W. P. Davies' Newspaper Column ("That Reminds Me")

May 1932

William Preston Davies

5-1932

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/119

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.
"GREAT FLEAS HAVE LITTLE FLEAS UPON THEIR BACKS TO BITE THEM, AND LITTLE FLEAS HAVE LESSER FLEAS, AND SO AD INFINITUM." That may not be the exact rendering, but it will do. Every living creature seems to be subjected to attack from some natural enemy, and sometimes the enemy is of infinitesimal proportions. But in one way or other nature manages to preserve its balance. Mrs. Peter Smith, living on a farm just north of Grand Forks, recently discovered a discovery which indicates the possibility that the grasshopper plague may take care of itself. Her little son, while playing about the farm premises, collected a quantity of grasshopper egg sacs, with which the soil is fairly well filled, and it was found that many of these had been attacked by a small parasite which had destroyed large quantities of the eggs.

**

THIS PARASITE RESEMBLES, and may be identical with the parasite which is sometimes found attached to adult grasshoppers and which seems to make its way by digestion. It is described as similar to the aphids which are commonly found on plant growth. It attacks the waterproof sacs in which the grasshopper eggs are enclosed. The eggs, Mrs. Smith says, that the proportion of egg sacs which have been attacked in this manner is very large.

**

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to have reports from other sections as to the presence of these parasites. If they are numerous generally through the territory the number of young hoppers which have hatched will be materially reduced, and the presence of these little bugs suggests the possibility that the plague that was threatened is to be averted by the operation of natural causes. But the experts may know of some way whereby these parasites may be introduced in useful numbers into territory where they have not yet appeared. Presumably it is too late to undertake their propagation in time to be of service this year.

**

MENTION OF MY CLAIM JUMPING a few days ago recalled to me Dr. J. G. Moore an incident in his own experience. Dr. Moore, coming from the mission field of Labrador, entered upon service in North Dakota which in many respects was equally hazardous. An itinerant missionary and as presiding elder of the Methodist church he and a party of northern British Dakotas long before roads were built and when the most primitive means of travel were in use.

WHILE VISITING THE FEW pioneer churches in the northwestern part of the state Dr. Moore learned of the case of a young woman who had filed on a claim some forty miles north of Minot but against whom a contest had been filed by a professional claim jumper on some technicality. The girl's neighbors were indignant, but because of certain complications it was considered quite possible that the boy, if prosecuted, might hold and that the girl would be dispossessed.

**

DR. MOORE LEARNED OF the situation and bade the general indignation. He made a hurried trip to Minot and interviewed Tom Fox, who was then either receiver or register of the land office, and who is described as a man with a big heart and a summary way of getting at the essential rights of a case. Dr. Moore reported the facts, described the good faith of the girl and her need, and assured Fox that her dispossession would certainly lead to trouble. Fox went over the record and disqualified the contest and the girl's claim was saved.

IN THE QUERIES AND ANSWERS department of the New York Times Book Review a correspondent asks for the author's name and the text of the alliterative poem containing the lines:

"Cossack commanders cannonading come, Dealing Destruction's devastating doom."

Two years ago a friend at Delhi, England, appealed to the British poet laureate, Masefield, for the poem in the London Times. He had to say only that he was compelled to ask correspondents to desist, which he did in a neat little alliterative poem of his own.

**

THE INCIDENT INTERESTED me, and I published a request for the poem in this column, as I could remember only the first four lines, beginning:

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed."

Quite promptly I received a complete copy of the poem from Miss Charlotte Everson, whose copy had been clipped from an old magazine. It was credited there to H. Bouth- gate's "Many Thoughts on Many Things," where it was said to have been published without the author's name. I am still in the dark as to the authorship of the lines.
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Families were found living in the second stories of their dwellings, the water being several feet deep. The steamer Grand Forks was two miles away from the main course of the Red and the water there was five feet deep. Two men were taken from the roof of a barn in Kittson county, Minnesota, after they had been there for 36 hours. In the same way they had lost a clumsy boat in which they had attempted to reach dry land, and had climbed the roof of the barn, a part of which was out of the water. A furious wind had come up and great waves broke over the roof and the men, clinging desperately to the lee side, were thoroughly drenched. As each wave struck the building trembled, and it seemed likely at any moment to be overwhelmed.

ONE OF THE STEAMERS COLLECTED a dozen cows, which were standing knee-deep in water in a farm yard a few miles down the river. The animals were brought to Grand Forks, where they were later recovered by the owner.

ONE OF THE AFTER-RESULTS of the flood was the sliding into the river of a section of Northern Pacific track and the whole train just back of the old passenger station. The roadbed was very low at that point and had been covered by several feet of water. Both roadbed and supporting soil had been well soaked, and as a train was being switched the whole thing slid into the river. The engineer and brakeman, who were the only persons on board, escaped by jumping from the switch engine, one car of wood, one of sugar and one of machinery. Some of the stuff was salvaged, but the sugar went to sweeten the water of the river.

IN A PLEASANT NOTE MRS. J. E. Galbraith of Cavalier says that in the letter which she wrote some time ago concerning the origin of "Robin Adair" the word which appeared in this column as "lairrier" should have been "lairrier." The latter word, defined by Webster as "one who tarries or delays" would be appropriately applied to a wandering minstrel, which disguise the hero of the story appeared. The minstrel in the old days was usually a welcome guest. Not only did he entertain his hosts with song and legend, but he brought the latest news of the countryside, and he was privileged to "tarry" as long as he pleased.
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

ONE NIGHT THE RADIO gave us a long program of excellent music, much of which was done seriously, but in a part of which the words of the original operatic selections were paraded in an amusing manner, the music, however, being up to standard in every respect. For one in just the right mood it was highly diverting to hear utterly nonsensical words sung in excellent manner to classical music. It reminded me, however, of a Davies story. A brilliant and witty man who had lived a carefree life fell into deep trouble as he approached old age. Life, to him, had been a merry jest, but he could find merriment in it no longer. The things that had given him pleasure had become hollow and empty, and despair seized upon him. Among his friends was a pastor who sought to bring him hope and encouragement. The two had long and earnest talks and the pastor sought to communicate to his friend the inspiration that is to be found in some of the finest passages of Scripture.

"NO, DOCTOR," SAID THE troubled friend, after a long talk. "It's no use. I've jested my life away. I know all those passages that you have quoted. I have read them over and over again. They have brought comfort and consolation to many, and they should to me. But I have had the accursed habit of turning everything into a joke. There isn't one of those splendid passages which you have quoted that I haven't twisted into something that seemed to me clever and witty. I have played the clown with things that I should have held sacred, and when you read those words to me now my foolish perversion of them comes back to me rather than the beauty and comfort that they have for those who have not played the fool."

AN EXPERIENCE OF THAT kind is tragic. And though one may burlesque good music occasionally and live through it, it seems that the burlesque habit may be carried so far either in music or in literature as to impair one's appreciation of what is really beautiful and inspiring.
ONLY A SHORT TIME AGO A large Grand Forks audience enjoyed a rare treat in the presentation of "Faust" with professional principals of unusual talent and a splendidly trained amateur chorus. That was a rare experience in these days when state productions, whether dramatic or operatic, have become so rare as to be almost forgotten. Again, while they had to drive some distance for the purpose, 50 or more Grand Forks people had the rare pleasure of seeing Maude Adams and Otis Skinner in "The Merchant of Venice." To see two stars of such magnitude in juxtaposition was something long to be remembered. The event occurred in Fargo, where the Orpheum, fallen almost into disuse, was filled to capacity. There were those in the audience who seized the opportunity to see these principals again for the sake of long ago, and others, doubtless, who were enjoying the first experience of real drama played by real people, and those of the first rank.

* * * TOO MUCH CANNOT BE SAID in praise of Skinner's "Shylock." That character has been variously interpreted, emphasis being placed in the early years on the harsh and sometimes ridiculous features of the old money lender, the latter trend being toward a more sympathetic interpretation. Skinner's "Shylock" is of this latter type. He is avaricious and vindictive, without question, but he is also human. It is sometimes held that in order to capitalize the anti-Jewish prejudice of his time, Shakespeare intended to make his "Shylock" altogether odious, the butt of ridicule, the object of execration, without a single redeeming feature. It is hard to believe that when Shakespeare wrote that passionate speech which included "Hath not a Jew eyes?" he had in mind either a mere mountebank or mere monster.

AT ANY RATE, SKINNER'S "Shylock" is a thoroughly human being, a human being distorted by avarice and vindictiveness, warped by resentment at the indignities which have been heaped upon him and his people, but devoted to his daughter, to the memory of his dead Leah, and loyal to the traditions of his race. That character was magnificently delineated. The farewell scene with Jessica was as real in its pathos as was the marvelous street scene real in its passion. And all the tragedy, comedy, pathos and passion were admirably brought out.

* * *

MAUDE ADAMS IS ONE OF the traditions of the state. Emerging from years of retirement after a long and brilliant career, she is welcomed for herself and what she has done. On the stage in this play she is brilliant, elusive, sparkling and charming, but she is not Portia.

* * *

THE FACT THAT PORTIA has never before been interpreted as Miss Adams interpreted her is not of itself evidence conclusive that her interpretation is wrong. But the fact that her own interpretation is unique in its very essentials at least suggests that other eminent artists may have been right in their practically unanimous interpretation. It suggests at least some examination of the text to discover, if possible, what type of character would be consistent with what Shakespeare wrote.

* * *

IF THE LANGUAGE OF THE text means anything it means that at her own home Portia had evolved a costume and manner with which to deal with the peculiar situation created by Antonio's bond. In her conversation with Nerissa she makes this plain. She intends to masquerade as a man, a very learned judge, and she intends that the masquerade shall be complete and emphatic. She intends to appear very much a man. She knows what the facts are, and has decided on her manner of dealing with them. She appears at the court in character, armed with a letter which testifies to her learning and to her complete acquaintance with the issues involved. She is there to administer the law in the strictest sense.

* * *

NOT IN A SINGLE PARTICULAR does she carry out this plan. She appears in court, not as a grave and studious judge, but in spite of her physical disguise, as an attractive, emotional and appealing woman. Her appeal to the Jew for mercy is not the appeal of the judge on the bench to a claimant to moderate his demand, but the impassioned appeal of a woman and advocate delivered distinctly in the lovable character of Maude Adams, and not in that of the learned judge "Balthasar."

* * *

IT SEEMS EVIDENT THAT Miss Adams has realized that her quality, fine as it is, is of another sort from that required in Portia and has undertaken to create a Portia in her own image.

Davies
THAT REMINDS ME
TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

W. A. SCOUTON, OF INKSTER, corrects a slip of mine and gives some interesting baseball history in the following letter: "Being a reader of the Herald for the past forty-five years I get a lot of pleasure in reading your column That Reminds Me. In this column under date Saturday, April 30, you state the first baseball league was organized at Fargo in April 30, 1897. You are just ten years off. This league was organized in 1887, composed of the following cities: Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Fargo and Grand Forks. W. L. Wilder was the manager of the Grand Forks team. I can only remember a few of the players on the Forks team at the start of the season: Bray and Brown, pitchers; Kelly, catcher; Stenson, first base; Will Currie, second base; Ellis Fink, shortstop; E. C. Cooper, third base. I am not sure of the outfield, but think Ed Lander and George B. Clifford filled these positions and can’t remember the other player.

WELL I REMEMBER THE first game played. It was at the old Belmont park. It was a practice game before the league season opened, and as Laramore had a good team the season before they were asked to play the Forks. It was on the 17th day of May. The Norwegians held a celebration on that day which is their independence day or what we call our Fourth of July. After their celebration was over, they with the old cadet band came to the ball park and witnessed the game. I do not remember the score but we beat them. The Laramore team was composed of the following players: Kane, pitcher; Bruyere, catcher; John O. Fadden, first base; Bob Bruen, second base; Scoulton, shortstop; Glick, third base; Morey, left field; Baughman, center field; Feltows, right field. After this game the Ardoch team played the Forks. I also took part in this game and we lost to the Forks. I only remember a few of the players on the Ardoch team. The battery for Ardoch was Bigness, catcher, and Kane, pitcher; for Grand Forks Van R. Brown, pitcher, and Frank Kelly, catcher.

I BELIEVE WHEN THE league was organized it was agreed that each team was allowed three salaried players, the rest to be composed of local players. Grand Forks was leading the league for a time, then the other teams began strengthening with salaried players and that settled the league. Fergus Falls dropped out as did Wahpeton. Grand Forks and Fargo finished, both with all salaried teams with the exception of Grand Forks who had only one home player. That was E. C. Cooper. Fargo won the pennant by one game. Now if you will look up your old files I think you will find I have given you about the true dope. I may be off in a few of the names as I have no records and depending on memory. I think if you could look up your files of 1888 or 1889 you will find a write up by Arthur, sometimes called Doc Rutledge of where the players scattered to and what business they were following."

MY REFERENCE TO THE league of 1897 as probably the first baseball league in the valley was inadvertent, as I had known of the earlier league headed by W. L. Wilder and have made some mention of it. Several attempts at baseball organization were made in the early years, and several leagues were formed, to function for a season or part of a season, and then to fade out.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY league of 1897 passed through several transformations, subsided, and reappeared as the Northern league, under which title league baseball was conducted for several years. At different times the membership included Duluth, Superior, Winnipeg and Crookston. Under the Northern league the game became strictly a professional one.
IN AN UNUSUALLY WELL
written letter, unfortunately too
long for this column, a correspond­
en urges that the name of the cap­
tal of North Dakota be changed
from Bismarck to Edison City. In
support of this plan the writer
sets forth that the character of
Prince Bismarck, the man of blood
and iron, is not representative of
the spirit of American institu­
tions, and cites well known facts
in the history of the great Ger­
mans who were an alien when the
name was given. But it is not quite
accurate to say that the capital of
North Dakota was named after a
German statesman. The name was
given to a mere hamlet which no
one had reason to suppose would
be a state capital. The ham­
let grew and presently it became
the territorial and then the state
capital, all without change of name.
If we were picking out a name for
the capital now probably it
would not be Bismarck. But Bis­
marck it is, and so it is likely to
remain.

OF COURSE WE HAVE IN
the United States numerous cities
with foreign names. Ohio had her
Toledo. Florida, California, New
Mexico and Arizona are full of cit­
ties with Spanish names, sometimes
of persons, sometimes of places.
We derived Waldeck and New Or­
leans from France. Paris is a com­
mon name on this side of the ocean.
Twenty miles down the river from
Grand Forks on the Minnesota side
is the little town of Oslo, and the
people seem to like the name. I
have driven through the town
many times without being even re­
motely reminded that the name
came from Norway.

ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST
English names predominate. New
Amsterdam became New York, and
so it has remained. How many who
have heard the name ever think of
the city of York, England? Boston
is a good old English name. Vir­
ginia was named for an English
queen and Charleston for an Eng­
lish king whose politics and mor­
als left much to be desired, but
there would be a riot in Charleston
if anyone suggested the changing
of that name. Albany and Balti­
more are named for English noble­
men, Pittsburgh for a British
statesman, and Charlotte for an
English princes. These are but a
few items from a list which might be
made to fill columns, yet all the
fervor of the Revolution did not
suffice to change the names of
those places.

IT IS TRUE THAT A FEW
place names were changed during
the World war. I have in mind
particularly a county in Ontario
whose original German inhabitants
named it Waterloo and its county
seat Berlin. When the great war
came the descendants of those set­
tlers named the town Kitchener.
I HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER from Mrs. R. D. Heald of Laramore with reference to the haulage of the steamer Arrow from Bartlett, the "end of the track."

This occurred in 1888, in which year the steamer was hauled bodily across country from Bartlett to Devils Lake. The boat, as has been stated before, was to be used in general transportation on the lake. The facts relating to this incident were learned by the Delphian club of Laramore, and Mrs. Heald gives credit for the information to a little book of pioneer stories prepared by the Nemo club of Lakota. Such clubs can do, and are capable of doing a great deal of valuable work in collecting facts relating to the early history of local communities throughout the state. There is a great volume of such information that is both interesting and important that is not accessible to the general investigator, no matter how diligent he may be, but which is available to residents of the communities in which there still remain some of those who participated in the colorful events of the state's early history. There should be more local societies engaged in this intensely interesting work.

REFERENCES TO THE killing of the Ward brothers have brought responses from many quarters, and I have promised still more extended stories from persons who were in the vicinity of Devils Lake and became familiar with the facts. As is always the case when we depend on individual recollection concerning events of fifty years ago, there are discrepancies in the accounts now given. Most of these are unimportant, but I hope to be able to give in the near future the story of the Ward tragedy from several different viewpoints. First, I shall give the story as told by Dr. J. E. Engstad of Grand Forks, as follows:

"THE MASSACRE OF THE Ward brothers by a mob on the outskirts of Devils Lake was a live topic on my arrival in Grand Forks on April 7, 1888. The defense asked for a change of venue from Devils Lake to Grand Forks, and the trial had been concluded here two or three days before my arrival, and the defendants had been acquitted, principally due to the great ability of Bill Irwin at that time the leading criminal lawyer of the Northwest. Irwin appeared on the streets in Grand Forks a couple days after my arrival, and apparently he was the hero of the average man on the street. The so-called submerged intellectuals, the base on which our government is founded, were not in evidence. Anyway, they did not utter a word of protest against this trial.

"IN THE EARLY PART OF the summer I was called to Devils Lake, and, in common with every visitor to this city whose inhabitants had a vision that their city would be a second Chicago, I thoroughly inspected the tar covered cabin on the outskirts of this new city, or rather an overgrown village. I counted eighteen holes on the west side and half a dozen holes to the south end of this shanty. I was shown by a patriot the exact place where the boys fell. I cannot recall how many bullets hit about twenty times.

"THEIR MURDER ACTED AS a handicap to Devils Lake, for as long as Marshall Field lived, the officials of the Great Northern Railroad company did not show the city any favors. Marshall Field was at the time a director in the Great Northern, or as it was at that time called, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad company. I cannot recall the exact relationship between Marshall Field and the Ward brothers, that is, if they were his nephews or if they were Mrs. Marshall Field's nephews.

"A NUMBER OF YEARS AFTERWARDS John Cochran told me, a short time after he returned from Devils Lake where he had defended the wife of a member of the mob for killing her husband, that out of the I believe eighteen men indicted they all, with a few exceptions, met an early and in most cases violent death. The murderess whom he had defended was declared insane, and therefore not responsible for the murder of her husband and the horrible mutilation of his body after he had passed to his reward.

"MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF the mob were said to be professional claim jumpers. This man had either pre-empted or homesteaded the land jumped by the Ward brothers. In court it was proven that this claim jumper had not complied with a single provision of the homestead law, and therefore legally the Ward brothers had a valid claim as a jumper. It was also intimated that there was racketeering among the jumpers, that there was a bitter feud between them and that one of these feudists had encouraged the boys to jump the claim.

"IN APPEARANCE ATTORNEY IRWIN in many ways resembled Townley. He was slouchily dressed, probably for a purpose, but highly intelligent man, and a man of great personal magnetism. I can recall that the press featured Irwin's acquittal of a murderer either in Moorhead or in Fergus Falls. As soon as the jury brought out the verdict 'not guilty,' the man so acquitted rushed up to Irwin to thank him for saving his life. To this Irwin replied, 'Get out of here you Satanic murderer. Get out of the state. You are a murderer. You know it, and you ought to have been hung.'"
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED from J. G. Haney the following on grasshopper mites, which should be of interest now that the hoppers are hatching out: "I noted in your column reference to a mite that is destroying grasshopper eggs. Report came in from Oslo, Minnesota, that an observing farmer had noticed these "red spiders," they called them, destroying eggs. I went up there a week ago, and found many of these red mites—they are nearly as large as a Lady Bug, and a beautiful crimson red. They are wingless and rather slow in movement, but apparently very hardy as they were moving about and there had been a heavy frost and the surface of the ground was yet frozen the morning I looked for them. I had not seen them all at Larimore, but later found a few, but not nearly the number present farther north. A report from Gilby also indicates that they are very numerous there.

"THESE MITES WERE FOUND in the egg clusters, and doubtless were destroying the eggs, but as a hopper egg is nearly as large as a mite, one cluster of 30 to 75 grasshopper eggs would doubtless feed a family of mites a long time. Their method of getting distributed—attaching their eggs to the wings of the grasshopper—is certainly a unique adaptation.

"I ASKED PROFESSOR FORD of Brookings, South Dakota (who, I know, has given considerable study to the hopper question) about these mites, and whether they might not be collected and distributed. You will be interested in his reply, enclosed herewith.

"WE HAVE A LOT OF HOPPERS here in a glass in the office, nearly three weeks old, that are half an inch long, and would certainly eat a lot of crop. Red mites and hopper eggs, kept in a bottle together has resulted in a lot of hoppers hatched out, but one cannot see that the mites have interfered with the hatching. There doubtless will be millions of young hoppers coming out of the ground after the first fine warm days. Here's hoping the weather is unfavorable to the hoppers!

HERE IS WHAT PROFESSOR Ford has to say on the subject:

"I WAS VERY MUCH INTERESTED in what you had to say in reference to the red Thrombidium Locustatum mite working in grasshopper eggs in the vicinity of Grand Forks. We have observed this mite only in limited numbers working on grasshopper eggs in South Dakota. It is true that this mite is capable of destroying high percentages of grasshopper eggs, but their good work has usually been confined to isolated localities instead of the country as a whole.

"THERE ARE TWO STAGES of this mite. The summer stage are external parasites on the adult grasshoppers. They apparently cling to the wings of the hoppers, often in great numbers, and appear to obtain their living by sucking the body juices from the hoppers. We have observed as high as 25 or 30 of these mites on a single hopper. We are of the opinion that this external parasite working hopper does not interfere much with the normal development of the hopper. We have caged mature female hoppers heavily infested with these mites and were able to secure the normal number of eggs from them. It is because of this that we believe the summer stage of this mite does not interfere with the hoppers very much.

"IN THE FALL THESE MITES fall to the ground and from there on their food consists largely of grasshopper eggs. We have observed them working in grasshopper eggs in the fall and then again early in the spring soon after the frost is out.

"FROM OUR OBSERVATIONS in the past it is our opinion that no widespread natural control can be expected from this mite. We do know, however, that in certain isolated localities this mite often destroys a very high percentage of the eggs.

ANY CONTROL ATTEMPTED by artificially spreading this mite on egg infested soil, in our opinion, would be time wasted. The reason for this is that this mite is present at all times in practically all soils. They reproduce very rapidly, taking only a comparatively few days to go through complete generation. Since the mite is present in all soils and since they reproduce so rapidly, if conditions are right for them to multiply they will do so if they have been artificially spread or not. Exactly the same thing holds good with the control of grasshoppers by the artificial propagation of the so-called grasshopper fungus disease.

"IN SOUTH DAKOTA THE grasshopper eggs have passed the winter very successfully. Our observations show that, taking the state as a whole, between 80 and 90 per cent of the over wintering eggs are hatchable at the present writing.

"THE GRASSHOPPER EGG survey which was conducted over the entire state last fall showed that at least parts of most counties in the state went into the winter with serious numbers of grasshopper eggs in the soil. The situation today remains about the same as it was when this survey was made because the number of eggs which have successfully wintered is at least up to or above normal."

FROM ALL OF THIS WE MUST conclude that the degree to which grasshopper infestation is checked by mites is beyond the control of man, and also beyond prediction. If the conditions are just right for the mites they are likely to be of material assistance, but there is no assurance of much help from this source. It seems to be a case of trusting in God and using plenty of poison.
MRS. LILLIAN LEITH WIT-mer writes from Ann Arbor, Mich., concerning the origin of the term "blind pig," of which mention was made in this column some weeks ago. She sends a clipping from a Detroit paper in which J. Simons, of Adrian, Mich., gives a version which may prove to be the true one. Mr. Simons believes that the term originated when the lumbering industry was at its height in Michigan and adjacent territory. Liquor was often hidden in the camps, except such as might be needed for medicinal purposes. As whole carcases of hogs were brought into camp and kept frozen it was sometimes easy to smuggle liquor inside the dressed carcases. Much liquor was smuggled in this way until the law became too rigid. Mr. Simons thinks it probable that the term originated from this practice and notes that illicit liquor places were commonly called blind pigs in the lumbering region, while "speakeasy" has been more commonly used in New York and the east generally. My impression, however, is that the word "speakeasy" is a much later invention.

* * *

I RECALL JUST ONE PLACE where alcoholic beverages were sold illegally in my youth. Our town operated at that time under the license system. Every hotel had its bar and the occasional liquor store, where sales were made in bulk or by the bottle, but not for consumption on the premises. So far as the consumer was concerned he had no occasion for a blind pig. By walking a block or two one could buy a drink anywhere in the business section and the liquor dealer treated the customer with amiable respect.

* * *

THERE WAS NO REASON why anyone should go to that place to buy liquor. It could be bought openly at plenty of other places. But such is human perversity that "Bob's place" had a certain fascination for the younger set. There was always the possibility that the place would be raided and patrons haled into court as witnesses. It was a place of danger and mystery.

Instead of stepping right off Main street through the front door, in perfect security and respectability, and asking for a glass of beer one slipped cautiously by the side door and asked for a Buffalo cigar, receiving exactly the same kind and quantity of beer and paying the same price for it. The adventure was a mild one, nevertheless it was an adventure, and as such it had its appeal.

IN ADDITION TO OTHER FEATURES we had at that time the grocer's license under which the grocer had permission to sell liquor. That practice was pretty well outgrown in my time, and while I can remember a few groceries in which liquor was sold I have no distinct recollection of the conditions of the license. My impression is that the grocer was supposed to sell only in bulk, and not for consumption on the premises. In fact, the grocer did often treat his customers, and doubtless sold occasionally by the glass.

IN THAT CONNECTION there is the story of the thrifty Scottish villager in the days when every grocer had its assortment of liquor and was expected, as a matter of course, to treat the customer after each transaction. Sandy lived in the village and was sent by his wife to the store with an egg which the family hen had just laid, and which he was to exchange for a paper of pins. The exchange was made on an even basis, this being in accord with market quotations, and, the storekeeper noticing his customer looking thirstily in the direction of the liquor barrels, and wishing to humor him, said: "Every trade cat's for a treat, Sandy. What'll ye hae?" "Weel," said Sandy, thoughtfully, "gin it's agreeable to ye I hae a sma' glass o' brandy wi' an egg intil't."

* * *

THAT RECALLS another yarn, so old that most people have probably forgotten it, of the cook's recipe for brose. Andrew was cook on a small yacht, and the guest of honor, from the south of England, found the soup served exactly as he liked it. Andrew proceeded to give the desired information. "First there's mutton intil't," he said, "an' there's barley intil't and turnips intil't—" "But what's intil't?" asked the guest. "There's mutton intil't," repeated Andrew, "an' barley intil't, an'—" "Yes, yes, but what's intil't—intil't?" "Losh! I'm a-tellin' ye what's intil't. If ye'll only bide yer claver. There's mutton intil't—" And at last it dawned on the barbarian from the south that "intil't" simply meant "in it."
IN CONNECTION WITH THE case of the Ward brothers who were shot as the result of a controversy over homestead rights in the Devils Lake district my attention has been called to an article by Henry Hale of Devils Lake in a booklet published by Mr. Hale some years ago entitled "Pioneers Association, Devils Lake Region. In that article Mr. Hale describes the laws under which land filings were made, namely, homesteaded, pre-emption and tree claim laws, and the requirements under each. Land was also obtained by soldiers under somewhat different conditions. Of this Mr. Hale says:

* * *

"THERE IS A GENERAL IMPRESSION that soldiers of the Civil war were each given 160 acres of government land. This is a mistake. They had certain privileges that the ordinary squatter did not have. For instance, they could file on vacant surveyed land through an attorney and then they had six months in which to make their settlement. This was known as a soldier's declaratory statement, but they had to comply with the laws as to filing, settlement, residence and cultivation with the exception that the period of their service during the amount the amount of required residence they had to make on a homestead, but they had to make at least 12 months' residence. So that a soldier who had three years war service had only to make residence for two years to prove up his homestead instead of five.

"THERE WAS ALSO A 'SCRIP' provision that where a soldier had proved up on less than 160 acres he could take up another tract to make up the difference. This right was assignable and did not require residence on the second tract. The use of his right was known as 'soldiers' additional scrip' and was used to obtain land for townsite purposes as no residence was required to obtain a patent."

CONCERNING THE WARD case Mr. Hale explains that contests over the right to file on certain lands were heard and determined at the local land offices with the right to appeal to the general land office and to the secretary of the interior. Continuing:

* * *

"PROBABLY ONE OF THE most celebrated cases was that of the Ward brothers. James and Fred Ward, two young men from Chicago, who before the land was surveyed squatted on land half a mile from Devils Lake on which others claimed a prior right, a number of squatters in the neighborhood being under the impression or assuming that the Wards were 'jumping' the claims, went to the land with a view of driving them off; in the melee both of the Wards were killed. Those who participated in the affray were arrested and one of them was tried for murder but acquitted, so nothing further was done in the criminal court, but the heirs of the Wards, the father in one case and the wife in the other, contested the claims before the land office and finally obtained title to the land. The cases were decided not on the question of prior squatters' rights but on the question of citizenship. The contestees being born in Canada were unable to prove that they were citizens of the United States or that they had declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, consequently they had no right to file on the land."
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

CONCERNING DEMOCRATIC presidential possibilities the New York Times says: "Mr. Melvin A. Traylor and Speaker Garner were not only born on a farm, as most congressmen arrange to be, but in a log cabin." I wouldn't have thought it, I would have supposed that it would take at least two farms and two cabins to accommodate them. We live and learn. A correspondent w h o tries to keep his premises in presentable condition commends a recent letter from B. M. T. in this column relating to the scattering of paper around the city and suggests that attention be given also to the persons, delivery men, peddlers and others, who make paths across lawns regardless of the condition of the soil. Many times, he says, holes so made have to be filled with new earth and reseeded. There is also the offense of stepping through hedges, breaking branches, and inflicting damage which calls for replacement.

CITY ORDINANCES PROHIBIT trespass of this kind, and in some cities such ordinances are enforced quite vigorously. I do not believe, however, that it is possible to have ordinances so strict and policemen so numerous and diligent that property will be adequately protected from depredation in the absence of a lively public sentiment for good order and respect for the rights of others. And that sentiment, if it is really to govern conduct, must be developed from infancy on, through every agency that deals with the lives of children. Probably everybody will agree with that. Now let the home, the school, the Sunday school and the several other institutions charged with the training of children, be in a circle and they will point their fingers at each other instead of at themselves.

DRIVING AROUND THE OUTFI

skirts of the city on a recent fine evening I saw at least a dozen baseball games in progress. They were typical back-lot games, with both players and spectators drawn from each immediate neighborhood—a perfect expression of democracy in sport. There were no salaried players, no admission fees, no fanfare of publicity—none of the familiar accompaniments of big league baseball. But everybody was having a fine time. Neighbors mixed and rubbed elbows. The junior's son and the boss's son stood on exactly the same base and the preacher was roasted unmercifully by the parishioner for a boneheaded play.

BASEBALL IS THE GREAT American sport. Sometimes the devotion of our people to the game is measured by the volume of gate receipts and the enormous salaries paid to players. That kind of baseball is all right, as far as it goes, but if we had only league baseball it wouldn't be worth a whoop. There is neither exercise nor the development of skill in studying the box scores and being able to reel off the batting averages of the players. In so far as professional baseball tends to stimulate interest in the actual playing of the game and to promote its playing on the thousands of vacant lots and pasture fields all over the country it is of enormous value. Beyond that it becomes mere entertainment, like a circus or a vaudeville show, with equally limited possibilities.

DEAN KENNEDY TELLS OF one ball game that stands out in his memory. He skipped school to play the game, and that, of course, is something which he has repented long ago, and which he would not recommend to any member of the rising generation. He walked nine miles to play the game, then walked nine miles home. His team won, which fact measurably lightened the burden of guilt which oppressed him because of skipping school. I understand his conclusions to be that one should not skip school to play baseball, but if he does that highly improper thing he should do it with the feeling that he just has to win that game.

ONLY ONE OUT OF THOUSANDS of those who are now playing ball on the back lots will ever achieve more than local distinction in the game or will make real money by playing it. But most of them will get out of the game something more valuable than fame or money. They will have the joy that comes of playing a game for the sake of the game itself, which is closely associated with the joy that there is in doing work for the sake of the work itself. And that it is on which most human progress rests.
C. M. HERBIG, OF HERBIG Bros., Eastby, N. D., writes as follows:

"We at our house all read your column with much pleasure and profit and we have been especially interested in the discussions of grasshoppers and their control. We heartily agree with Alfred Eastgate's opinion that the hopper problem is a local one and must be handled locally if we are to avoid bitter disappointment when the hoppers arrive. Last winter we wrote you in regard to the burner method of grasshopper control, which we believe to be the quickest, surest and cheapest method yet devised, and a number of your readers desired additional information in regard to this, but to date we have not sent it as we were intending to get out a bulletin on the subject. Now that we have it ready we find that we have misplaced the addresses of those who wanted it. If those parties will write us again we will be glad to send copies, and anyone else interested can have a copy by writing us."

TO THOSE WHO FAILED TO

After getting the whiskey he said: "I always have a bit o' sugar intil't." The dealer produced the sugar, and then Sandy said: "I'd like to hae an egg intil't." The egg that Sandy had broken and dropped into the glass. Sandy took up the glass and noticed that the egg was a double-yolked one. With a broad smile he looked at the merchant and said:

"This bein' a double-yolked one I'll be havin' another egg's worth o' dairin' needles comin' to me."

MR. McDougall says that while living in Ontario he knew of only one place where liquor was sold without license. That place was kept by a lame Highlander who had only imperfect command of English. When customers visited his place he would ask: "What'll you took, boys?" and would add craftily "I haven't anything but malt."

* * *

TO THE FELLOW THAT stands out in front and receives the applause is not exclusively responsible for the performance is well brought out in an old poem by Douglas Malloch which runs as follows:

THE PLAIN MEMBER.

I like the little fellows who don't count for very much;
It isn't from the 'cellos that you get the finer touch;
The roaring of the basses and the rattle of the traps
May have their proper places in the harmony perhaps;
But down there in the middle, inconspicuously there,
Is the little second fiddle that is carrying the air.

After getting the whisky he said: "I always have a bit o' sugar intil't."

The dealer produced the sugar, and then Sandy said: "I'd like to hae an egg intil't." The egg that Sandy had taken to the store for the darning needles was broken and dropped into the glass. Sandy took up the glass and noticed that the egg was a double-yolked one. With a broad smile he looked at the merchant and said:

"This bein' a double-yolked one I'll be havin' another egg's worth o' dairin' needles comin' to me."

* * *

TO THOSE WHO FAILED TO see Mr. Herbig's former letter it may be explained that he advised the use of a burner similar in character to the burners used for destroying weeds along railway right-of-way. It was recommended that the burner be used along roadsides and fences to destroy the young insects before they have spread over the cultivated fields.

TO THOSE WHO FAILED TO see Mr. Herbig's former letter it may be explained that he advised the use of a burner similar in character to the burners used for destroying weeds along railway right-of-way. It was recommended that the burner be used along roadsides and fences to destroy the young insects before they have spread over the cultivated fields.

NEIL McDougall, of Omemee, has another version of the story of the thrifty Scott who made a trade at the village grocery with one egg. According to this version one Sandy McPherson, who, Mr. McDougall insists, lived in Huron county, Ont., was sent by his wife to the store for an egg's worth of darning needles. After getting the darning needles Sandy stood around for a while and finally said to the merchant:

"I've been hearin' that you treat your customers."

"Yes, Sandy," was the reply, "but you can hardly expect a treat on an egg's worth of darning needles."

"Weel no," said Sandy, "but a customer's a customer."

"All right then. What will you have?"

"Whisky," said Sandy.

"I've been hearin' that you treat your customers."

"Yes, Sandy," was the reply, "but you can hardly expect a treat on an egg's worth of darning needles."

"Weel no," said Sandy, "but a customer's a customer."

"All right then. What will you have?"

"Whisky," said Sandy.

TO THOSE WHO FAILED TO see Mr. Herbig's former letter it may be explained that he advised the use of a burner similar in character to the burners used for destroying weeds along railway right-of-way. It was recommended that the burner be used along roadsides and fences to destroy the young insects before they have spread over the cultivated fields.

"I've been hearin' that you treat your customers."

"Yes, Sandy," was the reply, "but you can hardly expect a treat on an egg's worth of darning needles."

"Weel no," said Sandy, "but a customer's a customer."

"All right then. What will you have?"

"Whisky," said Sandy.
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

REFERENCES TO THE MURDER of the Ward brothers have brought several letters from persons more or less familiar with the facts. George Barrett, who operates a hardware and furniture store before leaving Dakota writes: "I have read with much interest your article referring to a steamboat at Bartlett forty years ago, also the articles referring to the Ward brothers. I was at Bartlett in the spring of '83, now 49 years ago. It was then that the steamboat came by rail and the same spring as the shooting of these young men." Mr. Barrett offers to collect some items of interest concerning early days in his vicinity. His information will be awaited with interest. In the meantime, I shall quote a few paragraphs from a little pamphlet entitled "The End of the Track," prepared by Mr. Barrett, and a copy of which he encloses.

Impressions of Grand Forks as it was in the early eighties are thus given:

OUR TRAIN ARRIVED AT Grand Forks, a bustling little city, and there, also, were young people filled with hope and great expectations. Big things were coming and everyone was alert to grasp the opportunities that were on every hand. Everyone had a title of some kind. Colonel Smith was then in his prime, a veteran of the Civil war, whose military bearing harmonized with the western style. Colonel Brown, the band major, and first mayor of the city, Major Hamilton, Captain Griggs, Captain McCormack, William Budge and Jake Eshelman, these were among the number; and I recall meeting Dave Holmes, Willis Joy, of R. S. Griffith, Mr. Wheeler and others who are still in Grand Forks.

THE DATE OF THE PAMPHLET is not given, but of all those mentioned R. B. Griffith is the only one still living in Grand Forks, and he and William Budge are the only ones now living. The story is told of the building of the railroad from Grand Forks, first to Stickney, now Ojata, and then to Larimore, and people were wondering where it would go next. Harrisburg, Wamduska and Odessa were platted in the expectation that the road would reach them. Odessa was a candidate for the state territorial capital which was soon to be relocated. But there were other ideas on the subject. Mr. Barrett's story continues:

"MR. HILL BROOKED NO INTERFERENCE with his plans. Townsite enthusiasts were trying to capitalize on the new extensions. Harrisburg, Wamduska and Odessa, all natural townsites, were given the go-by, and their promoters lost accordingly. Lakota was to have been a point for a pause in his extension work, but the contractors, having had a good season, pushed on as far as Bartlett in the fall of '82. Frank Bartlett and Goodhue of Larimore scripped the land where Bartlett now stands, and the city of Bartlett made a wonderful start, but Mr. Hill had no notion that it should be a city. He never did recognize such a place until W. H. Standish enjoined him from moving the station away and all the early shipments were billed to the 'End of the Track.' There was to be no townsite in which he was not a participant. That was final notice to all, and he had no further trouble along these lines in all his extensions to the coast.

"BUT THE END OF THE TRACK" was where Bartlett and Goodhue had scripped the land and laid out the townsite of Bartlett. It was in the late fall and the ground was frozen. Mr. Hill could not move farther, so he built the big warehouse and depot to take care of the immense tonnage which was to move there in the coming spring, and he gave warning that when the rails moved there would be no station at Bartlett; but that didn't stop the enthusiasts. Bartlett would be a city yet. Maybe Mr. Hill had spent his last dollar and would have to remain there a few years at any rate. Town lots began to sell, and nearly all the central block, as it now stands, and across the streets were sold at good figures. A building of some kind was erected on a majority of the lots sold.

"WINTER WAS AT HAND. The new road from Larimore could not be used for traffic. A few supplies came through at the last moment, and winter tightened for one of the longest and hardest ever known. Everything for man and beast had to be freighted from Larimore, and a steady train of building materials kept the trails open. Bartlett was building all through the long winter of '83 and the next year went 'get while the getting was good.' The spring of '83 was to be the big event in the district now called the Lake Region."

I FIND THAT MY SPACE IS used up, so I reserve the rest of the story for another day.
I was tired and wanted rest, so I registered and asked the number of my room. 'Number 42! Take this boy up,' was John's order. He started up the stairs and I was led to Room 42, which consisted of the loft of a story-and-a-half structure called the Bartlett House. In it were twenty-one bunks, two high, and two men to the bunk, making forty-two, the number of my room. It was unfinished all around and above us, just one thickness of lumber, and no ventilation whatever. It was bitter cold and the moisture of the breath of forty-two men formed ice on the under side of the roof above us. As morning approached they let heat come up from below, and the ice melted, precipitating quite a miasma, so dampened the red, yellow and green quilts in which we were rolled, that when we arose, we all looked like Easter eggs.

**TRAINS CAME IN DAILY loaded with immigrant supplies, building and railroad materials, army supplies and merchandise of all kinds. Hundreds of people from all stations in life were arriving daily. Hammers and saws were making merry. Bartlett was on the boom. Of the hotels, the Flint house, which stood north of the present Freeburg store, was the best, with twenty rooms. The Fargo house, standing on the corner of the present school grounds, was about the same. John Carrol and Mr. Mararanis were the proprietors, and Rundell and Label took care of the bar. The McFadden house and the Lynch house took care of a goodly number, and the Bartlett house and the Crosker house, besides many small places for lodging and eats, the multitude were taken care of. Nor was there any lack of refreshments; there were twenty-one saloons. There was no sale. Many claimed there were twenty-one saloons. There was no license to pay and it was easy to get established in business. Many of them never closed their doors, they were open night and day. The Diamond was one of the swell places, and we remember it because of their having a piano and a popular gamblers' percentages every one seemed to have a square deal. There was lots of liquor drank, but very little drunkenness; no one was robbed of his money, and there was no rough handling of the crowds. I always gave those old professionals credit for letting us boys strictly alone.**

**I NEVER DID KNOW JUST how many saloons there were, but it seemed nearly every establishment one passed had liquor for sale. Many claimed there were twenty-one saloons. There was no license to pay and it was easy to get established in business. Many of them never closed their doors, they were open night and day. The Diamond was one of the swell places, and we remember it because of their having a piano and a darkey who sang and played almost continually, 'Boys, keep away from the girls, I say, give them lots of room,' and 'Bartlett, dear Bartlett, will be the dandy of Dakota yet,' were among his favorites that rang out through the night. 'Skinny' and 'Skhan' Frost had the biggest place just south of the present Bartlett State bank, facing west.**

**FEELING THE NECESSITY for economy, I sought a cheap place in which to stay, and was directed to the Bartlett House, north of the track. John Burlingle game was clerk. Rates, $1.00 per day, board and lodging. I was tired and wanted rest, so I registered and asked the number of my room. 'Number 42! Take this boy up,' was John's order. He started up the stairs and I was led to Room 42, which consisted of the loft of a story-and-a-half structure called the Bartlett House. In it were twenty-one bunks, two high, and two men to the bunk, making forty-two, the number of my room. It was unfinished all around and above us, just one thickness of lumber, and no ventilation whatever. It was bitter cold and the moisture of the breath of forty-two men formed ice on the under side of the roof above us. As morning approached they let heat come up from below, and the ice melted, precipitating quite a miasma, so dampened the red, yellow and green quilts in which we were rolled, that when we arose, we all looked like Easter eggs.**

**IT WAS LARGELY IMMIGRANT cars in which the owners stayed with their stock. Henry Blaufus, Fred Ferris, Jerry Cronin and J. H. Bolyea were among the number. Mr. Murray, who settled east of Devils Lake, was in the caboose, and I recall he had a Plymouth Rock rooster and two hens in a crated box, as a start for his poultry establishment. It was a long, bleak trail through the wilderness of snow. We saw little evidence of life after leaving Niagara. There were no stations between there and our destination, just snow and more snow. The train barely crawled. Coming up the Niagara hills sounded like trains of today crossing the Continental Divide. We had to help shovel out occasionally, and water for the engine was blocks of frozen snow. It was evening when we finally arrived and the Bartlett, 'multitude' came down to greet the 'first train through.'**

**THERE ONE COULD SEE all that the wild west had to offer;"
THE WORD "HOAX" HAS gradually been perverted to base uses. Webster defines it as "a deception for mockery or mischief; a deceptive trick or story; a practical joke." The definition of the verb form also carries out the idea of sport or mischief, not of malice. Various writers in later years have found the word convenient to use to describe acts which no effort of the imagination could associate in the spirit of fun. Thus the unspeakable cruelty in deliberately playing on human spirits already strained and tortured beyond belief if popularly and inadequately described as a hoax. Thus we have an illustration of the sort of changes which words may undergo. There are other words in our language which are now used in a sense quite opposite to that which originally attached to them.

NOT ONLY HAS CUSTOM changed the use of the word, but sentiment has also changed concerning what kind of hoax—in the original meaning of the word—is permissible. A familiar story relating to Benjamin Franklin is of his controversy with another almanac maker in the very early days of "Poor Richard." Another man—name not recalled—had for several years published an almanac in Philadelphia. Presumably it was not much of an almanac, being of the type once quite common, but the publisher had been making an honest living at it and had not bothered Franklin or anybody else.

FRANKLIN ENTERED WITH his almanac, which was to become famous for its wit and homely philosophy. There ensued sharp business competition between the two. Franklin heaped ridicule upon the other fellow's effort and in one of his issues soberly announced that the other publisher had died and that his almanac would be discontinued. Frantically the poor publisher protested in his own almanac that he was not dead. Franklin repeated the statement and assured the public that the other publication was merely being carried on temporarily by the heirs of the deceased man.

TO SUCH A CONTEST THERE could be only one result. Franklin was brilliant, witty and plausible. The other man did not know how to meet such an attack. Means of public information were scant, and the victim in this case did not know how to use such as there were. The public believed Franklin's statement. Circulation of the other almanac fell off and presently its publication was perforce discontinued. It is said that the poor fellow's loss of business and of money so affected him that he died, broken-hearted.

THAT STORY HAS BEEN told quite circumstantially. It may or may not be exaggerated. But my sympathies have always been with the unfortunate victim of an unfair and unwarranted attack. Yet Franklin does not appear to have been a dishonest or cruel man. Probably his idea was that he was playing a clever trick at a time when there was little thought of ethics in business. Today a man who would so conduct himself would be ostracized in any community.

WHILE I HAVE ALWAYS thought that Franklin in that case stretched the hoax beyond what was ever its reasonable limit. The public was once much more tolerant of hoaxes than it is now, and the perpetration of hoaxes was considered quite permissible in the publication of a newspaper. Franklin himself perpetrated several absurdities in his paper, to laugh at later at the gullible public which had swallowed his yarns whole. Poe seems to have varied poetry and mystery stories with occasional hoaxes.

DR. COOK'S ELABORATELY framed account of his alleged journey to the north pole is cited as one of the outstanding hoaxes of modern times. That, however, was more than a hoax. It was a plain fraud, committed for the sake of personal profit.

IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF the newspaper business the hoax has fallen into disrepute. Occasionally there is an elaborate attempt at what is considered a practical joke in a newspaper, but it never takes well. Newspaper readers want facts, and they resent attempts to befoul them by presenting fiction as fact.
in the novel in the late eighteenth century; and while the teller of the story, a later Redgauntlet, does not commit himself to belief in the origin of the mark, he points out that a mark, curiously resembling a horseshoe, has been borne by most members of the family through the centuries.

* * *

DID SCOTT HIMSELF ACCEPT the theory of the origin of such marks? There is reason to believe that he did. The heroine of "Redgauntlet" tells of the death of her father in the Jacobine "affair of 1745." Removing her glove she says:

"These five blood-specks on my arm are a mark by which mysterious nature has impressed, on an unborn infant, a record of its father's violent death and its mother's miseries."

* * *

THAT EXPRESSION BY ONE of his characters, of course, does not commit the author himself, but the author does commit himself quite definitely in this note on the above passage:

"Several persons have brought down to these days the impressions which nature had thus recorded when they were babes unborn. One lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death, previous to the rebellion, was marked by the back of the neck by the sign of a broad axe. Another, whose kinsmen had been slain in battle, and died on the scaffold to the number of seven, bore a child spattered on the right shoulder and down the arm, with scarlet drops, as if of blood. Many other instances might be quoted."

* * *

WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT," asks O. O. McIntyre, "when Evangeline Evans, astrologer, broadcasted the elder J. P. Morgan came to her for advice?"

I should expect, or suppose, that the lady is fibbing.

ONE OF THOSE LITTLE HAN- dy lessons in English warns writers never to begin a sentence with the word "the." Immediately there occurred to me:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly over the lea,

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

In the first three lines are three distinct and complete statements, constituting, in effect, three separate sentences, and each beginning with "the." Mr. Gray worked a long time over that poem, and that was the best he could do.
THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

PROFESSOR M. H. SWENK, of the Nebraska Agricultural college, holds our attention by that grasshoppers may be killed if the conditions are just right. Heretofore we have been told of but one man whereby the hopper plague may be checked by natural means. Cold, wet weather, it has been said, is likely to be fatal to millions of the insects if it comes soon after hatching. The cold weather prevents the little bugs from feeding, and they starve, and so are destroyed by their own cold. Professor Swenk adds to the possibilities the effect of hard, dashing rains, which will drown the young insects. In that case thunder storms will become very prominent. The Nebraska authority, like all others, emphasizes the importance of spreading poison bait early where such treatment is used. Most of the eggs, he says, are laid in weed patches, fence rows, sod land and similar uncultivated areas. If the poisoning is begun early, he says, the treatment can be confined to such areas, but if the insects are left alone until they have attained a larger growth they will have spread to adjoining fields and it will be necessary to cover much more ground with the bait.

* * *

DANDELIONS ARE WITH US again and lawns are carpeted with brilliant yellow instead of the green which most people prefer. If it is true that beauty is in the eye of the beholder dandelions are probably not beautiful, for most of us are concerned with other things than thoughts of beauty when confronted with an acre or two of these yellow blossoms. Still, if dandelions were as rare as orchids, they would be considered beautiful. They meet all the requirements as to form and color.

* * *

WHAT TO DO ABOUT DANDELIONS is a perennial problem. The plants can be destroyed by digging, but when the plants are massed together so that they overlap, digging is next to a hopeless task. Also while digging will destroy plants that are already established, it loosens the soil and provides an excellent seed bed in which new plants can take root. If the turf is thick and the grass vigorous seedlings have a difficult time establishing themselves. Fertilization is one good defense.

A STANDARD PRACTICE, and an excellent one for the person who feels that he must dig dandelions is to carry along a pall of rich earth mixed with grassseed and to scatter it in the moisture wherever the earth is disturbed. I have experimented in a very small way with various applications on individual plants. I have tried gasoline, alcohol, furnace oil, and common vinegar. Thus far I have had the most promising results from vinegar. A few drops squirted from an oil can into the crown of a plant causes the leaves to wither and brown in a short time. Gasoline and oil seem to have a less pronounced effect, and I should go slow with treatment because of possible injury to grass near by. I have treated bits of grass with moderate doses of vinegar without apparent injury.

LILAC TIME HAS COME UPON us all in a hurry. A few days scarcely a bud was opened; now the bushes are masses of bloom. Cool rain would prolong the blooming season, but without it the lilac season will soon be over. There is a difference of about a week between the southern and the northern sections of the state in the blooming time of lilacs, as in the growth of most other vegetation. On the other hand, Duluth, although considerably farther south than Grand Forks, is apt to have a much later season. Some years ago I was in Duluth in early June. Lilacs here had finished blooming and scarcely a blossom was to be seen. At Duluth the first blossoms were just opening. Our southeast winds are apt to be hot and to hurry vegetation along, while at Duluth the great expanse of lake chills the southeast winds and tends to retard growth.

* * *

H. L. MENCKEN GIVES AS one of his private verbal abominations the word "onto," and as another "alright" each as a single word. As to the latter, there is no real word, nor any real idea, but I do not recognize it. "Onto" always seemed to me a pretty good word. It is regular, being given in the dictionaries, and it conveys an entirely different meaning from "on" and "to" used separately. Then we have Dr. Dreiser "banging the t' in "often" and denouncing as not competent to speak correct English those who do not. How do you pronounce it? Just as I do, I'll bet.
NO RESIDENT OF NORTH DAKOTA need travel far to enjoy delightful scenery. Undoubtedly the scenery in the Rockies is magnificent and both scenic beauty and historical interest are to be found in abundance in the east. However, long journeys are usually more costly than short trips and there may be found some compensation for tightened financial conditions in the fact that many people, not feeling able to travel far, will become more familiar with the beauties that are to be found right at their own doors. In the brilliant little sketch "Acres of Diamonds" we are told of the man who, after traveling years in search of wealth, found greater wealth than he had been seeking right in his own yard.

SOME TWO YEARS AGO I wrote something about Stump Lake, my first visit to that interesting place having just been made. At that time I recommended a visit to Stump Lake because of the natural beauty of the place, its interesting geologic history, its place in the history of the first mail route west from Grand Forks and the varied scenery offered. I repeat all the recommendations that I made at that time, including that for the return trip to be made, if possible, in the late afternoon or early evening by way of Pekin and Northwood. Coming that way one has a view of a bit of the rugged Sheyenne valley, and then, with the sun at his back, he has a magnificent view of the Red River valley from one eminence after another as he rolls down stairs, as it were, from the western elevation. With that great plain spread before him one sees more shades of green than were ever mixed by a painter, with villages and groves dotting the landscape with their own varied hues. Going out by Lake Dakota and back by Pekin the drive is a pleasant and comfortable one, just the thing for a mild holiday.

A DRIVE OF A LITTLE OVER 100 miles takes one to Walhalla by way of Hamilton and Cavalier. The road west of Cavalier is along the Tongue river, a meandering stream fringed with timber. The eleven miles south of Walhalla is well graded and soon to be gravelled, but at present it is to be avoided in wet weather. I have written only recently of Walhalla, and I am taking nothing back concerning the picturesque setting in which the little town is placed.

INSTEAD OF GOING NORTH to Walhalla one may continue west through the Pembina mountains to Langdon, where Mark Forkner and a lot of other Scots hold forth. The city itself is well worth a visit as a thriving business place, and beyond are found some caves and springs, which are bound to attract more attention than formerly because of the establishment there of the Peace Garden, which is now assured.

NORTH DAKOTA HAS DONATED 640 acres for the Garden, and Manitoba contributes like 1,500 acres. A mammoth picnic is to be held there on July 14 to celebrate the completion of negotiations for the establishment of the Garden. The people of Manitoba and North Dakota can afford to be a little chary over the fact that an international committee appointed to select a site made this spot after having examined sites all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That committee found the Turtle Mountain area ideal for the purpose, and the Turtle mountains can be reached from Grand Forks in a drive of a few hours.

FAR WEST, BUT STILL within our own state, are the Missouri and the Little Missouri, the latter with its wonderfully scored Bad Lands and its reminders of the colorful days of Roosevelt and De Mores. If I ever visit that country again I intend to do some scouting at Killdeer mountain, a great timber-covered hill rising abruptly from the plain, and which is said to contain innumerable caves and springs, the whole surmounted by a great level plateau. The hill is impressive from a distance, and it was the scene of a famous Indian battle.

IN THE OTHER DIRECTION we have easily accessible all of northern Minnesota, with its multitude of camping and fishing places. One of the finest bodies of water nearby is the Lake of the Woods, famous for its fishing. The south shore of the lake is unattractive, being low and swampy, but the northeast shore is bluff and rocky, and in that part of the lake are islands literally by the thousand, ranging in size from many acres to those of only a few yards. Most of the islands are covered with timber and afford ideal camping places. In the island section there are tortuous channels leading in every direction. Formerly that section was difficult in access, but I am told that there is now a good road running north from Beaudette which takes one to the heart of the most picturesque part of the lake.
I HAVE WRITTEN OCCASION- 
ally of townsites which never de-
veloped, and many of them were 
started in the early days of the
Northwest. Personally I carried 
chain or ran transit on Clarke 
City, a dozen miles south of 
Sanborn, Gwynn City, just north of 
Sykeston, and Newport, a few miles 
south of Carrington, not 
one of which, so 
as far as I know, 
ever drew the 
breath of life. I 
have also helped to 
lay out addi-
tions to a dozen 
towns, each of 
which was touted 
by the enterprising townsite own-
ers as the coming metropolis of 
the Northwest. At one time I had 
a contract for a deed to two lots 
derived from enterprising town-
site promoters and inquir-
ers of fairly large logs and treads of 
thick planks.

Davies

was one which was projected some 
time in the early part of the last 
century, and with whose visible 
remnants I was familiar in boy-
hood. About two miles directly 
south of Brantford, Ont., where the 
river swings around in a sharp 
curve, the bank rises steeply to a 
height of 100 feet or more, and at 
the foot of this hill there is, or was, 
in my time, a level space perhaps 
200 feet wide, just a little above 
the level of high water. In my boy-
hood this narrow strip of land, be-
tween the foot of the hill and the 
river, was dotted with heavy hard-
wood stakes, marking the lines of 
what were intended to be town lots 
and streets. The country road ran 
along the crest of the hill, and up 
the hill ran a stairway with strings 
of fairly large logs and treads of 

SIXTY YEARS AGO ALL THIS 
evidence of early intent was in 
rains. Many of the stakes had 
rotted and broken off and the stair-
way was crumbling. Still enough 
remained for climbing purposes 
and we youngsters clambered up 
and down the broken steps, like 
squirrels on a rail fence.

I NEVER KNEW THE NAME 
of this embryo town, or if it had 
one, and all the facts concerning 
it had then become traditions. Chil-
dren are not greatly interested in 
traditions, and all I know of the 
greats and grand about it and why it 
are likely to hear. As I have un-
derstood it, however, the land had 
belonged to one James Cockshutt, 
whose grandson years later found-
ed the Cockshutt Plow company 
of Canada. The old gentleman had 
come from England, started a store 
at Brantford which later became 
the Cockshutt Plow company 
point would be the head of river 
navigation. A short distance up 
stream there were rapids and shal-
loows, but below was deep wate-
er. From that standpoint there was 
logic in the idea, but the building 
of a canal in another direction 
brung steamers right to Brant-
ford. That was one of the risks 
that all townsite promoters must 
accept. The fantastic feature of 
the whole enterprise was that a 
hard-headed and successful busi-
ness man could have conceived the 
idea of building a town on a nar-
row shelf of land at the bottom of 
a seem hill which had to be 
climbed by means of a ladder, and 
where the land itself was con-
stantly being eroded by the force 
of the stream.
ELABORATE CEREMONIES marked the observance of Decoration day in Grand Forks forty years ago and for many years thereafter. The story of the exercises in 1892 would serve for any one of a number of years in that period, provided the names of the participants were changed. The exercises were always in charge of Willis A. Gorman Post, G. A. R., which at that time had a large and active membership of fairly vigorous men. May 30, 1892, was a fine spring day, and people turned out in large numbers for the morning exercises at the cemetery and the more extended program in the afternoon. The latter program was started off in the conventional way with a parade whose central feature was the group of Civil war veterans, 50 in number. Marshals of the day were George B. Winship and D. W. Luke. Fire and police departments of Grand Forks and East Grand Forks turned out in full feather, bands played, officials of the two cities rode in state, and "citizens in carriages" followed.

THERE WAS NO CITY PARK at that time, but the timbered section of what is now Central park was always brushed up a bit for such events, a rough speakers' stand was built and plank seats were provided for the audience. On the day in question William Ackerman acted as master of ceremonies, he being one of the local G. A. R. group. The speaker of the day was Colonel W. C. Plummer, an orator of the old style who was in demand wherever audiences were to be persuaded, inspired or thrilled.

MUSIC WAS RENDERED BY the band and by a large vocal chorus. In that chorus were some whose names are still familiar, and some, doubtless, who are forgotten. Here is the list: Misses Nellie and Allie Topping, Blanch Hunter, Gertie Frank, Minnie Mix, Edna Follensbee, Jennie Hempstead, Suzette Wagar, Gertrude Griffin, Mabel Mercer, Cora Adams, Mabel Ingalls, Jessica Lyons, May Carroll, Josie Anderson, Ada Guthrie, Mary Carothers, Margaret Ender, Mary Kops, Edith Strong, Ethel Cavanagh, Emma Thompson and Mesdames McCaskey, Hodge and Bliss;


IN THE REPORT OF THE meeting it is said that 4,000 people attended. That is probably as near ly correct as estimates of crowd usually are. The city at that time had a population of about 4,000, and doubtless there were some absentees. It is a fact, however, that everybody turned out for those gatherings, and there was liberal attendance from the farm and villages near by. It was not then possible to dash off a few hundred miles to spend a single day, and the public exercises served the combined purpose of religious and patriotic observance and entertainment. Decoration day had not yet become recognized as one of the big baseball days of the year.

IT WAS IN 1892 THAT RING ling's circus made its first appearance in Grand Forks. Small in comparison with its later proportions, the show had already become one of the leaders in its line. Those were the days of sharp competition among circuses. Robinson's show was following closely on the heels of Ringling's in this territory, and the country was plastered with invitations to the people to "wait for the big show." It was common practice for one crew of bill posters to cover up the bills of their rivals with their own and many a barn was thus covered with a double layer of paper in a single season. Frequently the bill posters came into physical contact and much paste was spilled in such encounters.

MARGARET MATHER WAS the headliner of the year at the Metropolitan. She made two appearances here, playing on her way north to Winnipeg in "The Egyptian," an adaptation of Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," and playing a return engagement in "Romeo and Juliet" on her way back. I had already seen her in Chicago in "Leah," and in Brant ford, Ont., in "Camille." Thus, when she came to Grand Forks she was to me already an old favorite.
WHEN THE POLITICIANS OF North Dakota began to take stock of things preparatory to the presidential election of 1892 they found that no means had been provided whereby the people of the state could vote for presidential electors. Apparently it had been assumed that elections would operate automatically, without any machinery whatever. The legal authorities thought differently and held that because no method for the election of presidential electors had been provided, the new state stood disfranchised so far as the presidential election was concerned, unless that oversight were remedied.

GOV. ANDREW H. BURKE, being urged to do so, called an extra session of the state legislature for June 1, 1892 for the purpose of enacting the legislation necessary to overcome this defect. The proclamation was issued and the session was held. It lasted just three days. The legislators confined themselves strictly to the business for which they had been called together, transacted that business, and adjourned.

TWO OTHER ITEMS OF BUSINESS were included in the call for the session. It had been discovered that no provision had been made for the canvassing of returns on the election of state officers. This was corrected. Also, a World's fair was about to be held in Chicago and it was desired that steps be taken looking toward the proper representation of the state at that fair. Appropriate legislation for this purpose was also enacted.

ALTHOUGH THE SPECIAL session was brief it was not altogether harmonious, as the discussion of World's fair matters precipitated a fist fight on the floor of the House. When a special session of the legislature is called the assembly is at liberty to consider not only the particular subjects which were responsible for the call, but any other subjects that the legislature deem it proper to consider. The legislature of 1892 gave an avalanche of bills on every conceivable subject and remain in session for the rest of the summer. From that standpoint that three-day session is monumental. At a later date, when a specific matter was thought to need legislative attention, a governor of North Dakota circularized the members of the two houses asking them if, in case a special session should be called, they would pledge themselves to consider no other business than that for which the session was called. A good many of the members agreed to this, but quite a number refused on the ground that the governor's suggestion as to what they should or should not consider was an invasion of their prerogatives and an insult to their dignity. The session was not called.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL convention was the wettest national convention on record, and there is no prospect that the forthcoming convention will equal it in that respect even of Smith, Raskob and the other wets have complete control. The convention was held in the historic Wigwam, which had housed many other important gatherings. The Wigwam had reached the stage where it was strictly a fair weather building and on the last day of the that which emerged from the old Chicago Wigwam after giving Grover Cleveland his third nomination for president. Letters and resolutions of indignation poured in upon the Chicago committee, some of them declaring that Chicago would never house another Democratic convention. As if anybody in Chicago could have kept the weather dry!

THAT WAS THE YEAR, ALSO, in which Harrison was renominated for president at the Republican convention in Minneapolis. Blaine, who had just missed one presidential nomination after another, saw at that convention the end of his presidential prospects. A campaign had been made for him throughout the country, but the Harrison forces were too strong. It was apparent before the convention that Blaine's chance was hopeless. He asked that his name be not submitted to the convention, but his friends persisted. When his name was presented there were loud cheers from the galleries, but little enthusiasm on the floor. When the attention was called on the Harrison leaders was called to the demonstration in the galleries he responded "The galleries do not vote here." They didn't vote in the convention, but they voted in November to such purpose that Cleveland was elected.