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Because of lowered water levels it has been necessary to restrict the loading of vessels on the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system, as craft carrying maximum loads would scrape the bottom of some of the shallower channels whose depth is dependent on natural flow. A check of Ontario rivers by Dominion authorities indicates a decided lack of moisture in most of the older portion of the province. Interesting fluctuations are shown in the flow of the Grand river, whose branches extend up toward Lake Huron and the Georgian bay, and which empties into Lake Erie. Measurements taken at Galt show a run-off during January of 9 per cent above average, falling to 65 per cent below average in February and 15 per cent below average in March.

Flow of those eastern rivers in winter is influenced not alone by precipitation, but by a combination of precipitation and temperature. In this northwestern territory we seldom have winter weather warm enough to increase river flow, but in southern Ontario and the adjoining American states that is a common occurrence. Winter rain is not infrequent, and winter thaws which create flood conditions are of common occurrence.

In the northern counties of old Ontario the country was buried deep in snow for the first two or three months of this year, but because of unusually cold weather the flow is streams was not augmented. On the contrary, it was diminished. The fact is, however, that most of Ontario was baked dry last year, and that condition is having its effect on the flow of streams this year.

One of the stock arguments presented in support of the demand of Chicago for all the lake water that she might choose to use is that of the lowering of lake levels, of which there has been complaint in recent years, is due to natural causes, and that therefore no restrictions should be placed on Chicago's use of water. If nature would do its duty there would be plenty of water for everybody. The farmer whose well is failing argues differently. When water is abundant he is indifferent as to how much of it is slopped around, but when nature provides just barely enough he is careful to see that not a drop is wasted. Lake levels are now low. Most people outside of Chicago are able to understand that if Chicago were permitted to use all the water she wants the levels would be still lower.

A Grand Forks man who has been active in relief and re-employment work was approached last fall by one of the unemployed who was not on the relief list and did not intend to be on it if he could avoid it. He wanted a job. He didn't care in the least what kind of job it was; and the amount of compensation was secondary matter. What he wanted was something to do which would give him a little cash through the winter. He said he could get along on as little as a dollar a week.

My friend questioned him as to how he expected to maintain his family through the winter on such a small sum. The man said he was not depending on that to carry him through, as he was already pretty well provided for. He had gone out into the fields and gathered cull potatoes and had enough of those stored in his basement to last him all winter. From farmers here and there he had taken meat in exchange for work, and he had slathers of meats stored away. In similar ways he has provided himself with plenty of mixed vegetables. As for fuel, he said there was no difficulty about that. There was plenty of down stuff along the river which he could have for carrying away, and he expected to lay in stacks of that. In various ingenious ways he had provided himself with plenty of mixed vegetables. As for fuel, he said there was no difficulty about that.

The more cash he could get the better, but he knew that if he could get a dollar a week in money he could pull through. He got a job, or jobs, that yielded him nothing big, but more than a dollar a week, and he pulled through. He hasn't yet been obliged to ask for anything that he hasn't earned.
"THE FEDERAL DIARY," A department of the Washington Post conducted by Morgan Baker, was devoted last week to North Dakotans and North Dakotans in Washington. Among those mentioned are some who have lived in Washington for years, and may be considered permanent residents, while others have but recently moved there to take service with one or other of the numerous government departments. Of those listed in the paper the one who has been longest in Washington is Charles D. Hamel, a graduate of the University of North Dakota, who has been special assistant to the attorney general, first chairman of the board of Tax Appeals and counsel of the joint congressional committee in Internal Revenue and Taxation. Mr. Hamel is a member of the law firm of Hamel, Park & Saunders, and he is recognized as an authority on the branches of law in which he specializes.

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SETH W. RICHARDSON, FOR several years district attorney for North Dakota, is engaged in private practice in Washington after serving as assistant attorney general. Judge Edward T. Burke, former member of the North Dakota supreme court, is now special assistant to the attorney general.

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ONE OF THE MORE RECENT arrivals in Washington is former Chief Justice L. E. Birdzell, who, after service as professor of law at the University of North Dakota and on the state supreme bench, resigned to become general counsel of the Deposit Insurance corporation.

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AUBREY LAWRENCE, OF Fargo, former president of the North Dakota Bar association, is a special assistant to the attorney general. Melvin D. Hildreth, of Fargo, is engaged in private practice in Washington, as is Francis C. Brooke, a University graduate.

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DR. A. H. TAYLOR, WHO LEFT the University of North Dakota to take up radio work with the navy during the war, has become nationally and internationally famous. It was his distinguished pioneer work in radio that brought him to the attention of the navy department, and in the larger field upon which he entered he has made numerous valuable contributions to electrical science. Among the more important subjects with which Dr. Taylor has dealt are a system for multiple transmission and reception, automatic recording high frequency transmitters, static reduction in long waves, frequency multiplication systems, reception on submarine and subterranean antennas and loops. Dr. Taylor now holds the rank of commander in the navy.

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EXTENDED MENTION IS made of Fred P. Mann, of Devils Lake, a member of the NRA Review board; Lee Brooks of Fargo, general counsel of the board; Leslie Erhart, University graduate, who is now engaged in newspaper work in Washington. Two sisters, Miss Esther Burton and Mrs. Leola Smallwood, of Edgeley, are secretaries to attorneys in the comptroller's office, and Miss Thelma Gunderson, of Grand Forks, is in the office of Conference Reporting, AAA.

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A LITTLE PUBLICATION DEVOTED to tree culture shows a picture of the root growth of black walnuts after one year. In that short time the roots extended 32 inches into the soil. The picture is shown to illustrate the influence of root growth on prevention of soil erosion.

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ONE OF THE FEATURES OF my boyhood landscape was a giant elm whose branches overhung one of our favorite swimming holes. The bank at that spot was perhaps 15 feet high, worn and scored by the grinding of ice in spring and washed by the river current at its various levels. The bank was gradually wearing away, but the old tree was making valiant resistance. The entire perpendicular face of the bank was a tangled mass of roots, up and down which we would climb. Back in the earth, I suppose, the roots were just as thick and tenacious and for years the tree held its own and protected the bank against the force of the stream. Last year I looked for it, but it was gone, and with it a large section of the bank which it had protected for a full generation.
THERE HAS COME WITH THE automobile an interesting development in the relative density of street traffic, pedestrian and vehicular. For thirty years ago sidewalks in the business section of Grand Forks were twelve feet wide, leaving 56 feet for the driveway. But the sidewalks became crowded because people spent more time walking up and down on them, and in the center of the street there was more room than was needed for the wagons and buggies. When permanent paving was undertaken, therefore, it was agreed unanimously to extend the width of the sidewalks to fifteen feet, and the remaining 50 feet was ample for vehicular traffic. Now the driveway is more crowded than the walks.

THE AUTOMOBILE HAS Induced most of us to do less traveling about town on foot. While not every family has an automobile, the average number of cars is about one to a family, while only the occasional city family owned a horse and buggy. Moreover, the average car is used more generally and more casually than was the average buggy. We drive our cars down town as a matter of course. We used the horse and buggy only on special occasions.

TODAY WE USE THE streets for storage purposes, as many cars are habitually parked all day long. We didn't use the horse and buggy that way. With the old-fashioned vehicle it was mostly a case of stop and go, and if it was necessary to stop for any considerable time the rig was driven to a livery barn and the horse stabled. As the situation has grown from twelve to sixteen feet of our down town streets are of no use whatever for moving traffic. When one thinks of it it seems a little odd that we should install that much expensive pavement to provide storage for private property.

LAST WEDNESDAY MEMORIAL exercises were held for the first time at the grave of John Howard Payne, author of “Home, Sweet Home.” Payne died in 1862 at the age of 72 while serving as consul-general at Tunis, and for twenty-one years his body lay, almost forgotten, under a marble slab in the desert. It was then brought to America and interred in a cemetery in Georgetown, the oldest section of Washington, D.C. The tomb has been visited by many, and it is pointed out to strangers, but this year, for the first time, it was the scene of exercises in which messages from all over the world were paid to the man who immortalized in song the spirit of home.

THE STORY OF THE ORIGIN of “Home, Sweet Home” has often been told. In 1823 Payne was a fairly successful playwright, after having been by turns grocery clerk, journalist, publisher and actor. Always short of money, he welcomed an offer from Covent Garden, London, for his partly finished opera, “Clari,” if he would complete it quickly. He needed a song to round out the piece, and, adapting the music of an Italian folk song which he had heard, he wrote the words of “Home, Sweet Home.” When the piece was produced Maria Tree, a popular English actress, sang the song and responded to twelve encores. Probably no other song had such instantaneous and permanent success.

THERE IS A CERTAIN incongruity in the fact that Payne was born on Pearl street in New York city, which was the only home that he ever knew. But Pearl in 1781 was not the Pearl street of today, rubbing elbows with Chinatown. Then it was a quiet suburban street, and mention is made of the vine-clad cottage in which Payne was born, and which to him, typified home.

FROM HER SCRAPBOOK Mrs. Nellie Chapin Burns, of Crookston, contributes the following:

HYPOTHESIS

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it too?
In his death he bore witness to last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the

From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die! Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride,
Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamed,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt.
And the world with contempt.
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.
Never mind how he died.
—Crosby, Life and Death.
ONE OF THE EVIDENCES OF returning prosperity is a letter in the Literary Digest the writer of which demands that something be done about the buttonholes on men's shirts. He has been making a study of the subject and has found that on men's shirts all the buttonholes except at the top are cut perpendicularly instead of horizontally, which he insists is the proper way. Cut as they are, he says, the buttonholes do not hold the buttons as they should, and he demands that the shirt manufacturers be required to reform their methods.

I HADN'T NOTICED WHICH way the buttonholes on my shirts are cut, but on inspection I find that the correspondent is right. Except on the neckband they all run up and down instead of crosswise, as they do on coats, vests and trousers. Why there is a difference I do not know, and the style of the buttonholes has never given me any trouble. They always stay out as long as there are any buttons. The really important thing is not the buttonholes, but the fact that somebody is worrying about them. When a man has to get excited about buttonholes the world in general must be running pretty smoothly for him.

THERE ARE SOMETHINGS about buttons and buttonholes which, though not important, are puzzling. For instance, why is it that the buttons on a man's coat are on the right side and on a woman's coat on the left side. Various reasons have been advanced for the little buttons on men's coat sleeves. One explanation is that Frederick the Great had the men of his entourage wear buttons on their sleeves so that they would not use the sleeves for napkins, and after the fashion had become fixed some tailor worked a variation by shifting the buttons from the upper to the lower side of the sleeve. The buttons on the back of a man's coat are understood to be a survival from the days when coats were worn long and were buttoned back to give greater freedom in walking.

LAST YEAR A LITTLE SPARRow which I called a chirping sparrow built its nest in a tree near the house and laid two eggs. One day both the eggs disappeared and in their place was left a much larger one which I credited to a bird resembling a cowbird which I had seen around the place. Alf Eastgate thought that the little bird was a clay-colored sparrow, and I accepted the amendment. He also thought that the nest had been robbed by a grackle, as he had never heard of a cowbird destroying the eggs of another bird. I admitted that possibility.

ALL LAST WEEK A LITTLE sparrow, similar to that of last year, was busy building its nest in another place, and presently two eggs appeared in the nest. Saturday a bird which I am quite sure is a female cowbird was observed lurking in the vicinity of the nest, and presently it flew into the tree. It was driven away. Sunday a strange egg was in the nest, but the original eggs had not been disturbed. The foreign egg was carefully removed with a spoon, and I have the shell on exhibition. It is nearly the size of a robin's egg, blue-white, with small brown specks all over it. The original eggs are a greenish blue, with an irregular ring of specks around the larger end, duplicates of the eggs of last year.

ACCORDING TO THE BIRD guide which I have the chirping sparrows are similar in size, color and habits. Their eggs are alike. There is some difference in marking, and my bird seems to fit more nearly the description given of the chirping sparrow. Bird guides, however, are not infallible. Mine says that robins tend to become quite numerous in cities if they are not persecuted too severely by English sparrows. I haven't seen a sparrow persecuting any of the robins in my neighborhood. On the other hand, the robins dominate the whole situation and are strongly inclined to bully the other birds. The bird bath may be full of sparrows, but let one robin approach, and all the sparrows must vacate. A little goldfinch bluffed a quarrelsome robin to a standoff one day, but that doesn't happen very often.
ACCORDING TO AN AN-
ouncement by the parents of the child, the little Robles girl, who
was kidnapped and kept for days in a desert dugout, is not to be exhibit-
ed on the stage. The decision of the parents is to be commended for its good sense, and the theatrical company which sought to exploit the child in such a public way ought to be blacklisted. The child had an altogether terrifying experience, the recollection of which is likely to remain with her for a long time. To place her in a position where that experience would constantly be kept before her mind would be cruelty second only to that of the devils who carried her away. And to develop in her an attitude which would enjoy the publicity involved would be as injurious to her character as the treatment which she received at the hands of her kidnappers was menacing to her life.

A TEXAS PAPER ACHIEVED about the limit of misguided sen-
timentalism by turning the death of Clyde Barrows, the southern killer, and of the Parker woman who accompanied him, into one of the mushiest of sob stories, and then capped the climax by publishing a "poem" said to have been written by the woman some time during her sordid and dissolute career. The versified effusion has an air of genuineness, for it is just about the sort of stuff that one might expect a drunken virago to write as she reached the stage of weeping into her beer. Romance? Bah!

HOW MUCH DOES IT TAKE to cook vegetation, and what ef-
fect has the wind in minimizing or accentuating the effect of the sun's rays? The questions have presented themselves to me in connection with the fate of a little patch of radishes in my garden. The rad-
ishes were planted in a corner of the garden close to a dense hedge and immediately east of it. Across the alley, twenty feet farther west, is another large, dense hedge, so that the spot is thoroughly protected from west winds.

THE RADISHES, THREE short rows, and one short row of lettuce, were up and growing nicely, as they had been watered regularly. Then came Decoration day with blistering sunshine and a strong west wind. Next morning the radishes looked as if a fire had passed over them. The leaves were burned brown and crisp. In some cases nothing but bare stalks were left. The tiny lettuce plants were green and crisp. The radish roots were uninjured, and where a little of the center foliage was left the plants have continued to grow.

I CAN ACCOUNT FOR THE fact only on the theory that the heat of the sun in the forenoon and mi-day had been concentrated in that sheltered corner, and that in the absence of wind, hot though the wind was that day, the leaves of the little plants had been cook-
ed. There is no evidence of the work of insects, as none of the leaves have been eaten. But why did not the lettuce suffer in like manner? Possibly because its leaves do not evaporate as rapidly as do those of the radishes. Per-
haps some more experienced gardener can give a better explanation.

THIS IS THE SEASON OF IN-
sect pests, and the treatment of the various kinds of bugs that annoy us is a constantly recurring prob-
lem. The insects which trouble our gardens may be divided into two general classes, those that chew foliage and those that suck sap from the plants. The same treatment will not answer for both. The potato bug is a familiar exam-
ple of the chewing insect. It can be destroyed readily by spraying the foliage on which it feeds with Paris green, arsenate of lead or other standard preparations. The insect eats the leaf and the poison with which it is coated, and has a fatal attack of indigestion.

SUCH POISONS AS THE above have no effect whatever on the sucking insects, such as the green aphid which is often found on sweet peas. These bugs do not chew the leaves. They pierce the covering of leaves or stalks and suck the sap from within, and a bad infestation will destroy plants by depriving them of their natural strength. For these insects contact applications must be used. Some of the commercial powders are useful. Kerosene emulsion is a standard preparation for this pur-
pouse.
THE COWBIRD HAS BEEN detected, though not caught, in the very act of trespass, burglary and willful destruction of property. After the foreign egg had been removed the other day the little sparrow returned to its nest and sat contentedly on the two eggs which it contained. Then one of the eggs disappeared, and since then the owner has not returned.

On Tuesday the sedate-colored cowbird and her dark-plumaged mate appeared boldly approached the concealed nest. When I approached cautiously she was busy rooting at the egg with her bill evidently trying to get it out of the nest. She flew off as I approached. The egg is still there, but the nest, on which so much labor was expended, is little more than a tangled mass of roots and hair.

AS THE SEASON ADVANCES many of our people are heading for Chicago and the fair. This year they will find the walking requirements considerably lessened by the closing of the long, narrow section extending south along the lake shore and the grouping of the features formerly accommodated there in the wider section near the lagoon. Nevertheless, lots of walking will still be required to see the fair, and stout, comfortable shoes are essential to ease of body and peace of mind.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT visited the fair I repeat the recommendation to see it as early as possible after arrival from the top of one of the sky-ride towers. This is desirable, not only for the spectacular effect, but in order to establish the position of the principal features definitely in one's mind. Half an hour with a map on the elevated observation tower and another hour on a sight-seeing bus making a rapid tour of the grounds will save a good many hours of fruitless walking and searching later on.

NO ONE NEED FEAR ANY unpleasant sensations on the ele-
PERIODICALLY, DR. JAMES Grassick renews his youth by visiting distant climes and mingling with new groups of people. Recounting for the Kiwanis club some observations which he had made on a recent visit to the southwest he said that the trip had been undertaken with a threofold purpose, “to live a little longer, to have a pretty good time on the way, and to be a little wiser, if possible, at the end of the journey.” That is not a bad spirit in which to start on a vacation, and it isn’t such a bad philosophy with which to travel through life.

YEARS AGO DR. J. E. ENG- sted told of an experience of his in an Italian city, long before the time of Mussolini. He had bought an orange from a street vendor, and as he sauntered along he peeled and ate it. For some distance he carried the peeling in his hand, looking for a receptacle in which to drop it. Seeing none, he stepped to the curb and threw the peeling into the gutter. He had gone but a few steps when he felt someone tap him on the shoulder. Turning, he saw a magnificently uniformed officer who looked as if he might have been a major general. The officer was pointing to the orange peel and saying something in words which in them- selves were not offensive. The doctor told the story some one curious about the Italian police system, asked if such officers were local or state police. “I don’t know,” replied the doctor. “I didn’t ask any questions. I just picked up the orange peel.”

THIS IS MIDWINTER IN THE Antarctic, and for some time the temperature has dropped occasion- ally to about 70 below zero. But there have been periods of unaccountably warm weather as late as last week when on one day the thermometer marked 25 above zero. That comes pretty close to corresponding to a January thaw in the northern hemisphere. Observers at Little America have not sufficient data on which to base a theory as to the frequency of such warm weather so far south.

COMMENT IS MADE ON THE excellent behavior of the sailors from the United States fleet while they were ashore at New York. The years ago I was in New York for a week while the sailors were enjoying shore leave while the ships were at anchor in the Hudson. About 10,000 of the gobs were ashore at one time. They were in evidence all over the city, but in my goings and comings I never saw one who showed any sign of intoxication. Liquids of all kinds were obtainable as readily as now, but none of the boys got too much. But if shore leave had meant the grand carouse that is sometimes described, there would surely have been some evidence of it in public.
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT BACK
about the kidnaped Roble's child going on the stage. It seems that the parents have consented to an engagement of several weeks, the proceeds to be offered as a reward for the apprehension of the kidnappers. Father a shrewd move on the part of the theater people! Those who object to the exploitation of the child may go to see her in order to swell the reward fund and thus aid in the apprehension of the abductor. Better pass around the hat for a reward and let the child stay at home where she belongs.

AROUND THE LUNCH TABLE
he other day some one inquired how many governors of North Dakota have been graduates of the J. N. D. There have been four, Frazer, Nestos, Shafer and Langer. Frazer is the U. N. D. graduate to be elected to the United States senate. Norton and Burtness and Lemke, all University of North Dakota graduates, have served as representatives in congress.

ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF North Dakota in attendance at the recent sessions of the Odd Fellows grand lodge in Grand Forks was Henry Hale, of Devils Lake, who, at 82, is as actively interested in what is going on as he was fifty years ago. Senator Hale—he served several terms as a member of the state senate—came to North Dakota in 1878 as hospital steward of the United States army, ordered from duty at Little Rock, Ark., to Fort Totten. He concluded to remain in the territory and assisted in founding the city of Devils Lake. During his active years he was intimately associated with every progressive movement in that district, and among his other services he compiled valuable historical material relating to the early history of the Lake region.

IN A PAMPHLET PUBLISHED by Mr. Hale several years ago are told many of the incidents of pioneer days. One, picked at random, gives the experience of a settler known as "Old Man Poole," who at the age of 101 squatted on a claim on Graham's island in Devils Lake.

His claim was contested on the ground that he was not an American citizen, and he was unable to prove that he was. At the age of 4 he had come with his father from England. If the father had become a citizen that conferred citizenship on the son, but the old man had no record of the sort, as he did not know in what county or state his father had become naturalized, if he had done so at all. He was able to prove, however, that for eighty years he had been exercising the rights of a citizen by voting and holding many public offices. This was accepted by the authorities as sufficient proof of citizenship, and that decision was approved by the secretary of the interior. It is not often that the citizenship of a man 101 years old is called in question, especially when he has been functioning as a citizen for 80 years.

SENIOR HALE'S PAMPHLET has the only picture that I have ever seen of the arrival of the first passenger train at Devils Lake, an event which occurred July 4, 1883. In the picture, in addition to the train itself, is shown the little station building and the roof of an elevator, visible beyond the train. Those were the only Devils Lake buildings visible from the spot where the camera stood. One of the features of that trip was a lake excursion on Captain Heerman's steamer, which at that time docked within a few rods of the railway tracks.

ANOTHER ODD FELLOW ATTENDING the grand lodge sessions was Fred Roble, of the Granville Herald. Fred missed the first day's sessions, as he had to get out his paper before leaving. Having done that he started for Grand Forks, had car trouble on the way, and arrived about 2 A. M. Fred runs a column of miscellaneous observations in his paper which is always readable and interesting.

I SUPPOSE THE ODD FELLOWS gathered here was characteristic of other state gatherings of its character in the spirit of cheerfulness which was evident among the members. Many of them came from districts in which everything in the nature of vegetation had been burned up, but while they admitted that the going is tough, and there was no minimizing of the gravity of the problems which are to be met, there was evidence everywhere of determination to make the best of things and to keep going. Sometimes there is expressed the belief that the old pioneer spirit is dead. It isn't. Not by a jugful!
AT HER COTTAGE AT LAKE
Bemidji Miss Margaret Cable has a pump. In the fall, when the cottage was closed, Miss Cable covered the pump with burlap to prevent matter from collecting in it during the winter. The following spring when she removed the burlap a house wren flew out, and in the spout of the pump was found a nest containing one tiny ey. The bird had found an opening under the burlap and had built its nest in what seemed to it a perfectly secure place. The wren did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the wrecking of its home. It sang musically as it watched the proceedings, and within a few hours it was hard at work on another nest which it built close by, and in which it reared a family.

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I ONCE WATCHED A WREN trying to fill a wooden pump from which the plunger had been removed, the purpose being to build a nest in the cavity, which was some twenty feet deep. The bird would bring a twig or bit of straw, perch on top of the pump, drop in its load, and then peer down into the hole to observe the effect. Scores of times this was repeated, but as I had to move on I never learned whether or not the industrious bird got the pump filled up.

A. E. MAC KINNON, SECRETARY of the National Maritime league, has been prompted by my reference some days ago to the first crossing of the Atlantic by a steamship, the Savannah, to send me additional material relating to the development of water transportation.

* * *

IN THE SAME YEAR IN which the Savannah made her maiden voyage, 1834, there was built the John Randolph, the first iron ship to sail in American waters, and the second in the world. It is not clear that the notion that an iron ship would float was ridiculed, as it was, for a simple test would show that a tin dipper or an iron kettle would float. However, the idea was ridiculed, and John Laird, of Birkenhead, England, was voted a crank when he insisted on trying the thing out. He persisted, and the ship which he built saw service for several years in English and Irish waters.

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THE SUCCESS OF THAT FIRST iron ship led to the placing of an order for another by Gazaway B. Lamar, a Georgia banker and cotton merchant. The plates were fabricated by Laird in England and shipped to Savannah in a wooden vessel to be assembled. The John Randolph was launched July 9, 1834, and was used by Lamar for years in carrying his freight on the Savannah river. The little ship was 110 feet long, with 22-foot beam and a hold about 9 feet deep. Her plates were of rolled boiler plate a quarter of an inch thick. It is a far cry from that to the construction of a modern battleship weighing 35,000 tons, with plates 18 inches thick.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, OF Yale, writes thus of his love of things maritime:

"I enjoy novels of the sea more than those on shore. I love to have the crew safely on board, drunk or sober; the tall ship tugged to the mouth of the harbor; to see the topsails fill, the ship take her list, the crew safely on board, drunk or sober; the tall ship tugged to the mouth of the harbor; to see the topsails fill, the ship take her list with the fresh breeze."

* * *

"THHEREFORE, SO LONG AS I live I shall be grateful to James Fenimore Cooper for writing 'The Pilot,' 'The Red Rover,' 'The Two Admirals,' 'Water-Witch,' to Dana for 'Two Years Before the Mast,' to Captain Marryat, to Clark Russell, to Stevenson, to Alan Villiers, and others."

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THAT INDOMITABLE OLD sea-dog, Farragut, was actually a mid-shipman at the age of nine and in command of a vessel in the war of 1812, when he was 12 years old! Fifty years later he was an admiral in the Civil war; and here is a letter to his wife, written just as he was entering into the battle of New Orleans.

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"AS TO BEING PREPARED for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest."

WALT MASON, WHO HAS GIVEN us so much of both fun and philosophy in verse, made this contribution to the celebration of Maritime day:

IRON SHIPS
By Walt Mason

It was John Laird, his hands on hips, who stood and boasted iron ships. He said they would be twice as good as any vessels built of wood; they'd cross the ocean or they'd streak along the bosom of a creek. But skeptics jeered and cried, "You gink, an iron ship would surely sink, and every delegate on deck would have to swim to save his neck." This was a hundred years ago, and skeptics the foam from jeering lips, and the foam from jeering lips, and joked about the iron ships. But some there who liked the scheme, and thought it not a bug-house dream. And so a metal ship was built, which proved its value to the hilt. This first one was a British boat, and when it safely was afloat, America put in a bid—she wanted boats that wouldn't skid. So Britain built an iron barge for those blamed Yankees, staunch and large, then tore the vessel all apart, and shipped it to our teeming mart, where busy and aggressive men soon built the brave ship up again. And this fair land was full of gents who wouldn't wager seven cents that any iron ship would float; they stood and watched and lost their goat. Now iron ships go everywhere, both in the ocean and the air, and wooden ships are out of date, and so we pause to celebrate.
AS A MEANS OF DISSIPATING gloom and reviving hope and courage I recommend such a trip as I took last week with C. S. Dow and J. D. Taylor to attend a state building and loan meeting at Valley City. Perhaps any other trip would serve as well, but that is the trip that we happened to take, and we experienced its results. Our route was one already familiar, by way of Thompson, Hatton, Finley and Oriska, where we struck No. 10, leading direct to Valley City.

> That is as good a road as one could desire, except that road repair immediately south of Finley calls for a detour of four miles which is over an earth road—something to be avoided on a wet day. However, the regular highway will be re-opened within a short time. That, I think, is the shortest route from Grand Forks to Valley City or Jamestown, the distance, including two extra miles for detour, being 12 1/2 miles, according to Dow's speedometer.

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WE HAD NOT GONE FAR BEFORE we began to see puddles of water lying on the fields, and whoever saw water immediately called the attention of his companions to the rare sight. There was water in the roadside ditches, water in the Goose river and the Sheyenne, and at one or two spots it seemed actually to be flowing.

* * *

WITHOUT ANY RESERVE WE decided that the country looks beautiful. There are plenty of evidences of the effect of dry weather and wind. Pastures on high ground were still bare, as the grass had not yet had time to respond to the influence of rain, but even in the pastures there were low spots, fresh and green, and herds of cattle in excellent condition were grazing contentedly.

* * *

MANY GRAIN FIELDS HAVE been badly whipped by the wind or parched for lack of water, and in places roadside ditches are blown full. But field after field shows the rich, dark green of sturdy growth, and this is so general that the blown-out fields are inconspicuous in comparison.

* * *

ON FIELDS THAT HAD BEEN badly damaged farmers were hard at work reseeding, presumably with flax or feed crops, and the impression that one gets is that while the total yield of wheat in the Red river valley will be below normal, there will still be a lot of wheat in the district, and an abundance of feed. The district through which we traveled has not gone in heavily for corn or potatoes, but where these crops have been planted they are looking well.

* * *

OUR MEETING AT VALLEY City was of the state Building and Loan league, and practically every section of the state was represented. Judge Maser was there from Dickinson, Ludowese from Willis- ton, Shirley and his associates from Minot. Tranyor and others from Devilis Lake, and others from Fargo, Grand Forks and intermediate points. Everyone appeared with a smile on his face, bringing his story of rain. No one attempted to minimize the injury which has resulted from the weather conditions of the past. No one suggested that all of that damage had been or could be repaired. But everyone felt that the process of destruction had been checked in time to leave ample margin upon which to build for the future.

* * *

THERE ARE AREAS, SO OUR friends told us, in which practically no wheat will be grown this year. But in general those are areas in which wheat is usually grown only on a limited scale. The cattle industry has suffered severely, but the rain, which has been bountiful in the grain districts, is reviving pastures and giving cattle a chance to survive. In lieu of wheat an immense quantity of feed crops will be grown, and there is ample time for such crops to yield bountifully.

* * *

THERE ARE IMMENSE RESERVES in this soil of ours. A wonderful transformation can be wrought in a few days of showery weather. And there are immense reserves in the human spirit. Experience during the past few years has taught us that some of the things which we had to regard as indispensable are in reality not essential to existence or even to happiness, and in a changed philosophy we may find greater real satisfaction.
OPERATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES government were interrupted the other day in order to permit a family of catbirds to hatch undisturbed. It happened on a CWA project in the Bronx, New York City. Workmen were engaged in trimming shrubbery, and one of them was about to slash into a bush with his pruning shears when he was stopped by the angry fluttering of a bird just over his head. Glancing up he saw a nest containing six eggs, and as he watched one of the young birds broke through the shell, and the others followed in rapid order. The superintendent ordered his men to withdraw to a respectful distance, and caused work in that immediate vicinity to be discontinued until the young birds are able to leave the nest.

THE CATBIRD IS WELL NAMED, for its characteristic note is a perfect imitation of the mew of a cat, and is anything but pleasing. The bird makes up for this, however, by imitating strains from the songs of other birds, and occasionally rendering little compositions of its own. This makes it one of our most agreeable neighbors.

pheasants have come through the winter in good shape, if the number seen along the highways is any indication. The birds seem to be unusually numerous, and they are as indifferent to passing cars as ever. I have never hunted pheasants, but their behavior as seen from the highways is such as to indicate that hunting them would be a very mild sort of sport, as they appear tame enough to knock down with a club. Persons who have hunted them say that they are a good deal more tricky than they appear to be, and that, despite their apparent tameness, they have a way of vanishing mysteriously just when one thinks he has them in the bag.

TWO GATHERINGS OF PIONEERS are to be held this week, those of the Northwood neighborhood and of Bottineau county. Northwood had the earlier settlement of the two. The influx of settlers into that district followed the general trend of the Goose river. The early settlers were a little doubtful about the open prairie and stuck close to the shelter of the timber along the streams. When the river claims were all taken up the more daring ones took up claims in the open, but they began at once to repair the lack of timber by planting groves. In consequence the Northwood district today has much the appearance of a timbered country. Its groves are probably the finest in the state.

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO residents of Bottineau county boasted that their county had never had a crop failure. I think the finest crops that I have seen in the state were in Bottineau county. In recent years the experience of the county has been less fortunate, but with reasonable rainfall the county will always be one of the most productive counties of the state. I had hoped to attend the Bottineau celebration, but I have been obliged to forego the trip.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER from Geo. A. Swen, postmaster at Gilby, is interesting for its bearing on the water supply of that section and also for its recital of facts relating to the early history of Gilby:

"THE RE-OPENING OF AN old flowing well here Saturday would no doubt be of interest to many readers in this district and especially to old-timers who recall the Flour Mill which was in operation here in Gilby many years ago.

"THE SHORTAGE OF WATER prompted some of the Gilby men to look for the flowing well on the old mill site which was plugged a few feet below the surface of the ground nearly 40 years ago. After some digging and scraping the old well was discovered, the wooden plug removed, and a powerful 2 inch stream of water shot upward. This naturally caused considerable excitement among those present and the old timers recalled many incidents during the days of the old mill.

"PLANS ARE BEING CONSIDERED to build a reservoir to maintain a water supply for fire fighting and many other purposes. The re-opening of this well has proved a blessing to many town and country people during the present shortage of water and many have already drawn a small supply for household uses. The water seems to be quite clear and very little salt for this type of water."
I receive numerous reports of the invasion of the nests of smaller birds by cowbirds. I didn't know there were so many cowbirds around town. Harry Randall reports that in one of his trees is the nest of a goldfinch in which have been hatched out a cowbird and two or three goldfinches, and the mother is kept busy foraging not only for her own brood but for the intruder, which is almost as large as herself. Harry says it is irritating to see the great, lubberly alien clamoring for food and almost crowding out of the nest the little fledglings that actually belong there.

I suppose that in the ordered scheme of nature cowbirds, finches, sparrows and all the rest worry along without human assistance, and each manages to survive. The cowbird is a natural born loafer and parasite, proceeding on the assumption that the world owes it a living, and that it is entitled to use and enjoy whatever property it finds, no matter who created it. But why should deliberately destroy that which others have created is one of the mysteries. Perhaps all confirmed loafers have an element of spite in them.

A. F. Yeager, horticulturist at the Agricultural college at Fargo, writes thus about the possibility of controlling dandelions by spraying:

"Iron sulphate is the material generally used for this purpose, but has many disadvantages and is not often used. If iron sulphate is used, it is dissolved in water at the rate of one to two pounds per gallon. Sprayed on the lawn, it will kill the dandelion leaves, but not injure the grass. Personally, I think it might be useful in keeping dandelions out, but even if the leaves are killed on the old dandelion plants, they come back very quickly again and the treatment has to be repeated many times to kill them."

The presence of dandelions on lawns presents a perennial problem. There are occasionally fine lawns on which dandelions have never gained a foothold, although other property in the immediate vicinity is overrun with them and the air in the vicinity is filled with them, year after year. That proves that there are in the case other factors than the distribution of seed. The explanation seems to lie in the fact that when dandelion seed falls upon a dense thick turf, although it may sprout, the young plant is either dried out or choked out before it becomes well rooted.

The authorities seem to be agreed that one of the first essentials in dandelion control is to have the earth put and kept in the best possible condition for the growth of grass. On the theory that grass thrives best on some what acid soil and dandelions on that which is alkaline, many recommend the use of an acid fertilizer such as sulphate of ammonia in such quantity that a slightly acid soil condition will be created. This promotes the growth of grass and tends to check dandelions. I have been assured that persistence in this practice for several seasons will give excellent results, provided other conditions such as abundant watering when needed are maintained to keep the grass growing.

Professor Yeager refers to the fact that after dandelion leaves have been burned off by the use of iron sulphate new growth will start from the roots, requiring additional spraying. Some years ago spraying with sulphate was tried out for a time at Lincoln park, with exactly this result. The practice was discontinued. I suspect that if it had been kept up persistently the dandelions would have been destroyed. The job might have taken several seasons, and it would have been quite expensive to cover such a large area. There is the further objection to the use of iron sulphate that while its use in moderate strength does not kill the grass it discolors it, making it unsightly, and if clothing comes in contact with it, stains resembling those of rust are left.

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Persistent digging will destroy dandelions, but it must be persistent. Several roots left in the ground will grow, but if the plants are cut well below the surface as fast as they appear the roots will ultimately give up the ghost. In such cases the soil should be disturbed as little as possible, and it is good practice to fill in the little excavations with grass seed mixed with earth. No matter how the subject is approached, eternal vigilance seems to be the price of a clean lawn.
P. O. Bugge, of Bisbee, tells of the bringing together of two members of one of the Norwegian "lagets" which revive so many memories of old home districts in Norway. During the Snaas-alets convention at Landa, N. D., June 8 and 9, Rosmund Agle of Duluth, a member of the organization, asked the president of the society to help him find a man named Ingvald Nangelhus from Havre, Montana, also a member, as he was anxious to meet him. The president soon located the Montana man in the big crowd and told him that one Rosmund Agle would like to see him.

"Perhaps you know this man?" the president asked.

"Yes," replied the Havre man. "I know him. We were much together in Norway 35 years ago. He is my brother."

THERE ARE MANY TO whom it would seem strange that two full brothers should have different surnames, for to them a surname is a part of one's being, which may be changed, if at all, only for grave and compelling reasons. We who lived for years among friends of Scandinavian origin have become accustomed to a different conception of names, and, if we think about it at all we realize that all names are made, and in the first instance were conferred by parents or adopted by individuals, sometimes arbitrarily, and sometimes for reasons peculiar to the moment. Thus in Norway, children are sometimes given a family name corresponding to the family name borne by the parents. Or they may take the first name of the father with the suffix "son," to indicate relationship. Or they may take the name of the farming district in which they live. These practices are followed separately or in combination, so that children of the same family may have a variety of names, all of which is perfectly regular and orderly. In the United States such families usually follow the custom prevalent here, and family names are transmitted from parents to children without change.

IN THIS COUNTRY, while family names are usually considered permanent, and have some sort of legal status, there is still some vagueness about their standing. The law appears to assume that the son shall bear the family name of his father, and that the name can be changed legally only under authority of a court order. Yet there are thousands of cases in which names have been changed without such order, and when an individual has been known for a considerable time by a name of his own choosing, he may use it without penalty or interference.

QUITE OFTEN IN LEGAL documents more than one name is used in order that identification of the person may be certain. Thus, if John Smith has preferred for reasons of his own to be known as "Smythe," a deed or other document may describe him as "John Smythe, who is the same as John Smith."

THAT THERE HAS BEEN other seasons of changeable weather is well understood. Judge Phil McLoughlin recalls a swift change in temperature fifty-nine years ago. At that time he was water boy for a Northern Pacific crew some forty miles west of Jamestown. June 5 was a blistering hot day, and flies and mosquitoes kept the men in torment. The flies were especially vicious, and their bites left great welts on the hands and faces of the men. Toward evening a change set in and the temperature dropped rapidly through the night. In the morning when young Phil went out to get water from the barrel he found it necessary to break the ice which had formed on it during the night. The frost promoted human comfort by killing off most of the flies and mosquitoes.

JUST ACROSS THE LOT OF lawn which separates my window from the neighbor's house the neighbor has a columbine plant in bloom, and for several days a humming bird has made daily visits to that plant, poising itself before each blossom as it extracted the tiny drops of honey. Each year we are visited by a pair of humming birds which make the rounds of the flower beds and which last year became so fearless that one could almost reach out and touch them. Do the same birds return and repeat the same notions for several seasons, or do we get a new pair each year?
WEDNESDAY EVENING'S homecoming gathering in honor of J. F. T. O'Connor was in every sense a success. It was the climax of a series of gatherings at which Mr. O'Connor had appeared since his return to the state, beginning with the dinner in his honor at Fargo on Saturday evening, and including, since his arrival in Grand Forks, the University commencement exercises, the alumni dinner and the meeting of representative Democrats. At each of these gatherings Mr. O'Connor appeared and spoke, and the fact that after so many had had opportunity to meet and hear him the largest dining hall in the city was packed on Wednesday evening was not only a demonstration of the hold which the guest of honor has on the interest and affections of our people, but evidence of the thoroughness with which the committee in charge had performed its work.

Davies

NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN more appropriate than Mr. O'Connor's address. It was not, and was not intended to be, a studied oration. It was a talk to the home folks, in every way characteristic of the speaker. It contained reminiscences of youth, touched with wit, mellowed with humor, and vibrant with emotion. It contained clear and logical analyses of problems with which the speaker is required constantly to deal. It illuminated with brilliant flashes many of the activities in Washington, and with deft touches brought into view great personages as human beings. And here and there were bits of real eloquence reminiscent of the days when young "Jeffy" O'Connor held great audiences spellbound by the magic of his oratory.

IT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN that one of Mr. O'Connor's notable achievements was during the memorable Democratic national convention in New York just ten years ago. He was then a resident of North Dakota and one of the state's delegates to that convention. Smith and McAdoo were the outstanding candidates for the party's presidential nomination, and the North Dakota delegation was pledged to McAdoo. As between these candidates the convention was deadlocked for many days. Ballot after ballot was taken without result, and in the hundreds of speeches made during the heat and weariness of those weeks there were displayed all the qualities, good and bad, of political oratory.

Seldom does a state as insignificant in voting strength as North Dakota become conspicuous in a great national convention, but on that occasion the North Dakota delegation had as its spokesman a man of unusual quality. Many of those present had heard him at other gatherings and knew his power to move an audience. His youth and modest, courteous demeanor won the attention of the audience. Presently, as he spoke, the tumult in the hall was stilled and the discomfort and weariness of long sessions were forgotten as the young man from North Dakota thrilled that great audience. It was agreed that O'Connor's speech was one of the great events of that convention.

PER CONTRA: IN GOING over a file of old photographs the other day W. R. Vanderhoef ran across one of a military company of University students. One of the members was J. F. T. O'Connor. Another was Oiger Burtness. I think Will Husband was another. There were others whom I do not recall. Vanderhoef mentioned the picture in the presence of Major I. A. Berg, who knows a lot about military matters and in those days instructed the University students in such things. Berg remarked: "Yes, I remember that company well, and it was actually one of the worst companies that I ever handled."

MENTION HAS OFTEN BEEN made in this column of the fine groves in the Northwood district. Unfortunately many of the trees appear to be dying, and some are dead. Quite generally this has been attributed to the comparative drought of several past years, but that does not appear to be altogether a satisfactory explanation. In one grove that was seen some days ago practically all the cottonwoods are gone, their trunks standing, bare sticks, completely stripped. In other groves in the immediate vicinity, where soil and water conditions are presumably identical, scarcely any damage has been done.

IT IS NOTED FURTHER THAT in many localities trees on river bottoms have suffered as severely as those on higher ground. While river bottoms have no flowing water, there has been the usual drainage to them from melted snow in the springs and from occasional heavy showers in summer, and it seems improbable that the trees can have suffered from lack of water. I have seen no suggestion that the trouble has been due to disease or insect pests, but this seems probable.
IN THE EASY DEMOCRACY

of American life we escape the rigidity of old-world customs. Also we miss much of the beauty that is associated with some of them.

Tracy Bangs recalls with pleasure a fine German who lived in southern Minnesota when Tracy was a boy. He was not only German, but Prussian, reared in the strict discipline of a militaristic state, and retaining in a totally different environment the spirit of discipline which had been drilled into him in his own military experience. He was, in fact, as well as in theory, the head of his household, and he expected, an experience. He was, in fact, spect and obedience which their relatives positions demanded. With strict discipline went unflailing courtesy, which was exemplified in a striking manner each Sunday as the family attended church.

* * *

SUCH FORMALITY MAY PROVOKE a smile. It may suggest some of the restrictions of an aristocratic system which would be unwelcome here. But it suggests also the graciousness which helps to beautify life, and which slips away so easily when form is abandoned. Perhaps a little more formality would not hurt us, and if it were accompanied by the courtesy which often accompanies it, life would gain something in both strength and beauty.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN SOME protest in Canada over the revival of the custom of bestowing titles, a custom which was suspended a few years ago, but which the present administration has revived. In this country the bestowal of titles of nobility is prohibited by law. The purpose of the prohibition was to emphasize the equality of manhood and to prevent the development in America of an aristocratic caste. Yet, while we express scorn of systems in which there are dukes, and earls and knights, we have devised some quite effective substitutes of our own. The bestowal of a congressional medal is an honor comparable to the bestowal of knighthood elsewhere.

On the staffs of our respective governors we have colonels enough to constitute a sizeable army. And in the creation of lodge and fraternal offices we have almost exhausted the list of titles of distinction as well as the supply of feathers, velvet and gold lace.

* * *

TWO OF CANADA'S NEW knights are men who merit attention. One of them is Dr. Frederick G. Banting, famed as the originator of the use of insulin in diabetes. Dr. Banting was born in 1891 at Alliston, Ontario, was awarded the military cross for wounds received at Cambrai, received the Bobel prize in 1923 for service to science, and was granted an annuity by the Canadian government to enable him to continue his research work. His development of the insulin treatment has been of incalculable value in prolonging human life and ameliorating human suffering. On the recommendation of his government the king bestowed on him the modest title of "Sir."

* * *

THE OTHER MEMBER OF this distinguished pair is Dr. Charles Saunders, the originator of Marquis wheat. Dr. Saunders was born in London, Ontario, in 1867. In 1893 he was appointed Dominion cerealist at Ottawa. In that year he fertilized from a single plant the seed which was destined to revolutionize wheat growing in northern latitudes. The following year twelve plants of the special new strain were grown, and from this parentage has been grown hundreds of millions of the world's finest wheat. Dr. Saunders has also been given the title "Sir." In these two cases, at least, honors have been worthily bestowed.

* * *

ARE THERE FEWER BEES this year than usual. Two or three friends have reported that there are fewer bees than usual around their premises, and this appears to be true of my neighborhood. I have some Russian olive trees which have bloomed freely for several seasons. Last year they were loaded with the tiny yellow blossoms which are so small as to be almost invisible at a little distance, but which fill the air with fragrance. Bees then were so numerous about those trees that on a still day their humming could be heard distinctly clear across the lot. This year there are as many and as fragrant blossoms, but thus far only a few bees have put in an appearance.

* * *

OFF IN ONE CORNER OF THE garden is a little clump of chives, which smell and taste much like onions. They bear clusters of purple blossoms, and those blossoms are the favorite feeding ground for bumble bees. I never see any of the regular honey bees near them. Query: Will the honey collected by those bumble bees be flavored with onion?
NORTHWOOD'S PIONEER, later killed in an automobile accident at the Grand Forks fair, taught in the district a few miles north of mine, and it was our custom to hold joint debates in each other's schoolhouses. Not only school boys, but their elders, participated in those debates, and we disposed of some weighty questions.

ONE OF THE RESIDENTS who participated in the debates, although he was not connected with the schools, was Otto Saugstad, then clerk in a hardware store. Otto is now postmaster, and on my brief visit we talked over some of the old experiences.

E. K. SPOONHEIM WAS THEN a young chap with whom I became slightly acquainted. Later I came to know him better as county superintendent of schools. It was something of an achievement in those days for a Democrat to be elected to a public office in Grand Forks county, which was overwhelmingly Republican. Mr. Spoonheim is now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for state representatives from the Fifth district.

MR. SPOONHEIM'S FATHER, K. P. Spoonheim, is one of the original settlers along the Goose river. He is still hale and hearty, and he contributed to the exhibits at the celebration a number of ancient books and interesting objects. One of the latter is a razor which was owned and used by his great grandfather in Norway. It is band made, of highly tempered steel, and it seems capable of removing all the beards that were grown in Northwood in anticipation of the celebration.

FOR SOME REASON WHICH I never learned the entire township of Northwood was organized in the early days as one school district, and it was so organized during my winter there. Either five or six schools were conducted in various parts of the township, but all were under the jurisdiction of one board. At that time Gun- der Korsmo, down in the southwest corner of the township, was secretary of the board, and T. E. Tufte, just south of Northwood, was either president or treasurer. Mr. Tufte served later as state senator from the Fifth district. Peter Korsmo, later representative from that district, sent four or five boys to my school, and some of them still live in the neighborhood.
WALTER BOND, OF MINOT, who visited Grand Forks last week, spent some time while here looking over spots familiar to him many years ago, for it was here that he went to school in 1881. The schoolhouse, the only one in Grand Forks, stood near the court house on the plot of ground now occupied by what is left of the old Arlington Park hotel. The school faculty consisted of two persons, Principal and Mrs. Kaufman. Of all his old schoolmates Mr. Bond was able to find but one, Sue Maloney. He remembers that her seat mate was Cherry Harris.

MR. BOND WENT TO INKSTER, where he built up a prosperous business. From Inkster he moved to Minot, and he has been one of Minot's leading citizens for some thirty years. He served with distinction in the state senate, and he is now a candidate for the Republican nomination for representative in congress on the Independent Republican ticket.

A TELEPHONE CALLER inquired if Judge Parker, who ran for president in 1904, was not a member of the United States supreme court at the time of his nomination. I was quite sure that he was not, but I was not quite sure whether the position which he held was on the state or the federal bench. I find that he never served as a federal judge. He was elected to the New York state supreme court and later became chief justice of the state court of appeals, which position he resigned to accept the Democratic nomination for president in 1904.

JUDGE PARKER WAS A MAN of many fine qualities and was distinguished as a jurist. Curiously, when I see his name the first impression that comes to me is of a middle-aged man in a bathing suit diving off a springboard into the river. Judge Parker's home was at Esopus, New York, fronting on the Hudson. The judge was fond of swimming, and took his dip in the Hudson regularly. Probably in order to impress the voters with the fact that the candidate was a man of unusual vigor of the Democratic campaign literature featured his swimming exploits, and one picture which was given wide circulation showed him in a high dive. I remember his statesman-like qualities when I stop to think, but the picture of that dive comes to me without thinking.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY FESTIVAL at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bye, of Bentru township, on Sunday evening, came within one day of celebrating an anniversary. It was on June 16, 1875, that Mr. Bye's father filed on the homestead which he occupied for many years, and which is now owned by his son. The farm is about four miles west of the Red river, and it was the first homestead on the open prairie to be taken in that vicinity. When Mr. Bye arrived with the wagon bearing his effects, he found all the claims along the river taken. When he spoke of trying his fortune in the open, friends along the river tried to dissuade him that it would be impossible for a family to live through the winters on the open prairie. He believed the thing could be done, and resolved to try it.

ONE OF HIS FIRST MOVEMENTS was to plant trees. The house now occupied by his son is to all intents set in a clearing in a natural forest, for the grove begun so long ago has taken on all the appearance of a natural planting, both in size and variety of trees, denseness of growth and in the winding paths and little openings which have been made in it. Birds have made their contributions to the original planting, and the grove contains many species of trees and shrubs that were not placed there by human hands.

IN HIS PERSONAL COLUMN in the Granville Herald Editor Fred Roble tells of his visit to Grand Forks to attend the Odd Fellows' grand lodge sessions. He tells of having the "extreme pleasure" of driving the whole two hundred miles home over highways gooey with muck and plastered with puddles, and he says that the spattering of mud on the windshield made real music. A lot of other people have enjoyed that same kind of music.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN to say "I hope it rains on your new hat" was equivalent to saying "The back o' me hand and the sole o' me fut to ye." Now it is another way of calling down heavens choicest blessings.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE various methods of using family names common in Norway, P. O. Bugge writes that in his town, Bisbee, N. D., there are three brothers having different names: Helge Larson, Syver Jacobson and Ole Kvale v a a g. A stray paragraph contains the name of Crazy Horse, the famous Indian warrior, whose name is said to have been given him because at the time of his birth a wild horse dashed madly through the village. Crazy Horse was one of the principal leaders of the Siouxs in the campaign which culminated in the annihilation of Custer's command at the battle of the Little Big Horn. That fight occurred June 26, 1876. Fifty-eight years ago at this time Custer and his men were on their way from Bismarck to the Montana battle ground, confident of their ability to administer decisive defeat to the Indians. On July 4 a steamer brought to Bismarck the information that the entire command of 254 men had been killed.

IT HAS BEEN CUSTOMARY to describe the battle of the Little Big Horn as a massacre. That term is generally used to describe the slaughter by cold deliberation of a group of persons who are wantonly attacked and who are without means of defense. In that sense the term does not apply at all to the destruction of Custer's command.

IN UTTER VIOLATION OF treaties solemnly made, white men had entered the territory of the Indians and had subjected them to unutterable wrongs, and the Custer battle was one of a series of fights in a campaign waged by the government to drive the Indians from territory where they believed they had a right to be. Battle after battle had been fought, and in several of these the Indians had been victorious. Custer's was one of several commands sent to surround the main body of Indians, attack them and either destroy them or render them incapable of further resistance. The Indians were fighting for their lives, their homes and their hunting grounds, and Custer and his men were killed in the act of attacking them.

CUSTER WAS A CAPABLE soldier, brilliant and dashing, with a love for the spectacular. In his handling of his force in that fatal campaign there are several things which have never been explained, and for which there seems to be no adequate reason. Custer had been ordered to await the arrival of Terry and Gibbon and to co-operate with them in the attack on the Indian village. For some reason never disclosed he disregarded his instructions and proceeded alone to the attack. His course has been attributed by some writers to his love of the spectacular and his desire to win a decisive victory by a brilliant dash before the other commands arrived on the scene. Whatever his motive, death had prevented its disclosure.

WHILE THE DESIRE TO WIN applause may have influenced Custer in his premature attack, the fact that he divided his command in a manner which has been severely criticized by members of his force who were sent on apparently useless errands is still unexplained. He appears to have ridden, with his own small remaining detachment, into the worse possible position, and to have invited the disaster which befell him.

THERE ARE SORTS OF guesses as to the number of Indians who participated in the Little Big Horn battle. The number has been estimated as high as 3,000, while Dr. Eastman, an Indian graduate of Carlisle, thinks that there were not more than 1,000 warriors in the village. There is no means of knowing how many actually took part in the battle. That the soldiers were greatly outnumbered is certain, and Custer's mistake was in leading his men into a situation where they would be so outnumbered.

IN THE ACCOUNTS OF THAT campaign there are many references to the difficulty experienced by the several commanders in keeping touch with each other. Thus, General Crook was given a terrific beating in March, 1876, and other commanders in the field during that campaign knew nothing of it for several weeks. Today, by means of radio, units in such a command would be in constant communication with each other through the air.
W. P. Davies.

for county superintendent of public schools, O. S. Freeman, who shall qualify and give bonds as now provided by law respecting such officers; and as county commissioners shall divide said county into election precincts, and shall appoint two justices of the peace, and two constables for each election precinct so established, who shall qualify and give bonds as now provided for by law in relation to such officers; and who shall hold their respective offices until their successors shall be elected and qualified, and Alexander Griggs, M. L. McCormack and O. S. Freeman, are hereby named and appointed commissioners to locate the county seat of said county, which shall make their written report under oath to the county commissioners of said county."

"IN THE FALL ELECTION OF 1872 Judson LaMoure of Pembina was elected to the legislative assembly which convened on the first of January, 1873, and it was during this session that an act was passed creating the county of Grand Forks. In that act George B. Winship, John W. Stewart and Ole Thompson were named as the first board of county commissioners. No attempt was made to organize the county until during July, 1873, when Messrs. Stewart and Winship met at the hotel then kept by John W. Stewart, located near Judge Corliss' residence. As Mr. Thompson had refused to qualify as a commissioner, the other two designated O. S. Freeman as a third commissioner.

"AFTER FOUR DAYS SESSION the work of organization was accomplished with the following result, viz: For register of deeds and county clerk, J. J. Mullen; for probate judge, Thomas Walsh; for county attorney and superintendent of schools, O. S. Freeman. As for the other officers, my impression is that Alex. Griggs was appointed treasurer and Nick Hoffman sheriff. Alex. Griggs, M. L. McCormack and O. S. Freeman were appointed a commission to locate the county seat and they, of course, selected Grand Forks. Thus the county was fully organized according to law in 1873; but, owing to the apathy of the county officers and the sparse settlement of the country, the organization lapsed which necessitated a re-organization in the fall of 1874."
IT IS ONLY A LITTLE OVER thirty years since the first human being flew in a machine propelled by its own power. It was then that the Wrights made the first successful test of their strange flying machine, and, although the fact was duly reported in the press, many persons, including eminent scientists, believed the story to be a hoax, for had it not been proven mathematically that man could not fly? A little over seven years later the first light was made at the state fair at Grand Forks, and flying was till such a rare and incredible thing that many of those who witnessed Hoxsey’s flight did not believe the thing possible until they saw the machine actually in the air. During that series of flights Frank Kent was North Dakota’s first aid passenger.

SINCE THAT TIME AIRMEN have flown around the world, have crossed all of its oceans, have soared over the world’s loftiest mountain peak, have visited both poles and have established invaluable transportation lines which are in regular operation for the carriage of mail, passengers and express. And just the other day there was flown successfully on a test flight at Moscow the Russian government’s latest plane, which carried 40 passengers, whose eight motors generate 7,000 horse power, and whose maximum speed is 243 miles an hour.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO the development of the airplane has been that of the balloon. The first balloon flight was made by the Montgolfiers in France in 1782, and for a full century the balloon remained merely a floating gas bag, immense and unwieldy, drifting in whatever direction the wind happened to blow. Then, by modifying the shape of the balloon and equipping it with motors, it was found possible to guide it and even to force it against a moderate breeze. The dirigible has been increased in size until in the Graf Zeppelin, the Macon and a few others we have structures as big as ocean liners, and in some of them very successful long flights have been made. But the dirigible, even in its latest development, remains a balloon, immense, flimsy, and, as the record shows, an exceedingly tricky craft, difficult to manage, and of insignificant carrying power compared with its enormous size, great cost and the personnel required to operate it. The speed of the fastest dirigible in still air is scarcely greater than that of a modern railway train. The immense Graf Zeppelin carried about as many passengers as the latest Russian plane. For landing and taking off it requires a ground crew of several hundred men and maneuvering equal to that required for the docking of an ocean liner.

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN the wonderful flexibility and adaptability of the plane. It has also demonstrated that the dirigible is useless except for special service under special conditions.

I SUPPOSE THOUSANDS OF scrap-books contain copies of the beautiful requiem which Mark Twain caused to be inscribed upon the tombstone of his daughter, Olivia Susan Clemens, which reads:

* * *
Warm summer sun
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind
Blow softly here;
Green sod above
Lie light, lie light—
Good night, dear heart
Good night, good night.

* * *
THOSE LINES, I THINK, ARE generally believed to have been written by Mark Twain himself. That was the current belief after they were used on his daughter’s tombstone. When that fact came to the attention of the famous writer he caused the name of the author, Robert Richardson, to be engraved beneath the words. Richardson was an Australian poet, and in the original poem the word “southern” was written “northern,” because in Australia the warm wind comes from the north. Mark Twain made the change to fit the northern hemisphere.
OVER IN MINNESOTA Republicans and Democrats are considering the desirability of fusing their two parties for the purposes of the state election in the fall as a means of bringing together in one group the elements opposed to the radical program of the Farmer-Labor party headed by Governor Olson. As the situation stands, radicalism is united in support of one ticket, while the various shades of conservatism are divided into Republican and Democratic groups.

IN ORDER TO ACHIEVE THE kind of fusion desired it will be necessary for either Regan or Nelson, respectively Democratic and Republican nominees for governor, to withdraw or for both to withdraw in favor of some other candidate yet to be named. There are difficulties in the way of either program. At the recent primary the Democrats feel that their party should have the preference in the selection of fusion candidates. On the other hand, Republican leaders find it difficult to reconcile themselves to the prospect of a state formerly so overwhelmingly Republican as Minnesota going into a fall campaign without an outstanding and aggressive candidate for governor.

MINNESOTA IS PASSING through an experience already somewhat familiar in North Dakota, although North Dakota's trial experiment along that line was with the fusion of the Democratic party with the party corresponding to the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota. In the early days of North Dakota's statehood the Farmers' Alliance became an important political influence. Organized chiefly as a business organization for the promotion of cooperative activities, and to bring its influence to bear on the existing parties in favor of legislative measures which it approved, the Alliance presently assumed political identity as the People's, or Populist party.

WITH THE AID OF DEMOCRATS, but without a definite merger of identity, the Populist party succeeded in 1892 in electing E. C. D. Shortridge governor. For a time the two parties remained separate, but co-operative, but later they fused officially, and the Populist party as a separate organization passed out of existence.

FUSION OF THESE TWO PARTIES did not succeed in wresting control of the state government from the Republicans. It is true that John Burke, a Democrat, was three times elected governor, but his election was on personal rather than political grounds, and the other elective offices continued to be controlled by Republicans, as did the legislative assembly. Most of the Populists had been Republicans, and gradually they drifted back to their original party, and they, or their successors, later constituted the Nonpartisan league, which almost since its organization has controlled the official machinery of the Republican party in the state.

FOLLOWING THE ELECTION of 1916, in which most of the state offices were captured by the Nonpartisan league, fusion of another sort was undertaken. Conservative elements in both Republican and Democratic parties, diatrichally opposed to league policies, sought a common ground upon which to stand in opposing those policies. There was formed the Independent Voters' association, whose members, regardless of party, shared their support to state candidates opposed to the league, while retaining their freedom of action in matters pertaining to the election of presidential and congressional candidates.

THAT ASSOCIATION, POPULARLY known as the I. V. A., has divided honors with the league in state matters on a fairly equal basis. It elected Nestos and Shafer to the position of governor, while the league countered by electing Sorlie and Langer. The I. V. A. retained Hall and Burtness in congress until last year, while the league was successful in electing Sinclair. In the several senatorial elections the league has been uniformly successful.

THIS YEAR THE I. V. A. IS not active. In the present primary campaign its place is taken, so far as the Republican party is concerned, by an organization of Republicans opposed to what is known as the league program, and to the candidates sponsored by either of the branches of the now divided league. The Democrats, however, maintain their own separate organization, which sponsors a complete list of state candidates.
SECRETARY ROPER, who passed through North Dakota a few days ago on his way to Alaska, has developed a bit of philosophy as a result of one of his early experiences. Just out of college he obtained employment with an insurance company, and as his first assignment he was given a list of prospects to interview. The list was simply the list of voters of the little community which he was to canvass, and he was given no information of any kind concerning any of the persons named. He was supposed to collect the information himself.

ONE BY ONE HE HUNTED up the people on that list and set forth to them the features of the insurance which he had to offer, and one by one they turned him down. This went on until he had but one name left, that of the most prominent physician in the community, a stomach specialist with a large practice. His lack of success had discouraged him, and he was on the point of reporting to the office that he had canvassed the list without any prospect of success. Then he said to himself—"There are always two of us," he said, in recounting the experience—he said to himself "I can’t report this list so long as there is some one on it whom I haven’t seen;" and he went to interview the doctor.

AT THE DOCTOR’S OFFICE he found the waiting room full of people. Taking his place at the end of the line he waited his turn, and presently he was admitted. "Doctor," he said, "I don’t know that there is anything the matter with my stomach, and I didn’t come to be treated. I came to treat you, and if you can give me a few minutes I’ll come right to the point." The doctor looked him over quizacally and said "Well, young man, you’ve got in, and I make it a point to give anyone who gets into this office fifteen minutes. Go ahead."

THE YOUNG SOLICITOR LAID his watch on the table and started in on his insurance talk. At the end of fifteen minutes he said "My time is up, and I thank you for giving me your attention." The doctor said "Hold on. You put some things in a rather new way, and you have interested me. Take your place again at the end of the line and come back." Young Roper made the round again, and before the end of the second fifteen minutes he had the doctor’s application, which netted him board money for a month. The formula which Secretary Roper has developed from that experience runs something like this: "Never call a job finished until you have done all of it."

AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE Mr. Roper has to deal with problems of distribution, among other things, and here, again, a personal experience comes into play. The board of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina, of which he is a member, was about to undertake an extensive building program. Preliminary specifications called for large quantities of stone to be used in construction, and it was found that the particular kind of stone specified would have to be shipped a great distance and would cost laid down $17 a ton.

THE COST OF STONE SO OBTAINED staggered the board, and the members began to investigate other sources of supply. Within four or five miles from the university campus was a farm on which was an outcropping of rock to which no one had ever given any attention. The stone was subjected to tests and was found to be in every way desirable as building material. The farm was bought and a spur track was built in the ridge. The rock was quarried and used in the buildings with perfect satisfaction as a cost of $3.00 per ton. The university saved $650,000.

"I THINK," SAID SECRETARY Roper, "that there are many cases in which great savings could be made by the use of local materials in construction and other work in preference to materials shipped from a great distance. And it seems to be that it may be a matter of pride to the people of every state to see the products of that state used as largely as possible in all work which makes for progress and improvement."
"HE IS ON HIS WAY WEST, finishing a long transcontinental drive with his youngest son, a medical student in the University of California, and he tells me that his speedometer has just turned 10,000 miles on the trip. The tourists drove from California to the Atlantic coast and visited points of interest all the way from the Virginia capes to Boston, returning by way of Niagara Falls and through southern Ontario. In Wisconsin they stopped at the old family homestead and found that the log house in which John and his brother and sisters were born is still standing. Of the three springs on the old farm one had dried up, but the other two are running as of yore. From Grand Forks they leave for Manitoba, taking with them John's brother William of Crookston, and two sisters, Mrs. Thos Steedsan of Larimore and Mrs. Amy Flynn of Birtle, Man. The party will go to Binscarth, Manitoba, where at the home of another sister, Mrs. Jas. Cramer, they will hold the family's first reunion in 43 years.

"PROFESSOR AUSTIN SAYS that the two cities which impressed him as the most beautiful which they visited on the entire trip are Boston and Rochester, N. Y., Washington, aside from the official buildings, was a disappointment, especially because of the dilapidated appearance of Pennsylvania avenue. At mention of Chicago he held up his hands in horror. At Cicero, the suburb which has figured extensively in the public press, they drove at several places on the sidewalks to avoid the deep ruts in the streets.

"JOHN AUSTIN OPERATED the second barber shop in Grand Forks. He began experimenting with scalp lotions and developed a dandruff remedy which caught on quickly, and which John's forceful and original methods of promotion made very popular. He moved from Grand Forks to Minneapolis and did business there on a large scale. Chicago was his next headquarters, and there he took a course in Rush Medical and extended his output. He told me that in a suit involving proprietary names in which he became involved, and which lasted eight years, the record in Judge Landis' court showed that in two years he had spent $200,000 in advertising. Striking out for the Pacific coast he located in Los Angeles, where he has been for the past 15 years, and where he has a business which covers the entire coast.

"NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF old times were recalled during our visit. There was an adventure at a fire in which John, at the steering end of one fire truck, was caught between his own outfit and the one ahead and squashed flat. That little episode sent him to the hospital for several weeks. At another fire he was one of those who attempted ineffectually to rescue the skeleton of Dr. Wheeler's Northfield bank robber, but which perished in the flames. This reminded John of a visit during the present tour to the old home of Jesse James in Missouri, where the bandit was shot by Bob Ford. The room in which the shooting was done is kept in its original condition, with the bed in the same place, the picture on the wall, and the blood stain on the floor. Sightseers are admitted for the small fee of 15 cents a head."

"SUNDAY'S HERALD CONTAINED a brief account of the death of John Austin, of Los Angeles, California, a former Grand Forks man who will be well remembered by many of the older residents of the city, although his name may be unfamiliar to more recent arrivals. Austin had apparently leaped to his death from a bridge at Pasadena, locally known as suicide bridge from the fact that 55 other persons had jumped from it to the dry stream bed 150 feet below. His empty car had been standing for hours at the end of the bridge. With his mangled body was found a note reading: "Car at west end of bridge. Key in vest pocket. Austin." No reason has been assigned for the fatal plunge.

"JOHN AUSTIN WAS A PICTURESQUE character, always interesting, with a penchant for tall stories, and in the course of his career he made and lost several fortunes. In recent years his business in California has apparently been on a solid foundation. Early in August, 1930, he revisited Grand Forks after an absence of many years, and at that time I wrote the following account of his visit here and of his career in general, which I now re-publish without apologies to any who may have read it at that time:

"A PLEASANT, STICKY, WELL-dressed gentleman just stepped into the office, and although I had not seen him for 33 years, I should have recognized him in a moment or two if he had not sent in his card. He was Professor John H. Austin, bacteriologist, of Los Angeles. Professor Austin wears becomingly the title which he earned in several years' work at Rush Medical college, Chicago, but I suppose that to his old friends in Grand Forks he will always be just John. Instead of the dark, slender, dapper young man of a generation ago, he is now, in his 80th year, gray, portly, with a small vandyke beard, and is just the picture of the prosperous businessman man.

"THUS ENDS THE STORY published four years ago. It touched on just a few of the high spots of a colorful career which ended tragically just a few days ago—for what reason we do not know. On Austin's visit here he mentioned being accompanied by his youngest son. The Pasadena account of his death mentions only one son and the widow as survivors."
W. P. Davies

W. P. Davies.

digging into the history of the sinking of the Maine in Havana harbor, and on that subject he writes in part as follows:

"My attention was early attracted to the bronze tablet in the City Hall in memory of the victims of the Maine disaster, February 15, 1898. For an inland city like Grand Forks to so prominently memorialize such a naval event is a mark of national solidarity which is truly inspiring. Unfortunately, however, the artist employed for this particular work missed his opportunity by a woefully wide margin. The tablet shows the prow and forward portion of the ship fully intact and fighting mast undisturbed while the stern of the vessel is sunk completely below the water line. In other words, the position of the ship is exactly that of a vessel beached because of rear-end injuries, such as might have been suffered in flight from a superior enemy. The artist may have been a true American patriot; but if he had been a blood-thirsty Spaniard he could hardly have been guilty of a worse libel.

"DURING THE FIRST MILITARY occupation of Cuba in 1898 & '9 I had several opportunities to view that historic wreck at reasonably close range, having taken a boat at one time and approached close enough to be warned away by the Spanish guard; and I can assure you with all positiveness that the Maine sank on an even keel in a very few feet of water and a complete wreck especially in her forward portion. Also, anyone who ever for 10 seconds viewed that wreck with half an eye as to its cause could never have failed to note that the massive steel keel, probably a three or four foot I-beam, was bent upward through the entire wreckage with its evenly spaced oval holes showing plainly even at a distance. Also, what appeared to be the steel ribs, evidently wrenched from their rivetings to the hull fell bending away from each side of the lower edge of the keel and were also plainly visible.

"THE OFFICIAL REPORTS of the examinations made by naval officers give in a great particularity the details of the wreck and should leave not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind as to the true cause of the disaster, viz, an external explosion from beneath the ship. Of course, there was an immediate internal explosion of magazines also as a result of the initial exterior explosion.

MR. NOBLE ALSO CALLS ATTENTION to the fact that H. G. Wells, in his monumental work, states that Lincoln was shot and instantly killed on April 15. In fact, Lincoln was not shot on April 15 and was not instantly killed. He was shot on the evening of April 14 and died the following morning. Mr. Noble submits a list of excellent books in the following paragraph.

* * *

"THERE ARE SOME BOOKS in the city library that are really very valuable and refreshing, and, strange to say, they are from foreign pens. Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln" and "Roosevelt" are capital and should put many a sneering American to shame. But I think the best and most enlightening I have yet found is the two-volume history by A. Maurice Low based upon his invaluable distinction between the Pilgrims and the Puritans and his offer of the latter as the true key to the American character and history. Then, for a current work, Samuel Crowther's description of the Caribbean "Empire" is delightfully instructing and reassuring and will brush away a lot of cobwebs of anti-"Imperialism" and anti-Capitalism from right-thinking American's eyes. It should be read if for no other purpose than contributing to a solution of our own problems here at home though in no sense intended for that purpose.

WAYNE DAVIS, OF BOSTON, says the Boston Transcript, has been making a study of fashions in girls' names as represented in several eastern colleges. He finds that the names Mary and Alice, which were at the height of their popularity 50 years ago, have been displaced by Barbara, Ann and Elizabeth. In place of the dimunitives, Bessie, Nellie, Lizzie, Carrie, Addie, Minnie and Angie, which formerly headed the list, we have Sally, Phyllis, Marjorie, Nancy, Virginia, Eleanor, Patsy, Ruth and Polly. Perhaps a check made in other schools would give quite different results.

ATTENTION HAS ALSO BEEN given to variations of what may be called standard names. Thus Catherine is followed by its variations Katherine, Katharine, Kathryn, Cathleen, Katie, Kitty, Kate; Elizabeth by Elisabeth, Eliza, Lizzie, Betty, Betsy, Beth; and Margaret by Marguerite, Margit, Maggie, Meg, Peggy.

* * *

IN THE NAMING OF BOYS the names of presidents play an important part. Thus along in the eighties and early nineties there was a large crop of Growers and Grover Cleveland. A dozen or more years later Theodore became a popular name for boys. Parents have not taken kindly to the name Abraham, but both Lincoln and Garfield have been used quite freely as given names. Twenty-one years from now a large number of Franklin Delanos will be casting their first votes.
A MILE OR TWO OUT IN the country I picked up a little elderly lady who was trudging toward town on foot. Her husband, I happen to know, has a regular income of about $30 a month, which he pieces out as best he can by means of odd jobs. I asked if she were going to the fair, and she said not. She had an errand in town and must hurry back to look after her work.

"I haven't been to the fair yet," she said, "but I'll be going, maybe tomorrow. I think everybody ought to go when they can. It helps to put money in circulation. If we all stayed at home there wouldn't be anything doing for anybody, and we'd all be out of a job. My little daughter dropped a plate and broke it the other day, and she was all upset about it. I told her not to mind, it couldn't be helped. Of course we haven't many plates, but then, I said, what would become of all the people who work in the stores if nobody ever broke any dishes and they didn't have to buy new ones?"

Davies

I RATHER LIKED THAT. There was a demonstration of industry and thrift, coupled with a sound philosophy and a fine public spirit.

IF I HAD THOUGHT OF IT IN time I should have inquired from some of the bee people who held their convention here a few days ago if there is a short honey crop this year. Several friends have mentioned the comparative scarcity of bees around garden flowers, and the peonies seem to have been unusually free from ants. Ordinarily ants are attracted to peonies because of the honey that exudes from the unopened buds. This year I have seen scarcely any of the little globsules of honey on the buds, and scarcely any ants about the plants. Has the weather been abnormally cool, which helps to check the usual secretion of honey, and is this condition general where bees do most of their feeding?

IT IS NOT MANY YEARS since North Dakota sprang suddenly into prominence as a honey-producing state. The introduction of alfalfa was followed by the establishment of apiaries here and there. Then it was discovered that sweet clover, which had been considered a rather troublesome weed, was really one of our most useful plants, and presently thousands of fields were covered with its white or yellow blossoms. Then the bee industry took a jump. One year I was astonished to learn that an apiarist near Valley City had shipped four carloads of honey that year. I hadn't supposed there was that much honey in the world. Since then many car loads are shipped each year, for use, I believe, chiefly in the manufacture of confectionery.

DEcoration Day this year recalled to Dr. J. E. Engstad some of the incidents of Decoration day in 1885. A total stranger, he arrived in the city a few days previous to the national holiday, and, in common with all young men in those days, who had imbled the martial spirit of the terrible war to save the Union, he took what active part he could in the incidents of that day.

HE CAN STILL VISUALIZE Colonel Brown, leading the mile long procession to the cemetery, then desolate. The name of the speaker has slipped his memory. However, the inclemency of the weather will never be erased from his memory. It was a cold, sleet day, with flurries of snow that at times partly obscured the speaker of the occasion. Right across the road, which is now Skidmore avenue, farmer was busy seeding wheat.

BUT WHAT DISTRESSED THE young doctor's spirit was not the desolate cemetery, and the few snow flurries, but it was the bareness, the nakedness of every bush, and every tree. There was not a bud, nor a sign of spring on the trees along the river, nor on the shrubbery planted in the city, a marked contrast to the torrid heat of May 30, 1934! The doctor states that harvest began around the tenth of September that year, and that the yield was from 30 to 40 bushels to the acre.

I HAVE MANY DISTINCT RECOLLECTIONS of the weather of 1885 other than that I started seeding wheat over in Polk County, Minnesota, on April 19, and that afterward the ground was often frozen too hard to harrow. The farmer who sowed wheat on May 30 was taking a chance on a late fall, but the general impression was that one could sow wheat until June with reasonable safety. Such late seeding is seldom done now, partly because with modern equipment the work can be done more rapidly.
HERE IS A CLIPPING FROM weather. Just think of the fun a fellow could have with a boat like Maine, with reference to a Grand Forks citizen and his family:

A handsome De Soto car, bearing North Dakota number plates, attracted attention on Main street yesterday. A Courier-Gazette reporter conversed with the owner, H. H. Healy of Grand Forks, who, wth his wife, is spending the summer in St. George, guests of their son-in-law Roscoe Hupper. With them for a short time is Miss Hilda Bottke, also of Grand Forks. The party journeyed eastward in leisurely manner stopping at the Century of Progress in Chicago, Niagara Falls, and penetrating Canada as far as Toronto. Mr. Healy said that the recent rains were a Godsend to the Middle West. South Dakota, to use his expression was “all burned up,” together with a section of North Dakota, but the timely rains will save the grazing lands in most of the latter state. As to business conditions Mr. Healy was not what might be called optimistic. He spoke of the reckless wasting of funds under government projects —by no means peculiar to his own state. Mr. Healy is a Rotarian.

IN A CHATTY LETTER, WRITTEN in the true vacation spirit, Dr. Healy explains that invariably it is the car and not the people in it that attracts attention. Every time he parks the curious gather around to view the strange vehicle which looks as if it might be either coming or going, and some wag usually asks why the doctor drove it in backward. Such a car would be a poor one for a Dillinger to make a getaway in.

THE FIRST OFFICERS WERE as follows: Jas. Elton, register of deeds; Nicholas Hoffman, sheriff; Thos. Walsh and D. P. Reeves, justices of the peace; Geo. A. Wheeler, superintendent of schools; Thos. Walsh and D. P. Reeves, justices of the peace; O. S. Freeman, district attorney. The fatter failed to qualify.

THE FIRST TAX LEVIED ON property in this county was ordered in March 1875, being a five mill tax for current expenses. In April following, a two mill tax was levied for building a jail.

THE COUNTY, AS FIRST ORGANIZED, included the southern half of Walsh county and the eastern half of Nelson county which have been taken off in the organization of these new counties.