November 1930

William Preston Davies
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

DURING SOME ADDITIONAL days of idleness I have been re-reading some of Macaulay’s essays, and in one of them, that on Southey’s Colloquies, I have found something which appealed to me strongly, both because of the time when it was written and because of the comparisons which it suggests. The essay, written in 1830, just one hundred years ago, was a criticism of one of Southey’s works in which the poet compared the condition of the English people of his time with what it had been, or what he imagined it to have been, in earlier times. He deplored the advance of the machine age and the destruction of everything lovely and picturesque in life. He conceived the people to be worse off than in the days of Caesar and believed that society had reached its highest state of excellence in the days just before the Reformation, since when it had been steadily declining. He regarded the present as gloomy and the future as hopeless unless government itself should take hold and rescue the people from the perils which surrounded them.

MACAULAY SHRIVELS THIS philosophy with forceful reasoning and biting sarcasm. Citing fact after fact to show that the condition of the common people socially, intellectually and economically, had improved steadily until the masses enjoyed privileges which had been attainable only by the very rich, he writes:

"WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT in spite of all the misgovernment of her (England’s) rulers, she has been almost constantly becoming richer and richer. Now and then there has been a stoppage, now and then a short retrogression; but as to the general tendency there can be no doubt. A single breaker may recede; but the tide is evidently coming in."

The essay closes with these lines:

"WE PROPHESY NOTHING, but this we say: If any person had told the parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720 that in 1930 the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams, that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden, that for one man of ten thousand pounds then living there would be five men of fifty thousand pounds, that London would be twice as large and twice as populous and that nevertheless the rate of mortality would have diminished to one-half of what it was then, that the post office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought together under Charles the Second, that stage coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours, that men would be in the habit in sailing without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses, our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver’s Travels. Yet the prediction would have been true. * * * On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?"

"IT IS NOT BY THE INTERMEDDLING of Mr. Southey’s idol, the omniscient and omnipotent state, but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization; and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope. Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of state. Let the government do this; the people will assuredly do the rest."

W. P. DAVIES.
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I AM INDEBTED TO MRS. Archie Sillers of Calvin, N. D., for information concerning a quotation about which I inquired sometime before my recent temporary withdrawal from activity. I had the quotations wrong, and Mrs. Sillers corrects it for me and tells me where to find it. She writes:

"I noticed that you were having difficulty in placing the quotation: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madame lady; would 'twere done.'"

"It is from The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, the last lines of the first scene.

"It is many years since I studied Shakespeare until last winter when we had a group class in extension work of the state university. We took comedies and histories of Shakespeare and found it very interesting."

MRS. SILLERS' LETTER saves me much annoyance. It is always irritating to have in mind the general form of a familiar quotation and to be unable to place it. The thing keeps cropping up from time to time, to the exclusion of more important matters.

I had searched through several of Shakespeare's plays for the above quotation, but without success. Curiously, I had forgotten that The Taming of the Shrew has an introduction. I wonder how many others are in the same boat. The introduction is a very slight affair, describing the experience of one Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker, who was found asleep by the wayside by a nobleman and his servants and who was taken home by them, put to bed in a luxurious room and persuaded that he himself was a lord, and that the play about to be presented has been arranged for his benefit. Sly, half believing what has been told him, sees the first scene of the play proper, and, on being assured that the play has but just begun, expresses himself in the words of the quotation.

ALL OF THE OLDER NEWS-paper people in the state, and many of the newer ones, knew Walt Taylor, for about a full generation publisher and editor of the LaMoure Chronicle. His death not long ago brought into active newspaper work his talented daughter, Miss Miriam Taylor, who gave up, for the time being, at least, a brilliant career as a student at the University of North Dakota to take up the work which had been carried on by her father. Miss Taylor, who carried a course in journalism at the university, is active editor of the Chronicle, while the position of local editor is filled by Miss Bee De Mars, who graduated in journalism this year. An editorial entitled "Boost North Dakota" which appeared in the paper a few weeks ago indicates a wholesomenly constructive attitude on the part of these young people, decidedly different from the cynical tendency which is sometimes held to be promoted by a college course.

I CELEBRATED A BIRTHDAY the other day. It wasn't a very elaborate celebration, as I was confined to the house and in no condition to participate in noisy or elaborate entertainment. There were some features, however, which made the occasion a pleasant one, and among them was a kindly greeting from the Inter-scholastic Press association which was then in session in Grand Forks. I have attended many of the meetings of that group, whose personal changes greatly from year to year, but in which there are always those whose association dates from former years. It was a pleasant thing to be remembered to graciously, strengthening my conviction that in spite of hurry and bustle, in spite of absorption in personal affairs, in spite of many things which we might wish to have changed, there is room in most hearts for kindly feeling, and there is in human nature a warmth which we need seek only a little way beneath the surface to discover.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

SCATTERED THROUGH THE state are many of my old neighbors from sections of Ontario in which I formerly lived. Most of them are unknown to me, as I am to them, but I hear from some of them occasionally as reminiscences in this column bring to their minds incidents of the old days back east. Shortly before suspending operations a couple of weeks ago I received a letter from Nell McDougall, who hails from Bruce county north of Kincardine, Ont., and who is now in the grocery business at Omemee, N. D. The letter has awaited acknowledgement until now. Mr. McDougall writes:

* * *

"IN YOUR INTERESTING column "That Reminds Me," there were two articles which particularly attracted my attention, as they brought back recollections of my own early days. The first referred to the time when the Great Western railway burned wood in its engines, and of the great piles of wood along the tracks between Kincardine and Brantford. I remember seeing such great piles of wood along the tracks when I was quite small, and of seeing the crews cutting it at Harriston. I clipped the article and sent it to the Kincardine Review-Reporter, which reprinted it the following week.

* * *

"THE OTHER ARTICLE TOLD of the making of square timber, and of hewers making it so smooth that a silk handkerchief would not stick to it. I worked at that kind of labor about 35 years ago, and I can say it was real work. I never heard of the silk handkerchief stunt, and have asked several men who live near here and who were natives of Glengarry, but none of them knew of it."

* * *

IN ORDER TO PROTECT MY reputation for veracity, such as it is, I must observe here that I did not, and do not vouch for the silk handkerchief story. It was told by an old woodman who was in a boastful mood, induced partly by liberal indulgence in stimulants. Mr. McDougall continues:

"One stunt that I did when we got a tree that stood straight was to take a heavy 6-foot stake and start it in the ground, then fall the tree on it and drive it out of sight. The way this was done was first to cut the front notch in the tree, then one of the men would stand in front of the notch with both arms extending backward, the thumbs touching both edges of the notch, then look straight forward, and in this manner direct where the stage was to be started. The stake would be placed about 50 feet from the tree. The making of square timber was the hardest work I ever tackled. It took the strong back to say nothing of the mind.

* * *

THE MEN WHO WERE ENGAGED in this work were sturdy and hardy, and often very religious. It was told of one of them that he would not whistle to his God on Sunday, though on other days of the week he was apt to be very convivial. There is also the story of one who kept in mind a grievance and squared it after several years. He had contracted to sell some steers to a butcher at an agreed price. The price went down before the time of delivery, and the butcher refused to carry out the bargain. One day several years later the owner of the steers walked to town for some groceries, and while there he met the butcher.

"Have you any hogs to sell?" asked the butcher.
"Yes, I have," said the other.
"I'll go and look at them."
"Wait till I get some groceries."

The farmer bought his groceries, enough to make quite a load, put them into the butcher's rig, and away they went. Arriving at the farm they unloaded the groceries and went out to look over the hogs. The animals were poorly fed and thin, and the butcher declared them not fit for market.

"I know it," said their owner.
"Well, why didn't you tell me?" demanded the butcher.

"You didn't ask me," replied the farmer. "And do you remember the time that you flunked on the price of some steers? Well, you've hauled me and my groceries home, and we'll call it even."

* * *

MENTION OF WOODSMEN'S yarns reminds me of one that was told by William Milne, who formerly operated a sawmill in Huron county, Ont., and who, I believe, is still cutting lumber up in the new section of northern Ontario. A number of villagers were seated one evening around the big stove in the store where I was supposed to be clerking, and storytelling was the order of the evening. One man, rather noted for drawing the long bow concerning his own experiences, had just finished a highly improbable story when Milne, uncrossing and recrossing his long legs, said:

"THAT REMINDS ME OF A funny story that Angus McTavish used to tell about some foxes. I've heard him tell it many times. He was taking care of a lumber camp down on the Ottawa one summer. He was all alone from the time the work quit in the spring until the crew came back in the fall. It was very quiet in the woods, and the animals got very tame. Angus was bothered by foxes. They would sneak around the camp and pick up anything that was loose. Angus shot one occasionally, but that did no good, as there were plenty more. Then he got another notion. He rigged a box trap and caught one alive. Then he bored a hole in the side of an empty keg, drew the fox's tail through the hole, tied a knot in it and let the animal go. Away he went with the empty keg rattling after him, and it seemed to scare all the foxes out of the woods. Next year, when Angus was at the same job, he saw some queer objects away off in the woods. There were one big one and six or eight little ones, and for some time he couldn't make out what they were. Sneaking up on them he found that the big one was the fox that he had caught last year, with the keg still tied to her tail, and with three were a lot of little ones with little kegs tied to their tails."

"But," said the original storyteller, quite nettled, "the story that I told actually happened."
"Sure," said Milne, without cracking a smile, "and that's what Angus said about the foxes."

W. P. DAVIES.
I knew as much about numbers as the rest of the class did, but I didn't understand the language that they had been talking. If we had called that an intelligence test and had used a percentage basis my first score would have been an ignominious zero. When I learned what it was all about I scored a triumphant 100.

All of which convinced me that no test is of much value in which the subject is in an unfamiliar environment and in which due account is not taken of his previous training and associations.

W. P. DAVIES.

INTelligence tests are often discussed as if they were something new and little short of miraculous. In reality we have merely assembled a few familiar facts in new combinations and given them new names. Any effort to ascertain what one knows is an intelligence test, and such inquiries have been made as long as society has existed, and the same difficulties have always existed that exist today in framing tests that will make due allowance for the peculiar facts which affect the individual. For instance:

* * *

I was subjected to certain intelligence tests on my first day at school in order that the teacher might know where to place me. Because I had lived in a remote district where there were few playfellows, I was backward and diffident, but I had been taught at home and had made some progress. I qualified in reading to the satisfaction of the teacher, and was assigned to Part II, which I suppose would correspond to the modern second grade. After an exercise in reading the class was given number work of a sort that was new to me. The teacher would say "four plus three," and a pupil would give the answer. It was all Greek to me because I had never heard of "plus." When a question was put to me I responded with a blank stare. The numbers were made more and more simple, until "one plus one" met with the same response, and I was told to stay after school. Such ignorance must be further investigated.

* * *

AFTER SCHOOL THE TEACHER proceeded with his test. Illustrating with his fingers he asked "How much is one and one?" "Two," I answered, scornful at such a childish question. "Two and two," he demanded, and I gave him the answer. "Four and five." I was still there. The teacher looked puzzled. Then a bright idea struck him. "Three plus four," he said. Here was that "plus" again. I took a chance and said "seven." "Didn't you know what I meant by "plus"?" he asked. "No, sir." "Well why didn't you say so?" But explanations were not in my line, and I just looked blank.

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Down at the Office something like two weeks ago I mentioned having come across something in Macaulay which I intended to copy for this column as soon as I felt more like pounding the typewriter. A week ago I wrote the excerpt which was published on Monday. I withheld it for the time, as I wished to accumulate a few numbers before resuming publication of the column.

Friday's New York Times, which was delivered here on Monday, contained the same quotation from Macaulay published as a full page advertisement by one of the largest advertising firms in the country.

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The coincidence is the more striking because that particular excerpt is not one which is often quoted or to which reference is often made. I am wondering if somebody in the advertising company's office, being temporarily out of commission, also amused himself by browsing around in Macaulay and thus discovered the same bit of wisdom that I did.

* * *

Anyway, Macaulay's words, written a century ago, and intended to apply to the conditions of his time, are as little inappropriate to ours. There were prophets of disaster then, as there are now. Then, as now, there were those who could see no hope for humanity except in the creation and maintenance of prosperity by government. And there were those like Macaulay, as there are others now, who, looking back through the centuries, could see that each had been marked by its own contribution to human progress and wellbeing in spite of temporary checks and momentary retrogressions. These men have understood that human progress in the past has been the fruit of human prudence and energy and not of the beneficent acts of government, and they are convinced that in the future like causes will produce like results.

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I AM INDEBTED TO MRS. F. A. Barnard of this city for the opportunity to inspect copies of two old newspapers, which are interesting both on account of their age and because of the times in which they were published. The papers are the Daily Citizen, published at Vicksburg, Miss., July 2, 1863, and the first issue of the Baltimore Journal and Advertiser, dated August 20, 1873.

* * *

THE VICKSBURG PAPER IS one of the curiosities of the Civil war. Vicksburg was at that time besieged by Grant’s forces, and the lines had been drawn more and more tightly around the city until communication with the outside world had been cut off. Supplies of many kinds had become exhausted, food was scarce, and the people were reduced to desperate straits. Among other things, the supply of print paper had run out, and the Citizen was being printed on wallpaper. The copy not at hand is a single sheet about 11 by 18 inches, on one side of which appear news and comment, printed in four columns, while the reverse is in regular wallpaper finish.

* * *

IN ONE PARAGRAPH THE editor thanks a Major Gillespie for a steak of “Confederate beef,” otherwise mule meat, which is described as sweet, savory and tender. One F. Kiser was warmly commended because, having more corn than he needed, “portions of what would do him for the brief interval that will ensue before the arrival of succor to our garrison and since that time has relieved many families free of charge.” General Porter, who had been firing from across the river, is described as a “poor fool” and a “gasconading dolt.” A rumor had reached the editor that persons within the city had secreted food and were doing it out at exorbitant prices, and it was said that flour had been sold at five dollars a pound, molasses at ten dollars a gallon, and corn at ten dollars a bushel. Citizens were urged to ascertain if this were true, in order that the extortioners might be properly dealt with. “Let a brand not only be placed upon their brow,” writes the indignant editor, “but let it be seared into their very brain, that humanity may scorn and shun them as they would the portals of hell itself.”

* * *

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, moderation of expression was scarcely to be expected, and in one paragraph the editor frees his mind after the fashion referring to some reports that had been published in the Memphis Bulletin:

* * *

“THE FORMER EDITORS OF the Bulletin, being rather pro-southern men, were arrested for speaking the truth when truth was unwelcome to Yankeedom, and placed in the chain gang working at Warrenton, where they now are. This paper at present is in duress, and edited by a pink-nosed, slabsided, toad-eating Yankee, who is a lineal descendant of Judas Iscariot, and a brother-german of the greatest Puritanical, sycophantic, howling scoundrel unhung, Parson Brownlow.” Evidently there was no love lost there.

* * *

THE CITIZEN HAD RECEIVED news from time to time by grapevine of the triumphal progress of Lee in the east. “Elated with success,” the readers were told, “encouraged by a series of brilliant victories, marching to and crossing the Rappahannock, defeating Hooker’s right wing, and thence through the Shenandoah valley, driving Milroy from Winchester and capturing 6,000 of his men, holding Hagarstown, threatening Washington city, and within a few miles of Baltimore—onward and upward their war cry—our brave men under Lee are striking terror into all Yankeedom.” “Old Abe” was said to have departed for parts unknown, and “today Maryland is ours, tomorrow Pennsylvania will be, and the next day Ohio—now midway, like Mohammed’s coffin—will fall.”

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That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

RECENTLY THIS COLUMN was devoted to a relic of the Civil war. A Vicksburg newspaper, printed on wallpaper during Grant's siege of the city. Today, according to promise, it is devoted to a relic of pre-revolutionary days, the first copy of the Baltimore Journal and Advertiser, dated August 20, 1773. The paper has four pages, each page measuring 13 by 18 inches, three columns to a page. The first column is devoted to an announcement by the publisher, William Goddard, in which the aims and purposes of the publication are set forth in the stilted language characteristic of the period. It was announced:

"THAT THIS PAPER SHALL be published every Thursday (unless another day should prove more agreeable to the customers) and shall contain not only the public news, which I shall collect and compile with the greatest care, but on failure of anecdotes of that sort, I will supply the room with such moral pieces, from the best writers, as will conduce most to inculcate good principles and humane behaviour, and now then with pieces of wit and humour, that tend both to amuse and instruct."

THAT WAS SURELY a praiseworthy program. Communications in favor of liberty and the rights of mankind would be welcomed wherever the language was compatible with decency and good government, but the publisher was resolved that the paper should be free and of no party. As agriculture and every branch of husbandry ought, in this country, to be a primary object of attention, a place would be found for whatever might be new and useful on those subjects.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OVER the name of George Washington, of Mount Vernon in Virginia, gives notice that the subscriber has obtained patents for upwards of 20,000 acres of land on the Ohio and Great Kanawha, which he is prepared to lease on moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years rent free provided certain improvements are made. The desirability of this property is set forth at considerable length. It is described as being convenient to river transportation, and the routes by which the eastern markets might be reached are described. It was thought that the purchase between the Monongahela and the "Potowmack" would soon be reduced within the compass of a few miles. It was set forth further that if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio should ever be effected those lands must be among the most valuable in it both because of the character of the soil and contiguity to the seat of government, which would probably be fixed at the mouth of the Great Kanawha.

Washington was one of the most successful business men of his generation, and he understood the value of newspaper advertising.

ALTHOUGH THE COLONIES had for years been in a state of ferment, and the Declaration of Independence was less than three years off, there is no hint in the paper of trouble or disaffection. In a "poetical chronology" in which the writer gives his views of British monarchs from James I on, this tribute is paid to George III:

"With noble sentiments he mounts the throne,
Subdues his foes and makes the world his own.
May he still flourish, may he nobly shine;
Nor North wind blast nor Fox corrupt the vine."

There is in the last line, of course, a hint of the unpopularity of Lord North and of the conflicts in which Fox was engaged.

AMONG THE ADVERTISEMENTS are one offering a reward for the capture of a runaway servant, an Irishman named McCarty, and another offering a reward for the capture of a negro named Prince, who had "several hacks on his forehead."

MENTION IS MADE OF THE death at her home at Accomac in Virginia of Mrs. Eleanor Spicer, aged 121 years, who retained her senses and memory to the last and worked at her spinning wheel with dexterity until within six months of her death. We are told that the good lady never drank any kind of spirituous liquor, and she left a grandson, 80 years of age, who was equally abstemious. Francis Sanderson, a coppersmith, advertised that he made and sold all kinds of copper work, viz., staves of all sizes, fish and wash kettles, copper and brass, brewing kettles, saucepans, coffee and chocolate pots, stew pans and Dutch ovens. Wheat was quoted at 6 shillings and 6 pence per bushel, West India rum at 3 shillings 6 pence per gallon, muscovado sugar at 45 to 55 shillings per hundred, port at 85 shillings per barrel, and Irish beef at 60 to 55 shillings per barrel. These prices do not mean comparisons are possible, as, for instance, that a bushel of wheat was worth nearly two gallons of rum.

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That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

NATURE HAS A WAY OF working some marvelous transformations. Saturday was dark and gloomy. Sunday an icy rain fell in fitful showers, and the day closed with the chill of winter in the air, and with nothing suggestive of brightness or cheer. The cold air had placed its seal of ice on everything exposed, and as the wind swayed their branches the trees creaked and groaned as if in torment.

MONDAY MORNING THE SUN rose in a clear sky, and what a sight was revealed! No oriental pageant could rival the scene in magnificence, no mansion conjured up by Aladdin’s lamp could compare with it in brilliance. The earth was mantled in white and every tree and shrub was encased in sparkling crystal. There were no rainbow tints, but everywhere was whiteness and purity, and in place of the green of summer there were myriad designs as if fairy fingers had traced delicate lace patterns upon the landscape, and the sun, shining through and upon it, bedecked the pattern in diamonds in sparkling points upon the white background or in masses of glistening crystal. The dreary aspect of a chill gray day had become a prospect of glistening and unsurpassable beauty. It may be that on other days that seem dark and dreary we fail to see the beauty that is in the making and are not prepared for the miracle when it bursts upon us.

WHILE A SLEET STORM creates a beautiful picture, it is not an unmixed blessing. Branches are stripped from trees, heavily loaded wires give way and crash to the ground. Road and walks are made slippery and transportation of all kinds is impeded. Some of our humbler neighbors find in such a storm a real tragedy, for their stores of food are sealed up from them, sometimes to remain inaccessible for a long time.

A FEW YEARS AGO A HEAVY sleet storm covered this section of the northwest, a little later in the season than this, and the icy cov-
THE KANSAS GUBERNATORIAL election came pretty near resulting in a tie between the two leading candidates, and that has started reminiscences of other close elections, in some of which the decision was made by one vote.

THERE IS THE STORY OF the Maine election in which, according to the tale, the misbehavior of a hog brought on our war with Mexico. The story is that the hog got himself caught in a fence. The owner lost so much time in extricating him that he was too late to vote, and the candidate for congress against whom he would have voted was elected by a majority of 1 vote. In Congress he voted for the declaration of war against Mexico and his vote gave the resolution the necessary majority of 1.

THAT STORY HAS BEEN so often repeated that, whether true or not, it has been accepted as history. In a somewhat similar way my grandfather's cow, according to a story that the old gentleman was fond of telling, decided an election by permitting herself to be found in time to enable her owner to vote.

IT WAS AWAY BACK IN THE days before Canadian confederation, and there was an election which must have been for membership in the Ontario legislature. As my grandfather was preparing to vote for the Liberal candidate he discovered that his cow had wandered off into the woods. Fearing that she would stray too far if he waited, he set out in search of her. After a long search he found her and brought her home. Securing the stray he started again for the polling place and arrived about one minute before closing time. On being asked "For whom do you vote?" he named his candidate, and the vote was duly recorded. It was the last vote cast anywhere in the district. His candidate was elected by a majority of 1, which would not have happened if the cow had not been found.

IN THE PRESIDENTIAL election of 1892 North Dakota achieved the remarkable feat of dividing its electorate vote of three among the three presidential candidates, Democratic, Republican and Populist. Under some electoral systems such a result might have been quite consistent with the exercise of intelligence on the part of the voters, but not under our system. As quite a number of people know, what we do in a presidential election is to elect, not a president, but a set of electors. We vote for certain electors because we expect them to vote for the presidential candidate of our choice, although they need not do so unless they wish. The rational thing would have been for the Republican voter to vote for all three of the electoral candidates of his party, the Democratic for the Democratic candidates, and so on. But for some mysterious reason some voters will persist in splitting their votes, in effect voting partly for one presidential candidate and partly for one or two others, thus nullifying their own votes to that extent. The election was so close in this state that the highest electoral candidate on each ticket won, so that North Dakota for the time being was effectively disfranchised by the ignorance or inattention of a few of its own voters.

I HAVE A VERY HIGH OPINION of the American constitution, but it has its defects, and this is one of them. The framers of that wonderful document certainly did not attribute to it the degree of perfection which has sometimes been claimed for it by later admirers. Among other things they provided an entirely different method of electing president and vice president. They found that it didn't work, and one of their first acts was to try something else. They then gave us the present plan, which in no single instance has operated in the manner originally intended. Yet we have been doing business under that plan for more than a century, and with its inadequacy staring us in the face at every election, we do not change it.
THE ELEPHANT HAS A universal reputation for sagacity, and he does give many evidences of wisdom. But three elephants in London the other day failed to recognize the difference between a plaster lion and the real thing. They were in the parade in honor of the Indian notables who had come to attend the conference on Indian affairs. Certain students had prepared a life-size cast of a lion in plaster and had painted it in appropriate lionese colors. When the first elephant caught sight of that image he mistook it for his hereditary enemy, and, raising his trunk, he trumpeted loudly and charged into the crowd, with two other frightened elephants following him. Fortunately the elephants were brought under control before they stepped on anyone, although several persons were hurt while trying to get out of the way. In the excitement the mock lion was smashed to bits on the pavement, and the elephants, on being brought back to their places, stepped among the fragments and moved them with their trunks with complete indifference.

THAT SUGGESTS THE STORY of the cow and calf. The calf was taken from its mother and butchered. The cow was inconsolable, and in order to pacify her the boys on the farm sewed up the calf's hide, stuffed it with hay, and brought it back to the cow. Bosco gave every evidence of pleasure and licked the stuffed hide from end to end. She licked so energetically that she loosed the stitches which had held it together and the whole thing fell to pieces. Then, without the slightest sign of embarrassment, she ate the hay with which the skin had been stuffed, and so far as she was concerned, the incident was closed. The story, of course, would not be credited by those who attribute to the humbler animals the depth of sentiment and acuteness of perception that characterize human beings.

I NEVER SAW A STAMPED-elephant, but a lot of people in Grand Forks came very near witnessing such a spectacle many years ago. I may have mentioned it, but anyway it was on that day many years ago when a hailstorm struck the city immediately after a circus parade. The parade had reached the circus grounds before the first hailstones fell, and the animals had been secured. But the elephants had apparently sensed something unusual in the air. They had been nervous and jumpy, and their attendants had difficulty in controlling them. There would have been a fine mess if the storm had struck half an hour earlier and those great brutes had gone charging through the crowds.

IN A RADIO ADDRESS THE other night Secretary Lamont also made use of that quotation from Macaulay, which makes it unanimous, so far as returns have been received.

DO YOU KNOW, MISS FLEMINGWAY, why it is that a radio singer with a voice of medium range, or less, will wind up his number in an acid falsetto approximately an octave above where the note is written? Neither do I, but they will do it. An acrobatic stunt may be all right when it is well done, otherwise it reminds one of Dr. Johnson's remark about a dancing dog. The remarkable thing, said the doctor, was not that the dog danced well, but that he danced at all.

WHILE WE ARE ON THE subject of radio, I have listened recently to selections from "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier," "El Capitan," and "The Prince of Pilsen," all of them a good many years old. There was a lot of trash written in those days, too, and it is forgotten. But I wonder how many of the new numbers which we hear now will be played to delight the listeners of twenty years hence.

W. P. DAVIES.
A FRIEND APPEALED TO me recently for information as to when the Red river reached its highest flood stage. I replied that it was in 1897.

"At what time of the year?" asked my friend. "I had an argument with a man who said that the big flood was in the middle of the summer, and that the water covered the tops of most of the trees along the river."

I GAVE THE NECESSARY information, which I may as well repeat, as questions of the same kind are continually being asked. The highest stage of water known to have been reached by the Red river was in the spring, not the summer, of 1897. That was not necessarily the river's greatest flood, for there are stories of still greater floods in much earlier times, and it is quite possible that some of those stories are true. But there are no official records to substantiate them, and allowance must always be made for exaggeration. Thus the friend quoted above was told that as recently as 1897 the water of the river covered the trees along the banks. Such a flood had it occurred, would have buried the entire townsite of Grand Forks beneath many feet of water and the flood would have extended back over many miles of prairie.

THE STAGE OF WATER actually reached in 1897 was 47 feet 6 inches above zero on the gauge which had been in use up to that time. The zero point has been lowered since that time, so that the reading would be different now. The business section of the city had been paved with cedar blocks the preceding summer. The present pavement was laid several years later, but on the same grade level. All along Third street on each side of DeMers avenue the flood water flowed in the gutters, but no other part of the pavement was covered. On DeMers avenue toward the bridge the whole street was afloat.

THE FLOOD NEXT IN height to that of 1897 was that of 1832, which was two or three feet lower. No summer flood has come within a good many feet of either of those, although most of Central park has been flooded as a result of summer rains. The great flood of 1897 was due to a combination of causes. Snowfall had been unusually heavy and rain had carried off much of the snow more rapidly than usual. The northward course of the stream was also a contributory factor. The narrow gorge through which the river runs was drifted full of snow which melted first at the southern, or upstream end. The water was thus being forced against a dam of ice and snow which was slow to give way. The flood increased in height as it moved northward, and Winnipeg was experiencing its worst flood many days after the water had subsided at Grand Forks.

DURING THE 1897 FLOOD the steamer Grand Forks was sent north with supplies for the relief of persons who were marooned some miles down stream. On the way down the steamer collided with a big cake of ice and tore a hole in her hull. She sank quietly to the bottom, and the rescuers themselves had to be rescued.

LEAVING THE SUBJECT OF floods, let us return to puzzles. Some time ago I published a drill puzzle submitted by O. Karineimi of Lawton, N. D. It appears that there was an error in the publication. The problem is heretofore restated as follows:

A farmer started seeding in the spring, hitching a 9-foot, an 11-foot and a 14-foot drill behind his tractor. The capacity of the tally of the 9-foot drill was 16 acres and of the others 20 acres each. He set all tallies at zero when he started, and when he finished the 9-foot tally showed 6 acres, that of the 11-foot drill 13 acres, and that of the 14-foot drill 12 acres. How many acres were seeded? It is assumed that all three drills traveled the same distance and that the tallies were correct.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I wonder sometimes if the public market system in my old home town is still in operation and if it is as satisfactory as it seemed to be 50 years ago. It may have had many duplicates, but in my own experience I never came across anything exactly like it.

* * *

The city maintained for market purposes an open square in the center of the business district. This was divided by walks into sections each wide enough to accommodate farm wagons, one row of wagons being backed up to the outer walk, another to an inner one, and so on through the greater part of the area. This square might be used on any week day, but by common consent Tuesday, Thursdays, and Saturdays were observed as the principal market days. On those days, and especially on Saturdays, all the wagon space was usually occupied during the busier seasons, as well as the space reserved in one corner for loads of hay and in another for loads of wood and auction sales, of which several were often in operation at once.

* * *

On the market all sorts of farm produce were offered for sale, fruits, vegetables, meats by the carcass or quarter, poultry, eggs, maple sugar, cider, and a multitude of other things. For the protection of local retailers, no meats could be sold on the market in quantities less than a whole quarter. For the protection of individual purchasers there was a rigid application of the ancient rules against "forestalling", which is about what we would call cornering. No dealer could buy on the market before 9 A.M., a regulation which was intended to give the ultimate consumer an opportunity to buy direct from the producer. After 9 o'clock there were no restrictions.

* * *

Market Fees were charged all purveyors of produce who offered their goods anywhere in the city, whether they used the market square or not. The fees as I recall them were 12 cents for a two-horse wagon, 7 cents for a single wagon, and 2 cents for a person on foot. The charge was made when the market square was not used evoked some expressions of resentment from farmers, who thought it unjust that they should be charged for a facility which they did not use, and there were many who sold their produce direct to the stores without going near the market. The reply made in justification of the charge was that the city maintained the square at considerable cost, that this helped to make the city a good market town, and that farmers who brought their produce to town derived benefit, even though they did not use the square itself. The regulation was not changed in my time, and so far as I know it still stands.

* * *

Market fees were collected by a man known as the market clerk. Periodically competitive bids were received by the city council for the privilege of collecting and keeping the market fees. The bidding was sometimes spirited, but during my time one man was the successful bidder year after year. He made his rounds of the square each day and made a chalk mark on each wagon as he collected. He left with many of the stores blocks of tickets, and merchants willing to assist in that way would collect the fee from the seller of produce and issue a ticket.

* * *

The market was an important social center. Farmers met there and exchanged neighborhood news or made business deals. Thrifty local housewives appeared early on the scene with their baskets and made the rounds before buying in order to see what the market had to offer. Engagements were made to meet at the market on Saturday. Shrewd buying and high pressure salesmanship were brought into action, and there was much chaff and banter.
"Gently sings the donkey
To his little lass ...
If you don't sing better
You shall have no grass.
Have, hee-haw, hee-haw."

This should be sung as a round, with the last line reserved for a chorus after three spasms have been completed by all hands. It is a very elevating and intellectual entertainment.

** * * *

KIRKE SIMPSON, BY THE way, is the Associated Press correspondent who wrote the story of the burial of the Unknown Soldier, which touched the hearts and brought tears to the eyes of millions. As a piece of reportorial work that story stands supreme in its class. Other writers have imitated its form, but none have caught its spirit.

** * * *

THE RECENT STORM HAS brought to mind some remarkable changes in methods of communication which have been brought to pass in recent years. The invention of the electric telegraph, of course, was the greatest step ever taken at one time in rapid communication. Prior to that time no message could be sent anywhere faster than a horse could gallop, if we except the occasional use of drum beats and mirror reflections which were sometimes used for special signalling. The telegraph made it possible to send messages with the speed of light wherever wires could be strung. That invention will soon be one hundred years old. Most of our rapid messages are still sent by wire. When the wires go down communication ceased, until the advent of radio. While we are still by no means independent of weather, it is possible now to do things that were unthinkable a few years ago.

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DURING THE RECENT storm, when nearly all wires were down, personal and business messages flashed back and forth by radio, and this agency was used in many cases for the handling of trains. On one night radio listeners in Grand Forks listened to such messages between Bismarck and Fargo relating to the handling of trains on the Northern Pacific, and there was also suggested the need for refinements in radio, which will tax the skill of inventors for some time to come. Fargo could hear Bismarck, but Bismarck could not hear Fargo well because of the interference of waves from the Hopkinsville, Kentucky, station. Fargo asked Hopkinsville to cut out because of the emergency, but Hopkinsville declared this impossible because they were working on contract publicity. However, the messages were got through. Some day, perhaps, we shall find ways to avoid such conflict, but in the meantime we are doing a lot of uncanny, and seemingly impossible things.

—W. P. DAVIES
"I THINK," WRITES MR. CHESTERTON, "THAT THERE WOULD BE A CASE FOR MAINTAINING THIS:

THAT THE WORLD HAS IMPROVED IN EVERYTHING EXCEPT INTELLECT. IN ARTISTIC SENSIBILITIES, AND EVEN IN SOCIAL SYMPATHIES (AT LEAST OF A CERTAIN KIND), I THINK THERE HAS BEEN A QUICKENING AND A RESPONSE. I THINK IT PROBABLE THAT THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO CAN RAPIDLY GET USED TO A FOREIGN FASHION OR STYLE OF ORNAMENT, WHO CAN GUESS WHAT AN ECCENTRIC ARTIST IS DRIVING AT, WHO CAN FEEL THE EMOTIONS EVOKED BY UNUSUAL MUSIC, IS LARGER THAN IT WAS IN MOLD-VICTORIAN TIMES. BUT THESE THINGS DO NOT APPEAL TO THE INTELLECT. AND I THINK THEY APPEAL TO THE MODERN MIND BECAUSE THEY DO NOT APPEAL TO THE INTELLECT.

THEY MAKE SIGNALS TO THE SENTIMENTAL PART OF HUMAN NATURE, AND THE CODE OF THOSE SIGNALS IS LEARNED MORE QUICKLY THAN IT WOULD ONCE HAVE BEEN. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ANYTHING LIKE A STRAIN ON THE INTELLECT AS SUCH, I THINK MOST MODERN PEOPLE ARE MUCH STUPIDER THAN THOSE IN THE AGE OF MY FATHER, AND PROBABLY VERY MUCH STUPIDER THAN THOSE IN THE AGE OF MY GRANDFATHER. I HAVE REASONS FOR MY BELIEF, BUT IT ILLUSTRATES MY POINT THAT THE MODERN READER WOULD HARDLY LISTEN TO A LONG PROCESS OF REASONING. I BELIEVE I COULD EVEN PROVE IT, IF PEOPLE NOW WERE PATIENT ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO PROOF."

* * *

CHESTERTON THEN GOES ON TO ILLUSTRATE HIS POINT IN HIS USUAL EPIGRAMMATICAL WAY. HE CONCEDES THAT LLOYD GEORGE IS A MORE PURELY ENTERTAINMENT SPEAKER THAN COBDEN, BUT THIS, HE SAYS, IS BECAUSE LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKS TO MEN WHO WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED, WHEREAS COBDEN SPOKE TO THOSE WHO WANTED TO BE CONVINCED. THE LISTENERS THEMSELVES PROVIDED SOME OF THE LIVELINESS NEEDED TO CARRY THEM THROUGH A PURELY LOGICAL PROCESS. IT IS WHEN THE CONGREGATION IS DULL THAT IT WANTS TO BE AMUSED. PEOPLE NOW TALK ABOUT EINSTEIN HE SAYS, AS THEY ONCE TALKED ABOUT DARWIN. BUT THEY DO NOT STUDY WHAT EINSTEIN TEACHES AS THEY ONCE STUDIED WHAT DARWIN TAUGHT. "AND I REALLY BELIEVE," HE CONTINUES, "THAT THE REASON IS A CERTAIN LAZINESS OF THE INTELLECT; THAT FEWER PEOPLE ARE READY FOR A LONG, SUSTAINED DEMONSTRATION, QUITE APART FROM WHETHER WE THINK THAT THE

demonstration ready demonstrates." Whatever else this modern trend is, says Chesterton, "it is not a mark of stronger mentality, and any old Scotch Calvinist farmer, who could follow his minister's desolate and appalling sermon to Seventeenth and Lastly, had an immeasurably better brain."

* * *

THAT SOUNDS CONVINCING, AND I BELIEVE THERE IS A GOOD DEAL IN IT. YET THERE ARE FACTS ON WHICH A DIFFERENT SORT OF ARGUMENT COULD BE BUILT. FOR INSTANCE, I ATTENDED THE MEETING IN EWPWORTH HALL THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN DRS. SMITH AND SAUSBURY GAVE THEIR DEBATE ON RUSSIA. FROM THE STAND-POINT OF WEATHER IT WAS THE WORST NIGHT OF THE SEASON. YET THE PLACE WAS PACKED. AND TO MY KNOWLEDGE THERE WERE ANY PRESENT, AND HOW MANY MORE I CANNOT TELL, WHO HAD RELUCTANTLY CANCELED ENGAGEMENTS OF A MUCH MORE ENTERTAINING CHARACTER IN ORDER TO HEAR THAT DEBATE. MORE ENTERTAINMENT WOULD NOT HAVE ATTRACTION THEM. APPARENTLY THEY WANTED TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT RUSSIA FROM PERSONS WHO HAD REAL INFORMATION TO GIVE. NEITHER OUR FATHERS NOR OUR GRANDFATHERS COULD HAVE GIVEN GREATER EVIDENCE OF CLOSE AND INTELLIGENT ATTENTION. PERHAPS MR. CHESTERTON MIGHT SAY THAT PEOPLE WENT TO THE LECTURE, NOT TO BE INFORMED OR CONVINCED, BUT TO HAVE THEIR ORIGINAL OPINIONS CONFIRMED. THERE MAY BE SOMETHING IN THAT, BUT EVEN OUR GRANDPARENTS HAD THEIR LITTLE PREJUDICES, TO WHICH THEY CLUNG, SOMETIMES, QUITE TENACIOUSLY.

W. P. DAVIES.
ENCOUNTERS ME—W.P.D.

EACH THANKSGIVING SEASON brings its group of proclamations and exhortations, many of which are finely phrased, earnest and uplifting. If one were to examine, in a discriminating and sympathetic spirit, all the Thanksgiving proclamations that have been issued since Thanksgiving day was instituted on this continent, he could collect from them enough splendid passages to fill several volumes. And I am not sure that he would find in the entire collection anything finer, anything nobler than this:

Let the people of our State on that day give thanks and pray to Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage, that we may prove ourselves a people mindful of His favor and glad to do His will; that He may bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners; that He may save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way; that He may defend our liberties and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues; that He may endow with the spirit of wisdom those to whom we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home; that in the time of prosperity He may fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble suffer not our trust in Him to fail.

That is taken from the Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York. It is worth a place in any scrapbook, and in any memory.

OUR LATE SLEET STORM REMINDED me of an experience of mine with my first pair of pigeons. I bought the birds from a schoolmate who lived a mile or so away and paid him a quarter for the pair. They were of no special variety — just pigeons, the male a rather sporty black and white, and the female a sober russet. Because of the habit of pigeons to return to their former home, I was advised to keep the birds penned up until after they had reared young. This I did. I observed the process of nesting and hatching with great interest, and in due time the ungainly squabs made their appearance. The young ones grew apace, and one morning, when the squabs were almost feathered out, I opened the door and turned the old birds loose.

FOR A TIME THEY ENJOYED themselves with short flights about the premises, but in about an hour they had disappeared. I scanned the skies anxiously, but could see no sign of them. Presently a cold, misty drizzle set in, the air turned cold, and ice formed over the landscape. I felt sure that my pigeons would have returned earlier if they had been coming, and the best that I could hope for was that they had returned to their former home, and that I would be able to get them later. The young ones would probably starve to death, as I had no means of manufacturing “pigeon milk” with which to feed them. Then I saw two dark specks through the haze in the north, and those proved to be my birds. They came, flying low, heavily and laboriously, and they almost stumbled onto the little platform in front of their coop. Examining them I found their feathers coated with ice. That, of course, accounted for their delay, and for the heaviness of their flight. How they managed to fly at all with the load they carried I do not know, but I suppose they knew that the little ones were waiting to be fed, and they just had to get home.

George Feinstein, of Grand Forks, who has solved most of the puzzles which have appeared in this column, sends in his solution of the seeder problem which was submitted some time ago by another correspondent. Mr. Feinstein has used the algebraic method in his solution. He has not had time to check it over carefully, but the method appears to be correct. The author of the problem neglected to send in his own solution. I should like to have that to check against other replies.

* * *

CAN ANYONE TELL ME IN what year it was that a Great Northern train was snowbound on the open prairie for several days during a fierce winter storm? My recollection is that it was an east-bound coast train, but I have no means of fixing the date.

—W. P. Davies.
AT THE LECTURE THERE OCCURRED AN INCIDENT FOR WHICH I CAN VOUCH, FOR I WAS PRESENT. IN OUR TOWN WAS A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED DAN SAGER WHO CLERKED IN A DRUG STORE AND STUDIED SHORTHAND ON THE SIDE. IN ORDER TO GET PRACTICE HE ATTENDED AS MANY MEETINGS AS POSSIBLE AND TOOK NOTES OF THE SPEECHES, TAKING WITH HIM A LITTLE PORTABLE STAND ON WHICH HE RESTED HIS NOTE BOOK. THUS EQUIPPED DAN ATTENDED THE FORBES LECTURE, TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE BALCONY WHICH EXTENDED ACROSS THE REAR OF THE HALL.

FORBES WAS A GOOD SPEAKER. HE HAD A LOT OF INTERESTING MATERIAL, MUCH OF IT THRILLING, AND HE WAS ABLE IN A FEW WORDS TO GIVE A PICTURE BOTH OF LIFE AND COLOR. WE WERE ALL HAVING A FINE TIME, AND DAN'S PENCIL WAS FLYING OVER HIS PAPER WHEN FORBES NOTICED HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME. INTERRUPTING HIS LECTURE HE SAID:

"I SEE A YOUNG MAN IN THE BALCONY TAKING NOTES. THIS IS A COPYRIGHTED LECTURE AND NO PART OF IT MUST BE PUBLISHED." THEN, ADDRESSING DAN DIRECTLY, HE SAID, "IF I HAD SEEN YOU SOONER I WOULD HAVE HAD YOU PUT OUT."

POOR DAN, EMBARRASSED AND HUMILIATED, POCKETED HIS PENCIL AND THE LECTURE WAS RESUMED, BUT THE AUDIENCE FOUND NO MORE PLEASURE IN IT. THE BOORISH CONDUCT OF THE SPEAKER HAD SPOILED THE WHOLE THING, AND I HAVEN'T GOT OVER MY INDIGNATION YET.

LET THIS TEACH YOU, MISS FLEMINGWAY, TO CULTIVATE A PLEASANT MANNER. WHO KNOWS BUT YOU MAY BE FAMOUS YOURSELF SOMEDAY?

GOVERNORS OF A GOOD MANY STATES WILL BE CHANGED AS A RESULT OF THE RECENT ELECTIONS. DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN NORTH DAKOTA HAD THREE GOVERNORS IN A SINGLE WEEK?

THAT HAPPENED IN FEBRUARY, 1889, JUST A FEW MONTHS BEFORE STATEHOOD. GOVERNOR PIERCE RESIGNED IN DECEMBER, 1888, AND HIS RESIGNATION WAS ACCEPTED ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1889. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IMMEDIATELY APPOINTED LOUIS K. CHURCH TO THE VACANT POSITION, BUT THE APPOINTMENT WAS NOT CONFIRMED UNTIL FRIDAY OF THAT WEEK. DURING THOSE DAYS, THEREFORE, THE TERRITORY WAS WITHOUT AN APPOINTED GOVERNOR, AND UNDER THE REGULA-

THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS RADIO, OF COURSE, AND TELEGRAPH LINES COULD NOT BE MAINTAINED IN A WILDERNESS FULL OF HOSTILE AND COURAGEOUS SAVAGES. FORBES, CARRYING HIS TRAGIC NEWS, RODE HOUR AFTER HOUR THROUGH THAT WILD COUNTRY, ELUING THIS GROUP OF ENEMIES AND OUTTRACING THAT UNTIL HE REACHED THE END OF WIRE AND FILLED HIS DISPATCHES.

ALONG ABOUT 1880, WHILE HIS FAME WAS STILL FRESH, FORBES LECTURED IN MY TOWN, BRANDFORD, ONT., AND BECAUSE OF THE CHARACTER OF HIS EXPLOITS HIS VISIT WAS AWAITED WITH GREAT INTEREST. THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE MET THE LECTURER AT THE STATION AND ESCORTED HIM TO HIS HOTEL. HE TOLD ME LATER OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE CELEBRITY. ON LEAVING THE TRAIN FORBES APPEARED TO BE IN A BAD HUMOR, AND RESPONDED TO THE CHAIRMAN'S GREETING WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A GROWL. GRUNTS WERE HIS ONLY EFFORTS AT CONVERSATION ON THE WAY TO THE HOTEL. BEING TAKEN TO HIS ROOM HE ORDERED THE BELLOY TO BRING HIM PEN AND INK. "YES SIR," SAID THE LAD, POLitesse, "SHALL I BRING YOU SOME PAPER?" FORBES GLARED AT THE BOY. "NO!" HE ROARED, SAVAGELY. "NEVER MIND THE PAPER. I ALWAYS WRITE ON THE BACK OF THE DOOR." THE CHAIRMAN WAS GLAD TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE WITHOUT BEING MANHANDLED.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

ON LOOKING OVER THE lists of things for which various people like giving thanks I failed to notice any expression of thankfulness for the fact that local government costs more than it did a generation or two ago. Usually the sentiment seems to be the other way, and the general idea seems to be that because we pay more taxes we are worse off. But that does not necessarily follow. The city commission has just let a contract for the laying of a new water main, the cost of which will be approximately $18,000, and more contracts are to be let, calling for still further expenditure. This may serve as a text for some comparisons.

UNTIL 1883 NO GRAND FORKS taxpayer paid anything into the city treasury for the construction, maintenance and operation of a waterworks system, and no householder paid the city anything for water service. There was no waterworks plant and there was no public water service. Water for domestic use was obtained from wells in the back yards, and from the river. Much of the well water was too bitter for drinking or cooking, and all of it was too hard for satisfactory laundry use. Softer water was hauled from the river in carts and was delivered to residents, who kept barrels for that purpose. At the time of my arrival in 1892 this practice was still in vogue, and it continued for some years thereafter, until water mains were extended through practically all of the inhabited territory. The customary charge for river water was 15 cents a barrel, delivered. A barrel of water a week cost then as much as many a family now pays for its entire water service.

Now we pay the money to the city. Then we paid it to the water man. The cost to the consumer was as great, but we paid it in a different way, and got a lot less water.

THE FIRST WATERWORKS plant was installed in 1883. Water was taken direct from the Red river at the foot of DeMers avenue. Power for the operation of the pump was obtained from the Grand Forks Roller mill, which stood on the site now occupied by the Robertson Lumber company's building. Nobody took the trouble to analyze the water, but inasmuch as the intake was immediately below several sewer outlets, it must have been a mess.

IN 1884 THE PUMPING STATION was moved to the foot of Franklin avenue, the present site, and a 14-inch intake was laid. In 1885 the first main was laid to the University, an undertaking of some magnitude under the conditions which then existed. In 1887 there was installed under the direction of W. S. Russell, city engineer, the triple power pump which I believe is still in operation, although changes have been made in the hookup. This pump was the first of its particular type ever built. The design was prepared by Mr. Russell himself, and for many years that pump provided service pressure, night and day, without ever missing a beat.

According to an appraisal made in 1893 the total cost of the plant up to the end of that year had been $99,744. It was during that winter that typhoid swept the city, leading to the installation of the slow sand filter, which was built during the summer of 1894 at a cost of $40,000.

The cost of plant and service have figured in our tax bills since service was begun, and that is one of the items which figures in "cost of government." But while we are paying these sums to the city, we are not buying water from carts. Instead of being restricted to a few gallons a day we have water in abundance at no greater cost. We have, moreover, or will have when the pending improvements are completed, water in almost unlimited quantity to meet extraordinary demand. We can sprinkle our lawns at will, and fire protection, which formerly did not exist at all, is provided for the entire city.

THE NEED FOR ECONOMY IN the operation of our public agencies admits of no argument, but we sometimes get a false notion of the cost of government merely by considering the impressive totals of expenditures. The thing that really concerns John Smith, citizen and taxpayer, is not how much it costs to run the city, but how much he, himself, has to pay, and what he gets for it.

W. P. DAVIES.