh had sat or a fragment from a whatchat in a room which he once occupied. The people who collect hotel towels and spoons seem to have a measure of sanity, for those things can be used, but the souvenir which is obtained only by smashing something up seems to me to be about the limit.

SPARKING OF EGGS, SPOONS and souvenirs reminds me of different ways of eating eggs. Gulliver's Bigendians and Little Indians went to war, it will be remembered, over the weight question whether an egg should be opened at the big or the little end. It is strange that somebody has not declared war over whether an egg should be eaten from the shell or broken into a glass.

THE ENGLISH CUSTOM IS TO eat from the shell. My boyhood was spent in Canada in a very English atmosphere, and I have since divested myself of some English customs which I acquired during those early years. But the English custom of eating eggs was one that I never acquired, and for which I never had any use.

THE EGG WAS SET IN AN egg cup into which it fitted, and with a deft stroke of one's knife one end of the egg was sliced off. In view of what Gulliver wrote I am not going to say which end. The egg was salted and peppered, also buttered, if one could afford it, and the contents were scooped out with a small spoon.

EGGS ARE RATHER HIGHLY charged with sulphur. Sulphur tarnishes silver. Many family spoons were of solid silver and had been handed down for generations, and eating eggs with them blackened them, which was undesirable. Some genius had invented a special egg spoon made of bone, a short-handled, narrow-bladed thing, almost flat, and as little suited for eating as for digging potatoes. With those absurd things we were expected to dig out the contents of our eggs and eat them.

IN THAT POINT I WAS AN IR-reconcilable rebel. I seemed to have been born with an incurable aversion for that whole system, and especially for those foolish little eggs spoons. I wanted my eggs broken into something where I could mix them up and get at them, and I wanted a spoon with which I could get more than a faint suggestion at one time. With company present I complied and inwardly protested, but within the family circle I demanded, and got, a glass or a cup and a real spoon.

THE OX TEAM HAS BEEN A feature this year at many fiftieth anniversary celebrations. Most of the animals used are just green steers fresh from the pasture ignorant and inappreciative of the dignity of being oxen. But there is an occasional team of real veterans, accustomed to lumbering, clearing, plowing, and all the other tasks in which oxen have been employed.

AMONG THE EXHIBITS there have been examples of the three styles of hitching most commonly in use. The only form of...
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IT IS TOLD OF HENRY M. Stanley that on one of his African expeditions he was in doubt as to whether to continue on his difficult journey or turn back. He had encountered obstacles of every imaginable kind. His supplies were almost exhausted, his men were worn out, hostile tribes barred his progress, and before him was unknown and impenetrable jungle. The situation seemed hopeless. He determined to leave to chance the decision whether to go forward or turn back. Deciding that it should be heads to go forward and tails to turn back, he spun a coin in the air. It came down tails. Stanley was not satisfied. The coin might not have been fairly spun. He tried again, and again it was tails. Still dissatisfied, he tried a third time, and that time the coin came down heads up.

"All right," said Stanley, "we'll go forward."

STANLEY HAD THOUGHT that he was undecided, and that he was leaving his future course to blind chance. In reality there had been the sub-conscious, unrecognized determination to go forward at any cost. When confronted with the immediate prospect of making a contrary decision he refused. He accepted the decision of the coin only when it coincided with the determination that he had already made, but of which he was not aware. The chances are that though the coin had fallen tails up 50 times, he would have found some excuse for trying again and yet again.

I THINK OF STANLEY OFTEN when confronted with the necessity of making a decision on the spur of the moment concerning something on which I believe myself to be in doubt. While driving, the other day, I approached a corner where it was possible to take either of two roads. With one I was familiar, as I had traveled it many times. I had never been over the other, but I had long since made up my mind to try it sometime, just to see what it was like. Miles before reaching the corner on this occasion I speculated on which road I should take. There were reasons why I should stick to the familiar road, as night was approaching and the other road might be rough. I thought that I had reached no decision until the moment came when I must either turn the wheel or hold it straight. For no reason that I could understand I chose the new road. I thought of Stanley, and I seemed to realize that without knowing I had decided, away back to take that course. I wonder how many of our decisions which seem to be made on impulse have really been made long ago.

YEARS AGO I WAS GREATLY interested in a little sketch by Ellis Parker Butler entitled "Goat Feathers." Like almost everybody else, I had read "Pigs Is Pigs," and that hilarious yarn had given me an appetite for anything written by Butler. I have never seen anything that he has written since that compared in the quality of its humor with "Pigs Is Pigs," but I got a kick of a different sort from "Goat Feathers."

JUST WHY THE WRITER chose that curious title I do not know, but he used goat feathers as the symbol of the incomplete and inconclusive. All his life, he said, he had been gathering goat feathers. That is, he had been starting things and leaving them unfinished. He told of his early life, of starting in various occupations, leaving each after a little while to take up something else. He told of incident after incident of his life in which he had yielded to this tendency, of time and labor wasted because failure to complete a job had made it unproductive. The result, he said, was a vast collection of goat feathers, neither useful nor ornamental.

I HAVE MADE QUITE A COLLECTION of goat feathers myself. I have started numerous things which might have been worth while if I had had the persistence to stick to them and complete them, but very often I have laid them aside for something which at the moment appeared more interesting. I have by no means broken myself of the habit, but Butler's article has been a great help. Time after time, since reading it, when on the point of laying side some bit of unfinished work to be finished at a more convenient season, I have thought "Goat feathers," and finished up the job. Therefore, I have to thank Ellis Parker Butler for giving me some hearty laughs and for causing me to hew to the line more persistently than I should have done otherwise. If many others have been affected in like manner the influence of this famous humorist may be more potent than that of many others who have written more solemnly and ponderously.

W. P. DAVIES.
RETURNING TO THE SUBJECT of prairie chickens which interested a number of readers a few weeks ago, J. H. Griffin of Grand Forks, industrial agent of the Great Northern, offers a contribution.

* * *

MR. GRIFFIN VISITED THE annual fair at Brandon, Man., recently, and there he found an interesting exhibit of birds having the general appearance of prairie chickens. There were about 60 birds in the group, divided into lots of a few birds each. Each lot occupied a separate pen. While the occupants of the different pens differed in several particulars, all were labeled "grouse." The authorities in charge of that exhibit evidently accept that general term as suitable for a large family in which there are marked tribal differences. Some of the birds were those now known as chickens to distinguish them from other members of the family, and there were others which appeared to be crosses.

* * *

AS, AT BRANDON, THE TERM "grouse" is given a general application, so in the early days in this territory all birds having that general appearance were commonly called chickens. Mr. Griffin recalls the early days in the valley when the person starting out on a chicken shooting expedition, instead of wondering how many chickens he could get if he had good luck, figured out about how many he wanted, and then got that many. There was no particular point to shooting a lot just to make a record, for there were plenty of chickens for everybody, and one had only to shoot as many as he could use or give away to advantage, and then quit.

* * *

SOMETIMES THERE HAS arisen the question of how it was possible for single corporations to acquire title to the solid blocks of land, thousands and thousands of acres, of which some of the early bonanza farms in the northwest consisted. The land belonged originally to the government, after the Indians had relinquished it or been driven off, and the government did not sell or give large tracts to the same individual or corporation. The only way in which one could obtain 480 acres of government land, 160 acres as a homestead, in consideration of his pledge to make that land actually his home, 160 acres as a pre-emption claim, which was associated with the homestead entry, and 160 acres as a tree claim on which he was required to plan and cultivate 10 acres of trees.

* * *

IF THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW had been carried out there would never have been any bonanza farms consisting of thousands of acres of unbroken and contiguous territory, for the land was given or sold at a low price to individuals in the expectation that they would make homes thereon.

* * *

THERE WERE, HOWEVER, certain railroad lands which were available. The Northern Pacific was granted as a bonus each alternate section for a distance extending, I believe, 10 miles on each side of its track. An extension of this was made to provide what were called indemnity lands. All of these lands could be bought direct from the company. Although the Great Northern, as such, received no grant of government land, its predecessor, the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, received a considerable land grant in Minnesota. Relinquishments were bought from homesteaders, and in some cases large groups of men were imported for the purpose of filing of claims and then selling their relinquishments.

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

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR for the adoption of annual appropriation ordinances by municipal bodies and the making of tax levies. Certain general forms are provided by law for these purposes, and an entire tax levy may be nullified by irregularity in the procedure in making it. It will be news to some of the older Grand Forks taxpayers that one tax which was levied on their property and which they paid long ago, was never legally made. Instead of being made at a regular meeting of the taxing body, held in due solemnity, it was made over the telephone.

* * *

THE TAX WAS ONE LEVIED by the Park commission in the very early years of its existence. For reasons which need not be explained, but which are sufficient, no names will be mentioned, but an impersonal recital of the facts may be interesting.

* * *

THE LAW REQUIRES THAT the annual tax levy of such a body shall be made by ordinance adopted by a certain date. I think the final date is in early September. In order that the ordinance may be passed by that date it must be introduced and passed on its first reading by a certain other date—it was eight days earlier at that time.

IN THE YEAR IN QUESTION, two of the five members of the Park commission had been out of the city during the greater part of the summer and had not returned in time for the tax levy. Three members were required for a quorum. The president of the board and two other members were in the city, and notice had been given of a meeting for the consideration of the ordinance on the evening of the last day on which such action could legally be taken. One member forgot all about the meeting and drove out into the country with his team and buggy on a business trip that afternoon. Nobody knew just what route he had taken, and it was impossible to reach him by telephone or in any other way.

* * *

THE TWO REMAINING MEMBERS conferred and agreed on a course of action. The absent member was expected home early in the evening, and he was to be notified of a meeting to be held immediately on his arrival. But the hours passed and he did not return. An urgent call was left for him at his home, and near midnight he responded. He said he had forgotten all about the meeting, and had been obliged to drive much farther than he had intended, so that his return had been delayed. The three members separately, as they were in different parts of the city, could not get together before midnight, and none of them felt like holding a meeting at that hour. It was decided to do the job by telephone.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT SUGGESTED to Commissioner Blank that he introduce and move the adoption of the following ordinance, a skeleton of which had been prepared. Commissioner Blank did so. Commissioner Dash was then called up and informed that the motion had been made, and he seconded it.

* * *

EACH OF THE COMMISSIONERS was then advised that "it has been moved and seconded that Ordinance No., providing as follows be passed on its first reading. All in favor say aye." All three members said so and the job was done. Somewhere, I suppose, in the archives of the Park commission is the record that on a given date a meeting of the commission was held, with three named commissioners present, and that the annual tax levy ordinance was introduced, its passage moved by one member, seconded by another, and that the motion being put to each of the three members voted aye as his name was called.

* * *

ON THE STRENGTH OF THAT initial and irregular procedure the tax levy for that year was made. The tax was collected in due course, and I think the money was put to good use.

* * *

I WAS REMINDED OF THIS incident not long ago by reading of a court decision in which action taken in a somewhat similar manner was held invalid. The court held that the consent of members canvassed individually was not of equal force with the voters of those members in a meeting, and that the actual, personal presence of members is required to constitute a legal meeting.

I HAVE NO HESITATION IN disclosing these facts at this late day, for those who paid the tax can't get their money back now, and if any part of the tax has not been paid it never will be collected. W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

PRESENT VISITORS TO Maple Lake who were familiar with the resort in the early days miss many of the people with whom they were familiar, and may conclude from this that the popularity of the place is waning. It is true that the lake level is lower than it was 25 or 30 years ago, that for one reason or another there is little or no fishing, and that boating is not as popular as it was. Nevertheless, most of the cottages are occupied, and the proportion of vacancies are probably no greater than it was a good many years ago.

* * * THERE HAS BEEN A DE- cided shift in ownership, and for reasons which are easily understood. Many of the cottages were built primarily for children. Young couples with small broods of youngsters found the lake a pleasant place to spend a few weeks in the summer, and where children could enjoy outdoor life, swimming, boating and romping, in reasonable safety. Some of those original owners have gone the way of all flesh and have no further need for earthly habitations. Others have reached an age when summer resorts no longer appeal to them. Still others have moved to distant parts of the country.

* * * IN THE MEANWHILE THEIR children have grown up, married, perhaps moved away, and the old lake cottage, like the old home- stead, is no longer needed by them. This has resulted naturally in a good deal of lake property being placed on the market. But the lake is by no means abandoned. New owners have succeeded the older ones, and while many of the old familiar faces are no longer seen, others have taken their places. Maple Lake is still very much a going concern, and new cottagers are going there, prompted by the same motives that inspired their predecessors, desire for rest and relaxation and for the welfare and happiness of children.

* * * I HAVE RECENTLY CHECKED over a number of lake cottages—by no means all of them—with reference to their past and present ownership, and without any attempt at regular order, here are some of the results:

THE FRANK KENT COTTAGE, away down near Sandy Beach, is now owned by T. A. Swiggum, of Grand Forks. The Winship cottage, built by Geo. B. Winship, named "Betsy Ross," and appropriately painted red, white and blue, is owned by E. E. Lycke of Grand Forks, who has given it a coat of cream and keeps it in apple-pie order. Mr. Loe of Northwood owns the Bourdon cottage, while the Hunt cottage next door is still owned by Lucy and Rebecca, daughters of the family, who spend their vacations there. Both girls have taught for several years in the Squak Center schools.

* * * W. A. COLLINS OF GRAND Forks owns the Misner cottage, formerly owned by H. C. Misner of Euclid. The Rapin family of Crookston still own the cottage which they occupied many years ago. They have removed the pavilion which they once operated, and in its place they have built three cottages, one of which was sold to E. B. Kinan, one to Dr. Sherman and one to Messrs. Pratt and Hariman. Mrs. Thos. Bradley, formerly Camilla Redick, of Williston, still owns the cottage which was the home of her father, the late M. H. Redick, for many years, but has not occupied it for some time. The adjoining cottage, also built by Mr. Redick has changed hands two or three times, and is now owned by L. Miller of Crookston.

* * * THE SAM MELBY COTTAGE was bought by O. A. Lein of Thief River Falls, and Fargo parties have recently bought the K. C. Hunter place. A. K. Anderson bought one of Ed Smith's cottages, and Will Jenson the other, while what was once Calumer Hall, at the head of Smith's bay, has been made over into a cottage and is owned by Olaf Munro.

ANOTHER COTTAGE ON THE Heights which was built years ago by Geo. Nelson, was sold by him to H. A. Grosrud, and by him to H. C. Torrance of Crookston, who now owns and uses it. P. H. Ramstad sold to John Hamerlick, and M. E. Stricker to M. J. Colton of Grand Forks. The W. A. West cottage next to the Buness store is now owned by J. F. Bacon, formerly of Grand Forks. Fred Blodgett of Crookston bought one cottage from E. R. Phinney and another from N. Mossfin. John Buhn, the hotel man, of whom more later, bought Mrs. Burton's cottage near his hotel.

* * * I AM GETTING TOWARD THE end of my column, and I have not nearly exhausted this subject, so let this suffice until another, and let us hope, a cooler day. This is written on one of those blistering hot days.

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

CONTINUING THE SURVEY of Maple Lake and its cottages—Percy Wilder owns the former Brynjolfson cottage, and the W. L. Wilder cottage, one of the largest at the lake, is still owned and occupied by members of the family. The Kookooskoop cottage near by has been enlarged and is now owned by Francis and Scribner. W. L. Carlisle has bought the Bustrud cottage, and from it operates a speed boat out of which the family and their friends get a lot of fun. Over in the old Crookston colony “Shore Acres,” built many years ago by Durand and Fuller is owned by A. R. Fuller. F. J. Sibell of Grand Forks has the cottage formerly owned by Mrs. Messel of Mentor. The McNab cottage is now owned by Mrs. R. E. Stensrud of Grand Forks. J. J. Medved bought from Robert Leik and L. Miller from Chas. Bang. The Norman Hanson cottage was bought by Gilbert Bang of Crookston, and Dr. Holte sold to C. F. Mix of Crookston.

The Heitmans have greatly improved the property which they purchased recently, and where they make their home for the entire summer. W. J. Brown occupies the cottage owned for many years by his father, the late F. A. Brown.

R. Phinney, formerly of Grand Forks, built a real house at the lake many years ago, and he and Mrs. Phinney have occupied it summer and winter for years. Mr. Phinney has been in poor health for some time.

THE WELLS COTTAGE NEAR the head of the bay is still in the family, and Theodore Wells makes frequent use of it. Frank Gilby still owns his cottage, and Mrs. Tagley still spends her summers at the family cottage there. Dr. Healy owns the cottage which he built near Sandy Beach many years ago. Mrs. L. K. Hassell is now at the cottage which has been the family summer home for over 30 years. The late C. H. Opsahl always spent a good share of each summer at his cottage, which now forms a part of the family estate. The Bendekes cottage is still in the family, and has been owned by Mr. Bendekes daughters since his death. One of the Smith cottages on the Heights, known as Innisfail, was bought 18 years ago by John Neville and his sister, and is still occupied by them during part of each summer.

ONE OF THE OLD-TIMERS AT the lake is W. A. West, who still continues to build, repair and operate row boats and launches. He is an all-the-year-around resident and would not feel at home anywhere else. His son Phil is an accomplished swimmer and conducts swimming classes for both children and adults.

I HAVE WRITTEN BEFORE something about the Hall property. This occupies one of the most desirable sites on the lake front. The building, a very large one, was completed in several stages by the late W. W. Hall who operated it as a hotel until the time of his death. Mrs. Hall conducted it for some time afterward, but for some time the place has not been occupied. The buildings were repainted last spring and they are in excellent repair. The appearance of the property would be materially improved by the removal of the hull of the old launch which is now high and dry on the beach. The motor was stolen from the boat last winter and several of the windows have been broken, some by shots fired through them. The cost of refitting the launch would be far greater than it would ever be worth, and as it stands now it gives an unkept appearance to what is really a valuable property.

THE BUNESS STORE IS ONE of the established institutions of Maple Lake. It is owned by Mrs. R. B. Buness, who lives there the year around and who, in addition to operating the store, has charge of the rental of much of the lake property. In connection with the store there is a large dance pavilion which is liberally patronized by the young people and some of their elders.

AT THE HEAD OF THE BAY there is another large dance hall operated by Mrs. N. Kahler in connection with the former Lakeside hotel.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS other lake cottages with whose history and present ownership I am not familiar, but the facts given indicate that in spite of lowered lake level, Maple Lake is still a popular place for a summer outing. Its nearness to Grand Forks and Crookston make it reasonably certain that it will always be popular.

W. P. DAVIES.
THE OLDEST INHABITANT of the Maple Lake district is J. O. Buhn, proprietor of the Maple Lake hotel, ice man, bus man, and general promoter of lake front enterprise. Mr. Buhn's activities have extended from the extreme south to the extreme north of the United States. Born in Norway in 1861, he came to the United States with his parents in 1869. Matters of transportation were differently arranged then from the present practice, and Immigration regulations were less systematically supervised. The Buhn family had expected to go direct to Wisconsin after landing in New York, and arrangements had been made on the other side for the rail transportation. However, when the family reached New York it developed that the tickets which had been assigned to them had been issued to other persons, and pending the straightening out of this matter they were detained for some time at Ellis Island.

DURING THIS ENFORCED detention southern plantation agents canvassed immigrants for plantation labor. The Civil war was just over, reconstruction was on, and the affairs of the southern states were all in confusion. For some reason there was a demand from the south for white labor to take the place of the former negro labor, and Mr. Buhn's father was induced to accept such employment. Instead of coming to Wisconsin the family shipped to Mississippi, where the elder Buhn worked for a year on a plantation.

THIS EXPERIENCE DID NOT make the Wisconsin prospect any less attractive, and after a year of it the family took passage on a river steamer for the north. The journey was fatal to the head of the family, as he died on the way of ptomaine poisoning contracted on the steamer. The family landed at LaCrosse and John lived in Wisconsin until about 1890, when he came to Mentor, Minn. He established himself at the lake, and with the exception of a year or two in which he was engaged in the mercantile business at Mentor, this period ending in 1896, he has lived at the lake ever since.

THE LAND ON WHICH THE Buhn hotel stands was bought from the original homesteader, and the hotel was started in 1890. At that time there was not a cottage at the lake. About the time of Mr. Buhn's arrival the cottage which was owned for many years by William Spriggs of Grand Forks was built, this being the oldest cottage at the lake. In 1890 a number of Crookston families started camps along the lake shore southwest from the Buhn property, and the next year several of them built cottages, this being the beginning of what became a populous Crookston colony. Mr. Buhn himself built several cottages, enlarged his hotel and engaged in the ice business. For many years he ran a bus to meet trains. The old horse-drawn bus has given way to an automobile which is operated as occasion demands.

THE LATE W. G. SMITH BECAME interested in Maple Lake property shortly after Mr. Buhn's arrival. He acquired a considerable lake frontage on the high north shore, which he named Washington Heights. This property he platted, and on several of the lots he built cottages. He built and operated the Lakeside hotel and he and his sons operated a bus line to Mentor and conducted several other local utilities. Mr. Smith died at a ripe age several years ago in California, and his son Reg., who was in business in Grand Forks for several years, died more recently.

AT THE UPPER, OR SOUTHWESTERN end of the lake, is the litle village of Maple Bay, which dates back to the very early days. Near the village are pleasant picnic grounds which were once thronged on Sundays when the lake steamer made her excursion trips. Those who had plenty of time and were not averse to vigorous exercise sometimes rowed there from the cottages. I have done it myself, but I no longer care to row a boat five miles each way. There are also stretches of the upper lake where weeds make rowing difficult and where a motor boat can scarcely be used.

MAPLE LAKE NEEDS MORE water. It must have lowered four feet during the past 30 years, and the water has gone down several inches this year. Some years ago a ditch was dug to one of the smaller upper lakes to direct the overflow from that lake to Maple Lake, but there has ceased to be any overflow and the bottom of the ditch is dry. The lake is fed entirely by springs and slow seepage from a small surrounding area, and this does not supply quite enough water to replace the water evaporated.

W. P. DAVIES