June 1931

William Preston Davies

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Recommended Citation
Davies, William Preston, "June 1931" (1931). W. P. Davies' Newspaper Column ('That Reminds Me'). 89.
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That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I asked the other day about "Lilac Time." I have had two replies, and have learned, as I suspected, that the verses are some with which I ought to be more familiar than I am. Both correspondents tell me that the verses are by Alfred Noyes, famous English poet, and that the lines which I quoted constitute a refrain which runs through the poem "The Barrel Organ." One of these friends, who prefers to be nameless, found that the lines suggested to him another lilac poem written by Mrs. Anna S. Stephens in "The Old Apple-tree." One stanza runs:

That remind me of the lilac trees,
That shoot their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through the room.

With that as an introduction and a theme, and the invitation to "go down to Kew in lilac time" growing out of the glamor and mystery of the evening, the poet views the parade as it passes by, the thief who "listens with a face of frozen stone," the "portly man of business," the clerk, the butcher and the "very modish woman."

They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone

IN the land where dead dreams go.

It is a wonderful picture of the city at the close of day and of reactions to the music of the barrel organ and to the voice of spring.

I went to the field and track meet at the University stadium, and enjoyed myself—mostly. It seemed to me, however, that the idea of doubling events was carried further than was entirely fitting. There is no reason why the vaulting, shot putting and discus throwing should not be in progress while other events were being run on the track. That helped to economize time, and there was no conflict. But when it came to doubling warming up exercises with a memorial service, it was too deep for me. I couldn't get quite the idea of inviting a speaker from another city to deliver a memorial address, and then, during all of the few minutes of that address, having contestants practicing all over the field for their several events.

It struck me that if it is worth while, and proper, to have a memorial service, we might at least go through the motions of giving it respectful attention, and that if grown men need to be reminded of the proprieties, there should be on hand then and there competent authority to do the necessary reminding in an effective way. I suggest that on another such occasion we either suspend the warming up exercises for a few minutes or cut out the memorial service.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

STILL ANOTHER REPLY TO my inquiry concerning "Lilac Time" comes from J. Kitchen, of Walhalla, who writes:

"Come to Kew in Lilac time' is the refrain to 'The barrel organ,' by Alfred Noyes.

"We have the Chief Modern Poets of England and America, Macmillan corrected) 1929, containing the poem, which covers about five pages. If you would like to borrow the copy we will be glad to send it down. Mrs. Kitchen and I were at Kew in 1906, but not in lilac time. It was in July, and we remember it best as 'Rhododendron Time.' We certainly enjoy reading your column 'That Reminds Me' and hope to see it continued for many years."

* * *

MR. KITCHEN HAS DOUBTLESS seen by this time that Professor Rowland has also had sufficient confidence in me to lend me a book, and that I have been reading "The Barrel Organ" through his kindness. I am thankful for the offer, nevertheless. The suggestion of keeping up this column "for many years" is a little appalling, when regarded in the mass. It takes about 300,000 words a year—such as they are, and to look forward to "many years" of it makes one wonder how all those millions of words are to be written. However, it isn't much of a trick to dig up enough words just for tomorrow, and if I can keep that up I shall abstain resolutely from thinking about words by the million. I wonder how many of us would have courage to stick to our jobs if we permitted ourselves to think of the enormous amount of work that has to be accomplished in a year, or a lifetime.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. KITCHEN were greatly privileged to be able to visit Kew at any season. The gardens must be wonderful, no matter what the dominant flower at a particular time. It is no reflection on any of our own gardens, of which there are many beautiful ones, to know and appreciate the finest that there is in another country, and there is woven in with the beauties of Kew history and tradition which make the place doubly attractive.

THAT POEM BY NOYES HAS started thought along several parallel lines. One correspondent was interested in another poem about lilacs. There is also a recent poem by Nancy Byrd Turner on "Going Up to London," which seems to fit in. A typical stanza reads:

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather,
I'll have a ribbon on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorne down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

That poem, for the information of those who would like to read it, is published in "The Home Book of Modern Verse," Henry Holt & Co.

* * *

IT IS OFTEN SAID THAT NOBODY reads poetry nowadays, and I don't often catch anyone at it. Yet it seems that poetry is still read, and perhaps by more people than might be supposed. The allusions to bits of verse which have appeared from time to time in this column have brought forth enough replies to indicate that there are many Herald readers who read poetry, are familiar with it, and love it.

J. T. COCKBURN, OF PEMBINA, has been following with interest the discussion of prairie chickens. He writes:

"I GOT IN TOUCH WITH Louis Bouvette, who was born near Winnipeg 74 years ago. He shot a yellow leg in November, 1879, on the Purdy farm on the Red river northeast of where Joliette now is. Mr. Bouvette did not know what he had, so he took it to Pembina, and N. E. Nelson, United States customs collector, pronounced it a Minnesota yellow leg."

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

IN MY VERY YOUTHFUL days one of the standard subjects for village debate was the question: "Resolved that more benefit can be derived from travel than from reading." I have debated on both sides of that question, and have heard some heavy arguments on it. It is surprising what flights of oratory can be provoked and what fury of passion can be generated from a subject apparently so simple. I have no idea how much reading Mayor Porter of Los Angeles does, but he is doing some traveling, and, apparently, he is deriving benefit from it. The other day he behaved like an ignorant 152-pound steel rail. To the reading of modern automobi1es, buses and trucks.

THE FIRST RAILWAY OF which I have any recollection was what would be called, I presume, a tramway. It had been built to haul stone from a quarry in the hills to the river landing some two miles away, where the stone was loaded onto flatboats and hauled up stream to where the new locks were being built. The rails were of hard wood, spiked to cross ties laid on the level ground, and I have no recollection of any metal being used even as a wearing surface.

IN MY TIME THE LITTLE road had long been abandoned, for its usefulness was over. Many sections of it had disappeared altogether, but there were places where short stretches still remained with the shallow path worn by the feet of the horse which was used as motive power still visible. We youngsters found such places useful on which to roll little logs and to perform various other engineering feats.

THE ROAD RAN THROUGH a ravine which was drained by a meandering creek. Here and there, on either side, were rolling fields, cleared and cultivated, but toward the upper end were real hills heavily timbered, and to follow that road in its windings through the dark and mysterious forest to the abandoned quarry, which seemed a fit abode for ghosts, was a real adventure.

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

Still another reply to my inquiry concerning "Lilacs Time" comes from Miss Nina Duffy, of Starkweather, who writes that she has just been reading the poem in Book 4 of "Literature and Life," which is used in the public schools. In addition to responding to my request Miss Duffy gives a bit of information concerning the care of cut lilacs which should be practical value. She writes that the cut blossoms will last much longer if the stems are crushed with a hammer. She advises that the stems should be crushed to a depth of about six inches, then placed in fresh water.

That is quite new to me, and it looks reasonable. If lilacs are to be used indoors some length of the woody twig must be cut with the blossom. Usually, in spite of a liberal supply of water, the blossoms droop and wither quickly, as the hard, woody twig does not absorb water readily. Presumably the bruising of the lower end of the twig enables it to absorb water more rapidly, and thus to make up for the evaporation from the petals. Thanks for the suggestion.

Amateur gardeners are often surprised at the wilting of their flower and vegetable plants after these have been set out in the open, even though the plants may have been separately potted and are well rooted. Every care may be taken to dump all the earth from the pot without disturbing the roots, and to set the mass in well saturated earth, yet on a hot, dry day, there is likely to be considerable wilting, which, in some cases, is fatal. The foliage of plants raised indoors is usually soft and tender because of the mild and quiet atmosphere which they enjoy. Out of doors, especially in dry, windy weather, evaporation is speeded up and water is evaporated faster than the restricted root system can supply it. Nature corrects this by increasing the root area so as to provide more water, and by tightening and hardening the texture of the foliage, which retards evaporation. In the meantime, temporary protection from sun and wind will often tide a prized plant over this critical period.

I have written occasionally about dogs. The dogs of which I have written were ordinary domestic dogs, such as scratch in your garden and mine. It appears, however, that in some sections of the country wild dogs are doing damage and creating problems. These dogs are not naturally wild, but are domestic dogs or their progeny. Dogs, abandoned by their owners, have taken to the woods and to living off the country. Meeting others of their own kind they have reared families, and one of the conservation field men in Pennsylvania reports that in his territory families of such dogs are hunting in packs, destroying bird life and the smaller animal life of the woods. Retaining some of the wisdom of their civilized life, they are wary of traps, and it is found difficult to deal with them.

From Pennsylvania, also, come stories of domestic cats gone wild and reverting to the practices of their ancestors. Because cats can climb trees they are more destructive to bird life than are dogs. In Pennsylvania it has been seriously proposed to require the licensing of cats as well as dogs, and to authorize the summary killing even of licensed cats found pursuing birds.

Personally I have had no experience with dogs going, but there are doubtless many cases of such reversion. The best description of wild instinct gradually overcoming the veneer of civilization that I have ever read is in Jack London's "Call of the Wild," regarded by many as London's best book. I suppose we can't know exactly how a dog thinks, but London makes the mental processes of his dog seem very real.

SPEAKING OF JACK LONDON, he once lectured in Grand Forks. As a writer he had a powerful way of using words, although I think it is generally agreed now that he was greatly over-rated, probably because of that very ability. At any rate, he could make a picture stand out, and could give one thrills. It was supposed that such a facile and entertaining writer would be an entertaining lecturer. He wasn't. His lecture was dull and prosy and his delivery execrable. I think he lasted only one season.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

STILL THE DISCUSSION OF
the habits of prairie chickens and
grace. B. Winship
from San Diego, saying that he
has decided not to fly to Grand Forks
this summer, as he had intended to
do. He has done a little flying, and
likes it, and he had decided on this
method of travel as being more
pleasant and comfortable than any
other. His daughter Barbara—
Mrs. Fogarty—was to accompany
him. While Mr. Winship's physical
condition is basically sound, rheu-
matic and similar affections persist
and give considerable discomfort.
Just now Mr. Winship is occu-
pying a cottage at a resort a short
distance from San Diego. He has
bought a cottage there which he
says reminds him of the "Betsy
Ross" cottage which he built many
years ago at Maple Lake, and in
which he spent several pleasant
summers. While his visit to Grand
Forks is deferred, he expects to
make the trip next year, and to fly.
In the meantime, he promises
some more Herald letters as soon
as he can settle down to writing.
His letters are always interesting
because of their reminiscent vein,
their sound philosophy and the
cheerful humor.

WARD RANDALL, AGED 12,
of Whitehall, Ill., won a prize of
$1,000 in a national spelling contest
recently, defeating all comers some
of whom were away up in their
teens, and who came from every
state in the union. Ward's thou-
sand-dollar word was "foulard,"
which the boy next to him missed.
I don't know that I have ever
had occasion to spell that word.
Probably not many people have.
A schoolboy might well wonder
what is the use of learning to spell
a word like that, yet it netted
Ward a thousand dollars, which
wasn't bad.

THERE IS TO BE NO MORE
holystoning of the decks of battle-
ships. The practice is abandoned
by order of the department as a
measure of economy. It wears out
the wood and shortens the life of
the deck. The name "holystoning"
is applied to the scrubbing of decks,
which I understand, was original-
ly done by means of heavy, flat
stones and sand. As the scrubber
had to get down on his knees to
perform the operation, the origin
of the name is apparent. The duty
was often imposed on sailors for
misdemeanors. However, there
still remains the job of chipping
rust off the anchor chains, which
will serve the same purpose.

—W. F. DAVIES.

Davies

"I HAVE ALSO SEEN CROSSES
between mallard and pintail duck
and mallard and green wing teal.
Maybe this will start something,
but I believe the truth should be
known regardless of results."

I AM SURE MR. WILLIAMS'
letter will be appreciated by stu-
dents of bird life. It is not con-
troversial, and there is no room for
controversy on such a subject.
Presumably the crossing of the va-
ties named in the latter is rare,
and an experienced man may easily
have been familiar with birds for
many ears without ever coming in
contact with a case. He may con-
clude quite naturally from this that
such crosses do not occur. But
when cases, no matter how few,
are actually observed by a man as
experienced as Mr. Williams, we
have proof that the crossing is
possible, and does occur, though
very seldom. Every recital of ex-
perience tends to make us more
familiar with the habits of the
wild creatures.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A
short letter from Geo. B. Winship
from San Diego, saying that he

had decided not to fly to Grand Forks
this summer, as he had intended to
do. He has done a little flying, and
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—W. F. DAVIES.
**That Reminds Me—W. P. D.**

ALONG THE FRONT OF THE Power company's site on south Third street is a high board fence, erected for the safety of passers-by during the building operations which are in progress there. The fence serves not only to protect pedestrians from dust and flying bits of material, but to screen from observation which is going on behind. As to the work being done, there is no secret. The old building has been torn down, and just now a basement excavation is being made. Everybody knows all about it and has seen just such work in progress hundreds of times. Yet at almost any hour during the day there may be seen persons of all ages and conditions earnestly looking through cracks and knot-holes, watching as intently as if they were stealing a view of the ninth inning of a hotly contested ball game.

**THERE MAY BE SOMETHING strange about this, but at least it is not novel, for wherever a job is in progress in public, no matter how simple and familiar it may be, there will be onlookers to observe as closely as if nothing of the sort had ever been seen before. If one man starts to dig a ditch several men are sure to stand by and watch, just as if digging a ditch were the rarest thing in nature.**

**THERE IS A STORY OF A wag in New York who played on this curious human tendency in an amusing manner. Tying a bit of stone to a string he lowered the stone by the cord through one of the little holes in a manhole cover. Then, drawing up the string, he examined it and made notes with a pencil on a piece of paper. Three or four people stopped to watch. The man with the string repeated the process, and the small group was joined by a dozen. Saying nothing the man continued his measuring and making of notes, and the crowd increased. Those at the rear pressed forward to see what was going on, and others pressed from behind. Traffic was stopped and just as the cops arrived to see what it was all about the man rolled up his string and traveled on.**

**MANY YEARS AGO PROFESSOR James DeMille, a native of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and who, for all I know, may have been related to Cecil B. DeMille, the famous movie producer, wrote a book entitled "The Dodge Club in Europe." The book was a humorous description of a tour of Europe by the writer and two friends who constituted the club, and who had set out to "dodge" the petty exactions and extortions to which tourists were subjected. In carrying out, or attempting to carry out this plan they had some amusing experiences, and occasionally they varied the program by playing tricks on each other.**

**ON ONE OCCASION, WHILE in Paris, one of the group bet another five dollars that he could have a crowd of five thousand people collected around the Column Vendome before his friend could climb the stairs to the top of the column. The bet was accepted, and at a given moment the climb started. After the climber had got up a short distance he saw signs of excitement below. People were running, pointing at him and shouting. He made haste, but the faster he climbed the more people gathered below and the more excited they became. They came running from all directions, waving their arms, and shouting in a language that he did not understand. Policemen appeared on the scene, and some of them also began to climb. Long before he reached the top the square was filled with a wild multitude, and it was evident that he had lost his bet. His friend had run around the block spreading the news that a man was going to climb to the top of the column and jump off at exactly 11 o'clock!**

**THE OTHER DAY, FOR THE first time, I watched a cut worm in action, and I discovered that, contrary to what seems to be a general belief, cut worms do not invariably begin operations by cutting through the stems of the plants which they attack. This particular worm, which had already made away with a dozen small plants, was after more. He moved quite rapidly, and occasionally raised his head and the forward third of his body, apparently looking around. He approached two or three plants and inspected them, but they seemed not to suit him. Finally he selected a little plant which seemed to suit him, and then began eating at the tip of one of the leaves, raising his head more than half an inch from the ground to do so. His career ended then and there.**

—W. P. DAVIES.
A NEIGHBOR TOLD ME THE other day of seeing a lot of little red ants making a meal of a cut worm. Whether the worm had been killed by the ants or had died from some other cause is not known. My friend marked the place carefully, and next day every vestige of the worm had disappeared. The red ant is a fierce little insect, and it would be quite in keeping with his character to tackle a worm fifty times his size. If there were any way of inocculating our soil with red ants we might get rid of the cut worms. Then what would we do with the ants? It is too mixed for me.

POSSIBLY ONE MIGHT APPLY a principle similar to that used by the old quack doctor who professed to be able to cure any disease whatever. What a friend asked me how to cure fits. I got it from an old Indian in whose tribe it was kept as a great secret. When people came to me with their troubles I gave them something that will throw them into fits. Then I cured the fits.

THE ANTS AND THE CUT worm have made me think of the burying beetle. It may be a very common bug, but to the best of my knowledge I never saw one but once. Riding a bicycle along a road which I traveled daily I saw a dead gopher lying close to the wheel track. It may have been shot, or possibly killed by a passing wagon. On my return trip I noticed that the gopher seemed to have partly sunk into the earth. I dismounted to see what had happened. I found large beetles at work burying the gopher. They had not moved it horizontally, but had begun excavating beneath it, and they had removed so much of the hard earth that the little animal was half buried. Next day the gopher had disappeared completely, and there was nothing to mark the spot but a little freshly turned earth. The beetles had removed enough earth to let the beetle down into a deep excavation and then had covered it out of sight.

I HAD READ THE HABITS of these bugs, so that I took for granted what they were about. They bury a small animal or whatever will serve as food for their young, then lay their eggs in or
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A SCIENTIST SO DISTINGUISHED that I never heard of him before discusses Einstein with the air of one who understands him. He undertakes to make clear to the man on the street the Einsteinian theory that a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points. He tells us that the shortest distance between two points on the earth’s surface necessarily follows the curvature of the earth’s surface, and the line so described is not straight but curved. All of which is bosh. It is true that the shortest route by which one can travel under ordinary conditions from one point to another on the earth’s surface describes a curved line, but any school boy who does not permit himself to be confused by distinctions which do not distinguish knows that the shortest distance between two points on the earth’s surface would be measured through a portion of the sphere, and not its surface. Einstein’s theory may be sound, and it may be possible to bring it within the comprehension of the ordinary person, but his defender’s use of this illustration demonstrates that he does not know what he is talking about.

* * *

F. J. DICKERSON, OF FORDVILLE, adds his bit to the discussion of the crossing of chickens and grouse, a phenomenon which he thinks is not at all uncommon. Mr. Dickerson writes:

"I MAKE NO PRETENSE OF being an expert, but as I know Ed Erickson well and think he will not state anything that he is not sure of, I wish he would explain how it is that in the more than ten years, I have hunted, beyond the forty which he has been a hunter, that here in North Dakota during that ten years I never saw or heard of a true chicken, more than twice, shot only one, and I never saw or heard of a ruffled grouse being found on the prairie any distance from the timber. The true prairie chicken has no feathers on its legs, while the true pinnated grouse is feathered to its toes. They were the only ones found here in the early days. Later there began to be a few birds that resembled the chicken more than they did the grouse save that there were less feathers on their legs. Now if these are not crosses of grouse and chicken, then nature took pity on the poor chicken being unprotected and caused stockings to grow where they never grew before.

"THERE ARE NOT MANY chickens or grouse left, but enough or anyone to soon find out that here are still some true grouse and pure chickens, and more of those that are neither, and save for the reason of not having the full feathering of the grouse, or the clean eggs of the prairie chicken they do not look so very queer to me."

* * *

A VARIATION OF THE "Question and Answer" feature which was quite popular a little while ago appears in the form of questions on physics. One question asked is "When a ship sinks does it go to the bottom of the sea or does it remain suspended part way down? And why?"

* * *

ANOTHER, WHICH SOUNDS foolish, is, "How cold is twice as cold as two degrees below zero?"

Anyone who wishes to answer these questions is at liberty to do so.

* * *

SUCH QUESTIONS HAVE A curious fascination for many, while others prefer mathematical puzzles. Then there are the mechanical puzzles, which require one to do seemingly impossible things with blocks, or rings or other simple things. If there are any readers who...
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IN WRITING SOME TIME AGO of the things in which Grand Forks had been "first" I neglected to mention municipal music. I believe Grand Forks was the first city in the state regularly to maintain a band in whole or in part with funds from the public treasury. The first payments made for this purpose, while they were for a public service, and were quite generally approved, were somewhat irregular from the strict legal standpoint, as at that time there was no law permitting the payment of city funds for the maintenance of a band.

There have been in Grand Forks several bands corresponding in a general way to the present municipal band, but in reality the band has been a continuous affair, existing at different times under different forms of organizations. Until somewhat recently the band was a private organization, maintained in part by its own earnings and in part by contributions from the public. For several years it was known as the Knights of Pythias band, being conducted under the general sponsorship of the Knights of Pythias and directed by the late W. W. Hall. At one time, under another leadership, the business men of the city were canvassed for subscriptions for the payment of the director's salary. These subscriptions were payable monthly, and while the individual subscriptions were small, the collection of them was not an easy task. Some of the subscribers who might have paid quite substantial sums in a lump grew weary of having a collector for the band approach them monthly with a bill. That plan lasted only one season.

The Park Commission interested itself in the maintenance of the band, and some time after its organization it inaugurated the series of outdoor concerts which has since been maintained. For these concerts the board appropriated the sum of $500 annually, which sum was distributed among the players, this being their only compensation except for a few private engagements during the year. In this there was no provision for compensation for the director, much of whose time was occupied with rehearsals and other band work.

The City Council was approached on the subject. The aldermen generally recognized the value of music to the community and the importance of maintaining a stable band organization, but the law made no provision for the maintenance of a band. It did, however, provide for the employment of policemen, and the band director was duly made a policeman at a salary of $500 a year. This sum, together with earnings from private engagements, provided a salary for which the appointee could afford to serve. The police duties of the band director were not heavy. I never heard of his making an arrest or conducting a raid. But he did direct the band and instruct its members, which, after all, was the object sought.

At a later date, Dr. Williamson, to whom the city is deeply indebted for his work in the promotion of music, proposed a plan under which the city board, the Park commission and the Board of Education should join forces and engage an instructor in band music in the public schools who should also take charge of the municipal, or adult band. That plan was carried into effect, and, with a few modifications, it is still in operation.

W. P. Davies

The introduction of this form of music into the schools has given to many of the students an interest in school work which otherwise would have been lacking, and has been an important influence in character building. It has also created a reserve supply of musicians upon which the municipal band can draw as need arises. It is no longer necessary in order to fill places in the band to import strangers of whose character and antecedents nothing is known. We are developing our own musicians from our own raw material.

W. P. Davies
wiring a tin can to his cow's neck was arrested, jailed and fined for jumping fences. The court had no order to keep the animal from ever before heard and things may have changed, but I lived in Canada, on the right side of animals within their proper bounds. One of these was the light wooden bow, roughly like a collar. From the bottom of this hung a light wooden bar perhaps 30 inches long. This was held out from the horse's breast at an angle of about 45 degrees by means of a spring. When the horse approached a fence with the intention of jumping over the pendant bar would catch in the rails and be forced toward the animal. That operation projected a number of sharp metal prongs against the horse's breast. The pricking would cause most horses to desist.

THE POKE DID NOT INTERFERE much with the act of pasturing and not at all with other movements. The prongs never touched the animal except when the bar was depressed, which was only in the act of jumping. Most horses soon learned not to attempt jumping fences while wearing pokes.

THE SCHEME DID NOT ALWAYS work, however, for there were horses so breachy that nothing could restrain them except actual confinement. I have seen one of these persistent jumpers swing his poke around so that it would not catch in the fence and leap clear of everything to the other side.

ONLY A FEW HORSES WERE breachy, and only these wore pokes. Breachiness was a recognized defect of character against which the seller was often required to guaranty the buyer, and if, after such a guaranty the horse was actually found to be addicted to jumping, the sale was void or the buyer could recover.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD fence was tersely described as "horse high, hog tight and bull strong." The description explains itself as to the height and quality of the fence. It was applied generally to the "snake" rail fence. A fence seven rails high, staked and ridered, made a good fence. That was a fence of which each panel was seven rails high, with the angles protected by stakes set into the ground and crossed at the top, and the top rail, resting on these crossed stakes, was the rider. It made a good fence, yet I have seen a nimble horse clear it like a feather.

SUCH A FENCE WAS NOT necessarily hog proof, either. It depended on the hog. The animal might not be able to squeeze through between the rails, but a wise old sow could root under it in a few minutes.

A WELL BUILT RAIL FENCE was usually strong enough to resist almost any direct attack, and I have never seen a horse try to tear a fence down. Cows were different. An experienced and resourceful cow could tear down any fence if she could only get a stake loose. After that it was a simple matter for her to hook her horns under rail after rail, toss them aside, and walk through.

OFTEN, WHEN I READ ARTICLES in which it is maintained that there is no such thing as inborn capacity, I think of my horse, rank. Every horse owner knows that an active and restless horse will often get his feet into the manger and come out with the halter rope between his legs. In that position his head is drawn down and he is uncomfortable. All my horses did this occasionally. Some would then stand, quiet, but helpless. Some would become excited and plunge about, sometimes becoming dangerously cast. Occasionally one would blunder into a release, rank was different from all the others. When he came down on the wrong side of the rope, which he often did, he knew exactly what was wrong, and what to do about it. Quietly and deliberately he would climb into the manger again, swing his foot over the rope and release himself. He did that regularly, and none of the others ever did it except by accident. Don't tell me that there is nothing in heredity. That horse was born clever.

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

REPRESENTATIVE SCHAFFER, of Wisconsin, wrote a letter to the president calling attention to gambling among government employees when off duty. The president forwarded copies of the letter to heads of departments for their investigation. Mr. Schaffer received an anonymous letter threatening that if he did not "lay off" he would be "taken for a ride," and the police would not be able to do anything about it. Mr. Schaffer weighs 200 pounds, all of which is well distributed, and he says he is not at all anxious. That reminds me of a Theodore Roosevelt story. While a member of the New York state legislature young Roosevelt got himself disliked by a certain political group with whose schemes he was interfering. Members of this gang determined to show the young assemblyman what was what by tossing him in a blanket. The tossing was to be ostensibly in a spirit of fun, but it was really intended to make it pretty rough. Roosevelt was told of the plot. He went to the boss of the gang and said something like this: "I understand some of your fellows are figuring on tossing me in a blanket. There are enough of them to do it, all right, but you may as well let them know that before it's done somebody's going to get hurt. While they're getting me into the blanket I'll strike, kick, bite, scratch, gouge, and do all the damage I can. They may as well understand that it isn't going to be any pink tea."

That seemed too much like trying to subdue a wild cat, and there wasn't any blanket tossing.

JUNE IS THE MONTH OF long days. And in this latitude we get the full benefit of many more hours of sunshine than those farther south enjoy. They told us in school that at the equator the days and nights are always of equal length, the sun rising at 6 A. M. and setting at 6 P. M. regardless of the time of year. The farther away from the equator we go in either direction, the longer are the days and the shorter the nights in summer, that condition being reversed in the winter.

THE DIFFERENCE IS NOT wholly in the rising and setting of the sun. In far northern and southern latitudes the sun's rays are so refracted while the sun itself is below the horizon that those regions have long dawn and twilight which are unknown in the tropics. This difference is almost startling to a northerner who witnesses sunrise and sunset in tropical waters, where the horizon is unbroken by land masses. A little before 6 in the morning all is dark. Then, suddenly, the sun pops out of the water and instantly it is broad daylight. In the evening the transition from daylight to darkness occupies but a few minutes, almost as if the sun had been extinguished by being plunged into the water.

IN NORTH DAKOTA WE have no midnight sun, as they have in northern Norway, but we often have evenings when it is possible, long after sunset, to read a newspaper out of doors without artificial light as late as 9:30. The morning dawn is correspondingly long.

TO GET THE FULL EFFECT of our glorious summer nights one needs to be a night worker for a while. For some years it was my job to work nights, leaving the office at about 4 A. M. Most of the work was done inside, but there was lunch time about midnight, and occasional excursions outside at all hours. I have often watched the light effects as the summer night passed. The sun, of course, set away in the northwest. Then, on a fine night, one could follow its course by the luminous appearance of the sky near the horizon.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I have just received from Walter E. Spokesfield of Jamestown, a copy of the "History of Well County and Its Pioneers," a book of 800 pages, to the preparation of which Mr. Spokesfield must have devoted much time and research. The book summarizes the history of the state, and gives in considerable detail the story of the settlement of Wells county. A feature whose value will be appreciated more and more as the years pass is the series of personal sketches of county pioneers. I appreciate the loan of the book, as it recalls to me many facts relating to the early history of the James river valley which had been forgotten.

In his book Mr. Spokesfield refers to E. H. Foster, the surveyor for whom I worked in 1882, as having been the first secretary of the Jamestown Masonic lodge and the founder of the Jamestown Alert. I have reason to recall Mr. Foster's Masonic connection, as it was through this that I spent occasional days in the lodge room preparing township plats. Our work was that of surveying townships, and there were occasional slack times between jobs which were utilized in the checking up of the work and the making of plats. I was initiated into this branch of the work, and, as Mr. Foster had no regular office, he gave me a key to the lodge room, where I worked comfortably at my drawing and lettering.

I think the alert had been founded the year before my arrival, and in the meantime it had changed hands. I do not know that Foster had any newspaper experience, but he was a versatile fellow and tried his hand at a good many things. He did not make a success of the Alert, and soon was obliged to relinquish possession. In 1882 it was published, as it was for years thereafter, by Marshall McClure, a thin, belligerent fellow, who was always at war with somebody.

Another paragraph which happened to catch my eye describes Miss Lavina Parsons, afterward Mrs. H. R. Farquer, as the first music teacher in Sykeston. Her rendition of the old popular songs is described as exceedingly pleasing. The Farquers were for several years my next-door neighbors in Grand Forks. They are now living in New Mexico.

Some time ago, in writing of townsite rivalries in the early days, I mentioned Gwynne City, just a mile north of Sykeston, as one of the boom towns that never actually materialized. Its founder, J. Gwynne Vaughn, was an erratic fellow, a hard drinker, and a man of whose antecedents little was known. I never heard of him after my summer in the Jamestown country, and I never knew what became of him. Mr. Spokesfield writes something of his later history. He actually made some money out of his townsite, by selling lots in the east to un­ wary speculators, but his habits were such that the money went as fast as it came, and his operations in this country ended when he was arrested by Scotland Yard agents and taken back to England to stand trial for offenses which he was alleged to have committed before coming to the United States. Men of his type are familiar in fiction. Sometimes it is thought that they are altogether creatures of the imagination. But J. Gwynne Vaughn was a very real person, about whom, I have no doubt, a very entertaining book could have been written.

E. P. Wells, for whom Wells county was named, was a prominent figure in Jamestown in those days. He founded the James River National Bank, and was in active charge of it while I was there. I contracted the speculative fever, in a mild way, and, among other things, I bought, on contract, a couple of lots in one of the towns, Grand Rapids, some distance down the river from Jamestown. I think I paid $50 cash, and the contract called for the payment of another $50 when the first railway reached the town, and another $50 when the second railway arrived. Our town was to be a real railway center. I visited Jamestown two years later, and, having cured of the speculative fever, I thought I would see if I couldn't sell my lot for something. The business was handled through the Wells bank, I dropped in to see what I could do, and offered to sell my lots to Mr. Wells. He received me pleasantly, but said that so far as he knew the lots had no value whatever. In order to close up the transaction he volunteered to give me a deed without any further payment. I declined that generous offer with thanks.

It would cost a few dollars to file the deed and pay for the abstract, and I couldn't see that it would be worth the price. My first surveying job was in assisting to run the lines for the foundation for the James River bank.

—W. P. Davies.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

PETER FREUCHEN, FAMOUS Danish novelist and Arctic traveler, is visiting in New York. It was his cable to the London Chronicle that was the first expression of doubt of the accuracy of Dr. Cook's story of alleged journey to the North pole. Asked his opinion as to Cook's reason for attempting this deception, Mr. Freuchen said: "I am convinced that all started by accident and as a joke. Having started in that way — answering people at Upernavik jokingly that he had been to the North pole — he had to keep it up. I believe he wanted to retract, but seeing how seriously everybody else took it, he had to keep it up."

That IS AN INTERESTING theory. It differs somewhat from the one entertained by Lieutenant J. L. Allen, naval radio officer, with whom I spent several interesting hours a few years ago. Lieutenant Allen was a member of the MacMillan expedition into the Arctic the year following the return of Peary and Cook from their separate Arctic journeys. One of the Eskimos employed by this party was Itookasbook, who had been with Cook the year before, and whose account of their journey differed materially from that of Cook. This Eskimo, when questioned from time to time by his new employers, always told the same story, that they had gone about two days' journey out on the ice, and had then returned by a southwestern route which he described until they had reached a country rich in game. There they had spent the time until their return to the little Eskimo settlement whence they had started, Cook declaring that he had been at the pole.

LIEUTENANT ALLEN SAID that he and all the members of his party were convinced that Cook's story was false. I asked him if he thought Cook had started out with the intention of faking a North pole story, and he said he thought not. Cook, he said, was an experienced traveler, although somewhat erratic. He believed Cook had started out actually intending a dash for the pole, but, finding the difficulties greater than he had anticipated, had concluded to fake a story, and had almost got by with it.

IF THIS WERE THE ONLY incident of the kind in Cook's career the idea that the deception started as a joke might be tenable. But Cook has an established record as a faker. Some years earlier he faked a story of the ascent of Mount McKinley, and published as a view from the top of the mountain a photograph taken from a point several hundred feet lower and many miles distant. A later picture, taken from the same spot as Cook's was identical with it.

The controversy over Cook's claims took on curious form. Whether or not Cook had reached the pole was a matter to be determined by scientific evidence. The observations which he professed to have taken could be understood and interpreted only by those trained in such matters. The record, tardily and reluctantly submitted to competent authority, was rejected as fraudulent. Nevertheless, there arose, in this country particularly, a Cook faction which would recognize no authority and accept no evidence. Cook, it was sturdily maintained, had actually reached the pole, and an effort was now being made by the vested interests and the old-line politicians to deprive him of the honor and the emoluments which he had so richly earned.

The controversy took on a political aspect, those of the more radical tendencies generally espousing the cause of Cook, and opposing recognition of Peary, being considered the representatives of established institutions. Emphatic speeches were made in congress on the subject, and violent objection was made to the awarding of honors to Peary, notwithstanding that his records were accepted and approved by every scientific body to which they had been submitted. For a time Cook stood almost as the representative of the plain people, against Peary, who was held to represent all that was sinister in public life.

The controversy seems to have died down. Cook's conviction of fraud in certain oil transactions, and his imprisonment on that account, abated the ardor of many of his supporters. Nevertheless, there are still those who are convinced that Cook reached the North pole and Peary didn't.
Anyway, there is something the matter with the person who will inflict pain or destroy life just for the pleasure of doing it. And I think there are not very many so constituted. I doubt the possibility of reforming them. My guess is that if fewer animals and birds are killed this season it is because, for some unknown reason, fewer of them get in the way.

* * *

It is not always easy to dodge a rabbit on the road at night. Whether it is because the lights confuse him, or because it seems safer to him to run along the lighted path than to take his chances in the darkness on either side, it is a fact that a rabbit will almost always cling persistently to the road, racing ahead of the car at the risk of his life, when a single bound sideways would land him in safety. Usually it is his erratic jumping back and forth that brings him to grief, and not the deliberate intent of the driver.

* * *

MANY YEARS AGO—SOME rabbits lived near the village store in which I worked, and in idle hours I became acquainted with some of their habits. I found that when one of them had started across the street and a sudden sound was made, he would almost invariably run back to the side from which he had started, even though he had been almost across. This information enabled me to win numerous cigar bets from village loafers until the loafers also learned this lesson in natural history.

* * *

In surveying a townsite, or addition—I believe it was at Spiritwood—our crew slept in our own tent, but took our meals in the rough board mess hall of a big farm near by. The cook, a bright young chap, had a good deal of idle time on his hands between meals, and he used part of it in cultivating the friendship of the gophers of the vicinity. They had learned that when he whistled they were to be fed, and when they heard him they would come by the dozen from all directions. He was the only person in sight for hours at a time, and the little animals had learned not to fear him. He declared that several of them knew the names which he had given them. I think perhaps he stretched a point there, but I have seen him pat and stroke them, and they seemed to enjoy it.

* * *

Reverting to wild life and automobiles, a prairie chicken is a dangerous bird under certain circumstances. What makes these birds fly straight into a wind-shield I do not know, but many of them have done it, with fatal results to themselves, and sometimes with disaster to the car. A prairie chicken flying through the wind-shield is not a good thing to encounter when driving at top speed.

* * *

We speak of the lower animals as being dumb, meaning that they have not the gift of speech. Some of them are dumb in a different sense. Of those met on the highway the dumbest of which I know are, in the order of their dullness, the hen, the sheep, and the cow. One can depend on any of these doing the wrong thing, but no man living can tell just when they are going to do it.

—W. P. Davies.
f was my good fortune a few years ago to meet the presidents of the two associations and to spend some time in their company. Both were pleasant gentlemen, and I enjoyed the time spent in their company. It took me some time to get their positions straightened out, as when I met each he was described simply as president of the Indiana State Editorial association. I couldn't see why such an association should have two presidents, so I asked questions. Then I learned that there were the two separate organizations.

* * *

Both presidents expressed satisfaction with the arrangement. In each case the newspaper association was in close contact with its own state party committee and received from the committee substantial appropriations which, I was told, defrayed the cost of meetings and left something over for the treasury. Apparently the arrangement is still continued. The two presidents seemed to consider it quite natural and wholly desirable. They were well acquainted with each other and seemed to be good friends.

* * *

All of this recalled to me the jealousy with which the political independence of the North Dakota Press association was guarded in the early days, and which, in the main, has been preserved. At the annual meetings, and in the work of committees throughout the year, any movement which seemed likely to have a partisan bearing or to be interpreted in a partisan way was sharply criticized, and a brief discussion resulted in modification or complete suppression. The theory was that the association was a business and professional organization, existing for the promotion of the welfare of all its members, regardless of their political leanings.

* * *

There was a rift in the North Dakota association shortly after the Nonpartisan league had begun to play an important part in the politics of the state. It was the purpose of the promoters of the league to establish in all important centers newspapers committed to the policies of the league. In some cases Independent papers were starved out by the withdrawal of local patronage, and their owners sold to league groups. In some cases, where the Independent publisher refused to sell, a league paper would be established in his town, and the competition that ensued resulted, sometimes in the sale or suspension of the Independent or the suspension of both.

* * *

A considerable number of league papers thus entered the field, and their publishers, as members of the State Press association, made a vigorous effort to inject Nonpartisan politics into the association's affairs. That effort was successfully resisted, and the league members withdrew and organized an association of their own.

* * *

Thus for a time North Dakota had two press associations, one, the original association, organized on a non-partisan and non-factional basis, and the other created for the promotion of a factional movement. I have heard nothing of the league association for several years. The original association functions in a useful manner, and pays no attention to the political views of its members some of whom are of the old league group.

W. P. DAVIES.
DURING THE NOON HOUR A cloud appeared in the northwest, and all hands agreed that there was prospect of a storm. The cloud advanced, dark and formidable, the air turned chilly, and the wind rose. Presently there was a dull roaring, which was neither of thunder nor of wind. And then hail began to fall, driven by a hard wind. When the storm was over not a vestige of that twenty acres of wheat remained. It was all cut down, torn into little bits, and so mingled with the soil that the tract looked like a newly plowed field. The new binder, which had cost $300, stood in the yard unused, and there was no use for it that year.

MR. FERGUSON, THEN A youth, soon abandoned the farm for the railroad, and he is now one of the veterans on the Great Northern. He came from a state famous for its lumbering, and his boyhood was spent in the heart of a great lumbering district. He says that it took him a long time to become accustomed to the dearth of timber on the prairies. To him “timber” meant great pines and hemlocks, towering straight and clean, sixty, eighty, one hundred feet, without a branch. Coming to the prairie country he heard people speak of timber along the rivers, and he looked to see where it was. That which was called timber here looked to him like brush. However, he has got over that, and he can see value in the tree growth along our streams.

PEONIES ARE BLOOMING freely, and there should be a good display at the peony show. Inquiries are often made as to what should be done about the ants which infest peony plants during the budding season. The answer is “do nothing.” The ants do not injure either plants or blossoms. They feed on the honey that appears in little drops on the buds, and they continue their visits after the blossoms have opened. They may play some part in the pollination of the blossoms. As to that I do not know, but the authorities agree that they do no damage. They are, however, somewhat objectionable in that they accompany the cut flowers indoors. This may be avoided by de-aning the blossoms before they are brought in. This is done by immersing blossoms and stalks for a few minutes in cold water before arranging them for decorative purposes. If this is done carefully the ants will leave the blossoms and can be left in the water.

THIS REMINDS ME OF THE story, perhaps apochryphal, of the method employed by a fox for ridding himself of fleas. The story is that the fox gathered a little mouthful of dead grass, and with this in his mouth he backed slowly into a creek. The fleas, disliking the water, moved to drier portions of his body, and as the fox backed in deeper and deeper they moved toward his nose. Immersing his entire head for a moment he let go of the grass, which floated off with the entire cargo of fleas. I don’t want anyone to hold me responsible for that story. I didn’t see the thing done. I tell the tale as ‘twas told to me.

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

A CIRCULAR ISSUED BY A national bureau devoted to the circulation of prohibition propaganda says:

"American wets, shocked by the refusal of Mayor Porter of Los Angeles to drink in France, ought to know that the mayor is in good company. President Doumer of France, also Aristide Briand, minister of foreign affairs, are total abstainers. So was Joffre."

I have read several columns of comment on the behavior of Mayor Porter in France. Most of that comment has been severely critical. Yet I have not read a word of criticism of Mr. Porter for refrain from drinking wine, or anything else. I have read nothing in all the censure that I have seen that indicates that the writer cares a whoop whether Mr. Porter drank wine or did not drink it. The criticism of him was not for declining a glass of wine, but for acting like a boor about it.

I HAVE READ THAT PRESIDENT Doumer of France is a total abstainer. I accept the statement that Briand is another, and that Joffre never drank liquor. This is probably true. I have also read that President Doumer never touches tobacco, tea or coffee. But I have never read that any one of these men has been guilty of an act of deliberate and offensive discourtesy toward hosts sought in no way to interfere with his personal custom at their table.

AT THE DINNER WHICH brought Mayor Porter into notoriety he was perfectly free to drink wine or let it alone. His hosts did not seek to influence him. He could have drunk water, or nothing at all, without causing any comment. Instead of attending to his own business and quietly drinking what he preferred, he chose to make an offensive spectacle of himself by marching from the room with a grand flourish and a denunciation of the drinking of wine as "lawbreaking" in a country where it is as lawful as the eating of potatoes. Mayor Porter has not been criticized for being a total abstainer. He has been criticized for being a vulgar fool.

DISMISSING MAYOR PORTER, let us consider the birds of the air. The English sparrow is an unpopular bird. He muses things up considerably, and is charged with being a bully and driving other birds from the neighborhood in which he lives. I am not prepared to defend him or to analyze his character minutely. But he doesn't always drive other birds away.

A FAMILY OF WRENS LIVES next door in a little house made for the accommodation of birds of that size. Near by is a feeding shelf roofed over, in which scraps of food are placed for the birds. One day while I watched the father wren was busy at the feeding shelf selecting something which suited him, and a small bit of food dropped to the ground, some six or eight feet. I saw the object fall, and so did a sparrow that was evidently watching for unconsidered trifled. The sparrow dived for the crumb. Did he get it? He did not. The wren dived after him, a half­ounce of concentrated fury. The sparrow went thence immediately to the indignant chattering of the wren.

But if the sparrow was greedy, he was also resourceful. While the wren was busy picking up the crumb that he had lost, the sparrow lit on the feeding shelf, evidently intending to help himself while his enemy was otherwise engaged. Promptly the wren came to the rescue and drove his bigger antagonist away. The wren was left completely master of the situation.

IT MAY BE THAT SPARROWS interfere with some other birds and tend to discourage their presence. But, while we have plenty of sparrows, we seem also to have about our usual assortment of other birds. Sparrows stick pretty close to human habitations and the surroundings which men have gathered around them. Few of them are seen in the woods. There the native birds have it all their own way.

But even in town, where sparrows are numerous, there are many kinds of other birds where they can find the kind of shelter which they like and where they are free from molestation by marauding cats. Red squirrels also destroy some of them, but most of the birds seem able to protect their nests from squirrels. The sparrow is deservedly unpopular because of his untidy habits, but I think his malign influence on other feathered life has been exaggerated.
A MONTH OR TWO AGO I wrote something about the Fenian raids into Canadian territory during the sixties of the last century. This brought from former Senator Henry Hale a letter which was mislaid at the time, and which has since been overlooked. Senator Hale writes: Your mention of the Fenian invasion of Canada, "reminds me" that I served in my early soldiering days under a Captain James Kelly, of the 34th U. S. Infantry, who was reported to have left the regular army without leave for the purpose of commanding troops in the Fenian army at Niagara, to invade Canada. After the battle of Erie (I believe) he hot-footed it back to his regular regiment; it took all the influence he could muster to retain his commission in the regular service.

There was a Major Sweeney who did the same stunt. Captain Kelly had been in the Civil war as lieutenant colonel of the 69th New York (Irish) Volunteers and had been severely wounded.

When I knew him he was commanding four companies of his regiment at Jackson, Miss. I was his sergeant major. He was a fine fellow. He died there during an epidemic of yellow fever.

DAKOTA TERRITORY HAD its experience of Fenian raids on Canada. Some of the old timers at Pembina will probably tell you of the time when General O'Neil and a small band of Fenians attempted to cross the boundary line there. Captain Lloyd Wheaton of the 20th U. S. Infantry, commanding Fort Pembina, rode out all by his lonesome and captured the lot.

Lloyd Wheaton had also been a lieutenant colonel in an Illinois volunteer regiment during the Civil war and was appointed to the regular army, 34th Infantry of the company in which I served as a musician in 1867. He was afterwards transferred to the 20th Infantry in Dakota.

The North Dakota regiment served under him for a time in the Philippines when he was a major general. He was a kind friend to me when I was a boy in the regular army.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE IN North Dakota several men who, as youths, participated in the activities of that period, either as Fenian raiders or as members of the forces organized to resist invasion. The great mistake made by the Fenian leaders was in their assumption that the people of Canada generally would be eager to join forces with them in order to cast off the "British yoke."

THE CANADIANS ARE A good deal like the British, and, for that matter perhaps like most other peoples, in their readiness to scrap furiously within the family, but to unite as one man against an outside assailant. That spirit was illustrated perfectly one evening over the radio when the fake lawyer was about to plaster Amos against the wall. "No you don't!" said Andy. "I'll hit him, all right, but there ain't nobody else goin' to hit him, not while I'm here."

I THINK THE MOST INTERESTING episode in insect life that I ever witnessed was the moving of a colony of ants one Sunday afternoon a dozen years ago. Somebody noticed an unusual number of ants traveling diagonally across the sidewalk, each carrying a small white object. It was found that the ants thus laden were coming from an ant hill close to the street, and that other ants without loads were traveling in the opposite direction. The line of march and counter-march was followed to a spot about 150 feet from the original nest, and there a new excavation had been made, and the ants carrying the loads, which, I suppose, were eggs, were entering with their burdens. Going and coming there were thousands of the insects, half of them going in one direction loaded and the other half returning empty.

FOR SOME REASON THE ants had decided to move. They had picked out a place for a new home at a distance which, measured in terms of human relations would have been several miles. Some scouting party had made a long journey and chosen the site and had mapped out the route to be followed to reach it, and the entire colony, obeying some order, had set about the business of moving. They traveled, not in single file, but distributed over a path two or three feet wide, and most of the route lay through grass which, to them, must have resembled a dense forest. They climbed hummocks which were mountains. If turned aside by curious spectators they oriented themselves and corrected their course. Thus they kept on all one afternoon. The next day the old borrow was deserted, and the colony was established in its new home. What impelled them? What means of communication and discipline had they? And how did a single ant know which was to go when separated from its fellows?

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

H. C. RAWSON, ARCHITECTURAL engineer of the postoffice department at Washington, has been looking over the federal building with a view to a possible extension another year. Mr. Rawson is a distant relative of Mrs. E. A. Arhart, and during his youth he lived at Fergus Falls, his birthplace. He made one visit to Grand Forks as a member of the Fergus Falls football team which played the University of North Dakota team here on September 29, 1900. His principal recollections of the game are that the visiting team was defeated 11 to 6; that the person chiefly responsible for that result was a big university player named Flanagan; and that the player who played opposite him in the position of quarter back was an active little sprinter named Skulason.

AN EXAMINATION of THE Herald files for that date disclosed a much more detailed account of the game than was usually published in those days. The story was written by someone who signed himself “Gridiron,” and whose identity I have forgotten. As articles over the same signature appeared on several Sundays during that session I assume that the writer was one of the several university men interested in athletics who occasionally helped out in that manner.

THE LINEUP CONTAINS SOME names that are familiar. It is as follows:

Fergus Falls—Burnham, le; Sarriatt, lt; Shellman, lg; Healy, c; Scribner, rg; Brandenburg, rf; Curtis, re; Rawson, qb; Barnard, lhb; Wick, rhb; Jensen, fb.

U. N. D.—Crewe, le; Coulter, lt; Ward, lg; Frazier, c; Lemke, rg; Thompson, rt; Carpenter, re; Skulason, qb; Jennings, lhb; Wilcox, rhb; Flanagan, fg.

OF THE UNIVERSITY TEAM John L. Coulter has held many important positions, including that of president of the Agricultural college at Fargo, and is now a member of the staff of the Tariff commission. Lynn J. Frazier became governor of the state, and is now United States senator. William Lemke has been attorney general of North Dakota and has figured largely in the affairs of the Non-partisan league. Skull Skulason was state’s attorney of Nelson county. He and Joe Flanagan practiced law up to the time of their death. While I am not acquainted with the Fergus Falls personnel, aside from Mr. Rawson, whose position in the postoffice department is one of great responsibility, I have no doubt that others of the team have distinguished themselves, and that their names will be familiar to some readers.

THE REFEREE’S NAME IS not given, but the reporter criticizes him for carrying a cane, an article which, it is said, was never before seen on a football field. It is suggested that the umpire also provide himself with an umbrella and a camp stool. I’ll bet that writer got himself disliked, and I begin to have a suspicion that I remember him.

I SEE NO REFERENCE IN this article to a sensational performance by Skull Skulason, so I suppose it must have been in some other game. But it was a scream. In a tight scrimmage both teams lost the ball completely, and while most of them were piled up in a heap, nobody knowing where the ball was, Skull was discovered sprinting down the field for a touchdown with the ball in his arms and no interference in sight. He was so small that nobody had noticed him.

THE GAME WAS PLAYED late in the day, beginning at 4:30, as it followed an address by William J. Bryan, who on that day made his first appearance in Grand Forks. He was running that year on a platform of anti-imperialism, and an immense crowd gathered in the ball park just west of the city to hear him. McKinley was running for his second term, with Theodore Roosevelt as his running mate. Specials trains were run to bring crowds from the branch lines to hear Bryan, and after the address as the carriage in which the candidate rode was moving off, enthusiasts unhitched the horses and drew the rig themselves. Bryan was able to arouse tremendous enthusiasm except on election day. He spoke to a big crowd in Grafton that evening.

AFTER PRAISING BRYAN’S oratorical ability and his personal qualities, The Herald commented: “Now that we have heard Mr. Bryan, however, what have we gained? We have been charmed by his engaging presence and entertained by his ready wit. His stories are apt and amusing, his illustrations pertinent, his sentences well rounded, and his arguments conspicuous by their absence.”

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

THERE ARE THOSE WHO maintain continually that "there is never anything in the paper,"—no matter what paper. And there are doubtless few who do not feel that at times even their favorite paper is dull and uninteresting. It might help to remedy this situation if one were to keep the paper thirty years or so and then look it over. He would find it a perfect mine of interesting information. It is usually quite a task for me to look up an item in an old file of The Herald, for while I may find that particular item easily enough, I run across so many other interesting things that it is difficult to break away. Thus, when I went to a file the other day to find an account of a football game which I had been familiar, some played in 1900, I found the old volume fascinating as a novel, for it recalled so many things with which I had been familiar, some of which had been forgotten entirely and others almost forgotten.

THE YEAR 1900 WAS NOT A particularly interesting year, more so than other years which preceded and followed it, but one likes to read about what happened then, just the same. For instance:

There was a big gopher hunt on May 1 at the Tom Edison farm, the two sides being captained by Judge C. J. Fisk and Si McCanna. It was a bad day for gophers, thousands of them being slain. Victory in the contest was awarded to Judge Fisk's team, although there was some difficulty over the count as irregularities were charged.

THE CRONICLER OF THE event says that before the contest Fisk had trapped several dozen gophers and killed and embalmed them. These were dumped into the pile and figured in the count. McCanna, learning that his rival was up to tricks, also trapped a lot of gophers, but neglected to embalm them. When the contest occurred those gophers were in no condition to count and were rejected en masse and pronto.

GEORGE A. BANGS WAS ONE of the hunters, and it is said of him that whenever he missed a gopher with his gun, which was often, he would throw the gun away and run the animal down. Jim Dinnie is said to have thrown brickbats at the gophers, but he had poor control and wounded some of the contestants. Anyway, a delightful time was had by all.

ON MAY 11 CORBETT WAS knocked out by Jeffries in the 23d round of a fight in New York in which Corbett tried unsuccessfully to win back the championship which Jeffries had wrested from him. The crowd is described as a Corbett crowd. Jeffries' victory was received in silence, and there were cheers for the defeated man as he was helped from the ring. The fight was for a purse of $45,000, which was real money for fighting in those days, but which would look mighty small beside modern championship purses.

FLORENCE BOISARD WAS conducting a Sunday society page in The Herald over the signature "Laurie." She is now Mrs. Florence Lawrence, in charge of all the women's departments of the Hearst papers of Los Angeles. One of the editors told me a few years ago that she was considered the most valuable woman in the Hearst organization.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WAS roundly denounced that season by Prohibition party resolutions which were interpreted as a slap at McKinley, and the committee adopted another resolution which have an odd appearance now. The resolutions condemned the government for collecting revenue taxes from dealers in liquor who were known to be violating the law. Now we prosecute a man for failure to pay taxes on income derived from law violations, and the government is warmly commended for doing so by the successors of the critics of thirty years ago.

CONGRESS WAS EMBROILED in a fight over whether an inter-oceanic canal should be built at Panama or through Nicaragua. The supporters were losing ground, but they were making a gallant fight.

CAPTAIN C. F. CHADWICK was reprimanded for criticizing Admiral Schley—just like Butler. And, like Butler, he explained that he had merely made a personal statement which was not intended for publication.

WINNIPEG WAS HAVING A run of smallpox and the whole Northwest was alarmed. Nowadays less attention is paid to smallpox than to some of the other contagious diseases.

WINSTON CHURCHILL WAS writing dispatches from the front describing the operations in the Boer war, and a correspondent signing himself "Libertas" had several letters in The Herald denouncing the paper for expressing the opinion that the Boers could not win.
THE LAND WHICH FIGURED
in these transactions would probably not sell today for what he agreed to pay for it in the first place, but that does not trouble him, as it is not for sale. It is the same land, and, being kept in good shape, it produces good crops. The owner says he is not making much money just now, but he is making a good living and sitting tight, waiting for the turn which he feels certain will come, as it has always come in the past. I am betting that when the turn does come he will be there, ready to take advantage of it, as he has been able to take advantage of changes in the business situation in the past. Some people are that way, and quite a few are not.

IN MY BROWSING THROUGH the files the other day I found two items which, read together, are suggestive in the light of recent developments. There was held at Grand Forks in 1900 a mammoth Tri-State Drainage convention, attended by several hundred delegates from the two Dakotas and Minnesota. The purpose of the gathering was to devise ways to prevent the flooding of the Red river valley by creating great storage reservoirs at Red lake and Lake Traverse in which flood waters could be held in the spring to be released during periods of threatened low water. Also, the Minnesota lake country was being featured as admirable summer resort territory, made accessible by the completion of the Great Northern’s Duluth line two years earlier.

AT THE DRAINAGE CONVENTION a good deal was said about the manner in which the flow of water from distant points to the river had been speeded up by the drainage work which had been done, this, it was held, contributing greatly to such floods as that of 1897. The reservoir system was to serve as an offset to this.

THE WORK OF DIGGING ditches has continued. Many thousands of acres of swamp land have been drained, and the water which falls on such lands, instead of meandering slowly across country and underground to maintain the levels of the scores of lakes in Minnesota, is carried off quickly and is gone. Lake levels are being lowered rapidly, and a feature which was once one of the great assets of northern Minnesota is being impaired.

Swamps which served as shelters for millions of waterfowl are now growing grain, but higher lands near by have been injured by the lowering of the ground water level so that crops and pastures dry up unless rain falls copiously and regularly. The reserve supply of water has been drawn off.

AMONG THE ATTRACTIVE features of the Lake of the Woods area is its quiet, its wildness and its remoteness. A paved road to Warroad will make the lake accessible to thousands who do not now find it convenient to go there. But, it’s a long way to the Arctic circle, and the country between here and there is full of lakes just as wild and quiet, and it will be a long time before all that country is paved.

—W. P. DAVIES.