March 1933

William Preston Davies

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.und.edu/davies-columns

Part of the Social Influence and Political Communication Commons

Recommended Citation

https://commons.und.edu/davies-columns/105

This Editorial is brought to you for free and open access by the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in W. P. Davies' Newspaper Column ('That Reminds Me') by an authorized administrator of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact zeinebyousif@library.und.edu.
JAMES A. THORBURN, OF Bottineau, asks a question which I cannot answer. I wonder if any of my other fishermen friends can.

Mr. Thorburn writes: "It has not been my pleasure to be called a friend of yours but as a reader of your column entitled 'That Reminds Me,' you have made me wonder why I am not. Last summer you had different articles on fish, their proper names and habits, which was interesting to me as one who has sailed the Great Lakes from Duluth to Kingston and from Lake Traverse to the Hudson Bay and around every island in the Georgian Bay. In all these waters I found the fish called perch and of no commercial value whatever and only fished for by boys with a bent pin and an angle worm. Then I came to Lake Mitisgebe and found a lake without perch. But it was not long before some of these boys, now men, asked the game board to pollute our lake with the perch they did not want in Lake Spiritwood. Yet the game board of North Dakota protects perch for six months each year and puts a limit on how many can be caught each day.

"WHAT I REALLY WANT TO know is, if there is any other state in the Union that protects perch? I will greatly appreciate your help in this matter."

"IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I did much fishing, but in my boyhood, like Mr. Thorburn, I was familiar with the little fish called perch. We could catch them off almost any dock, and the operation required no skill whatever. My recollection of perch is that they were quite tasty and good enough eating if one had patience to pick out the bones.

W. C. WILLIAMS RECALLS AN adventure of his in selling Christmas trees which was probably recalled to him by the experience of several local people who got overstocked with trees last Christmas. Mr. Williams was living in a small town in New York state, and one year it was reported that a local man, John Thomas, had made $500 on Christmas trees. That looked good, so the next year Williams and Sam Levison went to the Adirondacks some fifteen miles away, and got a carload of trees. So, apparently, did everybody in town, for as Christmas approached it appeared that every vacant building and unused lot was full of trees. The two young men went about $100 in the hole, notwithstanding Levison's persistent salesmanship. They learned afterward that Thomas had taken the precaution to get orders for most of his trees before he shipped them in.

A RECENTLY PUBLISHED article tells of immigrants en route to a settlement in Minnesota long before the days of the railroad carrying small quantities of seed wheat, about a peck per person, under their clothing in order to protect the grain from frost during their long trek in winter weather. That may have been done, but if so it showed surprising ignorance of the properties of seed wheat. What a time our farmers would have if they were obliged to keep their seed wheat warm all winter! Instead, they put it in the granary and let it freeze, making no difference how long or how cold the winter may be, the wheat comes out in the spring with germinating qualities unimpaired.

I WONDER IF ANYONE HAS ever experimented with wheat or other seed to see at what low temperature, if any, the life principle will be destroyed. Certainly 50 below zero will not do it, but it may be different when the temperature is lowered to the neighborhood of absolute zero, which is about minus 460 on our scale.

MENTION OF SUCH LOW temperatures brings to mind an interesting entertainment given in Grand Forks a good many years ago by a demonstrator of liquid air. The liquefying of air is something with which the chemist is familiar, but with which the man on the street has little occasion to come in contact. The demonstrator carried his air in glass containers, built on the plan of the vacuum bottle and stopped with a felt pad instead of a cork. The liquid, which resembled bluish water in appearance, evaporated slowly, and if the containers were corked tight they would explode. The demonstration included a number of novelties, such as cooking a beefsteak by freezing it, boiling a kettle while the kettle stood on a cake of ice, and so forth. My recollection is that the demonstration was done for advertising purposes, but was simply a popular demonstration of a bit of science.
A LETTER FROM REV. DR. H. P. Cooper, of Enderlin, N. D., with a sheaf of clippings, recalls not only Dr. Cooper himself, but the country from which both he and I came, for, without knowing it, we were near neighbors back in old Ontario. I have known Dr. Cooper for many years. Long ago he was pastor of the First Methodist church of Grand Forks, and just before or after his pastorate here he served as presiding elder of the district — the office now known as district superintendent. Since then he has served as pastor of many North Dakota churches, and I am sure he has been a constructive influence in every community in which he has lived.

WITH NO INTENTION OF DETRACTING FROM Dr. Cooper's clerical work, I may say that I was interested in him chiefly as a human being and as a source of news. I always found him a delightful companion. I never went fishing with him, and I am not sure that he was a fisherman, but he always appeared to me as a man with whom it would be a pleasure to go fishing, and to those who are right-minded I needn't say more than that.

THESE ARE MANY WAYS OF going through life. Some seem to drift, without being conscious of their surroundings or interested in them. Not so Dr. Cooper. Whenever I was able to corner him on his return from a tour up and down the state I knew that I was going to learn something. I traveled with both eyes and imagination open, eager to know what was being said, and done, and thought, and what it all meant, and I found him both a storehouse of information and a source of inspiration.

DR. COOPER WAS BORN IN the township of Beverly, some six miles south of Galt, Ontario, and later lived in Hamilton. I passed through Galt often on trips between Brantford and my father's home in Huron county. In connection with those trips I have often thought of the manner in which local natural conditions influence the type of buildings. In Brantford all the better-class residences, and most of the business buildings were of brick. There was not much building stone in the vicinity, but here were vast hills of clay of which excellent brick were made. At Galt and Guelph, on the other hand, although the cities were only a short distance there were great masses of stone, which I suppose is granite, and practically all the good buildings there were of stone. On my first visit to Chicago I was surprised to find so many wooden houses. There were residences which in size and form seemed as if they might have cost a lot of money, but they were built of wood, something which seemed quite out of place to me. On that account Chicago seemed to me a flimsy city, likely to fall down or blow away. In my country people of means had built of brick or stone.

A CLIPPING INCLUDED IN Dr. Cooper's collection tells of a queer animal which had been shot in Beverly township by a local man. The animal is described as having the fur of a rabbit on top of the head, back and sides, but a ground-hog's under-carriage. Its upper teeth are similar to those of a groundhog, while the lower ones resemble those of a rabbit. The animal has no visible ears, but two bumps where ears might have been expected. The animal was being sent to the biological department of the University of Toronto. It is to be hoped that Mr. Graham, who shot the animal, had not been drinking.

MY HOME TOWN, BRANTFORD, is given a streamer headline in the Toronto Globe in connection with the seizure of a quantity of beer, the product of a Brantford brewery, which, it is charged, was being shipped to the United States, contrary to the regulations governing the exportation of liquor. The only Brantford brewery that I recall is the old Spencer brewery at the foot of the big hill just outside of West Brantford. In its setting of great trees, with the hill for a background, the plant made a beautiful picture.

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO particular reason why beer cannot be brewed as well one place as another, but for some reason I always associate breweries with coolness and shade. There were the brewery at Brantford, beautifully situated, the old Dobmeier brewery at Grand Forks, with timber almost all around it, and the Klaus brewery at Jamestown, right on the river bank with an immense tree hanging over it. I understand that modern breweries are situated in all sorts of places, some of them in basements.
FRED REDICK WILL BE REMEMBERED by older residents of Grand Forks as having been engaged in the hide and fur business, in which he succeeded his father, the late M. H. Redick, and as an enthusiastic member of the Municipal band, in which he played piccolo. Fred was also at one time a printer's devil on The Herald, and he admits that in that capacity he lied at least one form. For several years he has owned and operated a service station at Reseda, California. He tries to keep track of Grand Forks doings through The Herald, and something in this column has reminded him of his first auto ride, of which he writes as follows:

"HOW MANY REMEMBER their first auto ride in the nineties? The first Ford car appeared in the spring of 1893. It was so small that you could just about put it on your back and walk off with it, and when it was left on the street it had to be chained to a post—no foolin'. My first ride was in 1896 at Crookston in a contraption constructed, owned and operated by "Bill" (W. H.) Olds. The car was a single cylinder gasoline runabout, and its appearance at once attracted much speculative interest. Street fair crowds that year in Crookston gazed in wide-eyed wonder at the "no pusher, no pullee" horseless carriage. My recollection is that we rolled down the street at the terrific pace of 15 miles per hour, and no windshield to keep the flies and bugs from hitting you in the face."

IF ANY GRAND FORKS PEOPLE happen to be in that part of the country they will find Fred at 18035 Ventura Boulevard, Reseda, California. I am sure he will give them good service and will be glad to meet anyone from the old home town. A little picture of his station shows two cars being filled at one time, which looks like good business.

I WONDER WHAT EFFECT the severe cold snap had on game birds in North Dakota. It seems to have been hard on pheasants in South Dakota, for large numbers of the birds are reported to have been found dead in ditches, fence corners and underbrush.

THE VERMILLION, S. D., REPUBLICAN says that during the month of January at Yankton more than $300 in the old-style paper money was paid in at the office of the county treasurer. The old money evidently was taken from buried cans or jars, as many of the bills were musty and mouldy. One woman presented a $100 bill, and two turned in $50 bills.

ACCORDING TO THE CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Leader, there is one farmer in Brookings county who not only paid off the mortgage on the farm, but managed to pay the taxes as well, and all other personal obligations so that today not a single person is a creditor.

TWO FACTS MAKE THIS statement more unusual. One is that this particular farmer is a woman, and the other is that she accomplished the end during one or two of the worst years in the history of the state. She did it all on an 80-acre tract of land, being frugal and intent upon accomplishing her object. The $1500 mortgage was lifted with the aid of a thousand chickens, 115 ducks, 100 geese, 4 cows and 4 calves and a few hogs and one-half of the grain crop. The woman worked hard with both head and hands, but she did what she set out to do.

ANOTHER MORTGAGE WILL never find a resting place on that little farm home so long as the present owner lives.

I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT the little problem of the field surrounded by a fence with posts a rod apart with the field of such size that there was one acre for each post. William G. McConnachie of Fordville sends in the correct answer. In the square field there are 2560 acres, and in a rectangular field twice as long as it is wide there are 2,880 acres.

MR. McCONNACHIE IS ALSO fond of checkers, and he would like to see space given regularly to checker problems. At some later time it may be found feasible to establish a regular checker department in The Herald, even though it may be a small one. Just now this cannot be done. In the meantime I shall be glad to pay some attention to checkers in this column from time to time. One point, however, is to be observed. One thing which I wish to avoid in this column is anything having even the appearance of regularity. There is one feature in which I feel that this column ranks with the

runkest, namely, in its utter freedom from order, system and regularity.

JUST TO SHOW THAT I'M ALL right on checkers, provided there is nothing regular about it, I am repeating the statement of the problem submitted by Mr. Mattison, with his solution:

Black men on 4, 11, 12; king 14.
White men on 5, 19, 22, 28.
White to move and draw.
BASEBALL GOT OFF TO A
good start at Thursday's meeting.
Attendance at the meeting was
very gratifying, and there was a
fine display of interest in the new
Northern league in which Grand
Forks will occupy one of the eight
places. The organizers of the
present league feel that they
have taken effective steps to
prevent the development of the
salary competition which caused
the disbanding of the old Northern
league some seventeen or eighteen
years ago, and which was fatal to so
many other minor leagues. Payment of high
salaries by one team made it neces-
sary for the next team to follow
suit or be hopelessly outclassed in
the games, and presently the cost
of operation so far exceeded receipts
that suspension became inevitable.

* * *

BASEBALL IN GRAND FORKS
is as old as the city itself, although
the organization in the early days
was decidedly sketchy. The game
was played by whoever was able
to throw a ball or hit one, and
purely for love of the sport. No
questions as to amateur standing
arose, for all were amateurs be-
don't doubt. Several district
leagues were later organized on a
semi-professional basis, the rule
being that each club was entitled to
a paid catcher and paid pitcher.
The Northern league as finally
organized was composed of teams using
only salaried players.

* * *

IN THE SEVERAL LEAGUES
organized at different times in this
territory there were many different
combinations, some of the cities
included in one year's grouping not
being represented in another.
There was so much switching back
and forth that an examination of
the records would be necessary to
determine what cities were repre-
sented in this or that league and in
what years. At one time or anoth-
er the following cities were included
in one or other of the leagues:
Winnipeg, Grand Forks, Fargo,
Moorhead, Wahpeton-Breckenridge,
Crookston, Duluth and Superior.
Some of the other North Dakota
cities were also represented in still
more minor leagues.

THE FIRST BASEBALL FIELD
that was regularly used in the city
was on the Y. M. C. A. grounds
near the present high school site.
The Y. M. C. A. transferred its
athletic operations to grounds be-
tween the river and north Third
street. The first Northern league
played its games in a fenced en-
closure south of the Great Northern
roundhouse, not far from where
the new grounds are to be located,
and the later Northern league had
its grounds a block north of Uni-
versity avenue just west of Twen-
tieth street.

* * *

REFERENCE SOMEWHERE
to Markham's "Man With the Hoe"
recalled to me two pictures, one
the famous one by Millet, and the
other by an artist who was proba-
bly little known at the time, and
whose name I have forgotten, if I
ever knew it. Millet's famous pic-
ture of the Breton peasant leaning
on his hoe is perhaps as familiar
as any picture ever painted. It was
painted not long after the middle
of the last century, and millions of
copies of it have been made.

IN 1899 EDWIN MARKHAM
seeing in this creation of the paint-
er "no mere peasant, no chance
man of the fields, but rather a
type, a symbol of the toiler, brutal-
ized through the long ages of indus-
trial oppression," wrote his poem:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.
Bowed by the weight of centuries
he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the
ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of
the world.
Who made him dead to rapture
and despair,
A thing that grieves not and never
hope,
Stold and stunned, a brother to
the ox?
Who loosened and let down this
brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted
back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light
within this brain,

O, masters, lords and rulers in all
lands,
How will the future reckon with
this man?
How answer his brute question in
that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake
the world.
How will it be with kingdoms and
With those who shaped him to the
thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply
to God
After the silence of the centuries?

* * *

IMMEDIATELY THE POEM
attracted attention perhaps as great
as had been given to the picture.
Its social implications made a won-
derful appeal. Out of it came an-
other picture, less notable as a
work of art than the original, but
conveying a thought that had been
absent from both great picture and
great poem. Given cursory news-
paper circulation, it was entitled
"The Man With the Ax." The pic-
ture shown was that of young Abra-
ham Lincoln, standing, relaxed and
restful, one foot on a log, and his
ax unused as its owner paused in
his labor for a moment to rest and
think.

* * *

THERE WAS NO TEXT WITH
the picture, but the argument was
plain. The man with the hoe and
the man with the ax were both of
humble beginnings and restricted
opportunities, but from like begin-
nings they traveled different paths
and reached different destinies. All
the opportunities that society could
ever have given could not have
made a Lincoln of the man with
the hoe, and all the repression of
all the ages could not have made
of Lincoln the clod represented in
Millet's painting.
THERE HAS BEEN MUCH speculation over the reason for the adoption of 4 feet 8 1/2 inches as the standard gauge for railway tracks. That measurement is used on all major roads in the world except those of Russia. It is easy to understand that after such an irregular measurement had come into general use it would be followed by late-comers as uniformity in such a matter is of more importance than measurement in even numbers. But the question: Who started it? has often been asked. As a matter of fact, nobody knows just who started it, but the practice has been traced back to the Romans. There are in existence in museums axles and other portions of Roman chariots, and on all of those chariots the wheels were spaced 4 feet 8 1/2 inches apart.

JUST HOW THE ANCIENT Roman practice became linked up with modern railways is indicated in the result of examination of old Roman road fragments in Great Britain. In certain cases the Roman military roads were built with heavy timbers to serve as rails for the chariot wheels. On the site of one such road in the vicinity of Newcastle, England, portions of the old rails have been found, all in proper place, and in each rail a groove caused by the wearing of the wheels.

IT IS ASSUMED THAT AT A later period portions of those same roads were used by the British col­lars for the transportation of coal, carts being made to fit, and that gauge became established for the hauling of coal. By the end of the seventeenth century the use of rails for this purpose had become common in England and Wales, and later rails were used for trans­portation between warehouses and wharves at the principal ports. In 1789 for the first time iron rails were substituted for wooden ones, and it was on these that Stephenson ran his first locomotive between Stockton and Darlington in 1814. This, from the time of the Roman occupation, one generation used the gauge that had been used by its predecessors, for no reason other than that of convenience.

THE FIRST COLLERY RAILS laid in the United States were spaced 2 feet 8 1/2 inches, and that measurement came into use on what are known as narrow-gauge railways, of which there are only a few in existence. In order to prevent German trains from being run over Russian roads the Russian imperial railways had a gauge different from the standard.

IT IS OFTEN SAID—I DO NOT know how truly—that navies are recruited chiefly from inland territory rather than from the coast towns. The reason given is that a life on the ocean wave appeals more strongly to the inland youth than to the lad who has the sea before him all the time. If this theory is correct sea stories ought to be more popular in the interior than elsewhere. Perhaps they are. I do not know. But I once had an illustration of how a rollicking sea yarn may appeal to those who would scarcely be suspected of having a taste for such reading.

IN THE DAYS BEFORE GEO. B. Winship retired from The Herald there came to the office regularly, among other papers, the Chicago Record, which was Mr. Winship's favorite paper, and which, he took home with him to read at his leisure. In the office I had the first look at it, and I laid it on his desk after I had glanced through it. At one time there was running in the Record a serial story in which I became interested. It was a sea story, full of South Sea scenery, tempest, narrow escape and high adventure.

DURING MR. WINSHIP'S ABSENCE for a week or so I laid the papers on his desk as usual, and here they accumulated until one day Mrs. Winship dropped in and asked if I had seen any copies of the Chicago Record lately. She said that she had been reading a story in the paper and wished to get the later numbers if they were available. "You don't mean to tell me," I said, "that you are interested in a wild yarn like that." With a grin she replied "I'd rather read a story like that than eat a meal."

HERE IS A LITTLE PROBLEM which, as it came to me over the phone is a variation of an old one, and it is possible that I have pub-
WHAT IS THE ENGLISH "bank holiday" to which reference is often made in newspaper dispatches and in books descriptive of English life and customs? The question is asked in connection with the recent declaration of "banking holidays" in this country. The answer is that there is no difference between the English bank holiday and the American public holiday except in name. Such holidays are merely days on which legal processes may not be served and on which the payment of legal obligations may not be demanded.

* * *

THE ENGLISH BANK OR regular public holidays are every Sunday, Christmas day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, the Monday in Whitsun week, the first Monday in August, and Boxing day. The latter is December 26, a day on which, according to tradition, the gentry give presents to their servitors. Other bank holidays may be appointed by proclamation, as in this country. Those days are known as bank holidays merely because on them all banks are closed, but they are observed, as are the public holidays in this country, by sports, games and holiday excursions.

* * *

IN NORTH DAKOTA, AS IN most other states, regular public holidays are specified by law, and the governor is authorized to set apart other days as holidays, and it is under those provisions that the governor of the state has proclaimed the present banking holiday.

* * *

THE CONDITIONS OF THE past few years, boom followed by depression, have caused numerous comparisons to be made with other periods, 1857, 1873, 1907, and so on. There has also been speculation as to the extent to which the use of machinery has been responsible for the emphasis with which each cycle has reached its climax. In this connection it is interesting to read of business booms and collapses so remote from the present era and so free from the influence of machinery that it seems as if they might have occurred on another planet.

* * *

THE EARLY PART OF THE eighteenth century in England was marked by the inflation and explosion of what became known as the South Sea Bubble. Fantastic notions prevailed concerning the profits to be gained in trading in distant regions of which little was actually known. Numerous companies were organized for carrying on such trade, and in some cases satisfactory profits were actually realized. The earl of Oxford conceived the capitalizing the popular interest in this foreign trade as a means of funding and ultimately extinguishing the national debt, which at that time amounted to $50,000,000. One of the trading companies, the South Seas company, agreed to provide money with which to fund this debt in exchange for a government guarantee of interest and a monopoly of the South Sea trade.

* * *

SHARES IN THE COMPANY were offered in exchange for government securities, and as the government obligations yielded only 6 per cent, which was to be progressively reduced, and the company was expected to realize enormous profits from its trade, private bondholders were eager to make the exchange. The entire debt of the nation as it existed in 1711 was covered in this way, and additional government issues were taken over until the company in 1720 was carrying $150,000,000.

* * *

BY THIS TIME THE COUNTRY was in a frenzy of speculation. Not only had holders of government securities exchanged them for company shares but vast quantities of shares were sold on the open market, and prices of shares rose to dizzy heights. At the peak of the speculation the chairman of the company and some of the principal directors sold out, and when this became known the market broke. Immediately prices dropped to half of what they had been, and late in 1720 the whole structure went to smash, ruining thousands of stockholders who had been attracted by the prospect of easy money and had plunged into a speculation concerning which they were absolutely ignorant. Parliamentary investigation revealed a scandalous complicity by some of the cabinet and the chancellor of the exchequer was heavily fined for his participation in the enterprise.

* * *

WHILE THIS WAS GOING ON in England John Law was operating his Mississippi scheme in France. Having organized a bank in Paris, Law incorporated a company in 1717 to develop the mineral and other resources of the province of Louisiana and the territory along the Mississippi, the proceeds from which were to be used to pay the obligations of his bank. Law's company was granted large trading powers, and extravagant promises were made of profits to be realized. As in England, the French people were carried away by the glitter of the scheme, and many millions were invested in it by people who had not the faintest idea of what they were doing. Profits were pyramided, and the bank made extravagant issues of paper money based on the prospects of profits from the Mississippi scheme. The company collapsed in 1720, and the government, which had become involved in the scheme, found itself in debt to the tune of $340,000,000.
THIS MATTER OF TIME is relative, as Dr. Einstein has pointed out so clearly. Thus, when the North Dakota legislature proceeds on the theory that it is day before yesterday when to the rest of us it is day after tomorrow, it is acting in accordance with the latest developments in science. Time is measured by the clock, and if the clock stops, time stops. If the clock will not stop of its own accord it may be stopped by the janitor as was done in Bismarck. Byron has it that: The midnight brought the signal sound of strife, The morn, the marshaling in arms, the day Battle's magnificently stern array.

IN THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION there was plenty of the sound of strife, but it was unmarked by the ticking of the clock, and therefore by the passage of time. Joshua commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they accommodated him in order that he might complete his victory over the enemy. Our legislators did not bother with the sun and the moon, but achieved their purpose by the stopping of the clock. It must have been something of the sort that was foreseen by Owen Meredith when he wrote: This day was yesterday tomorrow which was strictly regular and had named: precedence over the forthcoming speech. Time passed and inexorably the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of 12, and the vice president rose and announced that the hour of noon having arrived, the senate would stand adjourned.

I THINK THAT A VERY FEW of North Dakota's legislative sessions have been closed within the constitutional limit of 60 days, although at the moment I do not recall any particular one. Almost always the closing session has continued after midnight, and there has been observed the fiction of stopping the clock and pretending that time stood still in order that final action on pending bills might be completed. In no case until this year has the work been continued into the third day fixed by the calendar for adjournment.

QUIET OFTEN THERE HAS been speculation as to what the supreme court would do if asked to pass on the validity of a statute on which final action was taken after the legal hour for adjournment. Thus far the question has not passed beyond the field of speculation. It has been assumed tacitly that if such a question were submitted the court would not go back and read the official legislative record, which is always made to conform to the fiction that the work was completed within the prescribed time. Just how far the court might stretch this spirit of accommodation nobody knows. If it can be made to cover three days there seems to be no reason why it cannot be stretched over three weeks or three months. It would be just like somebody to try it out.

ONE INSTANCE IS RECALLED in which the lapse of time worked to the disinclination of the late Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin. The old Congress was about to expire by constitutional limitation at noon on the fourth of March. Senator LaFollette, with the dramatist's eye for the center of the stage, had obtained prior right to the floor when debate should be resumed on that last forenoon, and he knew that he intended, by a mild sort of filibuster, to take the session to death. He entered the Senate chamber all ready to perform. He brought with him documents of many kinds and pages brought in piles of reference books. The senator took his seat, surrounded by his collection of literature and awaited affably the time when it should come his turn to speak. But some of the other senators had ganged up on him. There were motions, objections, and all sorts of routine business, all of which was strictly regular and had precedence over the forthcoming speech. Time passed, and inexorably the hands of the clock moved forward. The senator began to fidget, but the dull, but regular routine went on. At last the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of 12, and the vice president rose and announced that the hour of noon having arrived, the senate would stand adjourned. Senator LaFollette sat there surrounded by his books and papers, with his speech bottled up inside him, furious, but helpless.

PRESIDENT HOOVER RECEIVED his last salary check as president on Friday. The Washington story does not say whether or not he managed to get it cashed before the banks closed next day for the holiday. It appears, also, that he was entitled to salary only up to midnight Friday, so that all Saturday forenoon while he was signing papers and performing other official acts, he was working for nothing.
FINANCIAL CONDITIONS throughout the country today are reminiscent of those of 1893 in that they reveal the overwhelming passion of people for what they cannot get, and, if later events shall complete the parallel, the indifference to it when once they are convinced that they can obtain it. Forty years ago gold was being drained from the federal treasury by the presentation of greenbacks for redemption in gold. According to their own terms greenbacks are fiat money, no more, no less. For the financing of its Civil war operations the government had issued paper currency which bore on its face the promise of the United States to pay to bearer on demand the sum indicated on the bill. Legally redemption could be made in whatever the government had handy, having an argument with a lady who is about to graduate as a school teacher as to the direction in which the Red river flows. The lady insists that the Red river of today is flowing north and empties ultimately into Hudson’s bay and he wants to know if it has changed its course in the meantime.

***

WHEN SPECIE PAYMENTS were resumed the treasury adopted the policy of paying gold for greenbacks, dollar for dollar on demand. The dollar greenback then became worth 100 cents for all purposes. Along toward 1893 there arose an unusual demand for gold and large quantities of greenbacks were offered for redemption in that metal. One of the provisions of the greenback law required that all the gold that was deposited in the banks could be used over and over again for the withdrawal of gold from the treasury, and through this process the government’s reserves were rapidly being exhausted.

***

IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES there arose a general and insistent demand for gold. Persons who formerly had been satisfied with anything in the form of money wanted gold, and could not get it. Ordinarily the demand for gold had been slight in the United States; but, in the new conditions, all the gold in the country went into hiding. Individuals who had a few pieces of it hung onto it, fearing that if they let it go they might never see gold again, and the banks, which had considerable stores of it kept it locked in their vaults.

***

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was urged by the free silver group to order discontinuance of the redemption of greenbacks in gold. He took the opposite course. He announced that so long as there was gold in the vaults it would be paid out for greenbacks, dollar for dollar, on demand. That stopped the raid on the treasury and at the same time it stopped the popular demand for gold. It also revealed the fact that there was more gold in the country than is needed. People who had been hoarding gold discovered suddenly that they did not need it and that they preferred paper or bank credit. Grand Forks banks tendered gold in cashing checks only to have the gold refused and to have paper requested instead. What we couldn’t get we had to have, and when we found that we could get it we didn’t want it.

***

A WISCONSIN MAN WHO lived around Grand Forks some 38 years ago writes that he has been having an argument with a lady who is about to graduate as a school teacher as to the direction in which the Red river flows. The lady insists that the Red river flows into the Mississippi from the west, and cites her geography as authority. My correspondent recalls that when he was in this part of the country the Red river flowed north and empties ultimately into Hudson’s bay and he wants to know if it has changed its course in the meantime.

***

BOTH DISPUTANTS ARE RIGHT. There is a Red river down south which flows diagonally through the state of Louisiana and empties into the Mississippi river. The Red river of the North, which is its official title, flows north, as it has done for a great many years, and empties ultimately into Hudson’s bay.

***

GEOLOGISTS TELL US, HOWEVER, that long ago our Red river flowed in the opposite direction. When the great ice cap which covered the northern part of the continent was melting, Lake Agassiz, which occupied what is now the Red river valley, was drained into the Mississippi by way of the Minnesota river. When the dam formed by the great glacier was removed the drainage took its present northward course, assisted, I believe, by a tilting northward of this part of the earth. It wouldn’t take much of a tilt to do the job, for the whole basin of the Red river inclines northward at the rate of only about one foot per mile, which is about equivalent to putting a sheet of paper under one end of the dining room table.
WHAT IS ONE TO DO WHEN he is out of money, banks are closed and checks are no longer generally accepted? Charge it, of course. And there is no doubt that inconvenience resulting from the banking holiday has been measurably lessened by the growth of the practice in recent years of conducting retail trade on the basis of charge accounts. There was a time when except in a few cases the sale of goods on credit was regarded as a special favor to the customer, he being without money and without the means to obtain it immediately except at considerable inconvenience. The merchant actually "carried" the customer until the season's crop was sold, the month's wages were paid or other income not presently available came in.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN AT ALL times, of course, more or less extension of credit on just that basis. But as credit has become better organized charge accounts have been maintained by an increasing number of customers, not because of lack of ability to pay cash, but as a matter of convenience, the understanding being that such accounts are to be settled usually month by month. Accordingly a vast number of our people have not been affected by the banking holiday in the making of their ordinary purchases. Purchases are charged during this period, just as they have been charged regularly in the past.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN REMINDED BY the discussion of charge accounts of my friend E. A. Tostevin, of the Mandan Pioneer. A meeting of the state Press association was in progress at Devils Lake, and on the morning of the second day Tostevin and I stood outside the hotel after breakfast, visiting and waiting for our respective wives. Presently they appeared, dressed for the street, and Mrs. Tostevin said to her husband, "I thought I'd go down street and look through some of the stores. Don't you want to go along?"

Davies

IT WAS A WEIGHTY QUESTION, and Tostevin gave it the careful consideration to which it was entitled. He puffed thoughtfully at his cigar, and, having reached a decision, dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand and replied: "No, I don't think so. Just tell them to charge it."

* * *

IT IS SOME TIME SINCE I have heard anything from Alf Eastgate of Larimore concerning the wild life of the state, with which he is so familiar, but Alf has been stirred to action by a recent letter in this column from James Thorburn objecting to the stocking of the waters of North Dakota with perch. Eastgate thinks that Thorburn, who is an old friend of his, is trying to start something, and writes as follows:

"JIM KNOWS THAT THE LAW regulating the taking of perch is a big mistake and that in a very short time they will be getting no more large perch in Lake Metigoshe. In the lakes of North Dakota with the cool water they are a very good fish and when first planted have abundant feed and reach a large size, but they are very prolific and soon become so many their food supply is used up and like all other forms of life are stunted for lack of proper food. North Dakota has never had but one man at the head of the Fish and Game department who knew fish and game and too many in the legislature who did not know enough to get through laws governing that work.

"OUR LAWS DO NOT ALLOW taking perch under six inches in length and they will begin to breed when only four inches long. Our laws should allow fishing with hook and line at any time of the year for perch after any body of water has been stocked and fishing allowed, with no limit as to number. As it would not be possible to fish out any place enough so it would have to be restocked, fishing might become poor in small lakes where many fish but in a very few years there would be just as good fishing as before.

"THE REASON THEY ARE planted in most all our lakes are they are what is called Everybody's Fish, and do not require elaborate tackle or much knowl-
I HAVE RECEIVED FROM Rev. Dr. H. P. Cooper of Enderlin, with instructions to pass it on to Tracy Bangs, a clipping from an old issue of the Toronto Christian Guardian recording an experience of Nathan Bangs, D. D., on a journey to fill preaching appointments along the north shore of Lake Ontario in 1802. On January 1 of that year Dr. Bangs reached a creek which was afterward known as Smith's Creek at a point where the town of Port Hope now stands. Port Hope was the boyhood home of Norman B. Black, and it was in that neighborhood that Dr. G. M. Williamson of Grand Forks spent his youth.

** DR. BANGS FOUND THE roads bad, as most of the country was unbroken forest, and at the point where he had expected to cross the creek he found the bridge in such condition that his horse could not be induced to cross. The ice was gone from the center of the stream, and although the preacher traveled several miles up and down the stream he found no place where he could cross. He stopped at an Indian trader's house, where a number of people had gathered to celebrate the New Year, singing, dancing and drinking. He offered money to any who would help him cross the bridge, but no one was willing, and he accepted the invitation of the trader to stay all night. Whisky was offered him, but he refused it and the trader's wife cooked him a good meal.

** SEATING HIMSELF BY THE fire, with a noisy dance in progress around him, he began a conversation with a woman on the subject of religion. He found that the woman was a backslider Baptist, and as he sought to convince her of the error of her way so many others gathered around that the dance was interrupted. This brought objections from the men of the party, who seized the women and with them resumed the dance. This continued until near midnight, when Dr. Bangs persuaded the company to desist, as Sunday morning was at hand.

** WHILE THE WHITES YIELDED to the persuasion of the preacher, the trader explained that a group of Indians encamped near by had promised a dance and that they would be greatly incensed if this promise were not kept. The Indians were called in and danced to "music" made by pounding on an old pan, but even in those circumstances the preacher did not forget his mission. With the aid of the trader he got into conversation with the Indian chief, who begged him to remain and be the teacher of the people of his tribe.

** THE STORY CONTINUES with an account of a quarrel between two traders, one of whom demanded more liquor and threatened to call in the Indians and have them massacre the whites if his demand were not granted. Dr. Bangs pacified the disputants and persuaded the quarrelsome on to go to bed. Next morning he was helped across the bridge and went on his way, to assist a little later in settling a dispute which had separated rival church groups in another community.

** IT IS A SIMPLE, HOMELY story, and it all seems very remote, but the incidents related were common in the settlement of the eastern states and provinces, and the frontier preacher, riding alone through dense forests, risking his own life in order that he might carry his message, making himself the friend and counselor of the poor and humble, white and red alike, and overlooking no opportunity to speak a word for the Master whom he served, stands out as a fine type of the rugged manhood to which this generation owes so much. I don't know whether or not Dr. Bangs was an ancestor or other relative of Tracy, but if so Tracy has no reason to be ashamed of it.

** A FRIEND WHO IS JUST BEGINNING the play checkers has asked me about the numbering of the squares, which he does not understand. As there may be others who are just starting and would like to follow occasional problems, the following information concerning numbering is given, with apologies to the old players who know all about it.

** THE BOARD, OF COURSE, contains 64 squares, 8 each way, of alternate contrasting colors. As the published diagrams are arranged, black has the top of the dia
ONE GOOD THING ABOUT
the bank holiday is that it has
taken the minds of a lot of people
off the depression as such. Where­
ever two or three are gathered to­
gether one may be sure that they
are talking, not about what caused
the slump in prices and what is
going to be done about unemploy­
ment, but how long the 60 cents
that a fellow has in his pocket is
going to last, and what is to be
used instead of money after that
little loose change is gone. Through all the
discussion it is taken for grant­
ed that we shall continue to eat
three times a day, if that is our
usual custom. On
the whole, it ap­
ppears that the word “holiday” fits
the situation quite accurately, and
the inconveniences are being ac­
cepted quite in the holiday spirit,
just as when it is discovered that
the knives, forks and spoons have
been omitted from the picnic lunch
basket.

I FELT PRETTY SURE WHEN
I received Mr. Thorburn’s letter
about perch that we should hear
more on the subject. Alf Eastgate
has spoken his piece, and now
comes B. W. Kuhl, in charge of
the fish hatchery at St. John.
When the experts get to talk­
ning about fish I am out of it, but I like
to hear what they have to say. Mr.
Kuhl writes:

"MR. THORBURN OF BOTTIT­
neau reminds me that I had a hand
in polluting Lake Metigoshe with
perch, as he puts it, and I wish to
say that yellow perch are protect­
ed in some other states, and why
not? The perch in our mountain
lakes are by far the best in the
United States. If Mr. Thorburn
thinks that only boys and girls
fish for perch, he must have over­
looked the fact that during the
past two or three years many
thousands of men and women who
have visited his own lake have
taken out that many strings of
fish of from one to two pounds
each and have come back for more.

"WE CAN RESTOCK A LAKE
with perch in two years, and while
they are young they are very good
food for other fish, and if we do
not take more interest in the con­
servation of our waters all we will
be doing in the future is restock­
ing. I would like to add that open
season in the winter will put on
the finishing touches as we would
not have fishing winter or sum­
mer."

RIGHT HERE, PERHAPS, IS
the proper place for the answer to
the fish problem published some
time ago. Several correspondents
have sent in the correct answer,
worked by algebra or arithmetic.
According to the terms of the prob­
lem the head of the fish is 9 in­
ches long; the body is twice the
length of the head, plus the length
of the tail; the tail is as long as
the head plus half the length of
the body. Required, the length of
the fish.

THE FISH IS 99 INCHES LONG
—head 9 inches, body 54 inches and
tail 36 inches. In reply to the cri­
ticism of one correspondent that
no fish was ever built on such
lines, I protest that I did not catch
that fish and am not responsible
for it’s dimensions. Moreover,
there are queer fish in some wa­
ters.

ONE CORRESPONDENT HAS
worked out the problem by alge­
bra, but asks for explanation as to
how it can be worked by arithme­
tic. I will try to make it clear. The
head measures 9 inches. The body
must be 18 inches plus the length
of the tail. The tail equals the
length of the head plus half the
length of the body, which, being
figured out, means that the tail is
18 inches plus half of itself. There­
fore the tail is 36 inches long. The
body is twice the length of the
head, 18 inches plus the length of
the tail, 36 inches, or 54 inches
altogether.

W. G. McCONNACHIE OF
Fordville sends the following solu­
tion of the checker problem in
which the positions are as follows:
Black kings on 5, 14, 20, 22, 32.
White men on 9, 11, 15, 27. White
to move and win.
Mr. McConnachie’s solution is:
11-8, 32-23, 15-10, 14-7, 8-3, 5-14, 3-19.
White wins.

THROUGHOUT THE WEST­
ern world so far as I know, the
game of checkers is played on a
board containing 64 squares. It
appears that the Russian game is
played on a board of 100 squares,
10 each way. The playing rules in
general seem to be about the same
as ours, but the greater number of
squares must add greatly to the
complexity of the game. In Eng­
land and Scotland the board with
which we are familiar is used, but
while in England it is usual to
play on the white squares in Scot­
land the black squares are used. In
all cases what is known as the
double corner is at the player’s
right.

THERE IS EVIDENCE THAT
the Egyptians played checkers as
far back as 1600 B. C., which was
during the time of the sojourn of
the Children of Israel in Egypt.
The game was played in India and
China in prehistoric times, and a
similar game was played by the
Maoris in New Zealand before the
advent of the whites.
A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times Book Review asks for the complete poem about the goose that laid the golden egg. Doubtless the poem wanted is an amusing one by Tennyson entitled “The Goose,” in which is recounted the story of the “old wife, lean and poor, whose rags scarcely held together,” to whom a stranger gave a goose which laid golden eggs. Thereupon:

She dropped the goose and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors;
And bless’d herself, and cursed herself,
And ran to tell her neighbors.

And feeding high, and living soft
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doffed,
The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder;
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clacked and cackled louder.

THE OLD LADY BECAME SO annoyed at the noise made by the goose that she threw the pot and kettle at it and presently ordered her menials to wring the bird’s neck. At the psychological moment the stranger reappeared, reclaimed the goods and left the old woman to her original state of poverty and rags. Perhaps Tennyson intended the story to carry a moral. Perhaps not. At any rate, when we all become rich again we will behoove us not to become purse-proud and haughty and not to forget that the goose that lays the golden egg is to be treated with a certain respect and consideration.

SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TRYING to fit to the present financial situation that line of Oberon’s: “I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,” only he makes it read “time.” Figure out the application for yourself.

I WAS BORN AND SPENT MY childhood near Brantford, in which vicinity I lived with my grandparents on a small farm until my early teens. I then worked in Brantford for several years, until shortly before I moved west. In the meantime my father had engaged in the sawmill business in Huron county and I visited there frequently, so that I became fairly well acquainted with that part of the province and made many friends there. In a way I came to look on both Brantford and Huron county as home.

I REFERRED SOME TIME ago to the song, “Yes We Have No Bananas” as being a composite of several other well known compositions. Mr. Hutchison says that the air was stolen from “I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls,” “Bring Back My Bonnie to Me,” “And O’er Fashioned Garden,” and the Hallelujah chorus.

ANSWERS TO MR. McLEAN’S checker problem have also been received from J. B. Matison of Inkster and J. E. Dearey of Grand Forks. Mr. Dearey submits the following:

Black men on 6, 13, 18, 24.
White men on 1, 21, 26, 31.
White to move and win.

AND, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT of the class in mathematics this is submitted:

A hare is 50 leaps ahead of a hound and takes 4 leaps to 3 of the hound, but 2 of the hound’s leaps are equal to 3 of the hare’s. How many leaps must the hound take before he catches the hare?
MY INFORMANT, WHO HAD spent considerable time in Japan, remarked for their ability to carry out a fixed program with scrupulous attention to the least detail, but when confronted by great emergency which called for immediate and independent initiative they appeared to be helpless. In the face of the greatest disaster that they had ever known, and with the need for help, instant and overwhelming, the Japanese commanders had no conception of doing anything other than obeying literally orders which they had received days before. Actually they were induced to forget their orders and to join in the rescue work, but outside of their established routine they were confused and inefficient and their share of the work was performed awkwardly and in confusion.

AFTERWARD JAPANESE OFFICIALS generally were loud in their expressions of gratitude to the American commanders for the assistance which they had given, but rather strangely under the surface there appeared to be a feeling of resentment. The American forces had met the emergency and adjusted themselves to it so that they were able to perform their work in an orderly and effective manner, as if everything had been prearranged, and in the same circumstances the Japanese had been thrown into utter confusion. My informant said that the Japanese officers seemed to realize that they had made a poor showing and they appeared to resent the position of inferiority in which they were placed in comparison with the American commanders and their men.

I HAVE REASON TO REMEMBER the San Francisco earthquake of April 18, 1906, for it was on that occasion that The Herald published what I believe was the first extra that it ever issued. At that time The Herald published only a morning paper, and as the earthquake occurred in the morning after the regular paper was out, the news would be somewhat stale before the next regular issue appeared. Accordingly it was decided to take the revolutionary step of issuing a noon extra, which was done. As we took only the night Associated Press report and facilities for special service were not as well organized as they are now we had to rely on whatever sources of information were available. Don Moore had his Lewis commission firm offices right across the hall from mine, and we made liberal use of the bulletins which he picked up from the wires for us.
THE PRESENT MOVEMENT
for legal beer and the determined
opposition to the plan recall some
verses perpetuated many years ago
by "Punch" when anti-liquor legis-
lation was threat-
ened by one side
and vigorously
opposed by the
other. As usual
the working man
figured largely in
the arguments on
both sides. One
group maintained
that beer was
ruining the work-
ing man, and that
in destroying his
efficiency it was
striking at the
very foundations
of the nation. On the other hand
it was alleged that the working
man needed beer for the promotion
of his comfort and happiness and
that beer also kept him in a con-
tented frame of mind and undis-
posed to get into loose ways of
thinking and disturb established
institutions. During the progress
of the debate "Punch" delivered it-
self of this jingle:

* * *

TOO FULL OF BEER.
A song of the English working
classes.
For reform we feels too lazy;
Too full o' beer.
Much malt liquor makes us hazy;
Too full o' beer.
We don't want no alteration
Of the present legislation;
'Twon't affect our sittiwation,
Too full o' beer.

* * *

We've the means to bile our kettles,
Too full o' beer.
Not bad off for drink and wittles,
Too full o' beer.
When we've got no work or wages
Politics our minds engages,
Till such time we never rages,
Too full o' beer.

Will this here reform, we axes,
Too full o' beer.
Clear us quite of rates and taxes,
Too full o' beer.
Income-tax the middlin' classes
Loads unequal—patient asses!—
But it don't oppress the masses,
Too full o' beer.

* * *

We be willin' to be quiet,
Too full o' beer?
Not a bit inclined to riot,
Too full o' beer.
From the ale that's sound an' nappy
Him as wants a change is snappy;
Wot's the odds so long's you're
happy,
Too full o' beer?

* * *

W. C. WILLIAMS, WHO
writes that he has fished in both
the Atlantic and the Pacific as well
as in many lakes and rivers be-
tween, does not think much of the
perch as a fish, and greatly prefers
the channel can, of which he has
c caught many in Texas weighing 50
to 60 pounds. On one fishing trip
he caught several two-pound cat
and several perch weighing half a
pound each and found the cat bet-
ter eating as well as less bony. He
writes of catching 100 pounds of
channel can in three or four hours,
putting them in a gunny sack with
excelsior and a little ice and driv-
ing 75 miles with the sack on the
running board of the car. When
the fish were doused in fresh water
they began to wiggle, to the aston-
ishment of the women of the party
who were to cook them.

* * *

THAT MAY SEEM LIKE A
tall story, but there are persons
who tell of having slices of catfish
jump out of the pan after they had
been prepared for cooking and were
suddenly immersed in hot grease.
I have never seen that happen my-
self, although I have eaten catfish
and found the meat quite tasty.
For one thing, it is boneless, and
I abominate fish bones.
WHEREVER TODAY "IRISH eyes are smiling," and Irish hearts are beating, honor will be paid to the memory of good Saint Patrick, who brought the gospel to Erin, and who is credited by legend with having driven all the snakes from the country. The place of his birth is not definitely known, but most of the authorities seem to agree that he was born somewhere in Great Britain toward the close of the fourth century and as the Roman occupation was nearing its end. Captured by Irish tribesmen on an excursion to Britain, he spent several years among them as a herdsman, presently escaping to Gaul, where he became converted to Christianity and achieved distinction in the service of the church. He returned to Ireland, where he became inseparably associated with the religious history of the country.

* * *

 AS PATRICK BECAME THE patron saint of Ireland, so the shamrock was adopted as its national emblem because of the use which the saint is said to have made of it in expounding the doctrine of the Trinity. Being asked for an exposition of the doctrine of the "three in one," the saint plucked a bit of shamrock from near by and pointed to the manner in which its three leaves were combined in one. Innumerable legends have grown around the history of St. Patrick, one of the familiar ones being that of his banishment of serpents from Ireland. Another on which the saint was born is set concerning the day of the month forth in the following verses by the famous Irish novelist and poet, Samuel Lover:

* * *

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK. On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, That Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day; While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn; For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock, And some blamed the baby and some blamed the clock— I'll with all their cross-questions sure no one could know

If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

* * *

Now the first faction-fight in old Ireland, they say, Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday: Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth some would die, And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye! At last, both the factions so positively grew, That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two, Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins, Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

* * *

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine, Don't be always divided—but sometimes combine; Combine eight with nine, and seven is the mix, So let that be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk. "If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know."

Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss, And they keep up the practice from that day to this.

* * *

IF THE LAST TWO LINES ARE libelous, responsibility rests on the poet, and not on me. And Lover was a brilliant writer, and Irish to the core. His stories, "Handy Andy" and "Tory O'More," were once very popular, and his verses, with their whimsical touches, have the lilt which we associate with Irish music.

* * *

THese ARE THE DAYS when the fever that results in housecleaning approaches its cul-mix and the housewife scans the sky and consults the weather forecasts for signs of spring in order that she may turn the house out of the windows and when the mere male person has impressed on him as at no other time the consciousness of being in the way, an obstruction and a cumberer of the earth. I once read a story of a little chimney sweep, whose master, a hard-boiled old rascal, taught the child to look with contempt on the "quality folk" whose chimneys they cleaned. Among other things he insisted that those people were a dirty lot, so dirty that they had to keep washing themselves every day, something of which no self-respecting person felt the need.
WHAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF the use of the goat as the emblem of the Great Northern railway? Wherever the cars of the company run that sign confronts them. It appears on stationery and on calendars. The popular belief is that the goat whose picture is so used is not the familiar billy goat, but the mountain goat which is found in the Rockies, and the Great Northern runs to Glacier park, where mountains and mountain goats are found. There is another theory, which may or may not be correct. It is set forth in the following article by May L. Bauchle in "Our Dumb Animals," which was handed in by Charles Allen:

** A FAMOUS GOAT. **

"William Kenney was just a lad when his parents moved from Watertown, Wisconsin, to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and he began his business career by peddling the daily papers upon the city streets. His two most cherished possessions were a rather dilapidated cart, the forerunner of the roller coaster of literature. His atlas and a much loved and fairly well trained billy goat.

"AFTER SOME DELIBERATION the boy hitched the goat to the cart and began hauling papers by this method. For several years the two Billys were familiar objects upon the streets of the Minnesota city. When his ambition outgrew his job as newsboy, William Kenney sold his goat to a rancher living near Midvale, Montana, and then went to the offices of the Chicago Great Western railway as understudy to the telegraph operator.

YEARS LATER WHEN HE had become vice president of the Great Northern railway, the question of securing a trademark for the great system was presented to him. Instead of delegating the task to an employee he called in a commercial artist and set to work. Suddenly, the story goes, he thought of his sturdy friend, the billy goat which had started him upon the ladder which was to end in the chair of president of the road in which he was interested. Nothing would do but billy's picture must become a part of the trademark. So there he is today, Billy Kenney's boy-time playmate, painted upon hundreds of freight cars rolling from coast to coast."

** I HAVE ALWAYS SUPPOSED that the mountain goat theory was the correct one, but I have no exact information on the subject. Personally the sign conveys to me suggestions of the days of long ago when bock beer signs appeared every spring. And I have never understood why a goat was supposed to have any connection with beer, no matter what the season.**

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC uses as an emblem one which has been used in China since away back in the Ming, of Fung, or Whang dynasty—the circle in two colors, divided by a curved line into equal curved sections. The design has some interesting properties. Each of the two sections into which the circle is divided is of the same area and all the dimensions of the two are identical. Also the perimeter of each section is exactly equal to the circumference of the main circle. Years ago explanations of the origin of the use of this figure as a railway symbol were sent out in Northern Pacific literature. My recollection is that according to the published stories some person connected with the railway drew the design and had it adopted, without knowledge on the part of anyone that the same design had been in use in China for thousands of years. Another explanation is that so far as the railway is concerned the design is an adaptation of a figure made by a stream and its immediate surroundings in Yellowstone park, which, of course, is in Northern Pacific territory. Visitors in the park have noted the perfection of the figure in which both circumference and dividing line are clearly shown.

** EXPRESSING APPRECIATION of the checker problems submitted by other correspondents, Edward Enerson of Fordville offers two, the first of which follows: **

Black men on 26, 30, king on 23
White men on 21, 17, king on 32.
Black to move and win.
I wish Mr. Enerson would check this position. It doesn't look right. Mr. Enerson's second problem will be given in a later issue.
STARTING OUT WITH THE state­ment that the bicycle is coming back L. H. Robbins in an article in the New York Times magazine submits several bits of evidence. The annual manu­facture of bicycles is reported to have increased 30 per cent since 1928. Legislatures are considering painting a white line along state highways, setting off a strip for cyclists. Canadian wheelmen will race from Mon­treal to Vancouve­rer next summer for large prizes. The Wellesley college authorities are after 400 students for reckless riding.

* * *

THE ARTICLE TELLS OF THE golden days of the nineties, when there were bicycles by millions; when all the world was on wheels, or falling when all the world was on wheels, when there were cinder paths for its bicycle club; when the League of American Wheelmen was a poli­tical force to be reckoned with; when editors in­veigled against the pernicious form of a set of pedals attached to the front wheel. It required ra­pid action on the part of the rider, as the pedal revolved as fast as the wheel.

IT WAS WITH THE BUILD­ing of the vehicle with the high front wheel and the little rear wheel that the bicycle really be­came popular. I suppose there were millions of those wheels in use, and they could be made to travel. Then came the “safety,” approximately like the wheel of today, with the speed of the pedals slowed down by means of chain­sprocket drive. At the beginning real wheelmen sneered at the safety, but presently the high wheel went into the discard.

LIKE IT S PREDECESSOR the first safety had a solid rubber tire, about an inch in diameter. That was succeeded by the cushion tire, which was two inches or more in diameter, made of heavy rubber, not inflated, but with a hole in the middle to make it more flexible. Then came the pneumatic tire and the simplification of design until the present standards were reach­ed.

THE COASTER BRAKE IS the only really important improve­ment in bicycle construction in many years. Before the coaster brake there was a hand brake, which was applied to the top of the front wheel, but it was unpopular for it gave a lot of trouble. Generally the rider depended on back-pedaling to check his speed. Most of the time that was all right, but if one’s feet slipped off the pedals while going rapidly down hill, something was apt to happen. Especially was this true when riding the high wheel. Im­agine being perched away up in the air on one of those things, holding back down hill, and then losing the pedals! There was nothing for it but to hang on, lean back, steer, and pray.

* * *

THERE WERE GIANTS IN the land in those days when the bicycle was king, says Robbins. Though it was Zimmerman. There were Titus, Senn and Gim­me, Tom Cooper, Tom Butler and Mc­Duffee. Olympians all they were, known by name and fame from coast to coast, and heroes to mil­lions. There was Jimmie Michael, “the Welsh Midget,” or, to some, “the Welsh Rarebit,” who broke all records but two or three in a single season. And there was Eddie Bald. Whoso saw Eddie ride one famous year at Asbury Park had something to brag of for the rest of life. None could match Eddie that year. He rode against time itself; and, if memory serves, he won.

THE BICYCLE IS STILL GO­ing strong on islands like Nantuck­et and Bermuda. In Europe the cycling age has never shown any weakening. Compare these figures: In the United States, 1,500,000 bikes, 26,000,000 autos; in Europe, 40,000,000 bikes, 5,500,000 autos. In other words, here there is one bike to 17 autos, while across the ocean there is one auto to seven bikes.

* * *

CAN THE BICYCLE STILL come back in America? Oldsters believe that if we become poor enough and stupid enough, it can. But they remind us that in the glorious ’90s the American people had not yet heard of Henry Ford. They had not discovered the ac­celerator then. They had not learned to treat their legs indul­gently; they expected hard serv­ice from those members as a mat­ter of course.

CAN THE LABOR - SAVING American people after so many years of stepping on the gas call their shanks into action again? Old-timers shake their heads in doubt.
THEY TELL OF A MAN IN New York who, immediately before the banking holiday, presented a large check at one of the banks and demanded gold for it. The bank people didn’t want to pay out the gold, but they saw no way to refuse, therefore, slowly and reluctantly, they counted out the gold for him. The customer then wanted to rent a safety-deposit box in which to store his gold, but was told that there were no boxes for rent.

Davies

The lobby was crowded with strangers waiting their turn at the counters, and there he was with more gold than he could carry comfortably and which he did not dare leave for a moment. Nor did he know at what moment he might be knocked down and robbed. Just what he did next the story does not say, but it is evident that there may be times when gold is an inconvenient possession.

WHAT IS THE CASH VALUE of a man who is "worth his weight in gold?" The question arises in connection with the account of the hoarder who deposited $150,000 in gold in a New York bank the other day. Would he carry that quantity of gold, wheel it in a wheelbarrow, or have to hire a truck? The question of what that quantity of gold would weigh has caused some discussion around town and it is open for argument. For purposes of the argument it may be assumed that gold is worth $20 an ounce, which is close enough for present purposes. Those who like that sort of thing may get out their tables of weights and go to it.

A FEW MINUTES AFTER 9 P.M., Eastern time, on March 10, a lady in New York put in a telephone call for a friend in Los Angeles. Within a moment or two came the voice of the Los Angeles operator, calm and distinct: "I’m sorry I can’t connect you; we’re having an earthquake." I suppose that some day when some testy subscriber is angry because he can’t get the fire department, or the police department, or anybody else, to tell him when all the noise overhead is about, the telephone girl down town will say, in the same quiet, unruffled manner: "I’m sorry we can’t get your number, because Gabriel is blowing his trumpet. Will you excuse it, please?"

IT TAKES CHARACTER AND discipline to stick to one’s job in the midst of danger, and courage of a peculiar quality is required for the steady performance of a quiet task when all around is confusion, with the imminence of death. It is possible, sometimes, to conquer fear by violent physical activity. The sense of "doing something" overcomes the consciousness of danger. But when there is nothing to be done but keep on with the accustomed task, to stand or sit, to keep quiet and maintain one’s calm and one’s balance, so that seemingly trivial, but tremendously important things may be done swiftly and unerringly, while tumult reigns and death menaces—that takes real quality.

WILLIAM G. McCONNACHIE of Fordville sends in the following solution to Mr. Deary’s checker problem in which the positions are:

- Black men on 6, 13, 18, 24,
- White men on 7, 21, 26, 31,
- White to move and win.

Solution: 7-2 (a) 6-10, 2-7, 10-15, 7-11 (b) 15-19, 11-16, 18-23, 26-22, 24-23, 31-27, 23-32, 18-23; white wins;
- 6-9, 2-6, 9-4, 6-10, 13-17, 10-18, 15-22, 23-22, 22-23, 15-18; white wins;

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF the hare and hound problem are received from Levi Anderson of Warren and T. O. Breuing of Grand Forks.

"T. O." IS A VERSATILE MAN.
In addition to being a first-class carpenter and having a liking for mathematical puzzles he collects numerous interesting objects in his travels about the state. He has just given me a gorgeous butterfly with a wing-spread of six inches which he captured near the state mill last summer and a chunk of scoria which he picked up near Medora. Scoria, as not everyone knows, is what is left after fire has reduced the clay, sand and other surface material of parts of the earth to a sort of cinder. It is found in vast quantities in the western part of the state, where burning coal has baked the surface. Scoria is used largely for road surfacing. It makes a good surface when it is kept in repair, but it is soon ground to dust and blown or washed away.

MR. ANDERSON SOLVES THE hare and hound problem by algebra and suggests that in actual practice the dog in the problem would have to take many more than the required 300 jumps before catching the hare, as the hare has a trick of his own which often baffles his pursuer. Running at top speed until he is almost caught he will stop suddenly and the dog will run over him. While the dog is reversing his course the hare is off in the opposite direction.

MANY YEARS AGO I READ in a book of animal stories an account of a contest of wits between a hare and two greyhounds. The hare, closely pursued, ran under a fence and on the opposite side awaited the dogs. The hounds leaped the fence together, and as they did so the hare ran back under the fence. So they went back and forth, for some time. Then, according to the story, the hounds seemed to confer, and while one leaped the fence the other remained where he was and the poor hare was caught.

THE STORY IS RATHER INTERESTING because hares and rabbits are popularly supposed to have no sense at all, and the greyhound is usually classed as about the least intelligent of the dog kind.
MENTION OF THE GREAT Northern goat in this column a few days ago has started J. J. Mealy of Reynolds on a tour of investigation as to the artistic religious and faunal significance of various kinds of goats, and he has collected some interesting information as to the social and domestic customs of prehistoric man as well as those of some of his modern descendants. If it is true, as was stated in a quoted article, that the use of the goat as the symbol of the Great Northern dates back to the days when Bill Kenney, now president of the road, sold papers and used a billy goat as the motive power for distributing them, readers of this column are even more deeply indebted to Mr. Kenney than they had supposed. Mr. Mealy writes:

"LIKE YOURSELF, I HAD SUPPOSED that the mountain goat used as the emblem of the Great Northern railway system had its origin in the brain of some commercial artist. And, so your story in The Herald of March 18 is doubly welcome. This bold, challenging figure is seen throughout the length and breadth of our land, a great symbol of a great railway system. To our northwest citizens this familiar emblem warms the heart, even as the greeting of an old friend in a distant city, or the sight of our country's flag in a foreign land.

"NOW, FOR THE OTHER goat! Always popular with some people, his life has been especially burdensome during the Volstead era. He was loaded with the sins of pre-prohibition, headed into the wilderness, and told to get hence and never return. However, he did have a few friends who gave him aid and comfort until the time when he might safely return to his old haunts. Some misguided people even tried to tie a white ribbon around his neck.

"IN THE EARLY DAYS OF our civilization both beer and goats were held in high esteem. Brewing was nearly as old as agriculture in ancient Egypt. And as bar-
ley was probably the first crop to reward the husbandman, both the grain and the drink it produced were regarded as gifts of the gods. This goodly product of earth not only produced a food to sustain life, but also a beverage that added considerably to life's enjoyment. It was used in the religious rites of ancient peoples centuries before the use of wine became common. In that far-off day some humble men discovered the golden liquid that outlives men, nations and systems of philosophy. It is the potent symbol of an ever-blessed trinity—the power of the sun, the joy of harvest and the happiness of man.

"AGAIN, I LAY CLAIM TO HAVING the last word on this subject. In the ancient times goats, beer and religion were amiable blended in the spring festivals. Webster's International dictionary (1915 edition) furnishes the following information:

Bock (bok) n. (Hind, bok he-goat, goat leather) (meaning very strong leather, I suppose.)

Bock n. bock beer.

Bock-beer (G bokier, a corruption of einbecker beer from the town of Einback in Germany) a kind of beer brewed, usually in the spring, from concentrated wort. It contains some 5 per cent alcohol and much extract. "However, the word 'steinbok' is not related to 'stein' and only slightly to any 'bok.' It is the name of any small antelope of the genus Raphicerus, of the plains of south and east Africa.

DIRECT THINKING AND plain-speaking English and Americans refer to this beverage as 'buck-beer.' And so we blow the foam off the stein and discover that bock, or 'buck' beer is merely a beer of high alcoholic content and rich flavor, sold at a certain time of each year, such time being marked by the familiar sign of the goat.

ACCORDING TO THE BEST of my recollection the goat in the bock-beer signs was usually represented in something approaching a leaping attitude—sallent, as the heralds have it. This is quite in keeping with the character of the goat, which reminds me of the Vermont villager who was horrified to find that the assessor had listed his pet billy-goat at 40 for purposes of taxation. He went forthwith to the assessor, filed an indignant protest and demanded an explana-
WHEN JIM LYONS READ OF the death of James J. Corbett and Sifton, Manitoba, an entirely new industry. Because times were hard he was reminded of an adventure the wives of the farmers of that vicinity resumed the old practice of knitting socks, sweaters and mittens for their families. That called for the spinning of yarn from the wool from their own sheep, and that again called for spinning wheels. There were not enough available in the neighborhood, but a local man who is skilled in that sort of work began an building wheels. Up to date he has sold 125 of them, and still orders keep coming in. Thus, if we are to believe some of the economists, the machine age has broken down of the weight and brought about a reversion to the hand-crafts of simpler times. But the art of spinning calls for the use of wheels, therefore there has been established a mechanical industry. Thus a new machine age is being started from the bottom.

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF the big fight, and the station agent was receiving the story in dots and dashes over the wire and relaying the information to the assembled company. Jim says that the story which he heard then was almost identical with the account published after Corbett's death, and he remembers particularly the impression made on him by the description given of Sullivan, cut and bleeding from the whirlwind blows of Corbett, lying stretched helpless in the ring.

JIM DIDN'T BECOME A MARINE engineer. The steamboat job failed to materialize. Instead he got work for a time in a store, but was taken ill. Then it seemed to him that home was a pretty good place, and he returned to Grand Forks, where, after a while, he and his brother became owners of a bicycle shop on Lower DeMers avenue. I have distinct recollections of that shop, for it was there that I went every few days to toggle up my old Victoc spring-fork, solid-tire bike. I used to carry on that wheel a pair of pliers and a 20-foot iron wire, and with that equipment I was able to make any needed repairs on the road. There was nothing to puncture, no carburetor to choke up and no valves to stick. I paid $15 for it and sold it for $4, which I never got, and I must have ridden the thing thousands of miles.

UP IN NORTHERN MANITOBA there has been found a new use for the airplane, namely, for the transportation of fish. Moose lake, many miles from the Hudson Bay railway, is famous for its yield of fish, but after the fish are caught it takes days to get them to the nearest railway station. Therefore the airplane has been called into service. The catch of fish is sent by plane to the railway, where the fish are packed in refrigerator cars for longer shipment. The air journey over a route which once required days, now takes only a couple of hours.

I N CREDITING SEVERAL correspondents with correct solutions of the hound and hare problem I omitted the name of Dorothy Franklin, 525 Belmont road, Grand Forks, who sends in a correct solution, worked algebraically. The answer to the problem is that the hound must take 300 leaps before he catches the hare. The rather attractive element of confusion in the problem is the tendency to confuse the leaps of the hound with those of the hare. If these are kept separate, the problem presents no difficulty.

WM. G. McCONNACHIE OF Fordville sends the following additional solution to the checker problem submitted by Mr. Deary:

```
```

THE Y. M. C. A. CHECKER club submits the following checker problem:

```
Blacks, 3, 18, 23, 27, 19, 16, Kings 9, 21, 29.
```

White to play and win.
STORIES OF THE CALIFORNIA earthquake are beginning to filter in. Many Grand Forks people were in the disturbed area, and while some sustained property loss, all of whom information has been received escaped without serious physical injury. In a letter just received by her mother, Mrs. T. A. Rees, 1018 Walnut Street, describes the shock as it was felt there and her own reactions to it. Writing a day or so after the first shock Mrs. Fowler says that all the experiences of the preceding week, inauguration, bank holiday and general depression, seem far away. Her letter reads in part:

"WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO go out to dinner, and about 6 o'clock were seated on the davenport when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, a terrific roar like an avalanche of bricks falling, accompanied by the most violent twisting and jerking of the house one can imagine descended on us. I can't describe the violence of that part. Our two-story frame house actually did rise three or four feet—I know it did—several times, and at the same time it was jerking backwards and forwards and sideways, like a person in a terrible convulsion. It was the most terrifying experience because the solid earth that we have always depended on wasn't solid any longer, and it's a terrible realization when old mother earth goes back on her stability. They say it only lasted 38 seconds, but it certainly seemed a lot longer than that to me, and it's surprising how far one can travel in that short space of time. The davenport was rolling around so much that we could scarcely scramble off it and the floor was shaking with such violence I couldn't stand on it. When I finally did reach the door it was jerking so that I could hardly get it open.

"AS YOU KNOW, WE LIVE upstairs, and I imagine there are 16 or 20 steps leading down. How I ever got down those steps I don't know. They were dancing so violently I wonder how I ever did stand on them. I really didn't stand. I was flying through space. When I did reach the ground I held onto my little Ford that was under a walnut tree. It was shaking back and forth, and the old walnut tree was bending down so that its branches covered both me and the Ford. My one thought was to be hanging onto something tight so that when the earth opened up may be I wouldn't be swallowed up. What a childhood impression of earthquakes to me was always mixed up with the earth opening up and swallowing people, and that's what I was expecting.

"AFTER WHAT SEEMED TO be ages the earth stopped rolling around and Everett came down stairs after me. I only went up long enough to put the biggest things in place and grab my coat, I didn't crave for any more such experiences. The wide open spaces would be better than an inch thing else I could imagine. Everett was brave enough to stay inside all the while. He grabbed a floor lamb with one hand and was holding up the radio with the other until it was over. I couldn't have stayed there for anything, but he did.

"THE HOUSE WAS A WRECK, pictures all over, books here and there, but not a dish broken—can you imagine that?—or a jar of fruit. My six big tall goblets weren't even moved half an inch in the cupboard, and still the big heavy walnut poster bed was moved over three feet, and the dresser clear across the room. The gas stove that is held in place by a big trunk was moved about an inch and a half. A big green trunk that was sitting in the back of the clothes closet, wedged in tightly by the mattress that was rolled up in the back of the closet too, was jerked loose and had moved at least four feet and was sitting in an entirely opposite direction.

"WE PROCEEDED DOWN town after that first shock. Everyone was in groups in the middle of the street screaming and crying. People were all ghostly and the poor little kids were nearly frightened to death. Our cat, Dick, came out of the bedroom like a shot out of a gun and went round and round until it was almost Sunday morning that he would come near the house or take a bite of food. When he did come he seemed actually sick. He hasn't eaten well yet, and at even the slightest tremor he hunches all up and goes splitting round at imaginary things."

MRS. FOWLER TELLS OF the rescue work which was at once instituted. She served with the Red Cross auxiliary and had an opportunity to see much of the work that was performed by the several military and service groups which were called in.
A FEW YEARS AGO THERE was a craze for drainage. Water was generally considered a nuisance, to be removed in the most expeditious manner possible. Millions of dollars were spent on the task of converting natural hay meadows or swamps into grain fields by the process of digging ditches. Over in the timber country of northern Minnesota whole lakes were drained for a similar purpose. Much of the land so drained proved worthless for agriculture, and the drying up of former wet places destroyed the breeding places of millions of waterfowl and spoiled a lot of fishing. On a small scale the process is now being reversed. Ditches constructed at great cost are being dammed in order to conserve the water which was once regarded as worse than waste.

THE COUNTRY HAS GONE through a somewhat similar experience in its treatment of forests. Timber was abundant and the great forests of the continent were treated as if there had been a deliberate purpose to remove every vestige of such growth from the landscape. One of the most depressing sights of which I know is of certain sections of the Alleghenies where mountains, once beautiful in their timber garb have been stripped bare, with pitiful patches of half-cultivated gravel being eroded by successive rains with hillside hovels the only shelter for broods of children who never see a real meadow or a fertile field.

THAT PROCESS HAS CHARACTERIZED the onward march of what we call civilization across the continent, and now, when in many cases it is too late to save, we are taking laggard steps to replace. Whatever may come of the plans of President Roosevelt for restoring some of our lost forest growth, and whether his method or some other may prove to be more effective, the purpose in view is one for the carrying out of which there is urgent need.

THOSE OF US WHO SPENT our youth in southern Ontario fifty or sixty years ago, and who have visited the same localities occasionally in recent years, have not
UNTIL THIS LATE SNOW-fall—whatever may come of it—it has looked like a dry time for North Dakota this spring. Except in a few localities there is no snow on the fields, and while most of the low spots are covered with water, there is no more water visible than can be removed by absorption into the surface soil and evaporation under the warm sunshine of a few real spring days. Rivers and coulees are practically empty, which is unusual at this season. Usually we expect the disappearance of snow in the spring to be temporary, of all the water courses wherever possible chance to soak down rather than run away.

SAM H. WILSON OF BOTTINEAU makes the following contribution to the discussion of perch and other fish, as follows:

"I have read, with pleasure, the articles in your "That Reminds Me" columns of the Herald, by my old friend James A. Thorburn and Alf Eastgate, and our friend from St. John, in regard to perch, and with your favor would like to add a word or two.

"NOW, IN THE FIRST PLACE, I do not pretend to know it all about fish, or fishing. However, I plead guilty to fishing perch, when a boy, in a lake much larger than Metigoshe, with a so-called "bent pin." Have also caught many bullheads with a piece of pork rind fastened to a piece of cut sapling as a pole and standing on a big rock on the shore, and when the bullheads, sometimes two or three would fasten to the bait, with a quick jerk, would land them out on the shore. Now, to the uninitiated, this would seem like a fish story, but true nevertheless. It seems that as soon as the bait began to draw away the fish would clamp down on it and hang on un-

"AND LET ME SAY THAT, whenever I see a boy or girl fishing off some dock for perch, or sunfish, I still get a kick out of it and feel a due appreciation of the benignity of the Maker of all things. Granting that friend James is Scotch; that he sailed from Port Huron almost to the Arctic ocean, and that regardless of what I say will "maintain for a that," yet, unfortunately, he does not seem to have absorbed much in the way of fish lore, and as a connoisseur he is not quite up to grade. He did, however, sail long enough to acquire the twinkle of eye and learned the vocabulary of a sailor, but, we just cannot let him off with his emphatic and lucid defamation of the good little perch. Howbeit, will say this in his favor: I have often fished perch with him, and at other times have seen him all alone in his boat assiduously fishing for perch in our fine lake Metigoshe, and he relates eating them to the extent that he lets his hired man eat the northern pike, while he dives into the perch. As to the veracity of this I could almost quote. James calls the northern pike, with scorn "those darned jackfish, that even the Indians won't eat." As to him as connoisseur: well, anyway, a few years back I went fishing on the Pipestone, in M a n i t o b a, and brought home some nice northern pike, and soon after my return who should I meet but James, on the street, and asked him down to a walleyed pike dinner. Reaching a telephone I put my wife wise, and when we finally sat in and passed him the fish, which he relished greatly, extolling the virtues of the walleyes as a fish, and remarking, among other nice things: "that's the kind of fish we should have in Metigoshe, instead of those darned perch and jackfish." Later on the laugh was on him when I told him the truth. Of course, he now lays it to the fine manner in which Mrs. Wilson cooked the fish. Of course, I will admit this to the nth degree.

"I MIGHT GO ON REMINISCING on this topic but, am afraid if you printed it it would require an enlargement of your "That Reminds Me" column. Anyway, the Messrs. Thorburn and Eastgate are correct in assuming that there should be no closed season on perch, winter or summer; not because of any inferiority or belittlement of perch which are in great favor by the European royalty, as a dish fit for kings and potentates, but because our lakes should be kept open in the winter by fishing through the ice, as a means of allowing the gases, which is caused by the decaying vegetation, to escape. I hope that the state game and fish department will realize this fact and open the season the whole year around without limitation, on perch, to be taken only by hook and line. The perch is a wonderful little fish and, be it known that the best things are not always tied up in big packages. Incidentally, Lake Metigoshe has a good grounding of walleyed and northern pike, black bass (recent plantings) sunfish and bluegills as well as the numerous fine perch, much sought after by our angling friends."
SAN FRANCISCO HAD A SENSATION the other day as remarkable in its way as the earthquake further south.

George Bernard Shaw, arriving from the west for his first visit to America, was reluctant to express an opinion about the Mooney case. That is the first time in history that Mr. Shaw has been reluctant to express an opinion about anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The people of San Francisco ought to be proud of the fact that this unique phenomenon occurred in their fair city. It merits commemoration by a statue, tablet or other suitable memorial. The phenomenon, however, was of brief duration. In less time than it takes an earthquake to rock a California city Mr. Shaw was delivering opinions with Jovian finality on the Mooney case, America and the Americans, and all the rest of it.

A CLIPPING FROM THE AMERY, Wis., Free Press, which was received from a friend by Mrs. S. Lemlich, 413 Third avenue South, tells a story illustrative of the remarkable homing instinct in dogs. Last Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Jerdee and family moved from their home near De- ronda, Wis., to Wahpeton, N. D., taking with them the family pet, a shepherd dog. The animal was kept tied to get it accustomed to its new home, but about Christmas it broke bounds and disappeared. On March 12 the dog arrived at the home of some old neighbors of the Jerdees in Wisconsin, having found its way to its old home after an absence of about four months, and having taken some six weeks to travel the 250 miles. The journey to Wahpeton had been in a car, so that he could not have been guided by scent on the return. Neither does it seem possible that he could have observed the road on the outward trip sufficiently well to guide himself in that way.

A PLAYMATE OF MY OWN childhood was a spaniel three or four years older than myself who went and came in a way that was mysterious for some time. Brought from some distance while a mere infant he had seemed to feel thoroughly at home and was regarded

that he had been picked up by teamsters hauling lumber, stuffed into a grain sack and taken some twenty miles. He had been shut in to prevent escape, but found an opportunity slip away. Where or how far he had wandered, and what had been his adventures no one ever knew.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times Queries and Answers department asked recently for a poem, "The Lost Lagoon," and other correspondents furnished the following copy:

THE LOST LAGOON.
By E. PAULINE JOHNSON.
It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon,
And we two dreaming the dusk away,
Beneath the drift of a twilight grey,
Beneath the drowse of an ending day,
And the curve of a golden moon.

* * *
It is dark in the Lost Lagoon,
And gone are the depths of haunting blue,
The grouping gulls, and the old canoe,
The singing firs, and the dusk and—you,
And gone is the golden moon.

* * *
O lure of the Lost Lagoon!—
I dream tonight that my paddle blurs
The purple shade where the seaweed stirs,
I hear the call of the singing firs
In the hush of the golden moon.

* * *

THE PUBLICATION of these verses interested me because their author was once a neighbor of mine, although neither knew the other. Emily Pauline Johnson was a Mohawk Indian, daughter of G. H. M. Johnson, head chief of the Six Nations on their reservation a few miles down the river from Brantford, Ont. The family had been prominent in the affairs of the Iroquois confederation for generations. Chief Johnson had been well educated, married an English wife, and had a beautiful home on the reservation. He traded occasionally at the village store in Newport where I clerked, and while I have no recollection of meeting Pauline I suppose I have seen her, a girl of my own age, as she and her sisters drove

by while at home on vacations from their school. Later I met the chief in various groups and I remember him as a genial old fellow who liked to mingle with young people and who was an exceedingly pleasant companion. Pauline Johnson published several books of verse, and at one time she gave readings in a number of North Dakota cities, although I never happened to be where she was. She died in Vancouver in 1913.

I HAVE A REQUEST FOR two poems by Len Sarett, "Fir of Yule," and "Wind in the Pine." I have been unable to find them. Can any reader supply them?
A MONTH AGO I MENTIONED the fact that my tulips were up. I first noticed the little shoots above the surface on February 26. After I published the statement I noticed several passersby step over toward the house from the sidewalk and look attentively at the place where I had said the tulips were. They did not question my veracity, of course, but they wished to see for themselves the marvel which I had pointed out. I can call on them now for verification. The tulips are still there, a whole row of them, not much larger than they were a month ago. On cold days they have stood still, and on mild days they have grown just a little. From day to day the growth has been imperceptible, but a decided gain has been made in a month's time. I am not at all anxious for growth, yet, for there is plenty of time, but I have learned not to fear frost, for I have found, what many others have double-ken, that for many years, that tulips are practically frost proof. They will stand hard freezing not only in the early stages of their growth, but when in full bloom. That makes the tulip perhaps the most satisfactory of all our spring flowers.

**GROWING TENDER ANNUALS** for spring planting is decidedly worth while, but it also presents some difficulties. Young plants require both light and warmth. Seed can be started in boxes in the dark in any warm place, but after they have started the young plants must be brought promptly into the light or they will grow tall and spindly and become worthless. Unless one has a regular conservatory every south window in the house becomes cluttered up with seed boxes. But the real problem comes when the little seedlings have put forth their first two or three pairs of leaves and it becomes necessary to transplant them into individual pots. A thousand snapdragon seeds can be started in about two square feet of space, and that space is enough for theunless they are large enough to transplant. Not many private families have use for a thousand snaps, but even 100 tiny individual pots take a lot of room. Nevertheless, these and other flowering plants are well worth their cost in labor if one can make room for them.

**ONE OF THE PROBLEMS IN** taking care of little plants in individual pots is that of watering. The soil must be kept moist or the plants will die. In warm weather—and the plants must be kept warm—evaporation from the surface and through the porous pots is very rapid, and frequent attention is necessary. In order to simplify matters I have found it a good plan to surround the pots themselves with earth. The pots are set in shallow boxes of even height with the pots and soil is packed around them even with the top. The entire contents of the box can then be watered at one time and there is no evaporation except from the surface. Much labor is saved and the moisture is under perfect control.

**IF TOMATO PLANTS ARE TO** be grown at home the seed should be planted at once, if it has not already been done. There are occasional seasons in which ripe tomatoes can be obtained from seed planted outdoors after danger of frost is over, but the chances are very much against success from this practice. Invariably I have obtained the best results from plants in bloom when set out about June 1. Such plants will produce ripe fruit early in July and will continue to do so for about two months. If seed is planted outdoors frost is likely to come just as the first fruit is about to ripen. For the average back-yard gardener, if plants are not grown at home, it pays to buy strong, well-rooted, individually potted plants. Their additional cost is more than counterbalanced by the better results attained.

**AFTER LAST YEAR'S EXPERIENCE I shall be on the watch hereafter for elm tree borers. Those pests cost me the replacement of two good trees and surgical operations on others, with results yet to be determined. The grubs penetrate the wood and burrow under the bark, loosening it and cutting off circulation. In making replacements last year I was given a tip on the treatment of tree roots in transplanting. Instead of being cut off short the lost slender roots were kept intact, in one case to the length of ten feet, and these, with all their fibrous roots, were spread over large excavations, the idea being that the more fibrous roots there are the better the tree can feed and the more vigorous will be its growth. This seems reasonable, and presently we shall see what the results are.
HUNDREDS OF PICTURES OF scenes following the California earthquake have been published, and I have examined a good many of them with interest in order to discover if they confirmed the theory which has been attributed to some engineers that the safest place in an earthquake is in the doorway of a substantial building. And, practically without exception, the pictures that I have seen support the theory. From the evidence of the pictures it appears that no matter what happens to the rest of the building, the doorway is almost intact. This applies particularly, of course, to buildings of brick or other masonry. Frame buildings seldom collapse, and, if they do, doorways are likely to go with walls. But business buildings in large cities are seldom built of wood. Picking almost any picture of earthquake wreckage at random, it will be found that although walls have collapsed and the street is filled with debris, doorways stand stout and sturdy. This feature characterizes earthquake pictures from ancient Grecian and Roman ruins. Structurally it is the strongest part of the wall. Obviously there is a lesson in this for the architects. Let them adopt the method of the old deacon who built the one-horse shay and make every part of the wall as strong as the doorway.

THERE IS NO DANGER FROM an earthquake in the open country. This is quite contrary to one of my childhood beliefs. Like Mrs. Fowler, whose letter from Los Angeles was published in this column a few days ago, I once supposed that in an earthquake the earth opened and literally swallowed people. That belief gave me great discomfort. Other disasters, flood, fire, storm, gave some sort of warning so that if one were on the watch he might at least know what to expect. But the swallowing process was demoralizing in its suddenness and unexpectedness. There could be no warning of that. I wonder how many other children there are who nurse in their hearts dire apprehensions and carry around with them secret terrors because they do not understand the language which their elders speak.

ONE OF THE FACTS CONCERNING THE northwestern which eastern people find it difficult to understand is that in this territory farmers begin their field work in the spring before the frost is out of the ground. The eastern farmer would not think of such a thing. The western farmer, of course, knows all about it. In the east the soil may be frozen only a few inches deep, and by the time the surface is dry enough to work and warm enough to plant, the whole thing has thawed out. Farmers in both sections are interested in the condition of the top soil and are indifferent as to the condition away down. Here, when the top few inches are in workable condition there may still be six feet of frost, but it does not affect the condition on the surface. Deep frost also retains moisture in the soil and thawing releases it gradually for the use of vegetation, which is an advantage in a dry spring.

MENTION WAS MADE IN THE "Thirty Years Ago" department a few days ago that in 1903 H. McCoy, manager of the saw mill at East Grand Forks, reported a million feet of logs on hand ready for the resumption of sawing May 1. A good many million feet of logs were floated down the river to Grand Forks in the early days. Whatever effect removal of the timber may have had on the water supply it is a fact that both timber and water gave out pretty much at the same time. It was just about the time when timber in the Minnesota area tributary to Grand Forks became too scarce for profitable logging that the rivers became too low to float logs. During the last two or three years of the operation of the mill on the East Side the logs were brought from the woods by rail and dumped into the river a short distance above East Grand Forks.

HERE IS A CHECKER PROBLEM which J. B. Mattison of Inkster thinks may provide material for an evening's study for any but the experts:

Black, 1, 3, 8, 11, 19, kings 20, 29.
White, 15, 18, 27, 28, kings 2, 17, 26.

Black to play and win.

Another submitted by Mr. Mattison is offered for the entertainment of junior players:

Black kings 19, 25.
White 15, 18, king 14.
White to play and win.

I seem to have omitted publication of one of Mr. Mattison's problems and the copy has been destroyed. I shall be glad to publish it if Mr. Mattison will send another copy.
SOME TIME AGO I PUBLISHED excerpts from an eastern Canadian paper giving an account of the experience of Rev. Nathan Bangs at a New Year's celebration on Smith's Creek, now Port Hope, Ontario, in 1802, and at the request of Dr. H. P. Cooper of Enderlin from whom I received the clipping, I forwarded it to Tracy R. Bangs of this city, I learn from Mr. Bangs that the pioneer preacher who rode alone in midwinter along the forest trails of the eastern wilderness more than a century ago in order that he might carry the gospel message to the settlers of the backwoods was the brother of Tracy Bangs' great-great-grandfather, Rev. John Bangs. Miss Helen Bangs, great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Nathan Bangs, is now living in New York.

THE DISCUSSION of the merits and demerits of perch continues with the following letter from James A. Thorburn of Bottineau:

"IT WAS NOT WITH THE INTENTION of starting something that I asked if any other state in the Union protected perch. Some, however, seemed to have read between the lines.

"THE FISH QUESTION is a large one and very badly abused. To go over the entire question would take too much time and space, but let me call your attention to a few of the abuses. For lack of history I am not able to go back any farther than the time of the Apostle Peter when he fished in the sea of Galilee. The fish he caught there have the same name today and are known by a black mark on each side of the neck. The saying is that in taking them out of the nets Peter caught them by placing a thumb and finger on each side of the neck, therefore the black marks. But a good many fish have been placed on the market and sold as Finnon-Haddock that do not show the mark of Peter's fingers. But what is the difference if you do not know the proper marks? Then we find a fish merchant, years ago, established a trade for wall-eyed pike on the New York market. His name was W. C. Pickerel. To this day wall eyes are billed pickerel in all eastern markets. But what is in a name if the true marks are not known? Still we find that states of North Dakota, Minnesota, part of Wisconsin and Maine place the name pickerel on an entirely different fish. The state of Texas calls our black bass trout. This only causes an argument which is hard to settle.

"THE GAME LAWS of North Dakota protect all game fish and place perch in that list. Therefore the question, does any other state in the Union protect perch? It is a question that requires a defiant answer, not merely saying that there are. This was answered by Mr. B. W. Kuhl, who is manager of the St. John's fish hatchery. He then goes on to say that the perch in our mountain lakes are the best in the United States, which is very misleading, for one has just to visit the lake at Belcourt to see what happens to perch when planted in a small lake.

"IT IS TRUE THAT MANY thousands of people have visited Lake Metigoshe in the past two years but it is not true that as many strings of fish were caught which weighed from one to two pounds. All the two pound perch got away except one and when weighed on an accurate scale it only weighed one pound and eight ounces. Last summer there were none caught that weighed over one pound. The reason they came back for more is that the people of North Dakota are hungry for fish and are almost willing to eat any old kind. Why make a dumping place of Lake Metigoshe for such fish as perch, crappies, sunfish, and blue gills when Lake Metigoshe is the largest body of fresh water in the state and suitable for bigger and better fish. It is true that one consignment of wall-eyed pike fry was placed in Lake Metigoshe last summer, but how far did they get from where planted before being devoured by the millions of perch and other half starved varieties. Will Mr. Kuhl state for the benefit of those who don't know, just at what stage of incubation is spawn when called fry.

"THE FISH IN THE MOUNTAIN lakes are badly in need of protection other than that of illegal fishing, but that is another big question and Alf Eastgate is the only man I know of that can answer that and answer it right. If Mr. Kuhl will come to Lake Metigoshe this summer I will help him try and catch some of these two pound perch. In doing this I will have lots of time to answer his 'why nots.'

"HERE'S Hoping that the next consignment of fish dumped in Lake Metigoshe won't be German carp."

MOST SINCERELY DO I HOPE that Mr. Thorburn's invitation to go fishing with him. Whether or not the expedition results in the capture of two-pound perch, it ought to be productive of good entertainment, and that is what we need these days.