October 1931

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

IN A PULLMAN SMOKER a few days ago I listened with considerable interest to the conversation of three young men who were returning home from the American Legion convention at Detroit, which they had attended as delegates. The three were from as many western states, and in addition to comparing notes on incidents of the convention, they discussed current events and miscellaneous matters, as intelligent, observant young men will. They were fine looking chaps, of good physique, intelligent and well informed.

THOSE WHO HAVE THE NOTION that the conversation in a Pullman smoking compartment is devoted chiefly to the telling of smutty stories would have been surprised, and perhaps shocked, if they had listened, for there was not a remark of a questionable or suggestive nature. One of the young fellows, it developed, was well versed in natural history. He knew by their first and middle names a lot of snakes and bugs and things of which I had never heard, and this knowledge was imparted, not with an air of displaying erudition, but as an easy and natural contribution to the general conversation when it happened to touch on the characteristics and habits of wild creatures.

INEVITABLY THE SUBJECT of prohibition was mentioned, in connection with the convention’s resolution favoring a referendum on the question. Inevitably, also, there was mention of the remarks of one Dr. Clarence True Wilson to the effect that “there was a marked absence of the sober, well-behaved typical American” at the convention, and that the demand for beer was voiced by a crowd of staggering drunks. One of the Legionnaires carried in his pocket clippings containing the remarks of Dr. Wilson, and that dignitary was characterized in language decidedly forceful, but quite as polite as that used by Dr. Wilson himself.

ALL OF THE THREE SAID that the Detroit convention was the soberest large convention of any kind that they had ever attended, and they had attended several. That there was drinking was not denied, but all agreed that most of the evidences of it were given by the local irresponsible element, which is to be found in every large city. Instances were cited in which arrests were made for hoodlumism, and in which it developed in each case that the offenders were Detroit youths, much too young to have been in the service, and who had no connection with the Legion other than the wearing of Legion caps which they had stolen for the occasion.

ONE OF THE THREE SAID: “I’d like to see a crowd of staggering drunks last through that parade. They counted 92,000 of us and then quit. A tipsy man couldn’t have marched all those miles and kept it up for hours.”

THE BUG MAN SAID SOMETHING to this effect: “I’m not a total abstainer, but I don’t take a drink at any time during that whole convention. Any statement that it was a drunken convention is a lie. I don’t want ever to see the aforesay back. But I voted for the referendum resolution and I am in favor of the radical modification of the Eighteenth amendment because I believe that the law as it stands contributed directly to drunkenness and public demoralization.” Such were the sentiments of all three of those men.

CONCERNING THE BON the interesting statement was made, and the opinion appeared to be unanimous, that if President Hoover had not visited the convention his failure to do so would have been interpreted as a slight, and the demand for immediate payment of the compensation certificates would have been made by an almost unanimous vote.

AGAIN THE BUG MAN SPOKE on this. He said: “There wasn’t a man on our state delegation who was on in favor of the bonus, but we were there under instructions and we had to follow our instructions. After passing we voted for the bonus when it was clear that the thing was killed by an overwhelming vote. I don’t believe that this is the time to press for more money. But I believe that later on, when conditions are different, the voting of more bonus money would have a good effect. If it were distinctly understood that every war would inevitably result in greatly increased taxation, we might have sense enough to keep out of war. For the same reason I am heartily in favor of compulsory military service.”

WELL, THAT’S THAT. THOSE men are not drunkards or panhandlers. They are “sober, typical young Americans.” I judge them to be a substantial and reputable men in their respective communities. One may not agree with all their conclusions, but in order to reach those conclusions they are working earnestly and conscientiously. To them and others like them I respectfully tip my hat.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me--W.P.D.

I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE someone who knows tell me and the readers of this column something about the birds commonly known as seagulls which are often seen on the prairie, and which I have seen recently in flocks numbering thousands. Here-tofore I have never seen very large flocks of gulls. At almost any time in any summer one may see occasional birds, and once in a while they gather in flocks of perhaps a few dozen. But not until this year have I seen a very large flock. But one day along the Great Northern, through Nelson county and for perhaps 100 miles west, I saw gulls literally by the thousand. There were flocks miles long, so dense that the flashing of their white wings in the bright sunlight made them resemble a snow storm. They did not appear to be migrating, for while the general direction of each flock was the same, different flocks flew in different directions, and thousands of the birds settled on the ground as if feeding.

THE TRADITION OF THE gulls that saved the crops of the Mormon settlers from grasshoppers is a familiar one. When Brigham Young had led his people on their toilsome march across desert and mountain and had chosen a site for their settlement near the Great Salt Lake, land was broken and crops planted, and the pilgrims rejoiced in the promise of an abundant harvest. Then came the grasshoppers in great clouds and began to devour the crops that had been tended with such care, and the helpless people saw starvation confronting them. In their extremity they offered prayers for relief.

* * *

RELIEF CAME FROM AN UNEXPECTED source. Gulls that had circled tirelessly over the waters of the lake discovered that just inland there was abundance of food and they gathered in great flocks and flew to feast on the grasshoppers. The crops were saved, and that is why, since then, the seagull has been a sacred bird among the Mormons. That is why, in Salt Lake City, there is a great column surmounted with seagulls with outstretched wings, a symbol of the rescue of those early settlers from the fate which threatened them.

* * *

THE BIRDS WHICH WE CALL seagulls are similar in their general appearance to the gulls of the ocean. Are they identical, or are there land gulls as a distinct species?

* * *

IF THERE IS A DIFFERENCE, are the gulls which saved the Mormons real seagulls or of the kind which we find on the plains?

* * *

DO OUR GULLS HABITUALLY congregate in unaccountable flocks, or is the flocking this year something unusual?

* * *

WITH THE ADVANCING SEASON grasshoppers have almost disappeared, but is it possible that the gulls like grasshopper eggs, are able to reach them in their shallow receptacles in the earth, and have been attracted to particular localities because of the abundance of this food?

* * *

THE CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY will please come forward and recite.

* * *

MY GOOD FRIEND, KARL Farup of Park River, who reads this column when he has nothing more pressing on hand, has found evidences of second growth in his territory. He sends a slip from a raspberry bush bearing partly matured blossoms and well formed fruit, together with the following:

"MR. NEIL CAMPBELL, LIVING in Park River, having moved in from the farm where he grew up from boyhood, stepped in this morning and gave me the enclosed slip from a raspberry bush in his garden. You will note the flowers and the setting of fruit, and if the present weather continues through the week there will probably be ripe raspberries on these bushes. This does not mean anything, but it set me to thinking, and I wonder if I am not right in my guess. Mr. Campbell says that the fruit is setting in a row of bushes of late planting and which, because of the exceedingly dry weather, failed to develop fruit at the usual time in the summer. I rather think the explanation is that the force in these bushes which had been dormant through the drouth period came to life when rains and sunshine made fast growing conditions the last few weeks. In other words, I doubt if fruition would have occurred now if the bushes had borne fruit under ordinary conditions at the proper time. I think I am something like you, that is I like to think a little further than merely stopping at the first glance."

* * *

THE SECOND GROWTH OF lilac bloom has already been noted, also the tendency of some flowers to send out additional or secondary growth on the original blossoms. The explanation suggested by Mr. Farup seems reasonable.
MRS. FANNIE M. HEATH, whose death occurred a few days ago, was widely known for many years as an authority on the wild flowers of North Dakota. Her name was familiar to thousands who had never met her and who knew of her only through her interest in flowers and her information concerning them. Mrs. Heath, however, was more than a specialist in flowers. She was a pioneer woman who for half a century had been familiar with farm life in the Northwest in all its varied aspects, who brought with her to her prairie home the elements of a real culture, and who, amid the often strenuous activities of the farm, kept her mind open to the beauties which nature had spread about her, and which others often fail to discern.

IN HER STUDY OF FLOWERS Mrs. Heath brought to bear a keen intelligence as well as a rare appreciation of beauty. She knew her flowers intimately, where they grew, how they behaved and to what influences they responded. She knew also, the classifications which science has given them and the names by which botanists know them. She made valuable collections for institutions in various parts of the country and she was instrumental in rescuing from almost certain extinction plants which were not likely long to survive under the progress of agriculture and its consequent disturbance of the environment to which they were accustomed. Her love of flowers and of things that flowers symbolize enriched her life and helped her to enrich the lives of others.

EARLY IN 1872, AFTER THE northwest territory had been transferred to the newly created dominion government of Canada, the government began an active search for desirable immigrants. Its agents found in Russia a group of German Mennonites who were anxious to find homes where they could enjoy greater freedom than was granted them under the czar. Guided by a Canadian agent a representative of those people inspected lands in Manitoba and reported favorably, and in the following year several Mennonite families migrated and settled a few miles southeast of Winnipeg. Others of their group wished to follow, but were deterred by lack of funds.

WATERLOO COUNTY IN southern Ontario was settled many years ago by German families. They had sponsored and become substantial citizens. Hearing of the plight of their compatriots in Russia 140 of those families organized themselves as the Waterloo society for the assistance of their friends. Communicating with the government they volunteered that if the government would advance the necessary funds for the transportation of the Mennonites and for their maintenance until they got a start, they, the members of the Waterloo society, would pledge their own farms for the repayment of the loan. They asked only that the government advance the money. They agreed to look after its distribution and administration and the collection of payments.

THE GOVERNMENT, AFTER examining the security, accepted and advanced in all $96,400. The immigrants were brought across the water and placed in group settlements along the border between Walhalla and Pembina. There the incomers began farm life along the lines with which they were familiar, grouping themselves in villages and going back and forth to work on the farms which had been assigned them. Progress was slow and difficult. Their first crop was almost ruined by grasshoppers and the next two crops by excessive rains. But they hung on and presently were rewarded with better crops.

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER the last dollar of the government loan was repaid. Payments had been made from year to year as circumstances would permit. In some cases, where there was need, extensions had been granted, but there had not been a real default. The settlers owned their lands free of encumbrance, their friends in Waterloo county were relieved of their obligation, and the government was repaid in full. A. M. Burgess, the official who told the story said:

THE HISTORY OF NO COUNTRY affords a case in which an obligation to the government on the part of any society, company or individual has been fulfilled with greater faithfulness than this. —W. P. DAVIES.
FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION of an extract from a sister of Mrs. H. C. Rowland touching on affairs in India, I have received the following from Mrs. A. J. Diakoff:

"A COUPLE of paragraphs under "That Reminds Me" in The Herald tempt me to offer brief comments on the quotation from a letter from India.

"GANDHI has stirred up India to its depth. Being a native of India, I know that our people have risen to a sense of nationalism which is bound to express itself in many ways, unfortunately, among which are hatred toward existing government, murders, mob violence, parties, etc. To check these unruly factors, as it were, there has arisen the doctrine of "passive resistance" unique in the history of revolutions. The author of this peaceful doctrine is none other than the man who is blamed for letting loose a spirit of hatred and violence. Gandhi has started a revolution, but his is a bloodless one carried on by besheaked followers. He is not responsible for the murders of officials. These are outcomes of an angry mob. It is merely history repeating itself. Gandhi's fight is for an independent India. He knows that no number of Round Table conferences will bring him nearer to his goal if the government is not going to keep its promises. It was after the Gandhi-Irwin pact was signed that he agreed to attend the conference.

"MISSIONARIES ARE DEEPLY concerned with their own safety, as is a natural thing, but only a few of them have realized the struggle which is going on in India. They have done noble tasks for India, one of which has been the social uplift of the lower classes."

MRS. DIKOFF IS DOING ADVANCED work at the University of North Dakota, and has been a resident of Grand Forks for some time. She is a talented vocalist, and many local audiences have enjoyed her singing.

I WONDER HOW MANY OF us there are who remember our first telephone conversation. The telephone is as much an ordinary convenience as the bicycle once was. The universality of the bicycle was illustrated by the reply of the youngster when asked if his baby sister could walk yet.

"WALK!" HE EXCLAIMED, "I should say not! Why, she can't even ride a bicycle yet."

THE MODERN YOUNGSTER could scarcely conceive a condition in which one could not "call up" anyone, anywhere, at any time.

IT ISN'T SO VERY LONG AGO that the installation of a new telephone in town was a matter of real news, and I find in The Herald of August 11, 1893, a list of new telephones which has just been installed in Grand Forks. The new subscribers were:

S. P. JOHNSON — DR. JOHNSON practiced dentistry in Grand Forks many years. He is now living in California.

Normanden Publishing company — Published "Normanden," an influential Scandinavian language weekly.

Amble & Kneupfer — Operated a meat market on South Third street. Mr. Amble died many years ago and Mr. Kneupfer more recently.

D. McDonald — One of the very earlier residents of Grand Forks. Served as postmaster in the late seventies. Operated a furniture and undertaking establishment. Was register of deeds for several years. Died several years ago.

K. of P. Hall.

Davies

"THAT REMINDS ME—W.P.D.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

NOT LONG AG0 I READ AN account of the death of Charles A. Stephens, at the age, I think, of 88. The name meant nothing to me until I read that the man had been a regular contributor to the Youth's Companion for some 60 years. Then I remembered. In the days when I read the Companion regularly one of my favorite authors was C. A. Stephens. Only the initial of his first name was given. He wrote, chiefly, adventure stories, stories of hunting, camping and outdoor life generally. He did not deal in murders or robberies. His heroes killed no Indians, so far as I can remember, and I am quite certain they robbed no banks, and held up no trains. They were live, wholesome boys, full of fun and ginger, and the stories of them that Stephens wrote made mighty wholesome reading.

ONE OF MY PLEASANT RECollections is of afternoons when, as a special treat a maiden aunt would entertain a small group of her young nephews and nieces by reading to them from bound volumes of the Youth's Companion which she had assembled years before. Of all the writers whose work appeared in the magazine then, Stephens is the only one whose name I remember. The literary technique of the stories may not have been of the highest class. Of that I do not know. But the characters were human and appealing, and I know of no better business in which a man could have spent his life than in providing clean and wholesome entertainment for the hundreds of thousands of youngsters who must have read those stories.

WHILE I AM ON THE SUBJECT of boys' stories I must mention some others. George W. Peck wrote a long series of stories under the title "Peck's Bad Boy." At that time I had emerged from the boyhood stage and had become a young man, but I read some of the stories occasionally. It was rather hard to escape them, for they were syndicated and were run regularly in many newspapers and they were later made the basis of comic strips.

THE AUTHOR WAS AT ONE time governor of Wisconsin. For all I know he may have been a perfectly good governor, but he was a rotten writer. There is frequent complaint of the crudeness and inanity of the modern comic strips, and far be it from me to defend some of them. But the moderns are not the only sinners. I know of nothing that appears now that can match the coarseness and cheap vulgarity of "Peck's Bad Boy." Yet people seemed to eat it up.

TURNING BY CHANCE TO A poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich I was reminded of a boy's story of an entirely different class. It was "The Story of a Bad Boy," by T. B. Aldrich, and was published in a little magazine called "Our Young Folks," of which I think Aldrich was then or later the editor. The hero of the story was called Tom Bailey, and I read his adventures with delight. Tom was "bad" just about as Tom Sawyer was bad. He was energetic, resourceful, and full of mischief, and his irrepressible nature was continually getting him into trouble. But he was not malicious and he was not a smart Aleck. He was just a regular boy.

THE STORY RAN FOR SEVERAL months and I never suspected that it was largely a story of the author's own boyhood until the final chapter came out with the signature "Thomas Bailey Aldrich." Then I knew that my friend Tom Bailey was a real, living person, and not just a creature of the imagination. That revelation made the story still more delightful. When I think of the difference between that clean, lovable story and the crass stupidities of "Peck's Bad Boy," I wonder.

OUT NEAR CARRINGTON A man has been raising his own tobacco for years. He supplies many of his friends. I hope he raises good tobacco, and there seems to be no good reason why he should not, for, while tobacco is more generally grown in the south than in the north, it is grown commercially as far north as Wisconsin and Connecticut, and some was grown in southern Ontario in my boyhood.

I HOPE, HOWEVER, THAT the Carrington man has a better flavored variety than was grown by an old gentleman of my acquaintance back east. In his little garden he grew all his own tobacco. I don't know where he got the seed. He may have found it growing wild. It smelled wild. It was awful.

THE VILLAGE STORE WAS the community center in the evenings, and there the neighbors would congregate to swap yarns and figure out why the country was going to the dogs. My old friend, being of a sociable nature, was a regular attendant. Upon his arrival, with pipe steaming, there would be a movement in the other direction. He would follow the crowd and the crowd would continue to edge away, and one by one the visitors would leave. His tobacco could depopulate that store in 15 minutes. Peace to his ashes, and may his brand of tobacco be extinct.

W. P. DAVIES.
ERLENDSON OF

EGGERT ERLENDSON OF
Grafton writes: "You ask in your very interesting column, "What is the finest line in all poetry?" I agree with you, that, perhaps, no two persons would agree, and one might as well ask who kidnapped Charlie Ross. My personal choice is the line from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village': 'Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.' This noble poem I regard as the greatest and grandest I have read in the English language." The line which Mr. Erlendson quotes is one of the couplet:

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the rose that peeps beneath the thorn."

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE" is admittedly one of the greatest of modern English poems. Its pictures of rural virtue and content take rank with similar descriptions in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and there are probably no finer portraits than those of the village preacher and the village schoolmaster.

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1893, President Cleveland spoke at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the capitol at Washington. President Cleveland made many notable addresses, and he always had something worth while to say. On the occasion of the corner stone laying he said, among other things:

If our lawmakers ever forget their broad and disinterested patriotism and legislated in prejudice or passion or for sectional and selfish interests, the time when this corner stone was laid and the circumstances surrounding it will not be worth remembering.

There is something in that which merits thought just now, when the whole country is under great tension and when anniversary celebrations are in order.

A FEW DAYS AGO I WROTE something about the great flocks of gulls along the Great Northern in the Devils Lake area. A friend tells me that the flocking of these birds is quite usual in the fall, and that it has been noted in the territory mentioned for many years. The birds, I am told, are of a different species from the land gulls which are common all over the prairies and which are seen in pairs or small groups through the summer. These flocking gulls, it is said, are believed to come from Hudson's Bay. They are larger than the land gulls, but whether or not they appear here in immense flocks and merely stop for a short time to feed on their way south or their appearance is due to some other cause I am not informed. I am still seeking information.

I HAVE HEARD FROM MANY sources of cases of second growth in trees, shrubs and the smaller flowering plants. For some reason the past summer has created conditions favorable to this sort of development. The latest case to come under my own observation, which is really not of second growth but of growth resumed after arrested development, is that of a little thorn apple bush about two feet high, which was planted last spring. In spite of the fact that this shrub was thoroughly watered at the time of planting, it did not seem to take hold. Other plants flourished, but this one gave no sign of life. All summer it stood without a leaf on it or a visible bud. It was supposed to be dead, as a matter of course, but within the past week it has started putting out leaves, not from the roots, which occurs sometimes when the main plant has failed, but all over its little branches, right to the tips. For some reason that plant has just loafed all summer, and now, when the weather is favorable, it is getting down to business.

TEAMS AND TRUCKS ARE busy hauling material for the new South Junior High school at Thirteenth avenue, three blocks south of the Roosevelt school. The Roosevelt is the newest of our public school buildings, yet when it was built there were many loud protests because it was being built "so far out of town." It did seem a long way out. Immediately south of it was a great wheat field, and when the school was opened, although the weather was hot, it was necessary to keep all the windows closed because the chaff from the threshing machine filled the rooms. Relatively the new building isn't as far out as that.

—W. P. DAVIES.
down in cuba the other day government forces had a difficult job in rounding up a little group of insurgents because the insurgents persisted in fighting and the government troops were trying to tell them that the rebellion was over and there was no longer any reason for fighting. That reminds me of the story of the capture of guam, once familiar but now pretty well forgotten. the island, a dot in the middle of the pacific, without cable communications, was garrisoned by a handful of spaniards when the spanish-american war broke out. an american vessel en route to the far east approached the island and without ceremony proceeded to bomb the fort. the spanish commander saw the smoke and heard the reports and supposed that he was being saluted. he signaled apologetically that he was unable to return the salute because he had no ammunition. it was explained to him that there was a war on and that he was one of the defendants. thereupon he flew the white flag and surrendered. as the poet said of the battle of blenheim, "it was a glorious victory."

i am always getting those islands mixed, and i forget whether it was guam or some other insular fragment of which a major shroeder was placed in command after we had captured it. there was material there for either a comic opera or a profound treatise on politics and economics. the island had been in the possession of spain for centuries and the government had spent a lot of money on roads, bridges and similar public work, but in the decadence of spanish power it had been practically abandoned.

when the united states took possession the island was inhabited by a few hundred mixed-bloods who were just taking things easy. the government had built for them good roads and bridges and left them in possession of a bit of fertile land which was equally divided among them. they were fabulously rich. the earth yielded all they wanted, practically without labor on their part. they had almost no contact with the world, and no foreign commerce. they were so rich that they had no need to work, and they didn't work.

the roads had become mere tangled paths. the bridges were crumbling. repairs meant work. the people felt themselves too rich to perform menial labor, and there was nobody else to do it. within a short time the place would have reverted to its original state of wilderness and the people would have become savages. the new american governor studied the situation for a short time. he concluded that what those people needed was work, and he undertook to solve the problem of unemployment by one stroke. he issued a proclamation commanding all the people to go to work, just like that!

i don't know the result of this simple, but heroic treatment, but i have always regarded major shroeder as a genius, a little erratic perhaps, as geniuses are apt to be, but a genius, nevertheless.

burns mantle is appealing to john barrymore to come to the rescue of the stage. he wants barrymore to cut loose from pictures and all the frivolities and irregularities associated with them and to make himself immortal by giving the public again real plays by real, flesh-and-blood actors. may barrymore heed the appeal!

there has been much discussion of late of the revival of road shows, something for which we may hope most devoutly. the
THAT REMINDS ME—W.P.D.

DR. CHARLES F. CULVER, OF
Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who
passed through Grand Forks on
his way west a short time ago,
would qualify for membership in
any North Dakota Old Settlers'
association which does not require
its members to have arrived in
the state earlier than 1884. It was
in that year that young Charles,
then a lad of 14, arrived in North
Dakota, his father having pre­
ceded then a year earlier and start­
ed a farm a dozen miles east of
the present city of New Rockford. Un­
til a year or two earlier that part
of the country had been entirely
uninhabited, but settlers had been
moving in since the railroad north
from Jamestown had been project­
ed and part of it had been built. Mr.
Culver had selected land on the
Sheyenne rivers as being on the
probable route of the road, but the
surveyors and other railroad peo­
ples had other views and the road
went north by way of New Rock­
ford.

* * *

DR. CULVER TELLS OF ONE
experience of his early life on the
farm which must have been a
thrilling one to a lad of 14. It was
an experience with real, live In­
dians at a time when Indians ac­
tually took scalps.

* * *

THE PARTICULAR GROUP
of Sioux that inhabited the Devils
Lake reservation had been moved
by successive stages from Iowa
and southern Minnesota, in each

of which states they had been en­
gaged in clashes with the whites,
one of which was marked by the
New Ulm massacre. Ultimately
they had been herded onto the
Devils Lake reservation, and a
detachment of cavalry was main­
tained at Fort Totten to be on
hand in case of trouble.

* * *

ONE OF THE SECONDARY
chiefs, Iron Heart, was in disfavor
among his tribesmen because he
had rendered aid to whites in
southern Minnesota disturbances.
Ostracized by his own people, he
had been assigned land in the very
southern point of the reservation
on a bay where there happened to
be good fishing. On one occasion
Mr. Culver and about 40 others or­
ganized a fishing expedition and
started with wagons for Iron
Heart's place on the lake. Fishing
on the reservation without permit
was prohibited, but the party had
been promised a permit from the
officer in charge at Fort Totten. A
messenger was dispatched to the
fort for the permit, and he was to
meet the party at Iron Heart's.

* * *

THE CAVALCADE PROCEED­
ed leisurely, doing a little hunt­
ing along the way. When they
had made about half the distance
they met a small party of Indians
who asked where they were go­
ing. On being told that the set­
tlers were going to Iron Heart's to
fish the Indians mounted their
ponies and rode off.

* * *

ARRIVING AT IRON HEART's
bay the fishermen began unhitch­
ing their wagons and unloading
their camp outfits, the place which
they had selected being covered
with small timber and brush. The
Culver horses suddenly showed
signs of fright, snorting and back­
ing away from a clump of bushes.
Mr. Culver told Charles to go and
see what was there to frighten the
horses. Looking around in the
shrubbery the boy came upon an
Indian lying concealed, naked ex­
cept for a loin cloth, and covered
with war paint.

* * *

THE INDIAN, BEING DISCOV­
ered, made off through the timber,
but presently the settlers saw on
the hills in the vicinity, first one
Indian and then another, all
mounted and nearly naked, and all
brilliantly painted. More Indians
appeared over the bluffs and began
to gather in. Realizing that they
had to deal with a war party the
settlers hastily gathered up such
of their effects as they had unload­
ed and began to make preparations
for defense. Presently Indian po­
icemen, having learned of the dis­
turbance, appeared on the scene.
Also the messenger with the permit
arrived from Fort Totten.

* * *

THE INDIAN IN CHARGE OF
the handful of police urged the
settlers to move out as rapidly as pos­
sible. "We will do all we can to
hold the war party back," he said,
but we can't hold them long, per­
mit or no permit. They are angry
because you have come onto the
reservation and they have worked
themselves up until they are out
for blood."

* * *

IT BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE
another massacre. The forty whites
could not hold out long against the
Indians if they once attacked.
Then, just as a bloody fight seemed
certain, cavalry came galloping
over the hills and swung into regu­
lar formation. Dr. Culver says
he never saw a more welcome sight
in his life. It developed that an
Indian, friendly to the whites, had
learned that the others had held a
pow-wow after meeting the fishing
party, had wrought themselves in­
to frenzy, and had taken to the
war path. He had carried the
news to a neighboring settler who
had galloped the 20 miles to Fort
Totten and given the alarm. The
cavalry had been quickly monta­
ed and made a swift ride to the scene
of trouble, arriving just in time.
The settlers abandoned their idea
of fishing at Iron Heart's place
and moved over to Jerusalem be­
side of the reservation, where
the fishing was not quite so good
but where they could fish witho­
out the fear of losing their scalps.

—W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

DR. CHARLES F. CULVER OF Sioux Falls, of whom I wrote the other day, tells of Dr. Miller who ministered to the needs of the settlers in a wide area of Eddy and adjoining counties in the early eighties. I did not learn where Dr. Miller had his office, but he made a sort of headquarters at the Culver farm east of New Rockford. At that time there was no New Rockford, nor was there any other town for many miles. Thousands of settlers had driven north from James-town to establish themselves on homesteads. A few had drifted in from the east, where Mayville and other settlements along the Goose river were being established. A little group from Chautauqua county, New York, had started what was known as the Tiffany settlement, which still appears on the maps.

* * *

WHILE THERE WERE MANY settlers in the territory, the territory was big, and homes were far apart. There were no roads of any kind. Each wagon that passed left its mark on the sod, and where several wagons followed the same route there was made a more or less distinct trail. The traveler followed a trail as long as it led in his direction, then started out to make an original trail of his own.

* * *

IT WAS UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS that Dr. Miller drove up and down, doing what he could for the sick and injured. Mother Culver kept a cot in the kitchen made ready for the use of the doctor whenever he chanced to arrive. Often that would be in the middle of the night or in the early morning. The doctor would stable his team, enter the house—the door was never locked—and in the morning the would be found sound asleep in the cot.

It was understood that messages might be left for the doctor at the Culvert's, and when he arrived he might find a message asking him to drive the Smith's, on the northwest corner of section something or other, twenty miles in one direction, or to Peterson's, southeast corner of section so-and-so, fifteen miles in the opposite direction.

SOME OF THOSE CALLS were urgent, which meant little sleep and only a hastily swallowed bite of food for the doctor. Often young Charles asked and received permission to go along, and he became proud of his skill in "navigating" the prairie under the tuition of his friend. Quite often the expeditions would be into entirely new territory, but the designation of farm places by section number gave the general direction to be followed. If the call were to a place twenty miles northwest it might be known that there was a trail leading off in that direction around the south end of a lake, then one branching from it around a section hill and crossing a coulee at a known point. Thereafter the travelers had to strike out on their own hook and trust to their own sense of distance and direction and the instinct of the horses.

MANY OF THE HABITATIONS were sod shanties or dugouts, with thick earth walls and single windows, because windows cost money. At night the family expecting the call kept a lamp burning at the window, but its light could not be seen far even in good weather, and only from directly in front. Much depended on the horses. Left to themselves at night, when the driver supposed himself to be somewhere near his destination, they would pick out the right spot and stop in the farmyard. Slight sounds and the scent of other animals guided them to habitations where they expected to be rested and fed.

W. P. DAVIES.
THE BIJARNE CHORUS IS now beginning its 51st year. This singing society was a comparatively new organization at the time of the World's fair in Chicago in 1893, and in that year it visited the fair and participated in the great sangerfest that was held there. The singers who made the trip were: L. K. Hassell, leader; A. Sagen and D. Wurschmidt, first tenors; N. Nordlund and J. A. Anderson, second tenors; J. A. Berg and J. O. S. Kojern, first bass; H. A. Moe and E. Pederson, second bass. Three thousand voices were heard in the sangerfest at the fair. Will the chorus be represented at the coming fair?

THE MAN WHO LIVES BEYOND THE SCRIPTURAL PERIOD OF 70 years is often said to be living on borrowed time. Up here in the northwest we have been living for some time on borrowed weather. The American Automobile association has made a compilation from the records in the United States weather bureau showing the average dates of the first freezing weather in the several states. For the purposes of the table North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota are grouped together, and the average time for frost in that area is given as from September 15 to October 1, the earlier date applying naturally to the northern section and the later to the southern. Here in northern North Dakota we would be in the September 15 section. According to that our fall frost is three weeks overdue.

PRESUMABLY THE DATES given are those of the first killing frost. Two of three light frosts occurred in this locality several weeks ago, but the weather people make special note of the first frost that kills tender vegetation. We have had no such frost yet. Flowers continue to bloom and the foliage still remains on the trees, except in such cases as those in which leaves have become loosened by maturity regardless of frost.

WE SOMETIMES ATTRIBUTE the rich coloring of autumn leaves to frost. This year the leaves are coloring without frost. The coloring seems to be due, not directly to frost, but to the ripening process, and as that process is hastened by frost, it is true that tempera-
THE LITTLE VISIT THAT I had recently with Dr. Culver of Sioux Falls I was given many bits of interesting information concerning the early history of the upper James River valley, which in the eighties, was a frontier territory in every sense of the word. The doctor's father operated a farm of considerable size, and his pioneer spirit was shown, not merely in pulling up stakes and moving into unknown territory, but in testing out the possibilities of that territory after he had arrived.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF big wheat farms, and few settlers thought much of growing anything but wheat. Mr. Culver raised wheat, but he also experimented with a good many other crops. He grew feed crops for his stock, as a matter of course, but each year he set aside a piece of ground for some crop that had not been tested on the northern prairie. While wild hay was plentiful, he foresaw the time when it might be necessary to grow cultivated grasses for hay. He tried timothy, to the amusement of many of his neighbors who could see no point to wasting time fooling with timothy when there was plenty of good wild hay to be had for the cutting. He found that not only timothy grass grow well, but that it would mature seed in fine shape, and he shipped the first carload of timothy seed that was ever shipped out of North Dakota.

MR. CULVER EXPERIMENTED with winter rye, and his doing so enabled the settlers in that section to tide over a very bad year. After two or three satisfactory tests on small plots he planted a large field with rye which yielded an abundant crop. There was no outside market for rye, however, and the adventure seemed likely to be a costly one. In that year, though, the wheat crop had failed, whether from drouth or from some other cause, I do not know; and it was found that by sifting out the finer portion from the rye which had been ground for feed in the little farm mill, there was obtained a flour that served very well as a substitute for wheat flour.

THE CULVERS USED THIS flour. Some of their nearer neighbors tried it and liked it. The Culver rye flour was in demand. It was practically the only bread material within reach. The news spread to the Scandinavian settlements along the Goose river, where rye flour was no novelty to the settlers. Mr. Culver ground his entire crop of rye and sold it at a cent a pound. He got a good price for his rye and the other settlers got a lot of cheap food.

—W. P. DAVIES.
**That Reminds Me—W. P. D.**

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE strange if I did not hear from Alf Eastgate of Larimore with reference to the gulls of which I hear some time ago, for no man in the state is better informed than he on the wild life of North Dakota. Mr. Eastgate comes forward with the following very welcome information: "I have waited for some of the learned ones to tell you all about the light of gulls you saw in Nelson county. As your request has not met with much results will give you a little from my store of information. The gull you saw was the Franklin's gull, is known as one of the land gulls, and breeds from North Dakota north to the Barren Lands of Canada. The nesting site is a large tulle slough or marsh with a large sheet of open water. The nest, built of dead tulle and other water plants is a floating raft and protected by the green plants of the year.

* * *

"YEARS AGO THEY NESTED in Cavanaugh's slough, a few miles south of Crary, N. D. Another year at Sweetwater lakes. They never nest in the same locality two years together, as I suppose they use up the food supply in one year, as there are usually several thousand breeding birds in a rookery."

* * *

"THE GULL OF UTAH IS THE California gull, which also breeds in several places in North Dakota but comes back year after year to rear the young at the same place.

* * *

"THE RING-BILL IS ANOTHER gull that breeds here and on north. While all these birds usually breed in the interior some are found along the coasts where conditions are favorable for the rearing of the young, and that means food supply.

* * *

"A LITTLE LATER I WILL have something to say about the grasshoppers and what we can think about them during the winter, if you will be interested."

NATURALLY, I SHALL BE watching expectantly for what Mr. Eastgate has to offer on the subject of grasshoppers.

* * *

SHORTLY BEFORE RECEIVING Mr. Eastgate's letter I had been looking over Walter E. Spokesfield's very interesting history of Wells county, and there I found a chapter on gulls containing much of the information given by Mr. Eastgate. I should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Spokesfield has appealed to Mr. Eastgate as an authority and obtained his information from him. Mr. Spokesfield describes the manner in which gulls followed the breaking plows in the early days, swooping down suddenly to catch the bugs and worms unearthed by the plow.

* * *

"THESE GULLS, SAYS MR. Spokesfield, are named in honor of Sir John Franklin, the noted English Arctic explorer who, with all members of his expedition sailing in the British ship Resolute, perished above the Arctic circle while searching for the North pole. The Franklin gull's plumage is white with grayish mantle. A dark slate colored hood covers the neck and head. The wings are tipped with black, and a pale, exquisite rose blush is seen on the white under parts. They fly with their wings tilted at all degrees, vertical, horizontal and angled. They are of the prairie variety and the Dakota prairies in the early days were their nesting places, although they range over the dry prairies and marshy lakes north to the Barren Lands of Canada and winter in Central and South America. They build their nests in marshy places—the nests partly floating and easily rocked by the ripples of the waves. Besides their usefulness in ridding the prairies of insects their tameness and familiarity was pleasing. Their eggs are a drab blue, heavily marked in black.

* * *

MR. SPOKESFIELD REFERS to the saving of the crops of the early Mormons by great flocks of gulls, but he assumes that these, also, were Franklin gulls, whereas Mr. Eastgate classifies them as California gulls, which have somewhat different habits.

* * *

THIS COLUMN TODAY BEING devoted to birds, it may as well end as it began, but shifting from gulls to ducks. Paul G. Redington, chief of the federal biological survey, is convinced that in spite of some local evidences to the contrary, ducks are and will be scarce this fall. He says:

"BY COMPARISON WITH former seasons the ducks on their southern flight will find great tracts of waterless land. With comparatively few suitable water areas left by drought and drainage the ducks will be forced to concentrate in large numbers. Many hunters and especially members of gun clubs, which are usually advantageously located, are apt to conclude that waterfowl are more plentiful than ever before.

* * *

"ACTUALLY UNIMPEACHABLE evidence has proved that many species, including those most highly prized by hunters, are dangerously scarce. Shooters who choose to believe what they see and to take their limit of ducks in the areas of concentration will, without exaggeration, be jeopardizing their sport for all time."

—W. P. DAVIES.
THE McCANNA CLUB IS UNDERTAKING A WORTHY WORK IN MARKING THE TRAIL SO THAT IT CAN BE IDENTIFIED. SOON THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO REMEMBER WHERE IT WENT. AND THE EASTGATES ARE UNIMPEACHABLE AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT.


THAT HUNT WAS INTERESTING, NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS THE LAST IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY, BUT BECAUSE OF THE PERSONNEL OF THE HUNTING PARTY.

EWEN GRANT BELONGED TO THE FAMOUS GRANT CLAN OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, AND AT THE TIME OF THE HUNT HIS BROTHER WAS HEAD OF THE CLAN.

FRANK H. ANSON BECAME GENERAL MANAGER FOR SYKES & HUGHES, AND IN 1884 HE BECAME THE FIRST GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC ROAD.

PETER PELLISSIER WAS THE SON OF ANTOINE PELLISSIER, A FAMOUS GUIDE WHO HAD SERVED WITH THE FISK EXPEDITION IN 1862. WARBURTON PIKE BECAME FAMOUS AS AN EXPLORER OF THE CANADIAN WILDS AND WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS ON HIS EXPERIENCES.

OLIVER HENRY WALLOP WAS THE SON OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF PORTSMOUTH. HIS BROTHER, THE ELDEST SON, SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE, AND UPON HIS DEATH WITHOUT HEIRS JUST A FEW YEARS AGO, THE EASTGATE HUNTSMAN BECAME SIR OLIVER HENRY WALLOP, NINTH EARL. IN THE MEANTIME HE HAD GONE INTO CATTLE RANCHING ON A LARGE SCALE AND HAD DEVELOPED LARGE HERDS IN WYOMING. WALLOP AND PIKE WERE FRESH FROM OXFORD. THEY HAD ARRIVED ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE BUFFALO HUNT.


—W. P. DAVIES.
WHAT TIME IS T? I ONCE heard of a man who never carried a watch and gave as his reason that he found it much more convenient to ask other people the time than to bother with a watch himself. Perhaps if he had carried a watch he would not have know much about the time. Many do not. Next time your friend looks at his watch and puts it back in his pocket, ask him what time it is. The odds are about 10 to 1 that he will not know and will take out the watch and look again. Watches become a habit, and looking at them is very much a reflection of the desire to be doing something without knowing exactly what.

SINCE WE HAVE HAD RADIO time is forced upon us in ways that are sometimes confusing. Last night I heard a voice say “When the next musical note is sounded it will be exactly 15 minutes and 49 seconds before 10 P. M., Eastern Standard time.” It seemed too bad not to take advantage of that information, so I opened my watch—it’s that kind of watch—and began to figure hurriedly with a pencil about those odd seconds. It took longer than I expected, but when the note sounded it seemed that I was a couple of seconds fast. While I was making the correction I heard another voice saying “At the sound of the gong it will be exactly nine forty-four and twenty seconds P. M., Eastern Standard time.” I found that I was a few seconds fast, and made the proper adjustment. I was kept jumping back and forth, setting and resetting my watch during the next minute or two as various announcements came in. Fifteen minutes later I had to do it all over again. Then I forgot to wind my watch and went to bed.

FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY come notes concerning the second growth of plants during the past remarkable season. Mention of several local instances has been made. Down in Illinois they have been having similar experiences with plants that have somehow got out of step with the season. Now a stray copy of the Toronto Globe contains the following paragraph.

“Summer sunshine has lingered into the month of clouds and frost. Roses are in bloom in front of the Board of Education building on College street. Walnuts still cling to a tree on St. Clair avenue instead of dropping for the squirrels. A second crop of blueberries is reported from Peterboro. A plum tree is in blossom at Brantford, and an apple tree in Prince Edward county has fruit on one side and blossoms on another.”

TRULY, IT HAS BEEN A REMARKABLE season. There may be many seasons for the strange behavior of vegetation. The performances of a little Rambler rose suggest one possible explanation. The plant was covered with bloom when it was obtained last winter. It was allowed to finish blooming and was given a rest until spring, when it was planted outdoors. Again it bloomed freely, then rested on its own account. Now it is well budded again.

MAY IT NOT BE THAT THE unusual and prolonged heat of summer hastened maturity and caused plants to complete their rest period in less time than usual, and to start up again now that they are sufficiently rested? On that theory a lot of the plants are laboring under the impression that this is spring. In that case the plants will find that the joke is on them.

THIS IS MONDAY. ACCEPTING the risk that the weather may change before Tuesday, when this
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE public lands of the United States was attended by "rushes" of varying intensity. In the early days the number of land seekers was relatively small, for the general population itself was small. Land areas successively thrown open to settlement were usually rather remote. Hence, while there was competition for the best locations, and groups of considerable size took to the western trails and set out for the new lands, there was little crowding. There was room for all. As population in the east became more dense and desirable land more scarce, the opening of each new tract was awaited with greater eagerness and larger crowds entered the race for claims. The later land openings were attended by scenes of riotous confusion. It was a case of first come first served, and while the value of the prizes was often greatly exaggerated, the value of the best claims was sufficient to create the most intense competition.

ONE OF THE LATEST TRACTS, and, I think, the very latest, to be subjected to entry by whoever might reach it first was the Cherokee strip which became part of the state of Oklahoma. That opening has been made famous in play and story. There were romantic incidents in connection with the opening, but there was also such disorder and violence that it was decided that for the opening of the few remaining tracts to be settled more orderly methods should be adopted.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF the Cherokee strip occurred at noon on September 16, 1893. For days in advance crowds had been gathering around the tract, and one writer estimated that 200,000 persons were camped at various points awaiting the firing of the signal gun. But the affair had been so poorly managed that hundreds of "sooners" had already squatted on desirable claims, so those who participated in the grand rush found others in possession after they had ran or ridden for miles to be among the first arrivals. Railways crossed the territory, and many of the claim seekers chose to enter the territory by train instead of trusting to other means of locomotion. The trains were held at the border until the noon shot was fired, and not only were the cars filled, but hundreds rode on their tops and even on the trucks underneath.

SEVERAL PERSONS WERE killed in the rush, either from gunshot or knife wounds, and there were many serious injuries. After the commotion had subsided scores of horses lay dead on the plain, some having been ridden to death, some being killed outright, and some having been shot in mercy by their owners after having sustained serious injuries. Debris of wrecked wagons, buggies and bicycles littered the prairie.

OF ALL THE THOUSANDS who had gone in the hope of obtaining claims only a few were successful. The majority returned, disappointed and disgusted. The senselessness of such a wild scramble was so apparent that the right to file on claims in territory to be opened later was awarded by lot. It was in that manner that the right to claims on the Devils Lake reservation in North Dakota was decided.

THE LOTTERY PLAN WAS an improvement over the general scramble, but there was an element of unfairness in that the person desiring to file for a chance in the lottery was required to appear at the registration point near the land and register in person. Thus the person living a thousand miles away was required to pay his expenses to and from the reservation for the mere purpose of obtaining a lottery ticket on which his chances of winning the right to a claim were perhaps one in several hundred.

A RATHER CURIOUS FEATURE of the registration for tickets was that there was real rivalry for the privilege of being among the earliest to register. Obviously the last ticket was as likely to win as the first, yet hundreds of persons waited in line all night before the registration office in order to make sure of obtaining low-numbered tickets. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were thus wasted which could have been saved by the simple expedient of having properly verified registrations sent in by mail.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I DO NOT KNOW TO WHICH of the Herbig brothers, of Easby, North Dakota, I am indebted for a very interesting suggestion with reference to the control of grasshoppers, as the letter bears only the firm name. But, from whatever individual force it comes, the suggestion is certainly one which merits attention. The letter follows: "I am writing to say that we sure appreciate your 'That Reminds Me' and always like to read it first. We are particularly interested in the discussion of the hopper menace and we certainly agree with Mr. Moore that poisoning cannot be depended on to rid us of this scourge as weather conditions must be just right for the poison to be effective and given ideal conditions we still have the job of making all the hoppers eat it, which insurmountable task no one yet has ever accomplished.

"WE HAVE A WAY OF ANNIHILATING hoppers that we believe is head and shoulders ahead of any other method that we have seen tried and it is based on the peculiar habits of the young hoppers as any one that has studied the ways of this insect knows that when first hatched along the road-sides and fence row, those in the fields having been destroyed by plowing, the baby hoppers feed right where they are hatched for several days, then they start feeding in the edge of

the fields but at night go back to where they were hatched and the fact that they do go back to their hatching ground at night is the peculiar habit that gives us a chance at them.

"NOW WHEN YOU FIND THAT many hoppers have hatched wait until it is dark, then hitch a team on a weed and stubble burner, drive down to the field, generate the burner and burn the roadsides and fence rows and at the end of four or five hours you have your crops protected from the hopper menace and are ready to loan your burner to your neighbor to protect his crop which also gives you added protection.

"THE BEAUTY OF THIS method is that you don't have to guess at or wait for results, you know that practically all the hoppers are along the roadsides and fence rows at night, and you know that after the burner with its tremendous heat passes over them that few if any can escape.

"THE SUCCESS OF THIS method depends entirely on using it in time, namely before hoppers begin to fly and while they are still coming back to roost at their hatching place.

"AFTER THE HOPPER IS OLD enough to fly he goes out into the field and never comes back and you can use all the methods of extermination known to man and the hopper goes blithely on, you must get them while they are young and we believe the burner method to be the quickest, surest and cheapest of any thing we have seen tried.

"WE THOUGHT PERHAPS our method might interest some of your readers who are wondering what to do about the hoppers next year, so if you think so too would be glad to have you publish this letter."

I AM NOT VERSED IN GRASSHopper lore, but it is apparent that the writer of the above letter has observed intelligently the habits of grasshoppers, and it seems that the plan which he proposes would be much more effective than many others which have been used. It

LAST WEEK I ACKNOWLEDGED a letter from Mrs. O. A. Urness, of McCanna, asking for information concerning the route of the old Fort Totten trail. Mrs. Urness wrote that a club of which she is a member intended to undertake the marking of the trail at points where it crosses the public roads. I referred her to the Eastgate brothers of Larimore as the best authorities on the subject known to me.

MRS. URNESS WRITES THAT she has obtained the assistance of Harry Eastgate in the matter and she is confident that she will not have to look further. Mrs. Urness asks that mention be made of the fact that her club is the Maids and Matrons club of Niagara, and not of McCanna, as was stated in the former article. The mistake arose from the fact that McCanna is her own postoffice address.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

Here is a little puzzle which may interest those who wish to exercise their detective faculties: Three men were involved in an automobile accident. One was killed and the other two were injured so seriously that they were unable to give any information. From papers found scattered in the wreckage the following facts were ascertained:

1. The three men were Smith, Jones and Brown.
2. Smith owed the driver of the car ten dollars.
3. Brown's wife and the dead man's wife were sisters.
4. The driver had expected to meet his fiancée at the end of the journey.

Which man drove the car, and which man was killed?

We sometimes speak of certain trees and plants as being ingenious to a certain territory. By that we mean, I suppose, that such vegetation is found growing in the territory without having been introduced by man. It does not mean, necessarily, that such plants will not thrive there, if started and given a chance. Trees and smaller plants come from seeds, and at some time the seeds of existing growth were planted by some agency where no such growth had appeared before.

At one time, only a little while ago, as geologists calculated time, the Red river valley was the bottom of a great lake, and all the forest growth now found in it sprang up after the waters of the lake had subsided. That growth is found only along the streams. I take it that the first trees to take root and grow in the valley were the cottonwoods. Their seeds are easily transported by wind and water and would find suitable conditions for germination in the moist earth along the streams. Growing along the rivers, too, the young seedlings would escape fires which swept over the prairies year after year, destroying not only the dry grass but the young trees which might have sprung up since the last fire.

It is not difficult to see how in this way each stream would presently have its little fringe of trees, chiefly cottonwoods, but with other species intermingled as birds, winds and floods brought seeds and each little timber belt began to provide shelter for later arrivals. The fact that certain trees are not found growing naturally here does not mean, necessarily, that local conditions of soil and climate are unsuited to them, but merely, in some cases, that nature has not yet brought there seeds here.

Our local forests contain no black walnut. Perhaps this is because seed of this tree is too large and heavy to be transported by any of nature's ordinary methods. At any rate, there are black walnut trees in Grand Forks that have been bearing nuts for years and which give no indication that the conditions here are not suited to them. Perhaps if the same agencies that brought here the seeds of elm and cottonwood had been able to bring walnuts, we might now have had natural groves of these splendid trees as well as of others.

Down in Riverside Park Dr. H. H. Healy has several walnut trees which have been growing in his yard for years and which are healthy and thrifty, and some of which have been bearing nuts for a long time.

Another walnut tree is on the premises of A. Arnason, 914 Walnut street. Mr. Arnason's tree has a trunk 6 or 8 inches in diameter and is taller than the house. It, too, bears a crop of nuts each year. Its history is not known, but, presumably it was planted by the late Thomas Kanmir, who built the Arnason residence and occupied it until his death.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MRS. JOHN WILLINK, OF EDMORE, was interested in the story of Dr. Culver’s adventure with Fort Totten Indians as told in this column not long ago, as she was a neighbor of the Culvers in her childhood. She writes:

“Captain Culver was one of New Rockford’s early pioneers. I was raised on the Cheyenne River and my folks kept a stopping place on the bank of the river in the early 80’s, so I am somewhat familiar with that country. I think some portions of Dr. Culver’s story are not accurate.

“I attended school in 1880 to 1882 at the Indian mission east of Fort Totten. The school was conducted by the Grey Nuns of Charity. I never heard of any Indians wild at that time, and there were no white settlers on the reservation then. Iron Heart kept a stopping place for travelers who were not afraid to sleep in an Indian hut. Jerusalem was merely a postoffice and store.

“The first settlers of any importance in that neighborhood came by way of Grand Forks and a few from Jamestown. All the Indians at that time were friendly.”

* * *

I think Mrs. Willink has not quite understood some parts of the story which Dr. Culver told me of his thrilling experiences. The settlers who made up the fishing party headed by Captain Culver were not whites living on the reservation, but settlers from the New Rockford vicinity who had assembled from a wide area for a grand outing and fishing expedition. Without official permit they would have been trespassers on the reservation, and while the reservation Indians at that time were generally quiet, they were jealous of their rights.

* * *

IT IS TRUE THAT SOME OF the reservation Indians at that time showed actual friendship for their white neighbors. Iron Heart appears to have been one of these. Another was Otherday, who saved the Fadden family from massacre during the southern Minnesota uprising. But, many of the others were subdued rather than friendly. Rightly or wrongly they felt that the whites had poached on their hunting grounds, stolen their lands and in other ways defrauded them. Periodically they had broken loose, in Iowa and in southern Minnesota.

* * *

THE PERIOD OF WHICH DR. Culver tells was only a few years from the New Ulm massacre. The Indians had been moved from reservation to reservation, and, naturally, they did not like it. The Custer fight was quite recent. Sitting Bull was still unreconciled, and it was not until several years later that he was killed. Fort Totten had been established and cavalry stationed there for the express purpose of preventing Indian outbreaks which otherwise were to be feared.

* * *

THEY WAS NO GENERAL UPRISING of the Fort Totten Indians at the time of Dr. Culver’s adventure. My understanding is that the Indians who donned the war paint at that time were a stray party from the reservation, probably of young hot-heads who, resentful over the treatment to which they believed their people had been subjected, were angered afresh by what appeared to be a new and deliberate invasion of their territory. Under such circumstances it is easy to understand how in the absence of their elders they could work themselves up to the fighting pitch and determine to annihilate the white invaders. The appearance of the cavalry ended the episode. There was no fighting, and the incident passed almost unnoticed like hundreds of similar incidents on and about the several reservations.

* * *

STILL MORE RECENT WAS the trouble with the Chippewas at Leech lake, Minnesota in which the disturbance assumed the proportions of actual war after years of peace and apparent friendship. In that case the Indians became desperate, over failure to obtain redress of grievances in connection with the handling of their lands. The insurrection was quelled, but not until the government had taken measures reminiscent of the days of real Indian warfare. There was a lot of shooting, but the marksmanship must have been poor, because I do not recall that there were any casualties. I may be wrong about them. One of these days I shall look it up.

W. P. DAVIES.
IN THE NORTH DAKOTA

Historical quarterly dated July, 1931, there is an interesting article by Professor Howard E. Simpson on the winter of 1807-1808 at Pembina. The material in the article has been gathered from the journal of Alexander Henry Jr., who was engaged in the fur trade at Pembina during the years mentioned. The records in the journal are given with appropriate comment, and some comparisons are made with official records on recent weather.

WHILE ONLY A PART OF one year is covered in the journal, the comparisons, so far as they go, give no indication of any marked departure from ordinary weather conditions in the vicinity of Pembina.

THE FIRST KILLING FROST in the autumn of 1807 appears to have occurred on September 14, when the temperature dropped to 28 degrees. A frost sufficiently severe to affect cucumbers and melons occurred on September 7. The average date of the first killing frost at Pembina is September 12, so the fall of 1807 may be considered about normal.

THE COLDEST DAYS OF THAT winter were January 14 and February 15, on each of which days a temperature of 27 below zero was reached. Much lower temperatures have been reached, of course, in many later years.

THE WINTER APPEARS TO have been one of heavy snow. The total snowfall for the season is given as 61 inches, but Professor Simpson notes that all the observations except those of temperature were made without instruments. The measurements, therefore, were probably not exact, but as snow fell on an unusually large number of days, and as the journal contains frequent comment on the quantity of snow, the season seems to have been somewhat exceptional for its snowfall. The normal snowfall for Pembina averaged from the records of the weather bureau, is 37.3 inches.

THE EARLY SPRING OF 1808 was unusually warm, but this was followed by a cold May. Snow fell on May 3 and 21.

GEESE WERE OBSERVED flying south as early as September 9, but as late as December 9 Henry shot a "shell drake" on the ice. Evidently this bird had been belated for some unknown reason, as winter was in full swing long before its arrival at Pembina.

THE RED RIVER FROZE over on November 11, and on November 22 the traders began to use dog sleighs for their hauling.

FISH WAS AN IMPORTANT item of food for Indians and fur traders, and during Henry's time the Red river seems to have been full of sturgeon. The journal mentions the netting of sturgeon on April 7, 1808, and within a few weeks there were being caught from 50 to 100 sturgeon daily. In the part of the journal quoted no mention is made of catfish, though many tons of these fish were taken from the river in the early days, and many of them are still caught.

A note appended to the article tells of the last sturgeon known to have been taken from the Red river. This fish was caught on July 4, 1825, as it was attempting to pass from the Red river into the Red Lake river at Grand Forks. The low dam at the mouth of the latter river impeded its progress, and it was snared with wire and hoisted out with a potato fork. It was 5 feet long and weighed 54 pounds.

— W. L. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MRS. J. G. HUNTER, OF Crystal, N. D., sends in an interesting contribution in the form of a set of rules and regulations for the conduct of a Sunday school in southern Illinois. Their exact date is unknown, but it is believed they are at least 75 years old. The rules are given herewith in the exact language in which they were written:

**ARTICLE 1**—The school shall commence at 9 A. M. Article 2—It shall be the duty of each teacher of his or her class to observe the following salutation, the males on entering the room in the morning, on leaving it after dismissal, to make a bow, the females to make a courtesy.

**ARTICLE 3**—It shall be the duty of the teacher to observe good order in his or her class.

**ARTICLE 4**—There shall be no whispering, no laughing or unnecessary talking while school is in session.

**ARTICLE 5**—No Scholar shall absent themselves from school without permission.

**ARTICLE 6**—Any Scholar refusing to obey said rules and make an interruption in his class and does not make satisfaction to his or her teacher shall be expelled from their class and come under the care of the superintendent until satisfaction is obtained and refuses to receive the instruction of the superintendent shall be expelled from the school.

**ARTICLE 7**—No hollering going to and from school.

**ARTICLE 8**—It shall be the duty of the superintendent to see that the fire is secured from danger of burning the house and fastening the door on leaving the school.


"These rules," writes Mrs. Hunter, "surely show a contrast between then and now. Services are still held in the same building.

"The original copy belongs to Mrs. J. O. Reese, of Crystal. One of the signers, D. W. Biggs, was Mrs. Reese's grandfather and at one time was pastor of this church, which is called Limestone and is four miles from Cobden, Illinois.

"I surely enjoy your column and agree heartily with the article you wrote about C. A. Stephens. We read the Youths Companion in our home, too, and every word you said is true."

**MRS. HUNTER IS RIGHT.** Things are decidedly different. They may be better in some respects and not so good in others, but habits and methods have changed. Our Sunday schools, like our public schools, are more elaborately organized. There is a more definite grading of pupils and greater uniformity in courses of study.

**THERE HAS BEEN ALSO,** I think, a marked departure from the intensive study of the Bible itself and its literal text which was once considered essential. In so far as this has been accompanied by greater attention to essential truths there has been some gain, but there has also been appreciable loss in the lessened familiarity of youth with the language of Scripture, its glowing imagery, its noble poetry and its incomparable richness as a record of spiritual development. Real knowledge of these things cannot be attained without diligent study of the text, and it was the aim of the early Sunday school to drill the pupils thoroughly in the text, even though the teaching might not go much further.

I NEVER BEFORE SAW A set of "rules and regulations" for a Sunday school. I imagine that in only a few cases were the rules reduced to writing. But the rules above given may be taken as an expression of that respect for order which seems to be less prevalent now than it once was. Something of the reverence and dignity which characterized the services of the church itself was expected also to obtain in the Sunday school. Sometimes the formality was pretty stiff, as with the bowing and courtesying prescribed for teachers in the little Illinois school. But it all had the effect of leaving the impression, at least, that one had been engaged in something a little different from the ordinary day's tasks.

**THAT RESPECT FOR ORDER** has been a valuable thing. It lies at the root of constitutional government. It helps to give security to society. It holds families together. It is to be hoped that amid all the changes that take place we shall not lose it.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I KNOW OF NO INDUSTRIAL plant anywhere whose surroundings are kept in better condition than are the surroundings of the Diamond mill in Grand Forks. The late P. J. Cavanaugh, who was manager of the business until his death, always took pride in having the property neat and trim, and his successor, John Ryan, keeps up the good work. Last summer John had the berm alongside the mill reseeded, and the work was so well done that a wonderful bit of lawn has resulted. Because of the tendency of pedestrians to cut across and tramp out the grass a police notice has been posted warning people to keep off the berm. Strangers sometimes inquire what a berm is, as they never heard of such a thing before, which brings me to the origin of the term in its present application.

GRAND FORKS WAS THE first northwestern city to pave any of its streets. Its business section was paved with round cedar blocks in 1896. In the business section the driveaway was paved from sidewalk to sidewalk, but when the residence district was reached the pavement was narrowed and a strip of grass was left between it and the sidewalk. There arose the question of the proper designation of that strip of sod. There was no term in general use which seemed exactly to fit.

WEBSTER DEFINES "BERM" as "a narrow, approximately level shelf, path or edge, as at the bottom or top of a slope, or along a bank." As applied to a fortification a berm is described as "such a ledge between the foot of a parapet and the top of the slope." Perfect!

THE WORD "BOULEVARD," which is often used elsewhere, was suggested, but that did not seem quite right. There is Michigan boulevard in Chicago, and the famous boulevards of Paris and of other cities. The word in such cases is applied to the entire street and not to any particular part of it. Such grassy strips are sometimes called "parkings," but that seemed to be a makeshift and a distortion. Then someone discovered in the almost obsolete word "berm" something that seemed just to fit.

THE WORD "BERM" may have been adopted by Grand Forks, and it has become a part of our official language. Occasionally it has been borrowed elsewhere, with the entire approval of Grand Forks, but the fact remains that our people were the first in the northwest to pave their streets and the first to find an appropriate name for the turf along the pavement.

THE LATE S. S. TITUS TOOK a great deal of interest in the selection of this name. It may have been he who discovered it. At any rate, he was instrumental in promoting its use, and he never wasted of explaining to others its significance and application.

MR. TITUS TOOK GREAT INTEREST in words. With several friends he made a tour of Europe, and while in Paris he discovered, to his own satisfaction, that the French did not know how to speak their own language. They called a hotel a "pension," which was all right, so far as the spelling of the word went. But they called it a "pongseong," something like that, which Mr. Titus insisted was wrong. "P-e-n," said he, "spells pen, and s-i-o-n spells shun, p-e-n-s-i-o-n, penshun. That's what it is." And no argument could convince him to the contrary.

I HAVE HAD TWO OR THREE versions of the cockney expression about "ammering on the 'ard high way. A straay paragraph gives what is said to be the original. It is said that in 1865 Punch contained a cartoon by its famous artist, John Leech, showing two men looking at a horse. Under the picture was the following conversation:

Veterinary surgeon—Legs queer, sir? Do you 'ack 'im or 'unt 'im?
Owner of horse—I hunt him sometimes, but I mostly use him as a hack.

Veterinary surgeon—Ah, sir, it ain't the 'unting as 'urts 'im. It's the 'ammer, 'ammer, along the 'ard 'high road.

—W. P. DAVIES.