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William Preston Davies

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WHEN ONE HAS REACHED FULLNESS OF YEARS DEATH IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER, AND HIS APPROACH THEN IS QUITE APT TO BE Sudden and unexpected. Nevertheless, sudden death always shocks those who have known the departed in health and strength, so the great multitude of friends who knew Colonel W. H. McGraw during his long railway service in the north have not been only saddened but shocked by the news of his sudden departure. Retiring only last year from the service in which he had been engaged for so long, he had before him, apparently, years of happy life filled with activity. It was characteristic of him that his last hours were spent in the society of old friends and associates, contributing to their enjoyment, and strengthening the spirit of loyalty to the fine service to which he had given most of the years of his life.

I FIRST KNEW WILLIAM H. McGraw 47 years ago when he was a young conductor on the Great Northern and devoted his spare time to the management of a farm at Angus, Minnesota. I have known him ever since. I have ridden many miles with him and visited with him by the hour. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties to his employers and courteous and accommodating in all his relations with the public. He had the respect and confidence of the railway management and was more and more frequently called to take charge of special trains on which important officials or distinguished visitors were to travel. It was he who had charge of the famous trip of the old pioneer Great Northern train on its visit to Washington and Baltimore a few years ago.

AS THE YEARS PASSED there were among his passengers fewer and fewer of those whom he had known in the early days, for death takes its toll of passengers as well as of conductors. But whenever one of the old-timers was recognized among the passengers the eyes of the veteran conductor would light with pleasure, there would be an exchange of hearty greetings, and, if time permitted, there would be an exchange of reminiscences, inquiries after old friends, and thus a renewal of the spirit of youth.

I HAVE LEARNED WITH INTEREST OF THE INVITATION WHICH IS BEING EXTENDED TO STATE EMPLOYEES TO CONTRIBUTE 5 PER CENT OF A YEAR'S SALARY EACH FOR THE FINANCING OF A PAPER TO BE PUBLISHED AT BISMARCK. ACCORDING TO CURRENT REPORTS THIS IS AN ENTERPRISE OF THE GOVERNOR'S. THOSE WHO AVALI THEMSELVES OF THIS OPPORTUNITY ARE PRIVILEGED TO SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO OTHERS TO THE AMOUNT OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS AND KEEP THE MONEY—IF THEY ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET ANY. WHAT RESPONSE SHOULD A PUBLIC EMPLOYEE MAKE TO SUCH AN INVITATION? WELL, TASTES DIFFER. THE RESPONSE THAT I HAVE IN MIND IS NOT TOO WELL IN PRINT.

MENTION OF THE POSSIBILITY OF RENEWAL OF USE OF THE RED RIVER FOR PLEASURE BOATING, NOW THAT WE HAVE A STRETCH OF DEPENDABLE WATER, BRINGS FROM J. G. HANEY ANOTHER SUGGESTION, WHICH IS THAT IF POSSIBLE, ONE OF THE OLD STEAMERS, IF ONE CAN BE FOUND, SHOULD BE FLOATED TO RIVERSIDE PARK, ERECTED ON A PERMANENT FOUNDATION AND FEATURED AS AN ATTRACTION. SUCH AN EXHIBIT, MR. HANEY THINKS, WOULD DRAW LARGE NUMBERS OF VISITORS, AND ENOUGH REVENUE COULD BE DERIVED FROM THE USE OF REFRESHMENTS TO DEFRAY EXPENSES.

THE DIFFICULTY IS THAT, SO FAR AS I KNOW, NO BOAT IS AVAILABLE FOR THE PURPOSE. I HAVE NO RECORD OF WHAT HAPPENED TO EACH OF THE OLD STEAMERS THAT PLIED THE RIVER, BUT I BELIEVE THEY WERE ALL DAMNED, AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE OLD HULLS MUST HAVE CRUMMBLED LONG AGO. WHEN THE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY WENT OUT OF BUSINESS HERE EVERYTHING THAT WAS MOVABLE AND OF VALUE WAS STRIPPED FROM THE BOATS AND TAKEN, I BELIEVE, TO DULUTH.

IT IS A PITY THAT ONE OF THE OLD BOATS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SAVED AND USED IN SUCH A WAY AS MR. HANEY SUGGESTS. IT WOULD NOT HAVE RECEIVED AS MANY VISITORS AS OLD IRONSIDES, BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING RELIC OF EARLY DAYS, VISUAL EVIDENCE THAT REAL STEAMERS DID ONCE NAVIGATE THE RED RIVER, SOMETHING WHICH NEWCOMERS FIND IT A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE WHEN THEY SEE THE STREAM AT LOW WATER.

THE DEVILS LAKE JOURNAL IS PUBLISHING A FEATURE ARTICLE FROM GEORGE L. BARRON OF LAKOTA ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT DEVILS LAKE. I HAVE BEEN GIVEN AN ADVANCE COPY FROM WHICH TO MAKE NOTES, AND SOME OF THIS MATERIAL WILL BE USED TOMORROW.

IN HIS PRESENT LETTER MR. BARTLETT TELLS OF THE EFFORT MADE BY BARTLETT AND GOODHUE TO ESTABLISH A REAL CITY ON LAND WHICH THEY HAD BOUGHT WITH SCRIP, AND HOW THIS DID NOT FALL IN WITH THE VIEWS OF JAMES J. HILL, WHO INTENDED TO BUILD A TOWN FARHER WEST, AND ALSO THAT HE WISHED TO ACCOMMODATE A Nephew of Lord Stephens, to Whom He Was Under Financial Obligations. THIS LATTER DESIRE LED TO THE FOUNDING OF LAKOTA.

HOWEVER, IT WAS NOT CERTAIN THAT HILL WOULD BE ABLE TO PUSH HIS ROAD FARNHER WEST THAN BARTLETT, WHERE WORK HAD STOPPED IN THE FALL OF 1882 WITH THE FREEZING OF THE GROUND. THE BARTLETT BOOMERS HOPED EARNESTLY THAT HE WOULD GO BROKE BEFORE SPRING. IN THE MEANTIME THEY STARTED A LIVELY BOOM, WHICH LASTED ALL WINTER. THAT WINTER BARTLETT HAD ELEVEN LUMBER YARDS, MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENTS OF ALL KINDS, TWENTY SALOONS, AND A LARGE CONTINGENT OF GAMBLERS WHO DID A THRIVING BUSINESS.

IN THE SPRING GRADING TOWARD DEVILS LAKE WAS RESUMED, AND MOST OF THE RESIDENTS OF BARTLETT LEFT FOR DEVILS LAKE BEFORE THE RAILS ON THE NEW LINE WERE LAYERED. THE GAMBLERS LED THE PROCESSION. AMONG THEM MR. BARRETT MENTIONS DR. WESTLAKE, FRED LANGENSLAGER, "FARMER" BROWN, "SKINNY AND SKAN," AND FROST, WHOSE NAMES HE REMEMBERS. BARTLETT, HE SAYS, JUST EVAPORATED. BUILDINGS WERE MOVED OUT ONTO FARMS OR TO OTHER TOWNS, SO THAT BY JULY 4 THERE WERE NOT MANY LEFT TO TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN OUT.

AMONG THE PRESENT RESIDENTS OF LAKOTA WHO, WITH MR. BARRETT, WERE AMONG THE EXCURSIONISTS ARE MR. AND MRS. FRED FERRIS, ANGUS CAMPBELL, ARTHUR WEHE AND JIM BEATTY. OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AND THE EVENTS OF THAT INDEPENDENCE DAY MR. BARRETT WRITES AS FOLLOWS:

"OUR JIM BEATTY WAS THE 'BIG ATHLETIC STAR' OF THE DAY, CAPTURING $145 IN PURSES FOR RUNNING, THROWING THE HAMMER, "PUTTING" THE SHOT AND JUMPING. I ASKED HIM THE OTHER DAY IF HE WOULD ENTER THE RACES THIS YEAR? HE SAID HE STILL HAD HIS RUNNING TRUNKS, BUT THE SHOES HE HAD RECENTLY GIVEN TO HIS GRANDSON, BUT IF GEORGE ELMISLE (ANOTHER GOOD SPRINTER OF THAT DAY) WANTED TO TRY IT AGAIN, HE MIGHT GET A NEW PAIR OF SHOES. BESIDE THESE BARTLETT PIONEERS, WE HAVE IN OUR CITY SOME OTHERS WHO WERE IN THIS VICINITY AT THE TIME AND WENT TO THE BIG EVENT. MRS. WILLIAM C. HAGLER (NEE MISS KATIE ALLEN) STATED THAT HER FATHER, THE LATE C. T. ALLEN, MADE THE TRIP TO THE CELEBRATION FROM THEIR STUMP LAKE HOMESTEAD WITH A TEAM, AND THAT SHE WENT TOGETHER WITH HER BROTHER CHARLES F. ALLEN, NOW LIVING NEAR TOINA AND HENRY ALLEN AT PRESENT RESIDING IN GRAND FORKS. ON THE TRIP THEY WENT AROUND THE EAST END OF THE LAKE, VISITING AT 'CHIEF IROQUOIS,' AND THEN ON TO FORT TOTTEN. THREE DAYS IT TOOK THEM TO MAKE THE TRIP. MRS. SIDDNEY ST. JOHN, WHO LIVED IN OUR CITY MANY OF THE YEARS SINCE THOSE EARLY DAYS WAS A BARTLETT PIONEER. WE KNEW HER THEN AS LILLIE BUCKLIN, RESIDING WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. CARRIE BUCKLIN. SAMUEL FOSTER, ONE OF OUR VERY EARIEST PIONEERS OF STUMP LAKE REGION RESIDING IN LAKOTA FOR LAST TWENTY YEARS, WAS A PASSENGER ON THIS FIRST TRAIN. ALBERT MYERS AND MRS. ALBERT MYERS (WHO WAS THEN MISS MARY DRAKE) LIVING ON HOMESTEADS ON OR NORTH OF THE LAKE ARE ALSO ON THIS FIRST TRAIN, AND MRS. MYERS NOW HAS IN HER POSSESSION A PICTURE OF THE ENGINE THAT PULLED THIS FIRST TRAIN (WITH WHISTLES WIDE OPEN AND BELL RINGING), INTO DEVILS LAKE ON THAT BEAUTIFUL JULY DAY.


"THE OL D LAKE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE! THE 'MINNIE H' IS A GHOST SHIP ROTTING HIGH AND DRY FROM THE LAKE. THE 'WHEEL HOUSE' STANDS IN THE YARD OF THE OLD HERMAN HOMESTEAD AS A REMINDER OF BYGONE DAYS. THE GOOD OLD CAPTAIN HAS GONE TO HIS REWARD. TIME ROLLS ON. SOON THERE WILL BE FEW TO RECORD FROM THEIR OWN KNOWLEDGE THE EVENTS OF THOSE DAYS THAT MEANT SO MUCH TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS GREAT NORTHWEST."
MANY READERS OF THIS column have spoken of the pleasure which they derived from the letter from Mrs. B. P. Chapple of Bathgate, telling of her experience with tulips and have been eager to receive from her the further information which I requested concerning the transplanting of tulip bulbs. Mrs. Chapple has responded to this request in a letter which she says is not for publication, but which I am at liberty to use as may seem best. As the information which she gives and the suggestions she makes are better stated in her own words than they would be in any summary which I might make, I am availing myself of her permission and using her letter just as she wrote it. Here it is:

\* \* \*

"YOU ASKED FOR A LETTER giving further details about my experience with tulips. I have been so busy reveling in their beauty during the past three weeks that I have not taken time to write, but transplanting time is near and I am glad to pass on my method such as it is.

\* \* \*  

"I TRANSPLANT JUST AS THE leaves are withering away, in late June or early July, so as to know just where to find the bulbs. I replace bulbs in the ground immediately, planting four inches deep and four inches apart and selecting good sized bulbs for the borders. Smaller bulbs are best placed in some corner where they may grow to blooming size. I have had best success when transplanting every two years.

\* \* \*  

"THIS YEAR I HAVE CUT probably 2,000 blooms, and the late varieties will be in bloom for another week, making a blooming season of four weeks.

\* \* \*  

"I HAVE NEVER SEEN TULIPS change color as you described in your column recently, but I did discover several beautiful variegated blooms in a border of Darwin's lilies, where no such tulips had ever been planted. These were white marked with red, red marked with white, and a fine ivory, splashed and mottled with orchid in the manner of the Bybloemen types described in the bulb catalogues. I should be glad of an explanation if anyone knows why this happened.

\* \* \*  

"I HAVE BEEN WONDERING why we do not have a tulip show and stimulate interest in these lovely flowers so uniformly successful in our northern climate. They are earlier and more frost resistant than peonies (though I, too, am a peony lover), the stock is inexpensive, and the smallest city lot has room for a few. Why not mention it in your always interesting column?

\* \* \*  

"AS TO MY EXPERIENCE with flowers in general, I am afraid I cannot offer anything new to amateur gardeners. I try out everything in good perennials that might possibly survive our winters and have an enormous amount of fun doing it. The one vitally necessary thing on these prairies is shelter. My little garden is inclosed on all four sides, except for a gateway, with a thick lilac hedge which insures a layer of snow several feet deep all winter over the entire garden, and affords protection from wind as well. There is always abundant moisture in spring.

\* \* \*  

"HYACINTHS, NARCISSUS, TULIPS, Iris, peonies, and lilies in lovely procession each spring afford more ambitious state exhibitions, but on the contrary would stimulate interest in them. In the meantime, think what these little affairs would do for the adornment of the state.

\* \* \*  

The finest result of art and science is the character and conduct of man, not the practical applications of science which produce improved machinery and more power over nature.
THE CHIPPING SPARROW has abandoned its nest, evidently resenting the intrusion of the cowbird, the abstraction of the sparrow's egg and the substitution of that of the cowbird. The nest is there, with the cowbird's egg in it, but the owners of the nest have not been seen near it since the acts of trespass and robbery were committed. I have no information as to what became of the chipping sparrows, but a pair of them—possibly the same ones—were seen in the vicinity making a careful examination of another tree, apparently with a view to the building of a nest there. The site seems not to have been considered desirable, for the birds disappeared after that inspection and have not been seen since.

* * *

WE HAVE DAILY VISITS from catbirds, orioles and goldfinches. A yellow warbler made a brief visit, and a humming bird has begun its regular rounds of the flowers. The goldfinch, I find, is fond of the blossoms of the Tar- tarian honeysuckle. At first I thought he was sipping the honey from the blossoms, but he gave each flower a little wrench and then he appeared to be chewing at something, if you get the ideal imagine he bit off some part of each blossom and ate it.

* * *

THERE MUST BE SEVERAL young robins near by, for the old birds are collecting worms and carrying them away instead of swallowing them on the spot. Presently the lawns will be dotted with fledgling robins with speckled breasts, begging the parent bird to feed them. That spectacle always makes me impatient. The young birds are as big as their parents and can fly almost as well. If I could talk bird language I would say "You overgrown loafers, get busy and hustle your own worms!"

* * *

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I republished an item from an eastern paper which gave an account of a dinner in honor of Rev. H. G. Mendenhall, many years ago pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Grand Forks, on the occasion of his retirement from the active work of the ministry in which he had been engaged for so many years. From his home at Litchfield, Conn., Dr. Mendenhall sends the following pleasant note:

"THAT REMINDS ME OF THE strange circumstances that now and then crowd upon us. You kindly recalled me in one of your articles, by quoting from the New York Times of last November of a dinner on my retirement from the active ministry, by referring to my ministry in Grand Forks from 1884 to 1889. This item was sent to me by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Radcliffe of Larimore where I was pastor of the Presbyterian church before going to Grand Forks—that was 50 years ago. Then last week Mrs. W. Merrifield and her daughter (now Mrs. D. M. Baldwin of New York) were our guests and I gave them the item to read of which you were the author. Then Mrs. Merrifield said, "Why, I remember Mr. Davies when he was on the Herald with Mr. Winship." This at once brought up reminiscences of yourself, Mr. Winship, Mr. Tagley and Mr. George Bull and other friends of those far-off days.

"YOU SPOKE IN THIS SAME article of Miss Burr and Judge A. G. Burr of Bottineau. Their father was Rev. Mr. Burr, a Presbyterian minister of my day with whom I was associated—a consecrated and much beloved man was he."

* * *

A FEW DAYS AGO I REFERRED to the kind of response that I thought might be fitting from the member of the faculty of an educational institution who should be "invited" to contribute 5 per cent of a year's salary toward the financing of a political newspaper. The response which I had in mind was strictly verbal, and I wish to make it perfectly clear that I had no thought of anybody being ducked in the cooee.

* * *

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO not approve of ducking people in the cooee—as a regular practice and under ordinary circumstances. If the inconsiderate persons who did the ducking last week are discovered I hope they will be subjected promptly to some fitting punishment, such as being slapped on the wrist.
IN THE PARADE of 20,000 persons on Decoration day in New York City there were 20 civil war veterans. That fact indicates impressively the invasion which death has made in the ranks of the old Grand Army in recent years. Of the 29 veterans the youngest was 83 years of age and the oldest 91. As the Civil war closed in 1865, if the man now 84 enlisted immediately before its close, he could not at that time have been more than 18, in connection with the subject of Civil war veterans I am reminded of an incident in the proceedings of Willis A. Gorman post of Grand Forks which caused some amusement at the time. It involved principally "Deacon" A. J. Pierce, who was adjutant of the post for many years. The deacon, as those who knew him will remember, was an uncompromising enemy of alcohol in all its forms, and he overlooked no opportunity to make known his sentiments on the subject. Among other things he had a rubber stamp bearing the slogan "Let us all unite to Pulverize the Rum Traffic." With this he adorned every letter that he wrote, among others the formal notices which he sent out as adjutant of the company post.

** **

THE DEACON WAS NOT ONLY an enthusiast on the subject of rum, but he was excessively peppery, and in order to get a rise out of him Colonel Brown, "Bismarck" Ackerman and some others agreed to bring up at the next meeting the deacon's use of his favorite slogan on the stationery of the post and to have him reprimanded for doing it. George B. Winship learned the plot, and fearing that the joke would be carried too far and that the deacon's feelings would be hurt, he himself fore-stalled the conspirators by offering a mild resolution requesting the adjutant thereafter to refrain from rubber-stamping the post's stationery. The conspirators were not prepared for this move, and the resolution was adopted without debate. But Pierce, having no knowledge of the plot, thought that the motion was made for the purpose of humiliating him, and he wouldn't speak to Winship for weeks. This turn of events gave the original conspirators huge enjoyment.

* * *

I RECALL ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON when Deacon Pierce and another Grand Army man, William Cronkhite, of Crookston, had what seemed to be the time of their lives. Cronkhite was one of the pioneer farmers of Polk county, then moved to Marshall county, where he operated a large farm until age compelled his retirement, when he moved to Crookston. He came over to Grand Forks for a visit, and I took him over one Sunday morning to call on Deacon Pierce, whom he had never met. The two old fellows became chummy at once, and I asked Pierce to come along to the Deacon's after- noon and bring along some of his war literature, of which he had an amazing stock.

* * *

OVER HE CAME WITH MAPS, diagrams and other war paraphernalia. A table was provided and the two veterans sat down to fight their battles over again, an occupation in which they spent the whole afternoon. Both had been with Sherman during the siege and capture of Vicksburg, although in different commands. On the maps they identified their respective positions and traced the movements of this and that column. Naturally, their recollection as to details did not always agree, and then there were furious arguments, while I played the part of innocent bystander and licked the others on whenever an opportunity presented itself. They were fine old chaps, both of them. Peace to their ashes!

* * *

NEW YORK CRITICS HAVE reviewed the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under the auspices of the Players, with Otis Skinner, Cecelia Loftus and other eminent stage figures in the cast. According to the comment the old play is being well done, as it would be with those performers. The actors, we are told, treat the play seriously, and have succeeded in demonstrating that in spite of its acknowledged crudities, it has real dramatic possibilities. The old playgoer, however, would miss something, for in the production some concessions have been made to the modern spirit. There are still dogs that bay furiously. Legree is still the villain, although not quite the brutal villain that he was fifty years ago. And they have cut out altogether the scene in which Eliza floats across the stage on a cake of ice. That is too bad. That scene was one of the thrills of half a century ago, and to leave it out seems like leaving the Prince of Denmark out of "Hamlet." One of the characteristics of this and other plays of its time and type that virtue was always immaculate and triumphant and villain was dished up raw.
"I HAVE BEEN READING your articles about birds," said one of my neighbors, "and I wonder why you don't go after the cats. It keeps me busy most of the time watching for cats, and if I didn't do it we wouldn't have a bird about the place. As it is they pick off one every once in a while, and they've got all the birds scared stiff. They sneak around under the shrubbery, and every little while one of them jumps out and a bird is gone." We have read of the "harmless, necessary cat," and I concede that there are conditions under which the cat is a useful animal. If it hadn't been for Dick Whittington's cat Dick would never have been lord mayor of London. The cat is useful in keeping down mice and rats, but in town good construction and a few traps serve the purpose quite well.

THE WELL-TRAINED HOUSE cat is a favorite with many persons as a pet, but it requires a lot of training to cure a cat of its instinct for hunting and killing things. The cat is essentially a beast of prey. This is not to say that nobody should keep a cat. Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, kept a tame lion, and I never heard of the brute doing any damage. But Bob didn't let the animal run around loose through the neighbors' yards. A cat, also, should be kept under control.

ONE OF THE ROBBINS OF the neighborhood has hatched out its brood, of what size I do not know, and one of the youngsters has been tagging its mother around, chirping for food. The young bird is fully feathered, able to fly a little, and so far as I can see it is perfectly able to forage for itself. But it just hops along after its mother and begs. And the mother humors the young loafer and brings it worms and insects and breaks up stray bits of bread for it.

PIGEONS HAVE A DIFFERENT fashion of dealing with their young. Both parent birds take turns in sitting on the eggs until they are hatched. Then both parents pump into the mouths of the youngsters predigested food until the young ones are fully feathered and the nest is needed for another brood. They out the young ones go, neck and crop, fur and feathers. The young ones protest and beg, but without effect. They are beaten with their parents' wings and unceremoniously ejected, and thereafter they gather their own food or go without. And under that rigorous discipline the young pigeon immediately becomes self-sustaining. He has to.

A DISTINCT GAIN FOR THE cause of Missouri division was made when study of the project was transferred from the war department to the interior and agricultural departments. Army engineers who made preliminary surveys reported adversely, conceding that from the engineering standpoint the project is feasible, but holding that the benefits would not be sufficient to compensate for the cost. The kind of benefit to be derived from that project is of a character which does not come within the purview of the army engineer. Completion of the work would not facilitate the navigation of battleships through the state, and it is quite possible that the project would not be warranted either from the standpoint of irrigation or from that of power development. It would increase and prolong the habitability of the state, and that is something which it is not easy to reduce to dollars and cents.

IF WE CONSIDER DEVILS Lake alone we touch on possibilities that are incalculable. No matter to what height the level of the lake might be raised, above 10 feet or so, the lake would in the course of a few years become a great body of fresh rather than of salt water. The timber around it, which is now becoming stunted for lack of water, would be revived and opportunity would be afforded for thousands of acres of new planting. The lake could be made one of the finest fishing grounds in the country. Because of its accessibility and general desirability the area would become a vast pleasure ground, and our people could enjoy a summer outing in ideal surroundings without going out of their own state. The improvement of the lake alone would be worth many millions to the state, and it is precisely values of that kind that it is not the province of army engineers to deal.
LOVERS OF ATHLETIC
sport everywhere have learned with
regret of the death of William Mul-
doon—"Muldoon, the solid man," who held a posi-
tion in the world of sport such as
was occupied by no other man. Contrary to the
experience of professional athletes,
Muldoon not only reached a great
age, but remained
in the pink of condition until an
accident made it
necessary for him
to curtail his ac-
tivities. The com-
mon experience is for the profes-
sional athlete to go to pieces when
scarcely past what is usually con-
sidered the prime of life.

** * *

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO
this rule, of course. Jim Corbett
was one of them. He remained
hale and hearty until he had be-
come a comparatively old man.
Farmer Burns, the wrestler, was
another. He must have lived to be
70, and he was sound as a dollar.

** * *

MULDOON WAS EXCEPTION-
al in his powerful physique and in
the possession of a no less power-
ful character. It took more than
muscle to train John L. Sullivan as
Muldoon trained him. Muldoon's
muscle was backed by an inflexi-
ble will and by a type of manhood
that commanded respect.

** * *

HE WAS NO RESPECTER OF
persons. At his "farm," where he
put many a dignitary through his
paces, he was an autocrat who
ruled with a rod of iron. One of his
stunts was to take the undergrads
his "freshman" class out, on a
horseback ride for eight 'or' ten
miles, cause them to dismount, take
their horses away from them and
leave them to walk back. If they
didn't like it they could quit. Mul-
doon took the precaution of collect-
ing cash in advance for the course of
exercises.

** * *

A STORY IS TOLD OF CHAUN-
cey M. Depew's first appearance
at the farm. In some way which is
not recalled Depew was lined up
with a morning exercise squad be-
fore he had met Muldoon. The
squad was ordered to line up, and
did so, all except Depew. "Line up,
you!" commanded Muldoon. Depew
smiled engagingly. "I'm Mr. De-
pew," he said. "All right," barked
Muldoon. "Line up!" And Depew
lined up.

** * *

AMONG MULDOON'S PATRONS
—or patients—were some of the
most prominent men in the coun-
try and several of these made pe-
riodical visits to his "farm for
treatment, which, in the main, con-
sisted regular hours, wholesome
diet and plenty of just the right
kind of exercise. Muldoon did for
those men what they could have
done for themselves at home if
they would, but, dictators though
many of them were in their ordi-
nary business relations, they need-
ed to have some sort of dictator-
ship established over themselves to
compel them into a course of sound
habits.

** * *

A DISPATCH IN A STRAY

copy of the Toronto Globe tells of the
continued inroads which the
Grand River is making on the old
home farm of the Baroness of Eldorado,
Ont. The property, which for sev-
eral years was the home of Profes-
sor A. Melville Bell, father of Da-
vid Graham Bell of telephone fame,
is situated on the outer curve of a
big bend in the river, and the bank
all along that bend has suffered
from erosion from time immem-
orial. In my time there was a slop-
ing wooded bank of a quarter of
a mile or more between the shore
and the river, but so much of the
bank had been carried away that
fears are entertained for the safety
of the house. The property was
acquired by the city years ago and
was made a memorial park. An
attempt was made to check the en-
croachment of the river by piling,
but that did not work. It is now
proposed to move the house furth-
er from the river, which would
bring it close to the road, and, as
it seems to me, would destroy the
appearance of what was a beauti-
ful place.

** * *

OLD PROFESSOR BELL HAD
a big dog which was very noisy and
was reputed to be very fierce.
Along the front of the property
was a white picket fence. In fine
weather we boys usually walked to
church, and in passing the Bell
property it was customary to rat-
tie a stick on the pickets of the
fence. This would infuriate the
dog, which would set up a tremen-
dous commotion. The presumption
was that the dog could not get
out, but there was always the possi-
ibility that he might, and it was
this element of uncertainty that
made the exercise fascinating. If
we had been sure that the dog
couldn't get out there wouldn't
have been much fun in teasing him.

** * *

RIVER EROSION PLAYS SOME
curious tricks. The tendency is for
a stream that is crooked to become
more crooked, until the neck of a
promontory is cut through, and the
river straightens itself. Where the
banks are of earth this process goes
on quite rapidly.
They started off the Century of Progress in Chicago by turning loose on it a beam of light from the star Arcturus. That star was chosen because it is forty light years distant from the earth, and a beam of light from the star, starting at the time of the former world's fair in Chicago, would arrive just in time for the present fair. Astronomers tell us that the stars such as Arcturus are glowing suns, and not habitable bodied like our own earth or other innumerable planets in the universe. But if life were possible, as chosen because it is forty light years from the earth, and being about fifteen hours in the air, a beam of light from the star, * * *

Lindbergh's achievement was not merely that of crossing the entire world, but of making the entire trip from New York to Paris, alone and without stop, and of arriving at his destination without swerving at all from his course. The fact that a young fellow unknown and without influential friends could do this fired the public imagination. Then the remarkable manner in which Lindbergh bore the honors which were showered upon him and kept his head under conditions in which many men would have failed showed that he was possessed of qualities that would wear.

Blister beetles are with us again. Watch your caragana hedges, your delphiniums, and all the rest of them, for the blister beetle, while preferring the tender shoots of caragana and of others; egumenous plants, seems capable of attacking almost anything. The department of commerce thinks that the ordinary arsenical poisons are not fatal to the insects, as they will not eat the poisoned foliage. The department says that the arsenical poisons drives the insects away, which is not final, but which is better than letting them stay where one does not want them.

We have followed with mild interest the flight of Mattern around the world in an attempt to break the record made by Post and Gatty in a round-the-world flight against time. But aviation has become so commonplace that it takes little to divert attention from this flight to something which we consider of more immediate interest. Yet it is not thirty years since the Wrights made their first successful flight. That was on December 17, 1903, and by many persons the story of that flight was ridiculed as a fake.  

The highest pitch of enthusiasm over aviation was reached in 1927 with Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Probably aviation will give us no similar thrill again. Lindbergh will be popularly remembered as the first pilot World's record across the Atlantic. Actually, of course, he was nothing of the kind. Ripley enumerates some fifty-odd persons who crossed the Atlantic by air before Lindbergh. Those included at least one dirigible crew and the American fliers who flew seaplanes by way of the Azores. The first unbroken flights across the Atlantic by a heavier-than-air craft was made on June 14, 1919, by Alcock and Browne, who flew from Newfoundland to Ireland. Harry Hawker had made the attempt earlier, but had failed to get across. He was picked up at sea after being about fifteen hours in the air.

** * *

One of the insects particularly annoying to rose growers is the long-snouted rose chafer beetle, which bores into the unopened buds and destroys them or causes them to open into ragged, misshapen blooms. Various combinations of poisonous and ill-smelling preparations are used against these, but apparently with imperfect success. Some of the commercial rose growers recommend spreading a sheet or a paper on the ground underneath the rose bush and shaking the insects off. It is easy enough to capture and kill the bugs after they have been knocked off, as they will play dead for some time, but who wants to go to all that trouble. There ought to be some easier way.
IT SEEMS TO BE PRETTY well established now that we are to have a repetition of the grasshopper plague this year, and in some sections in intensified form. As in former years infestation is spotted, but the bad spots are numerous and some of them are very bad. Such weather as we have had appears to have had no bad effect on the hoppers, and mites and other natural enemies of the hoppers have not made important inroads on them.

* * *

AT LETELLIER, MANITOBA, I was told that there is a big hatch of grasshoppers in that vicinity, and that most of the young insects found there are black. It does not appear whether this is a distinct variety or the dark color is due to some unknown local peculiarity. The young bugs that I have seen hopping around on the grass in town are the usual light green, exceedingly active, and, I have no doubt, as voracious as their parents have been. The bran molasses-arsenic mixture seems to be the only dependable prescription for them. There was brought into Letellier the other day a hopper that was over an inch long. Nobody knows how he came to be so much bigger than the rest of his tribe at this early date.

WORMS ARE AT WORK IN the trees, and some of the foliage has been stripped pretty clean. Like the grasshopper pest the worm pest is spotted as to locality. Even in an area as small as Riverside park there are trees whose upper branches have been stripped almost bare, while only a short distance away other trees seem to be untouched. Passengers on a Canadian National railway train near Sudbury, Ont., had the unusual experience a few days ago of being delayed an hour by canker worms on the tracks. The crushed bodies of the insects caused the engine wheels to slip, and the condition extended for such a great distance that the supply of sand ran out and the train was compelled to limp along as best it could until clear track was reached.

IT MAY BE THAT SOME OF the enterprising eastern papers will repeat what was done 50 or 60 years ago when they published pictures of mountains of grasshoppers in Kansas, with trains bucking away at them in a vain effort to get through. Trains in Kansas were actually brought to a standstill by grasshoppers, but the insects were not piled mountain high. The rails were covered with insects and the engine wheels just spun around. Later in the season crickets are as numerous as that on many of the highways, and if there happens to be a rut in the road it is visible for a great distance as a black streak. However, automobile wheels are better fitted for traction than are engine wheels.

THE EMERSON-WINNIPEG highway is probably as good an example of oiled gravel construction as there is in the northwest. Those who had occasion to drive over that road in the early days of automobile travel have painful recollections of how tenacious gumbo can be when it is mixed with just the right proportion of water. The road was literally impassable after even a light rain. Then came the gravel treatment and I would be afraid to say how many times that road was surfaced with gravel of various sizes. Among other things, a large quantity of very coarse gravel was used, and when this became imbedded in the clay it gave a sur-

Davies
READ'S LANDING IS TO HAVE a homecoming day, and all former residents of that once flourishing little town, wherever they may be, are invited to assemble there on Saturday, July 24, to meet old friends and exchange reminiscences of the days that are gone. All the old-timers will know where the place is. For the information of others, Read's Landing is in Minnesota, on the west bank of the Mississippi, just at the lower end of Lake Pepin, and a few miles upstream from Wabasha. In the early days Read's Landing was a busy little place. Occupying a strategic position on the river it was headquarters for many of the steamboat men, and while its local traffic was not large, it was the distributing point for traffic was not large, it was the river into Wisconsin. With the advent of the railroad the town suffered the fate of so many other river towns, but it still occupies a warm place in the affections of many whose homes once were there.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO former residents of Read's Landing then living in the Twin Cities organized the Read's Landing Association of the Twin Cities and began holding annual meetings, which they have continued until the present time. On the invitation of present residents of Read's this year's meeting will be held at the town itself and will take on the form of a homecoming which all former residents, their wives and children are invited to attend. Fred A. Bill, 1623 Van Buren street, St. Paul, is president of the association, and he will be glad to hear from any of his old neighbors.

AMONG THE FORMER GRAND Forks people mentioned by Mr. Bill as among the early residents of Read's are Stewart McMaster, deceased many years ago, B. F. Brockhoff, who died more recently, Ralph Hugdall and Mrs. F. W. Till.

A SOUVENIR WHICH IS OF interest just now is a folder containing a dozen pictures of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago, the predecessor, forty years ago, of the Century of Progress exposition now being held in the same city. The folder belongs to Mrs. C. A. Stevens, 924 Chestnut street. One picture gives a bird's eye view of the grounds, and the others illustrate the principal buildings. Compared with the present mammoth affair the Columbian exposition was small, but it has never been surpassed in completeness and artistic quality.

ONE WHO COMPARED THOSE pictures with illustrations of the present exhibition will note some interesting differences. No automobiles are shown on the grounds and no planes are in the air. A picture of the present exhibition without those features would be very incomplete. The buildings of forty years ago were built along conventional lines, while the present architecture runs more to the symbolic, and to what I suppose would be called the futuristic. In the old pictures human figures are shown in the characteristic attire of the day. The men were got up with stiff formality, while the women wore fearful creations with enormous bustles, leg-of-mutton sleeves, veils and parasols.

ONE OF THE PICTURES shows a lagoon with gondolas manned by gondoliers in appropriate Venetian garb. That reminds me of a newspaper cartoon of that time showing two of those "Italian" gondoliers about to enjoy a quiet smoke between trips. One of them, needing a light, says to the other in broad Hibernian brogue, "Have ye lver a lucifer about ye, Mike?"

SUPPOSE THE CUSTOMIAN of a referendum petition had been debarred by martial law and armed guards from filing his petition within the statutory time and should ask for a court order permitting the filing of his petition at a later time. Would it be proper for him to allege that his failure to file within the proper time was due, not to his own negligence, but to an act of God?
HON. GUY C. H. CORLISS AND
Mrs. Corliss observed the fiftieth
anniversary of their marriage at
their home in

Portland, Oregon,
on June 6. In addition
to receiving the congratula-
tions of friends who were able to
pay their respects in person, they re-
ceived scores of messages from
others at a distance who knew
of the anniversary. Letters from
numerous old
friends in Grand
Forks served to
recall pleasantly
their long resi-
dence in this city. Judge Corliss
was North Dakota’s first supreme
court chief justice. He was elected
in 1889, the other two justices
being James Wallin and Bartho-
mew. Judge Corliss was immedi-
ately elected chief justice, becom-
ing thus the youngest chief justice
in the United States. In 1893 he
was elected for a term of six years,
but in 1898 he resigned to resume
private practice. He entered into
partnership with Hon. John M.
Cochrane, who also was elected a
supreme court justice in 1902, and
who died in office two years later.

* * *

IN HIS SUPREME COURT CA-
reer Judge Corliss wrote decisions
which have since been accepted as
authoritative in other states, and
he was instrumental in laying the
foundations of a system of juris-
prudence in North Dakota which
has commanded respect through the
succeeding years. He made a bril-
liant record here in private prac-
tice and he has added to his laurels
since moving to Portland, which
has been his home for many years.

* * *

A MAN OF WIDE READING
and sound learning, Judge Corliss
is remembered here also for his elo-
quence, whether before a jury, on
the public platform, or in his inter-
pretation of the plays of Shake-
peare. The years have added to his
love of the works of the great
Bard of Avon. During his resi-
dence in Grand Forks Judge Cor-
liss was a member of the law fa-
culty of the University of North
Dakota, and three years ago he de-
ivered the commencement address
at the University, and in recogni-
tion of his fine character and val-
uable service he was then awarded
the honorary degree of LL. D. The
messages of congratulation and
good will which he and Mrs. Corliss
received would have been multi-
plied many times had the fact con-
cerning the anniversary been gen-
erally known.

* * *

I WONDER HOW MANY PER-
sons whose names are Bruce know
that it is contrary to tradition for
them to kill a spider. The tradition,
of course, dates back to Robert
Bruce, king of Scotland, and to
the incident of which every child
has read in his school books. Bruce,
defeated and pursued, was hiding
from his English enemies on a lit-
tle island near the Irish coast. In
the cabin where he had taken ref-
uge he saw a spider trying to fast-
len its web to the wall. Six times
the attempt was made, and six
times the spider failed. A seventh
attempt was successful. Bruce had
already suffered six defeats. He saw
in the spider’s final successful ef-
fort an omen for himself. He gath-
ered a few followers, mustered an
army, and became the “Bruce of
Bannockburn.” Therefore no
Bruce to this day may needlessly
kill a spider without violating one
of the sacred traditions of his
house.

* * *

SIXTY - SIX NATIONS ARE
sending their delegations to Lon-
don to the great economic confer-
ence, and the company which has
charge of the catering is deter-
mined that nothing shall be left un-
done to make the delegates feel at
home, at least in all that pertains
to the comfort of the inner man.
In the great refreshment room of
the building where the conference
is held a bar 70 feet long has been
set up, and the company has sent
out a questionnaire to the consuls
each of the nations represented
inquiring as to the preferences of
the delegates in the matter of
drinks.

* * *

RESPONSE TO THE QUES-
tionnaire has been general, and,
apparently prompt. And the list
of drinks specified is impressive in
its varity. The Swedish consulate
asked for a special kind of gin
called Branvin. The poles wished
kummel baczewski from Lemberg,
which may not be as hard to take
as it is to pronounce. The Turks
asked for “raki, made from grapes
and figs,” but the caterers were
unable to find a bottle of it in all
London. However, a plane can fly
from Turkey to London in a few
hours, so the delegates will be able
to wet their whistles with their fa-
vorite beverage, regardless of the
admonitions of the prophet. The

Persians named aragh, which their
consul described as similar to gin,
and very strong. The Austrians
specified cognac, schnapps Dun-
tramsdorfer, Nussberger and Gum-
poldskirchner. Imagine calling for
a drink of that last after sampling
the others! The Dutch list includes
about everything in the line of
wines, beers and strong waters,
with numerous cordials for flavor-
ing. Nothing is said about what
request the American consulate
made, but the company has laid in
an ample supply of cocktails and
beers of all sorts, from 3.2 on up.
CONESS REMAINED IN
session until into this week in de-
pliance of the desire of President
Roosevelt for adjournment by last
Saturday night. President Roose-
velt has per-
formed wonders
since his assump-
tion of office, and
during most of
these past three
months he has
had congressmen
ins and out of his
hand. But there
are still tricks for
him to learn, and
he should come to
North Dakota for
instruction. Prop-
erly instructed, he
would have dealt with congress
summarily and effectively. If con-
gress exhibited patience to sat-
isfyingly appoint the president the
proper procedure
would have been to call out a few
companies of soldiers, take posses-
sion of the capitol, and tell con-
gress to go chase itself. A re-
sourceful and determined executive
can work miracles with a few sol-
diers, and if anyone doubts it let
him take note of what has been
done in North Dakota.

* * *
THE CRO-MAGNON MAN—I
believe that was the gentleman's
name—who inhabited Europe
some 25,000 years ago, was not satis-
sfied with the caves as he found
them. He wanted them bigger and
better, and made them so, and then
he decorated their walls with de-
signs representing the birds of the
air and the beasts of the field. And
the propensity for changing things
around has persisted in the race
until the present day.

* * *
WE BUILD HOUSES EXACTLY
as we want them, and immediately
we begin to figure on how much bet-
ter it would have been to have this
door in that place and the bath-
room where the pantry is. Some-
times we undertake to make our
houses over, but such houses as
we have now are rather permanent
and inelastic things. At the Chi-
ago fair they are exhibiting houses
made of sheet steel that can be
erected in a few hours, and which
should accommodate themselves ex-
cellently to the spirit of change.
Some of the architects propose fur-
ther innovations in the shape of
movable partitions so that the
whole interior can be rearranged
on short notice. In such a house
the vigorous housewife can so
change things that when her hus-
band comes home from college he
will find the dining room where
his bedroom was last night and the
attic will have changed places with
the basement.

MUCH OF THAT IS FOR THE
future, and long life to those who
live to see it! But it is not neces-
sary for us to consider it for the
spirit of change to find expres-
sion. It is always possible to move
the furniture around so that one
needs a compass with which to
orient himself, and then there is
the garden, which is never twice
the same, and never quite right.
One would scarcely make the mis-
take of planting hollyhocks in
front of a room, but it is very easy to forget which of the
other plants grow tall and slim
and which are short and bushy and
to get both in the wrong places.

* * *
IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF
both annuals, perennials and shrub-
bery, there is a fascination in
planning the design so that each
will have its proper place and its
proper value, making its appropri-
ate contribution at the proper time
to the scheme of color, and then in
looking it over and finding out how much better one can make
it another year. And the beauty of
it is that a whole garden can be
shifted about bodily in a single
season if one has a willing mind,
a strong back and a good set of
tools. It will not be quite right, of
course, when it is all done over, but
it can be done over again, and this
would be a dull, dreary and monoton-
ous world if things in it had to
stay put.

* * *
THE CHIPPING SPARROW
has never returned to her nest
since the cowbird invaded it, eject-
ed the original egg and deposited
one of her own therein. The nest
is still there, with the cowbird's
egg in it, but the egg will never
hatch. It must be added by this
time. But there are young robins
plenty, and some of them are
making clumps of nests and for-
tools for themselves. They still beg,
however, with a shrill "cheep, cheep," and the mother bird still
feeds them worms and other tid-
bits. The flying of the youngsters
is clumsy and uncertain, and they
are quite likely to get out of con-
tral and bank into a tree or a build-
ing.

* * *
I HAVEN'T SEEN A BLUE-
bird in our neighborhood this year.
There appear to be several gold-
finches around. They are dainty
little creatures, active and songful.
Often they are called wild canar-
ies, but there are no true canaries
on the continent. Back east the
goldfinches were often known as
thistle birds, from their habit of
feast on thistle seeds, and at cer-
tain seasons they would collect in
quite large flocks. I have not seen
them flock here, but they may do
so in the country.
IN CONVERSATION WITH A friend I recalled a baseball story that I may have told before, but anyway I am going to tell it again. A famous umpire rendered a close decision in a big league game that lost the game to the home team. Naturally, he was decidedly unpopular. Next day he was not working, but went to see the game as usual, taking a friend with him. His face was good at the gate, but the gatekeeper was not sure about the friend. Seeing the local manager near by the gate man hailed him, asking "Is it all right to let Smith's (the umpire's) friend in?" The manager glared at the umpire, then roared to the gate man "If that man has any friends, let 'em all in. They won't take up much room!"

AGAIN, TALKING WITH THE same friend about the evolution of baseball, I neglected to mention one form of ball that was played at our country school which I have never seen played anywhere else. It was called "Injun" ball, though whether or not we had borrowed it from the Indians I do not know. It was decidedly a mob game, played usually with a yarn ball made as solid as possible. The entire school population—if all wanted to play—was divided into two sides, the two captains choosing, turn and turn about. There was a striker's base or plate, a first base a few feet away, on which he was entitled to take his place after striking, and a second base at the other end of the field, to which he might run when he had a chance. If he made the return trip safely he could strike again when his turn came.

ONE INTERESTING FEATURE was that any number might be on the first base at the same time, and quite often there would be a dozen youngsters on that base waiting for a chance to run. A runner might be put out by being touched with the ball or hit with a thrown ball, and as it was a case of "one out, all out," the innings were apt to be short. No record was kept of runs, the contest being as to which side would remain longest at bat.

I THINK THAT OF ALL THE games that I have ever seen I enjoyed most the long-distance ball-passing in the game of lacrosse. A ball can be thrown with tremendous force with a lacrosse racquet, and catching it coming at high speed is something of a trick. In an open game the passing of the ball from player to player, catching it without a spill, and returning it like a rifle bullet makes a wonderful exhibition of skill and co-ordination. But in a scrimmage there is all the tangle that occurs when the ball is downed on a football field, plus flying racquets which sometimes become weapons of offense.

BASEBALL, AS NOW PLAYED, is distinctively an American game. Its development into an organized sport has been wholly American. In its history are to be found traces of the simpler ball games played in England and on the European continent, and cricket doubtless made its contribution to the sport, although the two games are wholly unlike. Lacrosse is wholly American in its origin. It was played by the Indians before the time of Columbus. Baseball seems to have drawn nothing from lacrosse but on the other hand, lacrosse seems to have had applied to it in the process of standardization some of the rules, with material modifications, that have become familiar in football and basketball. My impression is that the game as originally played by the Indians was about as informal as shimmy was in my school days.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE something happens that brings up the subject of discipline, and in this connection there is recalled the story of the punishment of a young army lieutenant during the presidency of Grover Cleveland. The officer had committed some minor offense which, however, called for stern disciplinary measures. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by the president. Cleveland did not take the matter very seriously, nevertheless the sentence had to be carried out. The culprit was brought into the presence of the president, who addressed him: "Lieutenant Blank, the court has directed that you be reprimanded, and you are hereby reprimanded. That's all."
Mr. Johnson says, "I celebrated the biggest and best Fourth of July in Devils Lake in 1883, that I have ever seen or been to and I had a ride in the big boat across the lake to Fort Totten; saw the soldiers, cavalry and the big four cannons."

Many years ago Mr. Johnson built a beautiful residence on the shore of Stump Lake, naming the place "Lake View." The lake has receded some distance, but the home, beautiful in surroundings and appointments, retains its charm.

One may take with a grain of salt Mr. Johnson’s remark about the Swedes not being fighters. There is such a thing as prudence in the face of superior numbers. Wild Bill Hickock, whose many battles with desperadoes made him famous, exhibited that prudence on one occasion. Visiting New York he partook liberally of stimulants and became quite boisterous. The proprietor of the place called in a policeman to restore order and arrest the disturber. Recognizing Bill the officer approached him cautiously and with some hesitancy ordered him to come along.

Bill, seated at a table alone, looked up inquiringly and asked: "How numerous are you?" The officer confessed that he was alone. "Better bring up reinforcements," said Bill. The officer himself thought that would be a good idea. He departed and returned presently accompanied by six other cops. Bill checked up the force, and rising, said: "All right, gentlemen, I'll be pleased to accompany you."

Those familiar with the fine points of peonies agree that the peony show just held in Grand Forks was admirable from the standpoint of the quality of the blooms, and even the uninstructed could not fail to admire the wealth of color, the magnificent size of some of the blooms, and the arrangement of the exhibits, which was superior to anything that we have had in the past at our peony shows. The peony is one of the most satisfactory flowering plants that we have, and it is worthy of all the attention which is being given it.
I AM WILLING TO ACCEPT Mr. Eastgate's explanation of what happened to the bird's nest. It may have been, as he suggests, a grackle that robbed the nest and deposited the foreign egg, although I have seen no grackle in the neighborhood this spring. The birds which I called cowbirds were seen but for a moment, but they were somewhat smaller than robins, and had brownish-gray heads and black bodies, the colors of the male, of course, being the more pronounced. The grackle is a much larger bird, and is described as having a greenish-black head. However, the cowbird may be innocent, although it is its habit to use the nests of other birds, and the nest may have been robbed by some unobserved grackle.

HOT WEATHER HAS CREATED unusual demand for water for sprinkling purposes, and every little while one hears the remark that "the city water, with all those chemicals in it, is no good for vegetation and does not compare with rain water." It is quite true that the city water contains in solution certain solids which may be called chemicals, but the proportion of such substances is much smaller in the city water than in the raw river water. About half of the "chemicals" in the river water are removed by treatment at the plant, and from that standpoint the city water is just that much better, although less pure than fresh rainwater.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN a rain and an ordinary sprinkling with a garden hose is that in the rain the earth receives vastly more water per square foot. A good soaking rain will deliver about an inch of water. Try putting an inch of water with a garden hose on every square foot of space treated!

IN A STRIP 20 FEET DEEP across a 50-foot lot there are 1,000 square feet. To cover that space an inch deep there would be required more than 12 50-gallon barrels of water. That quantity of water can be applied with a garden hose, but it isn't applied very often. On the contrary, the average sprinkling is apt merely to moisten the soil to a depth of about a quarter of an inch. So far as the effect on vegetation is concerned, the chief difference between rain and sprinkling is that rain delivers more water. Another quite important difference is due to the conditions under which the water is applied. Sprinkling is usually done in hot, dry weather. It is because of that sort of weather that we sprinkle. Water is applied all at once to hot, dry earth. Some of it evaporates at once. Even if the sprinkling is done in the evening there are only a few hours before the sun blazes forth from a clear sky and the earth becomes baked. Not always, but quite usually, a rain comes intermittently for several hours, and the cloudy conditions are apt to continue for many hours after the rain is over. Thus the water is given the best possible chance to do its work.

ALF EASTGATE OFFERS, among other things the following suggestions with reference to the blister beetle: "Last year I stumbled upon the fact that the best bet for their control was the same poison bait used for grasshoppers. Had picked more than a quart of the beetles from the beans in the garden, and more coming, when I put out the bait for the hoppers and had a 100% kill. Then I built a small cage, went over to the neighbors for some live ones, and put them in the cage with the poison. The first day they were all dead, the second lot lasted 12 hours before they all died. I cannot say how it will work for a hedge, as I have no way of telling how far they will be attracted by the bait but would put it out early in the morning when the leaves of the hedge are wet with dew. Some would get it, I think.

"REGARDING THE SPARROW'S nest in your shrub, from the description of the bird and eggs I think it was the clay-colored sparrow in place of the chipping. Am sure it was the grackle in place of the cowbird that made way with the eggs. Have never known a cowbird to molest eggs in a nest, but the grackle is just as bad for small birds as the crow is for them all; they will destroy the eggs and young as well.

"MY BROTHER HARRY AND I well remember the last big flight of the passenger pigeon. The flight began about 4 P. M. From then until dark there were large flocks in sight all the time. All day Saturday and Sunday the flight kept up until just before sundown. We saw some pigeons each year in small flocks but not very many, until we came to Dakota. I can remember an old neighbor who used to net them. He had his net set in a buckwheat field on our place and caught 60 dozen in one trip on the net.

"HOPPERS ARE WITH US again here, but looks as if something would be done at the right time this year to do the most good instead of waiting until they had done the most damage before getting out the poison."
AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE
tie that binds old settlers together,
and especially of the tie that binds
 together the old country physician
and his former
patients, was given on Saturday
at the meeting of the Thirteen
Towne Old Set-
ters association at McIntosh,
Minn., when Dr.
J. A. McCaughren,
now of Minneapolis,
attended the
meeting of the
association and
greeted old
friends whom he
had not seen for
many years. The
doctor had driven from Minneapolis
that morning for the sole pur-
pose of spending a few hours with
his old neighbors, and he returned
the same evening. When a man
drives 600 miles in one day in order
to spend just a few hours with those
whom he has known in former
years, there is a real and compelling
sentiment in his act.

* * *

DR. M’EACHREN HUNG UP
his shingle at McIntosh in 1889. He
was a young men, only recently out
of college, and so far as he knew
he was at that time the only physi-
cian between Crookston and Duluth
and between Detroit Lakes and the
Canadian border. For fourteen
years he served the people of
the Thirteen Townes and in as much
of the adjoining territory as he
could reach with the teams of spott-
ed ponies that provided him with
motive power.

* * *

IN A FEW MINUTES CONVERS-
at ion with the doctor I found that he
was an old neighbor of mine—at
some distance, it is true—having
come from near London, Ontario. He
was easily the center of attrac-
tion that Saturday afternoon. Er-rect,
active, with finely cut features
which give no indication of his
years, speaking with just a trace
of inherited Scottish accent, eager
and enthusiastic as youth, it was
a real joy to see him old friends
crowding around him and his own
greeting of them after these many
years.

* * *

TO SAY THAT THE DOCTOR
has a wonderful memory for faces
would be to state only a part of
the fact for the twenty years which
have elapsed since he visited Mc-
Intosh have changed many of the
faces which were formerly familiar
to him. He seems to be able to re-
member, not only faces, but voices,
and something in the inner being
that is apart from the physical.

Often during the handshaking some
grizzled old farmer would step up
to him and shake his hand, saying,
"You won’t recognize me, doctor,
I’m—." "Hold on!" the doctor
would exclaim. "Just give me a
second. Let’s see. Now I have it:
You’re so-and-so, over at Sletten—
or Brandavold. What a trip I had
to your place in the storm! But it
came out all right. It’s fine to see
you again." Thus went the series of recognition among old neighbors crowded around the
good doctor with outstretched hands and shining eyes. That reception was worth many drives
from Minneapolis.

* * *

DR. M’EACHREN RECALLED
many experiences, some of them
barring at the time, but upon
which he looks back now with
amusement. He tells of one drive
on which he had to ford a river
and the water was so deep that he
had to stand up on the buggy seat
to keep dry, while the horses wai-
towed through as best they could.
And there were times when roads
proved utterly impassable, when
horses were mired down, and the
rest of the journey had to be made
on foot. There were tragic epis-
dotes, also. During Dr. McCaugh-
ren’s practice in that territory an
epidemic of diphtheria brought
death into many families. The
doctor speaks feelingly of one fam-
ily of five, all of whom were ill
with diphtheria on Saturday, and
on Monday the family had been re-
duced to two. Anti-toxin had just
been discovered, and Dr. McEach-
ren first introduced that specific
into that territory.

* * *

THE DISTRICT KNOWN AS
the Thirteen Townes is in eastern Polk county. Its name comes from the fact that the area of
which thirteen townships were created
was opened for settlement at one
time. Its desirability as an area
for homesteading was widely ad-
vertised, and after some difficulty
over the acquisition of title by the
government from the Indians the
area was opened for settlement in
1883, hence one jubilee celebration.
Nearly all of the original inhabi-
tants were of Scandinavian birth
or descent, some coming direct
from Norway and others from
southern Minnesota and Iowa. The
land is pleasant and fertile, and
farms, usually of no more than a
quarter-section, give every evidence
of thrift and progress. In a quiet,
unostentatious way the people have
applied in their own experience the
thought so finely expressed a few
years ago by President Hoover
when he said that “agriculture is
more than an industry; it is a state
of living.”
AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the old settlers' gathering at McIntosh last week was the series of reminiscences given by some of the early settlers of the vicinity. A tribute to the integrity of the pioneers was paid by Al. Kaiser, now of Bagley, who has been in the banking business in that territory for many years. At the beginning of his career there he had as a partner Louis Lohn, whose son Louis has been active in the banking business in Grand Forks and Fosston for many years. Loans were made in the early days, said Mr. Kaiser, on the character of the applicant rather than on chattel or other collateral, and in a business extending over many years the firm charged off as losses only $300, half of which was practically a donation to an impoverished family on route to a new home. Men considered it a point of honor to meet their obligations. Neighbors helped each other gladly in time of need and those who had received help gave it as gladly when their turn came.

MR. KAISER REFERRED TO one article of food that I have not seen or heard mentioned for many years, but which was once very familiar to me, namely, spiced roll. It was made from the lower half of side pork, salted, spiced, rolled and tied with cord and smoked. The usual price for it was about 12 cents a pound. It was the same cut, of course, from which ordinary bacon is made, but quite different in flavor. It was put up by the big packers and shipped in boxes. We considered it mighty good eating.

OLE BJORG TOLD OF THE taking of flour census in the teen Towns to ascertain flour to spare and who had none. Those who had none were those who had more than for their immediate need, there was a general division that no family need go hungry one time Mr. Bjorgo was on a long drive to keep a business appointment with some inhabitants. He was dressed in his plowing, barefooted, and why he did not wear his shoes the ground was rough and full of sticks and roots. The man regretted that he had no shoes because he had no money with which to buy them. Ole gave the man his shoes and socks and went on keep his appointment barefooted, but otherwise splendidly attired. It is such experiences that bring people close together and the recital of which warms the cockles of one's heart.

BOTTINEAU IS TO HAVE AN old settlers' picnic on June 30. Doubtless there will be many present who will remember the first picnic held by the same association at the same place, Dana's grove, in 1900. It was at that time that a regular association was formed, and it was then decided to hold gatherings annually. Judge Burr, of the state supreme court, long resident of that territory, was a prominent figure at many of those gatherings, and he is expected to attend this year.

A CHRONICLE OF THE TIME says that there were over 100 carriages at that first picnic, which was held on the property of H. C. Dana at what was known as "Old Bottineau," in a loop of Oak creek, a short distance from the present city. There was to have been a ball game, but this was prevented by a strong wind. Vic. Noble was the principal speaker. Late in the day the weather turned very cold, and Mrs. Edna Snyder, who was a very young child at the time, had heard her parents tell of wrapping her up in a picnic tablecloth to keep her warm on the way home.

IT IS EXPECTED THAT MRS. Didause Dion, granddaughter of Pierre Bottineau, from whom Bottineau county and city are named, will attend the forthcoming picnic. Her husband is said to have been the first white man to live in Bottineau county. In April, 1882, he was engaged in freighting for one Brunell, a man of mixed blood, who had started a store. The first actual settlement in the county by a white man was Edna Clair, who squatted on a hill and filed a homestead claim.
ANOTHER REASSURING BUSINESS note is that all manufacturers in the lead pencil industry are increasing wages and putting more men to work. Superficially considered the announcement might not be considered to have any certain bearing on business conditions in general, that is, it might be interpreted in either of two ways. Obviously, there is a demand for more pencils, and pencils may be in demand for the conduct of the ordinary operations of industry, or for the purpose of figuring losses. But we have long since passed the point where people bothered to figure losses. When people really start figuring again it must be that business is on the up-grade.

WITH AN EXPLANATORY note a local friend sends in the following poem:

THE SPHINX.
By Brandon Howell.
Bulky stature skyward looming,
Lift your face to desert breaths;
Man-made figure, feel your glory
You who wintessed Pharoes’ deaths.
In your awesome stony features
Massive beauty unsurpassed,
Still you wait unchanged, unseeing,
Watching centuries roll past.
You have watched the temple builders
Far across the sandy plain;
You have seen them conquered slowly,
They who carved your rocky mane;
Seen the Roman legions beaten
Who had seized your dark-skinned race;
Watched the Moslems take possession,
Build their mosques with Allah’s grace.
* * * * *
You have left your footprints’ grandeur
Deeply on the sands of time.
* * *
THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE poem and his mother, Mrs. Howell, lived in Grand Forks with Mrs. Howell’s parents, Colonel and Mrs.

Doane, during the time that Colonel Doane was stationed at the University of North Dakota. When Brandon was but a small boy he visited Egypt with his mother and was greatly impressed by the sphinx. When entering a literary contest in California he had the privilege of choosing any subject for his poem, and he chose “The Sphinx.” His poem won the first prize and was published in a Berkeley paper. He is now living with his grandparents in Berkeley, and is described as a fine, manly fellow and an ardent Scout. Local friends of the family will be glad to know of his progress.

* * *

A PLEASANT NOTE COMES from Mrs. Jean C. Taylor, a former Grand Forks resident, who is now in Chicago “doing” the World’s Fair. She finds the exhibition one of real merit and is enjoying the time spent there.

* * *

MRS. MIRIAM RUTLEDGE, widow of Dr. Rutledge, who has been living in California for several years, writes from Long Beach that there are still occasional earthquake tremors there. Recovery from the great shock, she says, is slow, and the city of Long Beach is not yet half built up. Her own house, while it escaped major damage, had to be jacked up in three places and the repairs are not yet completed.

* * *

“COOL WIND THINS CROWD at Beaches,” says a headline in Monday’s New York Times. The weather described was that of last Sunday, which, in Grand Forks, was the hottest day but one in all local recorded history. While we were sweltering in a temperature of 105 degrees, with a burning wind blowing, the maximum temperature in New York during the day was 73 degrees, and early in the day the thermometer registered 54. Coney Island, which, a week before, had 600,000 visitors, saw its attendance drop to 300,000, and the few who bathed did so in water at 50 degrees with a piercing northwest wind blowing. However, as the weather usually moves from west to east, it is quite likely that by this time New York will be having real summer weather—and then some. One peculiarity about the recent heat wave was the slowness with which it traveled, which doubtless accounts for its keeping hot in one place for so long.
IN A CONVERSATION WITH a friend the other day there came up for discussion the question of how far the game of baseball has been improved in technical and achievement by increased skill on the part of players, and to what extent the improved records of today are due to changes in rules and improvement in grounds and equipment. One point made by my friends was that it is impossible to make any intelligent comparison between the home run of today and that of Davia years ago because the old game was played in an open field, where outfielders could range almost at will, whereas in the modern big league game the playing is done in a restricted space, with spectators packed closely on all sides. In the old days the batter who actually hit a ball beyond reach of an active and efficient centerfielder was making a wonderful drive. That players have learned new tricks and gained in skill is not questioned, but other changes must have been of material help in the making of records.

FROM BASEBALL THE TALK drifted to trotting horses, and again arose the question of how the best of modern trotters would perform if driven on the track of fifty years ago under all the conditions that prevailed then, instead of under conditions in which everything is brought to a point of scientific precision. Again it must be conceded that breeding and training have made their contributions, but improved equipment and other purely mechanical conditions must account for at least part of the gain that has been made. From an old file I quote some bits from the history of trotting.

THE FIRST PUBLIC TROT-ting race in the United States of which here is a reliable record was in 1818 when the gray gelding Boston Blue was trotted against time in an effort to go a mile in three minutes. Such a feat was generally deemed impossible, but Boston Blue did it, although unfortunately his record has not been preserved. It was not until 1859 that any trotter went a mile in 2:30 or less, but in that year Flora Temple made it in 2:19 3-4. Eight years later Robert Bonner's Dexter made the mile in 2:17 1-4, a phenomenal performance which horsemen said would never be repeated. Goldsmith Maid got the record down to 2:17 flat in 1871, and kept on lowering it for several years until in 1874 she made the mile in 2:14.

GOLDSMITH MAID HAD A remarkably long career. She was a leading figure on the turf for a dozen years, and ended her racing career in 1878 at the age of 21 years. It is said that she earned over $200,000, which was a large sum for those days. Following those two great racers came Rarus, St. Julien, Nancy Hanks, Lou Dillon and several others, all of whom contributed to the lowering of the record. Lou Dillon seems to have been the first trotter to bring the record below 2 minutes. In 1905 she made the mile in 1:58 1-2. On October 4, 1922, Peter Manning made a mile in 1:65 3-4 at Lexington, Kentucky. This, I believe, is still the world record.

IT IS TO BE REMEMBERED that most of those early records were made on tracks which did not compare with the best tracks of today. Also, horsemen had not learned some of the tricks with harness, weighted shoes and other paraphernalia, the use of which tends to concentrate the power of the horse on the one object of getting over the ground. There is also the matter of the sulky, which formerly was essentially a pair of buggy wheels, iron-shod, mounted on an axle. In this day of the revival of the bicycle it is rather interesting to note that the bicycle made an important contribution to horse-racing. It was through the evolution of the bicycle from the old cumbersome velocipede that the modern racing sulky, with its light, yet strong construction, its wire wheels and its pneumatic tires came into being.

THE OTHER DAY I MISSED a call from a Mr. Maxwell, of Conway, whom I hope to meet when he visits Grand Forks again. I understand that Mr. Maxwell comes from somewhere near the same part of Canada from which I hail, and I have no doubt that when we meet, even though we not be able to find that we have common acquaintances, we shall learn that we had many of the same experiences, of country school days, farm life in a timber country, and, possibly, pranks that got us into trouble.
IT'S WEEKS AND WEEKS since I received a questionnaire. The questions come in bunches, several in a week, perhaps, with a lull between spasms to give a fellow time to catch his breath. As to length and detail their variety is infinite, ranging from a few abrupt and pointed questions to lists of questions the answering of which would require days of research, if, indeed, it were possible to answer the questions at all with any approach to accuracy. Occasionally, in a moment of weakness, I answer one of the simpler ones. To answer all of them would require the services of several secretaries, and most of the answers wouldn't be worth a whoop.

* * *

TAKE THE QUESTIONNAIRES relating to economics, of which there has been a deluge. Many of them, perhaps most of them, are intended to substantiate a theory, either that everything is wrong or that everything is everlastingly right. The people to whom the questionnaires are addressed may be fairly representative, but it is the easiest thing in the world to frame questions in such a manner that the answers will be likely to support some preconceived notion. And the questions themselves, relating to itemized income and expenditure are such that not one person in a hundred could do more than make a wild guess at the answers.

* * *

I HAVE IN MIND ONE QUESTIONNAIRE received some time ago—which I didn't answer—which was intended, so its author wrote, to establish certain facts with reference to occupations, why they were chosen, whether or not they are suitable, and the adequacy or inadequacy of the compensation derived from them. I can't quote the questions, but here is the substance of a few of them, with the answers which might truthfully have been given:

* * *

QUESTION—IN WHAT OCCUPATION are you engaged?
Answer—Writing things for a newspaper.
Q.—How long have you been engaged in this work?
A.—None of your business. Do you think I want to start a lot of young fellows after my job?
Q.—Why did you enter this field of work?
A.—To get a job.
Q.—Was this occupation your first choice?
A.—Not by a jugful.
Q.—If not, name the occupation which you originally preferred.
A.—Being a fireman, so that I could wear a red shirt and a big tin hat and being a circus ringmaster.
Q.—What consideration induced you to give up these earlier ambitions?
A.—The red shirts and tin hats all seemed to be occupied, and I had to hoe potatoes instead of joining a circus. Also, the circus had a ringmaster.

* * *

THE ABOVE ARE FAIR SAMPLES of the simpler introductory questions. As the inquisition proceeded it covered the domains of sociology, philosophy, economics, and possibly hypnotism and telepathy. It sought to bare the very soul of the victim and to analyze and explore all his reactions and emotions. There were questions relating to occupations which would have required pages and which related to things to which most of us have given no more than a passing thought. Yet I suppose there is now in course of preparation a thesis or a book based on the answers received from that identical questionnaire.

* * *

MY MENTION OF THE TORNADO of 1886, of whose results Geo. F. Blackburn took some excellent pictures, reminded R. J. Walker of the Northwestern Tire company of some incidents in connection with that storm. He was then a boy, living on a farm near the Keystone country, but on that day he had come to Grand Forks with a yoke of oxen and he was in town while the storm was in progress. He recalls that the north end of the old Great Northern depot was torn to pieces, and that a large number of persons who were waiting for a train had crowded into the south end and thus escaped injury. Pieces of scantling from the Walker lumber yard were driven into buildings like pins into a pin cushion.

* * *

A TRAIN WAS WRECKED IN the vicinity of Schurmeier. The engineer raced with the storm, but it caught him and derailed car after car, beginning at the rear end, until the entire train, including the tender, was off the track, some of the cars having rolled completely over. The engine was not derailed.
HOT, DRY WEATHER SUGGESTS various things to various people. One thought that comes to me sometimes on a hot day is of a spring where water, almost icy cold, trickled from a vein of sand in a hillside, filled a little pool across which an active boy could jump and trickled on to join the creek that meandered through the valley below. Over spring and pool spread the branches of a giant maple whose dense foliage gave shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. Poets have sung of wine, and from that spring after hours spent chasing chipmunks or gathering wild strawberries. After a swig from that spring, with a wide straw hat soaked in the pool, one was ready to go again.

** * * *

** THEN THERE IS A PICTURE of cows standing knee-deep in the river on a hot afternoon. There the river widened and shallowed and for some distance the water raced and cascaded over rocks and gravel, and the cattle stood in it in the shade of great elms that overhung the water. Lazily switching water over themselves with their tails, they presented images of perfect peace and contentment.

** * * *

** HOT WEATHER REMINDS one correspondent — and possibly many others — of Senator Ingalls’ little essay on “Grass,” and I am asked to publish it. I suppose there is no time when the softness and verdure of grass are more appreciated than in hot weather when bits of green are few and far between. I published the Ingalls’ essay two or three years ago, but it is one of the choice things that bear repetition. Here it is again:

** * * *

** GRASS.**

By John J. Ingalls.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions in May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our first recollections are of grass, and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, scarred with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare of the field, it bines its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes its throne, from which it has been expelled but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

** * * *

** OTHER THINGS BEING equal increased transportation facilities ought to result in a vastly greater attendance at the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago this year than was recorded at the Columbian exposition forty years ago in the same city. Forty years ago there was just one way of traveling any considerable distance and of getting there within a reasonable time— to go by train. Today we have in addition the road bus, the private automobile, and the airplane. The roads are in such fine condition that many persons are using the bicycle to go to the fair, and one northwestern couple are making the journey by dog cart. But while there are more ways to travel, and all of them being used, there are other conditions which are apt to throw calculations awry. Forty years ago there had been few world’s fairs, and such exhibitions were regarded with the interest that attends anything new. Now we have had many world’s fairs, and, while this one is totally unlike all the others, as a world exhibition it becomes one of many. Business conditions, too, are different, although relatively times may not have been tougher in 1933 than they were in 1893. There are so many variables in the case that there is no good basis on which to make predictions.
STODDARD KING, HUMORIST, newspaper columnist and author of "There's a Long, Long Trail," has come to the end of the trail himself. A young man, only 45 years of age, he was stricken with sleeping sickness at his home in Spokane five months ago, and after a brief and partial rally he died on June 14.

Born in Wisconsin, he went farther west and joined the staff of the Spokane Spokesman — Review while still in his teens, went to Yale, and continued in newspaper work during his vacations and after graduation, then returned to Spokane, where he served on the Spokesman — Review until his last illness.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG Trail," perhaps the most gripping of all the songs which became associated with the World war, was not written as a war song at all, but was written in 1913 for a college smoker program. King and a friend, Alonzo Elliott, then undergraduates at Yale, wanted to go to Boston to attend a convention of their fraternity, but had not the necessary funds. Members of their chapter, who were planning a smoker, offered to send the boys to the convention if they would write a good song for the smoker. What was to become a great war song was the result.

KING WROTE THE WORDS and Elliott supplied the music. Their intent was to write a " rollicking hobo song," but bits of sentiment crept in instead, and King found himself writing of "the land of my dreams," and the nighttime gulch singing, the soft moon beam, and the day when "I'll be going down that long, long trail with you." Elliott composed music which brought out the sentiment fittingly. It was not at all what had been intended, but it made a hit at the smoker, and the boys were sent to Boston.

THE SONG WAS SOLD TO AN English publishing house almost immediately, and when the war broke out in the following year the British soldiers took it up, and as a marching song it shared honors with "Tipperary." Because of its popularity in England the song was for some time supposed to be of British origin. Then, with our own entrance into the war it became popular here, and the company that bought the American rights sold over 1,000,000 copies. Author and composer are believed to have received over $100,000 in royalties.

ONCE IN A LONG TIME A song makes its author rich and famous. That fact is responsible for innumerable frauds that have been perpetrated on the unskilled and ambitious victims of the victors. The method varies in detail, but in general it runs something like this:

The victim is attracted by an advertisement explaining how easy it is to make money writing song hits. The advertising company offers to correct manuscript, provide music and publish. The victim sends in a few lines of doggerel which he imagines to be poetry. The company registers interest and admiration, but suggests that a little touching up is all necessary, and offers to do the necessary work for a few dollars. If the money is sent there comes a further demand for money for various other expenses, and the game is kept up as long as the victim will pay. If enough money is paid the song will actually be published, but that will be the last ever heard of it. Concerns engaged in this line of imposition are usually careful to comply technically with all legal requirements, so as to escape both civil and criminal liability.

A SIMILAR METHOD IS EMPLOYED by certain concerns that offer to correct, typewrite and market manuscripts of stories and poems. I have in mind one such concern from which newspapers received from time to time bundles of manuscript, stories, verse, essays, etc., with the request that they select what they wish, pay their own price and return the rest in the accompanying prepaid envelopes. The material so offered by that outfit has been invariably tawdry stuff such as no newspaper would publish. The authors have been milked of all the money they would pay for the various services performed by that agency has done, literally, all that it agreed to do. It has done the necessary correcting and typewriting and had undertaken to "market" by sending out the stuff in bundles and getting it back again. Occasionally one of these concerns makes a slip and runs foul of the postal authorities, but if they are cautious they are able to get by.

OF COURSE ALL THIS DOES not relate at all to reputable publishing houses, musical or otherwise, of which there are many. But the fact that two men made $100,000 from one song should not raise the hope that any jingle will produce like results.
THIS TALK ABOUT THE MACHINE AGE AND HOW IT IS DESTROYING CIVILIZATION THE WAY WE RAN OUR WATERWORKS SYSTEM IN BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. THE CONNECTION MAY NOT BE APPARENT AT FIRST, BUT IT IS THERE. IT IS TRUE THAT THE WATERWORKS SYSTEM ITSELF WAS A CONCESSION TO THE SPIRIT OF MECHANIZATION, FOR IF THERE HAD BEEN NO DEPARTURE FROM PRIMITIVE METHODS WE SHOULD HAVE DIPPED OUR WATER FROM THE RIVER

and carried it home in a bucket or had it delivered in carts as a convenience to a community of 12,000 people. However, we had a waterworks plant, such as it was, and there was no employment for men with water carts.

* * *

OUR PUMPING STATION WAS down on the canal bank and water was pumped from there to the reservoir at the top of a hill a mile away. That elevation gave sufficient pressure for ordinary service, and I suppose they had a system of valves to tighten things up in case of fire. There were wells all over town from which the inhabitants got most of their drinking water, but we also drank the raw river water right from the tap when we happened to feel like it.

There was no filter or treatment plant of any kind, and, as was to be expected, there was always some typhoid in town.

* * *

THE WATERWORKS PLANT was a private enterprise, and the principal owner of the company was Ignatius Cockshutt, in whose store I worked. John Fax, foreman of my department, lived on the hill a short distance beyond the reservoir, and it was his job to stop at the reservoir and measure the depth of the water each morning on his way to work. Sometime during the morning the pumping station engineer, whose first name was Dave, came into the store and received John's report on the quantity of water. On the basis of that information he conducted his pumping operations.

* * *

FAX WAS A GENIAL, SOCIALE fellow, a good singer, and very much in demand at gatherings of various kinds. He was apt to be out quite late at night, and occasionally in the hurry of getting down to work next morning he would forget to stop and measure the water. In such cases he would make a guess at it and so report when Dave came in.

IF THE GUESS WAS CLOSE all went well. Dave would run his pumps about the time necessary to fill the reservoir and then knock off. But if John guessed ten feet of water when there was only four, there might be a shortage of water in town before night. Or, if he underestimated, Dave would run the reservoir over and residents below would complain because the overflow was washing the hill away.

* * *

THE SYSTEM WAS ALMOST elementary in its simplicity. The pump was the only machinery involved. There were no automatic devices to register water levels and transmit the information. There was no telephone to facilitate communication. Whatever information was carried had to be carried from place to place in person.

* * *

THE SYSTEM HAS SINCE been thoroughly mechanized, with all the latest gadgets for control, for the making of records, and, more important than all, for the purification of water. Mechanization in that case has provided employment for quite a lot of men, and it has given the community a dependable supply of pure water.

* * *

ALF EASTGATE WAS PROBABLY right in supposing that it was a grackle rather than a cowbird that robbed the little sparrow's nest. I had seen none of these birds all spring, but the other day one was making himself at home in the bird bath, so there are evidently some of them in the neighborhood. I have seen nothing of the cowbirds since their first appearance. I have not confused them with grackles, however, for the grackle is much the larger of the two, the male having a purple head dress, while the cowbird is capped with gray.

* * *

BIRDS BUILD NESTS, SOMETIMES, in seemingly impossible places. An empty nest was found in a little juniper that was being closely trimmed because it did not seem likely to make a go of it. The nest was so hidden that it could not be seen from any angle, and the twigs were packed so close together that it is a mystery to me how any bird could have reached the spot.
THE STATEMENT IS OFTEN made that truth is stranger than fiction. The point of the statement is in the fact that there are actual happenings so strange that no writer of fiction would dare incorporate similar incidents in his work because he would be accused by his readers of asking them to accept as reasonable and probable the fantastic and impossible. Thus, if one were to write a novel with the scenes laid in Duluth he would scarcely tell of bears and wolves being found within the city limits. Yet bears and wolves have invaded Duluth within very recent years. However, the eastern writer who had Valley City, North Dakota, terrorized by wolves not long ago showed that the writer of fiction does sometimes go beyond the realm of truth.

PRESUMABLY MR. RIPLEY will list among his “Believe It or Not” incidents the case of the deer which meandered into Grand Forks, a prairie city, with open fields and cultivated farms for scores of miles on every side, and jumped through the plate glass window of a business place right in the heart of the city. And Ripley will need to have the facts substantiated by affidavits or people will not believe it. Yet the story is true.

AT FIRST IT WAS THOUGHT that the deer had escaped from one of the private enclosures near the city, but no deer is missing from any of these. It appears, therefore, that the animal was wild and had wandered from some timbered section some distance away. Two or three persons have seen one or more deer recently on or near the highway in the vicinity of Grafton and Minto. There are a few wild deer in the Turtle mountains and in the brush country in the Pembina mountains, and it is assumed that the deer which startled several Grand Forks people had wandered from that northern section, perhaps being chased by dogs. On the morning of the deer’s appearance downtown a deer surprised a University avenue lady by crossing her yard as she was hanging out clothes. The animal evidently was lost.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW of the Kasper mortuary through which the animal jumped is a flower box, filled with foliage and bloom. Inside the window are other plants and flowers, and in the early morning the room as seen from the street looks cool and dim, just the sort of place that a travel-worn deer might choose for rest and shelter during the heat of the day. The poor animal failed to note the sheet of glass that lay between him and his fancied security.

EARLE S. HOLMAN, MANAGING editor of the Antigo, Wis., Daily Journal, is also secretary of the Langlade, Wisconsin, county historical society and conducts a column in his paper entitled “Once Upon a Time,” which is devoted chiefly to items of historical interest. The issue of the Journal for June 22 contained the following items:

ARE THERE ANY DESCENDANTS OF LORD SELKIRK’S colonists in Langlade county? In 1811 Lord Selkirk obtained from the Hudson Bay company a grant of land in the Red river region larger than the present Manitoba. More than a hundred people, largely Orkneymen, Scottish Highlanders, and Irishmen were sent out the first year by way of Hudson Bay. Other shiploads sailed later. The colonists who came in by way of Hudson Bay suffered great hardships on the long journey. Some of them worked their way south as far as Pembina, in what is now northwestern Minnesota. This colony failed to prosper, and most of the settlers moved away, some going to St. Paul. A town and a county in northeastern North Dakota still bear the name of Pembina.

WONDER IF ANYONE IN Langlade county ever saw one of the old Red river carts outside of a museum. Ordinarily no iron was used in their manufacture. They consisted of a sort of box mounted on two immense wooden wheels, and they had rough shafts in front. As the axles were never or seldom greased, the protesting shrieks of the carts could be heard on still days for miles. Half-breeds explained their not using grease by saying that they did not wish to steal up silently on anybody.

THERE IS LITTLE OBSCURITY in the item relating to Pembina, due, perhaps, to the manner in which state and territorial lines were shifted in the early days. Pembina has always been where it is now, in what is now North Dakota, but in the very early days that area was included in Minnesota. The explanation of why the Indians did not grease the axles of their carts is a new one to me.

MR. HOLMAN WRITES THAT his father, Nels Holman, who now lives in Madison, Wisconsin, was in business in Lakota, Wisconsin, only years ago, probably in the early eighties. Mr. Holman thinks that his father also lived at Devils Lake, and he remembers seeing a picture in his boyhood of a steamboat excursion on the lake. Nels Holman in those early days conducted quite a business in buying and shipping buffalo bones.