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WITH NO DESIRE TO IN- 
trude on the domestic affairs of 
any gentleman, I feel constrained, 
nevertheless, to remark that I 
sympathize with 
Charlie Chaplin in 
his desire to keep 
his children off 
the stage, at least 
until they are a 
little older. He 
does not object 
especially to their 
going on the 
stage, but he does 
not want them 
to go there on 
somebody else's 
say-so, before 
they are old 
enough to know 
their own minds, 
and before they 
have had a chance to be real chil- 
dren. Occasionally I have seen on 
the stage or the screen a child 
worried about whose performance I have 
enjoyed, but only in a very few 
cases have I seen one without 
thinking: "Poor little cuss!"

* * *

A PROPERLY ORGANIZED 
childhood lasts a long time, for 
when its actual experiences are over, 
there remain its recollections and 
associations to cheer, to stimulate, 
to warm the heart and stir the 
emotions. Preferably a large share 
of child life should be spent in the 
country, where there are trees and 
fields, animals and wild flowers, 
adventure in the wood lot and 
mystery in the deepening twilight. 

* * *

ALL CHILDREN CANNOT 
have the blessed privilege of going 
to the country school, swimming 
in the creek and hunting eggs in 
the hay mow. Those things are 
reserved for the favored few, and 
they are getting fewer. But even 
town children have childhood, of 
a sort. They can play baseball, 
and organize alley gangs, and have 
fights, and collect experiences that 
will last them a century, if they 
live that long.

* * *

MAKE YOUR INFANT A PRO-
essional entertainer, and what 
real childhood can he have? Im-
mediately he is a grown-up, and a 
grown-up who is cut off from 
wholesome and natural association 
with his kind. He must thrill and 
amuse other people. He becomes 
familiar with ideas and notions 
that have no place in child life. He 
becomes accustomed to the center 
of the stage and feels out of place 
elsewhere. Because applause is 
the reward for achievement he 
looks for applause at every turn 
and suffers disappointment if it is 
not forthcoming. He is denied 
some of the inestimable privileges 
of life. Therefore I hope Charlie 
Chaplin will succeed in keeping his 
children where for at least a little 
while they can live their own fool-
ishly inconsequential, irresponsible 
little lives and have a cooKing 
time doing it.

WRITING ABOUT CHARLIE 
Chaplin makes one think of the 
artistic temperament, and all that 
sort of thing, which brings me to 
the case of the young lady who 
won something or other at the 
Olympic games, and who declared 
scornfully that she did not look 
forward to marriage as any part 
of her career. She declared that 
there were several things that she 
just could not abide, and among 
them she enumerated cooking, sew-
ing washing dishes, taking care 
of the baby, and several other domes-
tic items.

I SHOULD NOT BE AT ALL 
surprised, some ten years hence, to 
find the lady settled down to a 
comfortable matronly life, doing 
the things that she now despises, 
and actually liking them. Of 
course it is possible that by that 
time she will have divorced her 
fourth husband, having galloped 
along without becoming acquainted 
with either kitchen or nursery, in 
which case, with sources of al-
mony dried up, she may long for 
a real home, real friends, and 
and a few real responsibilities. As Mr. 
Cohan used to warble, "Life's a 
funny proposition after all."

* * *

I HAVE HAD THE ELMS 
looked over and doctored. Per-
haps those that remain can be 
saved, but some of them were bad-
lly riddled. The animal that did 
the job is described to me as the 
true elm tree borer, a disagreeable- 
looking worm half an inch or so 
long, dirty white, with darkened 
 gnawing apparatus. How such a 
soft, helpless-looking creature can 
bore holes in solid wood is be-
yond me, but it does. I have ex-
 amined elms in some other locali-
ties and find evidences of the 
presence of the borer in them.

* * *

AT THE COST OF SEVERAL 
dollars for treatment and replace-
ment I have learned that it is wise 
to have trees carefully examined 
for infection when they are planted 
and to keep watch of them there-
after. A stitch in time, so to 
speak, may keep the borers away.
WEDNESDAY'S ECLIPSE brought to most adults recollections of former eclipses memorable for the character of the phenomenon itself or because of some associated incident. The most peculiar eclipse of my recollection was an eclipse of the moon in which both sun and moon were visible at the same time. Off-hand that would be said to be impossible. A lunar eclipse is caused by the passage of the earth between sun and moon, the moon being then in the shadow cast by the earth, and the moon being only faintly illumined by the light rays which are bent in passing through the earth's atmosphere. Sun, earth and moon being in a straight line, how can an observer on the earth see the sun and moon at the same time?

THE ECLIPSE MENTIONED occurred just at sundown, and, of course, at moonrise. The lower rim of the sun just touched the western horizon and that of the almost extinguished moon the eastern. It seemed that the moon must be receiving the full force of the sun's rays and that it should be shining as usual.

* * *

SCIENTISTS EXPLAINED THE apparent impossibility this way: The sun is actually visible after it has sunk below the horizon. Its rays, striking our atmosphere, are bent, just as a straight stick seems to be bent when thrust diagonally into water. This applies also to the moon. Hence, while sun and moon appeared to be above the horizon, and were actually visible from the same point between, both were actually below the horizon.

* * *

DOWN IN FARGO THE OTHER day somebody found a hole in a cinder walk which some people think must have been made by a meteor. The hole is deep, as a stick a dozen feet long failed to reach the bottom. As the hole was discovered after a storm there was an idea that lightning might have caused it, but the meteor theory is also current.

THOSE THINGS DO HIT THE ground occasionally. One was found in a field a few miles west of Grand Forks some years ago. Bill Saul tells of watching them dig up the meteor that fell at Aberdeen a good many years ago. It was a heavy, irregular mass two feet or so long and not quite so wide, in appearance resembling a huge cinder. Bill was riding race horses about that time, and he says he wasn't paying much attention to meteors. He wishes now that he had realized more what a strange visitor it was and had examined it more closely.

ROBERT THOMPSON, 708 North Fifth street, Grand Forks, remembers well the poem "Twenty Years Ago," which he thinks was committed to memory by every boy in the old log school house in eastern Canada which he attended. He also recalls a stanza of another poem entitled "Forty Years Ago," which runs as follows:

Oh, brother John, and don't you think
The world's becoming strange?
Since you and I first settled here
There's been an awful change.
We never talked about politics,
Nor made a friend a foe,
Nor measured men by creeds, John,
Oh, forty years ago.

ANOTHER INQUIRER ASKS the New York Times for information concerning a poem of which one line is quoted as follows:

"The graves of the household, they stood in beauty side by side."

UNDOUBTEDLY THE CORRESPONDENT had in mind Mrs. Hemans' poem, "The Graves of a Household," which begins:

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one house with glee:
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
Over each fair sleeping brow;
She kept each folded flower in sight:
Where are those dreamers now?

THE POEM GOES ON TO DESCRIBE the burial of one midst the forest of the west, one at sea, one on the blood red field of Spain and one, "She faded midst Italian flow- ers, the last of that bright band."
THEY HAVE GRASSHOPPERS down in South America, too. A news dispatch says that the streets of Buenos Aires are covered with dead and dying locusts which were swept there from the west and north by Argentina's annual Santa Rosa storm, so called because it almost invariably occurs within a day or two of the annual church holiday of that name on July 30. The insects were swept southward from their hatching ground in the Chaco, the great jungle over which Paraguay and Bolivia are disputing. They encountered a cold rain which destroyed them by the millions.

AS THE SEASONS ARE REVISED south of the equator it is now early spring down there, and the invasion of the vicinity of Buenos Aires at the time and the manner stated would correspond roughly to a swarm of hoppers being blown through central Oklahoma from Mexico about the first of March. It is encouraging to know that somewhere nature is killing off hoppers.

HAVING READ THE STORY about Edison and his friend thousands sterling published in this column the other day, a friend sends in another version quoted from Bok's "Twice Thirty." The facts as related are practically identical except that the firm is reported to have offered "thirty thousand," meaning pounds, which Edison accepted, thinking that the price quoted was in dollars. When Edison received the amount, five times what he had expected, he wanted to cable that some mistake had occurred, but his friends dissuaded him.

ANOTHER STORY QUOTED from Bok illustrates what a slight conception had of large sums of money. The Western Union offered him $100,000 for one of his inventions. Edison didn't know what that much money meant. He said, "It's safer with you, give me $6,000 a year for seventeen years (the term of the patent)." 6 per cent that would represent a cash payment of about $63,000.

Lake Falls, was interested in the item about the old poem "Twenty Years Ago," and sends in a clipping about the origin of the poem which he has had on file for many years. The article attributes the poem to A. J. Gault, who died at his home in the little village of Wheatland, Iowa, in 1903. The story of the life of Mr. Gault and of the origin of the poem was told by a son, A. W. Gault, in his paper, the Calamus Record. This is his version:

"A J. GAULT WAS BORN IN Jackson, Washington county, New York, October 4, 1818. When he was two years old his parents moved to Arlington, Vt., where he resided until he was 25 years old. When not occupied with his studies he spent his time catching speckled trout, roaming over the green capped mountains in search of game and communing with nature in Vermont's green hills. Here, in the midst of nature, ideas came to him which, in after years, he worked into some excellent poetical productions, pronounced by critics to be equal to "Twenty Years Ago." As thoughts came to him he would write them down on a chip, piece of bark or anything that came handy, utterly oblivious to everything else until his task was finished. "Twenty Years Ago" contained no fiction. The old grape-vine swing, the beech tree on which their sweethearts' names were cut, the benches their jack knives had defaced, the speckled trout, the spring, all the incidents of the poem are realities."

THE "TOM" MENTIONED in the poem is said to have been Mr. Gault's brother, who, away from home for a long time, neglected to answer a letter written to him by the poet. Mr. Gault is said to have written the poem in order to arouse his brother's sentiment for home and induce him to write. Unfortunately the newspaper clipping is torn at this point, and we are not told whether or not the appeal had its effect.

MR. GAULT MOVED TO IOWA in 1855 and during the war printed the Clinton County Advocate at Wheatland. Later he began the publication of the Wheatland Spectator which he published until within two years of his death.

THERE ARE THUS UP TO three claimants for the authorship of "Twenty Years Ago," Frances Huston and Will C. Eddy, mentioned by correspondents of the New York Times, and A. J. Gault, of Iowa. Are there others?
I HAVE A FRAGMENT OF wood whose history, if one could read it, would prove to be most interesting. It came from the farm of Theodore Bye in Bentru township, Grand Forks county, where it was found buried under 28 feet of earth in an excavation for a well. There it has lain through no one knows how many centuries until the augur bit into it and brought it to the surface.

MANY SUCH QUESTIONS ARE answered with certainty by the geologist. To many of them the answer has not yet been found, but it is certain that back of the present era of agriculture, back of the fur trader and the voyageur, back of the Indian, back of the ice age and the glacier and the lake, there is a history of teeming life in the Red river valley over whose remains our homes are built, our farms are cultivated and our cities grow. That chip of wood from a prehistoric forest brings to mind Byron's line, written to commemorate a convulsion of another sort: "Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust!"

WHEN DID THOSE TREES grow, and how did they come there? Geologists tell us that the Red river valley was once filled by a great lake—Lake Agassiz—and that the soil which forms these level plains is the sediment deposited year after year by the waters, interspersed with rock and gravel left in irregular masses by the great glacier which melted slowly as the ice cap receded northward. Before that all, and before the ice cap formed, a forest must have grown at a level some 30 feet below the present surface, to be submerged, frozen, thawed and ultimately packed down by many feet of sand and silt.

WHAT MANNER OF FOREST was it that grew so far below the homes and farms of the valley as it is now? What living creatures roamed through it? Did some of them resemble those of our own kind and race? What was their manner of life? Were they overwhelmed by some unexpected convulsion of nature, or did they move gradually as their environment became inhospitable to them?

THREE WELLS WERE BORED by Mr. Bye on his farm, and in each case prehistoric wood was struck at the depth of 28 feet. In each case a vein of quicksand whose remains our homes are about a foot thick was encountered just before the wood was reached. The wood is no sense petrified, but retains many of the characteristics of the original timber. Rings of growth are quite clearly marked and the form of these and their distance apart indicate that the tree from which the fragment was cut was of considerable size. The wood is only moderately heavy and fairly hard. Cut with a sharp knife it shows a slight metallic sheen, similar to that found in wood from the submerged forest in Stump lake, although much less marked than in the lake wood. There is a difference, too, in that while the lake wood burns with a vari-colored flame of purple and orange, there is scarcely any evidence of this in the wood from the Bye farm. Presumably the latter has been subjected to saturation in a much less concentrated solution of salts than the former.

MENTION IN THIS COLUMN of ant migrations recalls to Mr. Bye one such migration which he witnessed on his farm many years ago. Observing a number of ants traveling in one direction and carrying burdens, he found that the insects were moving in a column one or two rods wide, all apparently headed for the same destination. The movement was traced for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, but neither source nor objective was discovered, as the tangled grass made it difficult to follow the column. The ants were carrying the white egg masses such as are often seen in ant hills, and they were evidently breaking up housekeeping in one place to resume operations in some other locality which, for an unknown reason, was preferred. The mystery of all this is in the orderliness with which such a movement is conducted over such great distances by insects which have no other means of locomotion than their own little legs. A man would consider it quite a trick to shoulder a sack of flour and march across country from here to Bemidji, finding his own way through forests and around lakes, but that is about the sort of job that ants undertake.
I wonder what sort of impression is created on the minds of some of the older readers of department of agriculture bulletins when they read some of the department’s outpourings on the subject of farm gardens. I am a strong believer in the farm garden, and I realize that many farmers have paid too little attention to this highly important element in farm life. Those who have been negligent need to be informed, advised, and perhaps in some cases prodded. But the farm garden is by no means a recent discovery. It is precisely in treating the garden as something new that certain of the department’s publications are to be criticized. There is, of course, no direct statement to the effect that the value of the farm garden has just been discovered, but in many cases the method of treatment is such as to create that impression. Some of the articles that I have read have suggested to me the possibility that they were prepared by young high school students, born and reared in large cities, who had never seen a farm or a garden, but who had reached the conclusion from the perusal of official reports that a garden is something that every farm should have, and who pass on that tremendous piece of information to the waiting agricultural population with the air of discovery of a new principle.

BLESS THEIR YOUNG hearts! farmers were gardening before they, the discoverers, were born. One does not have to go far back to reach the time when the production of food for the family was one of the first considerations of the farmer, and when the garden played a highly important part in that effort. Where climatic conditions favored the orchard was an important adjunct. Apples, plums, peaches, pears, grapes, cherries, all made their contributions to the family larder. Small fruits were grown in abundance. Currants, raspberries and gooseberries were grown in abundance and were eaten fresh in summer and as preserves in winter.

I think of the garden proper, and there considerations of climate were of small account, for all the standard vegetables could be grown successfully in any inhabited part of the North American continent. Except in the vicinity of large cities potatoes and cabbage were not grown on any considerable scale for market, for shipping and storage facilities had not been well developed, but every farmer expected to grow enough for his own use, and the surplus, if unsold, went to the cattle and hogs. The variety represented in the farm garden depended on the skill enterprise and taste of the owner. Sometimes there were found in the garden practically all the garden products suitable to the locality. Sometimes only the main staples were grown. But in every case the normal farm and a good garden which provided the family with a large proportion of its food. Cash receipts from the fields may not have been large, but cash outlay for food was reduced to the minimum.

The boys gathered a number of the pieces and were rewarded as per contract, but when the territory had been pretty thoroughly worked and it took a long time to make a dollar, one of the party stumbled on a whopper. A council was held. The price was 50 cents per meteor, little or big, and here that great mass, weighing pounds and pounds, would bring only half a dollar. It was too bad. Broken up it would bring many dollars. Why not break it up? It was broken into little bits and the boys presented themselves with their treasure. The scientist was pleased to receive so many meteors. But presently he noticed that two of the pieces seemed to belong to each other. He fitted them together. He found others that would fit, and presently he had the whole thing pieced together. The boys looked on trembling. They had been caught in the act. They were trying to collect five dollars when they were entitled to only 50 cents. The scientist looked up. "Boys," he said, "what a pity that meteor exploded. One of that size is so rare that if it had been found intact I would have been glad to pay $100 for it."

A FRIEND WHO LIVED IN Aberdeen, S. D., for several years was familiar with the story of the meteor which fell near there some years before he arrived in Aberdeen. It was still a subject of conversation. The meteor fell on the Freeman farm some nine miles from Aberdeen. Mr. Freeman and his son were working in the field one afternoon when they were startled by a rushing sound overhead as of a swiftly moving object, and a short distance from where they were at work the object buried itself in the ground with a loud report. The place was marked and the meteor was exhumed and taken to town. My friend says that it was broken up and fragments of it were sent to various museums.

THAT REMINDS ME OF A story that I read, I think in the Youths Companion, when that was the standard magazine for young people. It told of a shower of meteors and of a grave old scientist engaging a group of boys to hunt for the fragments and bring them to him for 50 cents per fragment.
ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE published a few days ago in the Minneapolis Journal, Thomas D. Campbell, formerly of Grand Forks, and widely known as the Montana King, has been engaged by the United States government to harvest the volunteer wheat crop on 40,000 acres of Indian reservation land which he has rented from the government for several years, and on which the rent is in arrears some $60,000. To many of the younger residents of the state Tom Campbell is but a name, for, although he is still in the prime of life, his active business career, which was begun while he was still a youth, has been conducted in other and distant parts of the country, and his visits to Grand Forks have been few and brief.

TOM IS THE SON OF THOMAS Campbell, one of the pioneer farmers of the Red River valley who came from Perth, Ontario, settled on a homestead just south of Grand Forks, and in a long life, characterized by industry and integrity, accumulated a comfortable fortune. Tom was born on the family farm, graduated from the University of North Dakota, finished an engineering course in an eastern college, and for several years was associated with a construction firm on the Pacific coast.

IT WAS DURING THE WORLD war that Tom found an opportunity to launch a project for wheat farming on a magnificent scale which he had long entertained. Our European allies were desperately in need of immense quantities of wheat. Their domestic production had been curtailed, and shipments from Argentina and Australia consumed much time and were subjected to the hazard of enemy attack on the long voyage. The United States government sought by every possible means to curtail domestic consumption of wheat and to stimulate its production.

TOM APPROACHED THE GOVERNMENT with a proposal to rent a large tract of land on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana for the raising of wheat. A satisfactory arrangement was made and a low rental was fixed. Next it was necessary to finance the purchase of machinery and equipment for the vast undertaking. Tom obtained an audience with J. Pierpont Morgan and laid the case before him. Morgan was interested in the project because of its wheat producing possibilities and was impressed by the enthusiasm of his caller and his command of technical detail. He decided to take a chance. Calling together a number of business acquaintances he had Tom expound his plan to them, announced that as a public service he intended to back the scheme and called on his friends for subscriptions. The necessary amount—often stated at $5,000,000—was subscribed, and the world’s biggest wheat farm was under way.

THE METHODS EMPLOYED have often been described. From the first operation to the last everything was mechanized. Great tractors hauled immense plows and seeders, and during harvest the procession of harvesters moved across the landscape like an army brigade. Central headquarters were established where the army of workmen and their families made their homes. The district being in the dry farming area land was plowed one season and cropped the next. Good crops were raised for a few years, and during the period of high prices at a profit.

THERE WERE OCCASIONAL poor crops, and after the war, when the public exigency had passed Morgan and his associates, not being convinced of the soundness of the plan on a permanent basis, retired from the enterprise, the current understanding being that they donated their original investment. Thereafter Tom conducted the business on his own account, organizing a new corporation for that purpose.

LOW WHEAT PRICES DURING recent years have made the going difficult, and according to the Journal article last year’s crop was not harvested at all, being ruined by drouth. This year, says the
JUST HOW MUCH OF THE
Red river valley contains submerged pre-historic wood nobody
knows, but the condition is probably quite general. My mention
of the wood found in well excavations on the Bye
farm in Bentrup township reminded
W. R. Vanderhoef of the finding of an oak tree trunk by workmen
digging for the big DeMers avenue sewer. That work was
done 25 or 30 years ago by P.
McDonnell of Duluth who also laid
the first pavement in Grand Forks and many blocks of later pave-
ment. It was immediately in front
of the Columbia hotel that the oak tree was found some 25 feet deep.
Many pieces of the wood were
brought to the surface, and Mr. Vanderhoef took some of them to the
University where they were ex-
amined by Dean Brannon and Dr.
Leonard. The wood was unmistak-
ably oak, and fungi attached to it
were decided to be identical in
character with fungi now frequent-
ly found on forest growth.

Davies

* * * * *

IT WAS THE OPINION of
the University men that from the
depth at which it was found and the facts that are known concern-
ing the great lake which once occu-
pied the valley, the wood was ap-
proximately 600,000 years old, this
estimate, of course, being subject
to variation of several thousand
years either way. It was thought
probable that the tree had not
grown where it was found, but that
it had drifted on the lake and, be-
coming waterlogged, had sunk, to
be buried by the accumulated silt
of centuries.

* * * * *

OTHER INTERESTING Ob-
jects found in that sewer excav-
avation were gypsum geodes. I didn't
know what a geode was, but I have
learned that it is a nodule, or lump,
of mineral, sometimes formed in the
hollow, space in a rock from
the deposit of mineral matter con-
tained in water. Vanderhoef gave
me one, which was an irregularly
rounded mass the size of a man's
fist, heavy and showing signs of
crystalline formation.

* * *

WORKMEN IN THE SEWER
trench were losing a great deal of
time by having their picks and
shovels sharpened. The foreman
suspected that the men were dull-
ing the tools in order to kill time.
The men protested that they were
striking stones at the bottom of
the trench. The foreman said it
was impossible, that there were no
stones there, and couldn't be. The
men produced bushels of the
"stones" and convinced him. Those
objects had "grown" thousands of
years ago to perplex Paddy McDon-
nell's foreman and to serve as pa-
per weights on the desks of Van-
derhoef's friends. The stones are
sometimes called potato stones on
account of their size and shape.

* * * * *

A FEW DAYS AGO I QUOTED
two stanzas from Mrs. Hemans' "The Graves of a Household." In
response to a request I am giving
the entire poem:

* * *

The Graves of a Household
They grew in beauty side by side
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She kept each folded flower in
sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath
one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines
are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his
breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle show-
ers
Its leaves, soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest, who
played
 Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they
prayed.
Around one mother's knee.

They that with smiles lit up the
happ,
And cheered with song the
hearth:—
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!
IN RESPONSE TO HIS REQUEST for information concerning living members of the crew who came with him on his first steamboat trip down the Red Lake river from Crookston, Fred A. Bill of St. Paul, has received a letter from Mrs. Art Bourassa, 926 North Fourth street, who, father and brother were members of that company. Mr. Bill has permitted me to quote from Mrs. Bourassa's letter, which I do as follows: "My father and my grandfather, Clovis Guerin and B. B. Lariviére and family came down on the same boat on which you traveled sixty years ago. I have often heard my father talk of "Captain Bill." You may recall that Lariviére & Guerin had the first sod store in Grand Forks. Then they moved to Crookston, where they had a fur trading post. They bought furs and traded with the Hudson's Bay company at Win- nipeg.

"THEY WERE RAIDED BY the state government, I believe. I have written several letters trying to get full details of that deal, as I don't believe it was a square deal. The government took away everything my folks had, and being left without money they couldn't fight the case."

** ** **

MY OLDEST BROTHER, NOW residing in Yakima, Wash., was on the same boat. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, 67 years ago, so you see you are not the only living person who made that trip. You still have company living. Both my parents are dead.

** ** **

"MY SECOND OLDEST brother was the first white child born in Crookston. If you can remember my mother, Mrs. Guerin, you will recall that she was an excellent musician."

** ** **

MR. BILL WAS NATURALLY pleased to have this contact with a family some of whose members were even casually associated with him in the old days. He writes that he does not understand how Mr. Guerin came to call him "captain, as at the time of that first steamboat trip he had not attained that title. He was then a clerk on the Dakota.

** ** **

THE RAID OF WHICH MRS. Bourassa writes is supposed by Mr. Bill to have been in connection with some fur trade controversy, of which there were many in the early days. He knows nothing of the particular incident which Mrs. Bourassa recalls.

** ** **

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THERE are still others of that steamboat company. If there are Mr. Bill would like to hear from them, and if messages are entrusted to this column I will see that they are forwarded promptly.

** ** **

IF THIS SEASON IN THE Northwest, from an agricultural standpoint, does not break all records for earliness, it must come very near doing so. Here we are just through the first week in September, and not only are the fields in the vicinity of Grand Forks all covered with threshing completed, except for an odd job here and there, but fall plowing is well along, and some farmers have actually completed all the plowing they wish to do this season.

** ** **

I CAN RECALL NO OTHER season in which this was true at this date. Quite often the cutting of grain has continued until well into September, with threshing completed in October, and in an unusually late season the ground has frozen hard in mid-November with scarcely any plowing done. Generally early fall plowing is considered good for the fields, as the weed seeds which are always present have a chance to sprout during the warm fall weather and to be killed by frost.

** ** **

HOW MANY READERS HAVE ever thought of caging a bobolink being a criminal offense? I am not sure that it is in this state, but it appears to be in Canada. Quite recently officers of the Canadian mounted police at Ottawa seized three of these birds which were held in captivity and released them in one of the national game preserves. These birds come under the provisions of the migratory birds act, and as this is joint legislation as between the United States and Canada I suppose the same provisions apply under our federal legislation.

** ** **

THIS MAKES ME WONDER about the common blackbird, which is migratory, and which in the north is most welcome, despite the fact that during the gathering season in the fall it is apt to strip considerable portions of late fields of grain. In the south, I understand, these birds are known as rice birds and are commonly killed for food. Of course the southern people who so use them have a distinguished precedent in this, as King Arthur, who is said to have the king for whom the four-and-ten-plum blackbirds were baked in a pie as slat- ed in the Mother Goose rhyme.
WHILE IT IS ADMITTED
that the automobile can go faster
and perhaps hit harder, the Walsh
County Record, Rilie Morgan's pa­
paper at Grafton, is quite sure that
as a spectacular feature it pro­
duces nothing that compares with
the old-fashioned runaway of the
good old days. The Record says:

THE OLD RUNAWAY

"SAY WHAT YOU WILL, TWO
autos coming together on the
street is not nearly so thrilling as
a good old-fashioned team of
horses running away. Where is
the citizen who cannot recall the
day he heard the far end of the
dust cloud a team of horses
tearing along in a snake-like path,
with a farm wagon balanced on
two wheels and its occupants
leaping in every direction? The mo­
tor car has given us a lot, but can't provide the thrill
that an old-fashioned runaway
used to afford. The crash of a lot
of metal coming together in a col­
sision isn't exciting. The screams
of the injured are not pleasant.
But when we had a runaway in the
good old days it was different. We
knew in the first place that no­
body was apt to be hurt, and in
the second place we knew the
horses would be caught, the wag­
on uprighted and that everybody
would go back to work with some­
thing worth while to talk about
the balance of the day. The auto
robbed us of a real thrill when it
made the old-fashioned runaway
only a memory."*

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES
of the old runaway, strictly as a
spectacle, was that it lasted longer.
The automobile smash is over be­
fore you know it has started. Ev­
everything is quiet and peaceful, then
bang! and there is nothing left to
do but collect the debris and check
up on the killed and wounded. But
the runaway! As the Record says,
you could see it coming a long way
off, watch people dodging it or
waving arms and hats in a vain
effort to stop it, see it go by, and
if the conditions were just right
watch it fade into the distance.

NATURALLY ALL THAT RE­
minds me of runaways I have seen,
the most thrilling of which was
when Art Turner's big dray team
galloped the length of Third street
with a little girl, who, I believe,
was Art's daughter Echo, clinging
desperately to the high dray seat
on which she sat. What started
the horses I never knew, but they
came pounding down the street,
swerving first to one side and then
the other to avoid other rigs, while
the dray bumped over the rough
ground and the frightened child
clung to her perch, hair flying
wildly in the wind. It seemed cer­
tain that the runaway would col­
cide with a post or a wagon, over­
turning the dray, in which case
there was a strong probability that
the child would be killed.

NOTHING OF THE SORT HAP­
pened. Avoiding all obstacles the
team raced through the business
section and south on Third street
until, being winded by their sprint
and the going being heavy, the
horses came to a standstill in the
soft ground near the Dobmeier
brewery. What an adventure for a
child! I wonder if she remem­
bers it?

MY OWN WILDEST RUNAWAY
adventure was when I drove into
a swarm of flying ants. With a
small, nimble team and a light
spring wagon I was jogging along
quietly on a country road when
without warning the horses bolted,
which they would do on the slight­
est provocation. Started by the
suddenness of their plunge I won­
dered what it was all about when
I felt something resembling red­
hot needles being plunged into my
arms, face and neck. The air was
full of flying ants and it was their
attack that had started the horses
off, and I couldn't blame them.

I HAD A WILD RIDE OF A
few miles. The horses could run
like rabbits, and they did. Con­
trolling them was out of the ques­
tion, for I was busy with other
matters. I just let the horses run
while I tried to fight off the vicious
little insects. I never, like the
apostle Paul, fought beasts at
Ephesus, but I have fought bees,
and hornets, and a variety of other
little creatures that bite or sting.
I consider flying nats worse than
any of the others.

AFTER A WHILE THE ANTS
left us, or we outdistanced them.
We kept right side up, and when
the horses were rid of their tor­
mors they were quieted without
any difficulty and the journey was
resumed in a more sedate manner.
What a moving picture that would
have made—plunging, galloping
horses, bounding wagon, and driv­
er frantically pawing the air with
both hands!

* * *

Davies
SOME FRIEND OF HARRY Richards told him the other day that the first postoffice at Grand Forks was in the log house at the corner of Cottonwood street and Second avenue South. Mr. Richards was not here when the first postoffice was established, having arrived in 1878, but he knows that the Cottonwood street house was never a postoffice. That house, he says, was built by a man named Fish and was never used for any other than residence purposes. The first Grand Forks postoffice was at the old Nick Hoffman place at the crest of the river bank on Eighth avenue South. Later it was in the Gotzian block, with Don McDonald as postmaster. When I moved to Grand Forks just 40 years ago the postoffice was on Kittson avenue in what is now a part of the Penney store. John P. Bray was postmaster.

* * *

AFTER CLEVELAND'S ELECTION in 1892, and upon the expiration of Bray's term, Willis A. Joy was appointed postmaster. Later the postoffice was moved to the old Odd Fellows block, where it remained until the present building was built.

* * *

IN REFERRING TO TOM Campbell a few days ago I said he was born on the family farm just south of the city. "South of the city" did not mean then just what it means now. In the early days the Campbell property included much of what is now the city, and Mr. Richards tells me that the Campbell home at the time of Tom's birth was on what is now Reeves Drive, on property which was the home of Judge Conies for many years and which is now owned by M. Norman.

* * *

DURING THE YEARS THE southward trend of residence growth in Grand Forks has been interesting. Forty years ago there were only a few scattered houses south of what is now Fourth avenue South. When the Roosevelt school was built, it stood at the edge of a wheat field, and when threshing was done that first fall the school house was blown full of chaff from the machine. About that time there was nothing west of the school except the Reeder & Stewart slaughter house, and like all slaughter houses in those days, it smelled awful. There are more dwellings now south of the South Junior high school than there were school when it was built.

* * *

IN THE EARLY DAYS DEVELOPMENT in the Riverside park district was started by the Loozis concern and several individuals who built what were for those days palatial residences. "Lord" Thursby had a fine home in that district in the property now owned by H. L. Edwards. A commodious barn housed high-stepping horses and a fine carriage and in his balmy days Thursby entertained on a lavish scale.

* * *

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF Riverside park was held back for several years because it was separated from the rest of the city by the Walker lumber mill and the adjoining lumber yards which extended back to the Great Northern tracks. Several blocks in that area were occupied by big piles of lumber and it was not altogether a pleasant place to pass at night.

* * *

SINCE THE MILL BURNED and the lumber was moved away that break has been removed, and the Riverside district is no longer separated from the rest of the city. It has become in recent years one of the most attractive sections of Grand Forks.

* * *

COMPLETION OF THE PAVEMENT between Grand Forks and Bemidji ought to interest some of the old-timers because of the contrast between present facilities for travel and those of the early days of settlement. Doubtless some of the men who traveled over that first highway by automobile traveled the tete road from Crookston to the lumber camps not very many years ago.

* * *

THE PRESENT HIGHWAY keeps fairly close to the old winter tete road, which went by way of McIntosh, Foeston, Longby and Bagley. Hundreds of outfits outfitted at Crookston and from there made the trip to the camps. The Clearwater river was one of the famous logging streams, and it was from that stream that the mills at Crookston and Grand Forks received most of their logs. All winter great loads of logs were dumped on the banks of the stream to await the spring freshet for the trip. The arrival of the drive was always celebrated by a big jollification in which many dollars of the winter's wages were spent in a few days. The lumbering days in that territory are over, and the road carries traffic of a sort vastly different from that of a generation ago.
HAVE WE A SECOND CROP

of grasshoppers this year? The existence in certain sections of large numbers of small hoppers indicates this possibility. Golf players at Lincoln put the matter on the links of myriads of hoppers, apparently only about half grown. Because of the character of the season, unusually hot and dry, it is scarcely possible that these insects represent the second crop of late hatching. Eggs that were destined to hatch must have done so quite early in the season. On the other hand, while it appears that egg-laying on a large scale has been in progress only recently, some hopper eggs were laid in July. It has been suggested that some such early eggs have already hatched, the season being favorable for this, and that the small hoppers seen represent the second crop of 1933. If this is the case such insects will not reach the egg-laying stage before frost, and if any considerable proportion of eggs have thus hatched prematurely the infestation next year may be much less than has been anticipated.

ABSENCE OF EARLY KILLING frost is not always an indication of a long, open fall, for cold weather may set in quite suddenly. But the longer the first frost is postponed the longer is it possible to enjoy the beauty which nature deals out with lavish hand. Early flowering plants, of course, are out of bloom, but the continuous bloomers are at their best and most gorgeous with color. Most of this color will be destroyed by the first frost.

EVIDENCE OF THE PERSISTENCE of life is found in the condition of lawns and fields since the first heavy rain of a few weeks ago. Pastures had been brown after the blistering heat and continued drouth of July, and it was believed by many that even rain would not help as the grass had been killed. Now the landscape is green with fresh growth. Some where in the parched soil the germ of life had been preserved and when the rain descended and soaked the soil the roots began to function and fresh green sprouts appeared. Most grasses do not root deep, but their crowns and tendrils are able to suspend business for a long time and they start up as if nothing had happened.

IN THE FALL OUR PRAIRIE landscape runs strongly to browns, so far as fields are concerned. Then we get the color effect of stubble fields and newly turned earth. But if we lift our eyes a little from the level fields we catch a gorgeous assortment of color in the waters, a brilliance of color in the belts that frame every Red river valley picture. We miss the crimson of the maples and the somber masses of green furnished by the pines, but many of the oaks take on brilliant hues, the Virginia creeper warms up the picture, and cottonwood, poplar and elm give us all the softer browns and yellows.

VIEWED FROM THE LEVEL of the pedestrian or the autoist the stubble field is usually a rather somber yellowish brown. Ordinarily we do not regard it as brilliant. To anyone interested in testing unsuspected color possibilities I recommend an airplane ride some fine afternoon. Seen from ordinary cruising height the stubble field is no longer a mass of brown or yellow, but an intricate mosaic in which the most intense green is one of the outstanding features.

VIEWED HORIZONTALLY the green is not seen, although it is there. It comes from the volunteer growth of weeds or scattered grain that has sprung up since harvest. Close to the ground it is concealed by the stubble, which usually stands well above. But viewed from above it is seen in all its variety of color, standing forth in unbelievable brilliance.

THE AIRPLANE HAS BEEN the means of revealing many things that were not otherwise perceptible. The use of planes in the search for submarines during the war is a matter of common knowledge. Submerged only a few inches the submarine became invisible to the observer on shipboard, but the observer in a plane, looking down perpendicularly, could see the dark hull at the depth of many feet.

In a similar way there is revealed to the flyer over tropic water a brilliance which there is on the ocean's floor and of which no hint is given except from aloft. There every imaginable combination of color is found, the gradations being influenced both by the character of the bottom itself and by the depth of water through which it is viewed.

IT IS SOME DISTANCE FROM here to the tropics, but if one hasn't the time or the means to go there he can get just as fine a color show from an airplane ride over any part of the Red river valley. There is no charge to the boys out at the airport for this bit of publicity.
where or how far a train of associates may lead.

Captain Fred A. Bill's letter referring to his trip down the Red river from Crookston fifty years ago, and his inquiry as to others of the same group who may be living brought from Mrs. Art Bourassa of Grand Forks some facts concerning the Guerin family, of which she is a member, among them being that her father and brother made that same trip on the old Dakota. Now comes a letter from Dana Wright, of St. John, giving some interesting bits of early North Dakota history. Mr. Wright's letter follows:

"YOUR RECENT COMMENT in 'That Reminds Me,' about the passengers on Captain Bill's boat coming down from Red lake, connects up with some local history in the Turtle Mountain country."

"AFTER LEAVING THE RED river country, B. B. Lariviere and Guerin moved in to Canada and followed the boundary commission trail of 1872, west to the Turtle Mountain region; they located on a small creek which drains the north slope, and settled in some old abandoned building, left by the joint boundary commission. So far I have never been able to ascertain just what year they arrived there, but they seem to have antedated any one else there.

"LARIVIERE STARTED A store and traded with the Indians and half-breeds in that region and it became a well known place to them and also to the white settlers who commenced to locate there in the late seventies and early eighties. These white came in by team from Emerson, Man., along the boundary commission trail at first but when the railroad was pushed west from Winnipeg they could go by train to Brandon and then south.

"LARIVIERE AND PARTY left a name on the creek where their store was, that is still in use. Their establishment and the creek went by the name Wakapa, a Sioux word, meaning river, and one which he evidently brought with him from the Sioux country where he came from to the south and east. It was this Sioux word, out of place here in the Chippewa country that first caught my attention and led to my examining the location and its history. Possibly Lariviere did not care to have his own name used and instead used the Sioux equivalent. At any rate the nearest railway station and school district in that area is still known as Wakapa. It is located on the slope of the Turtle Mountain, on the northeast side about eight miles from the boundary. At present the original site is entirely abandoned but the old cellar holes mark the spot, on the east side of the creek which was the first store and postoffice in the region."

"ABOUT 1879 ANOTHER COMMERCIAL enterprise was set up there. Harrison and Williams dragged a steam boiler and machinery over the boundary trail from Emerson and set up a sawmill and later added a stone grist mill. These were in use for a number of years and were of great value to the early settlers. A few fragments of the old French buhr stones are still scattered about the site of the mill.

BITS OF NEWS DRIFTING IN from western Canada from time to time indicate that the prospects for fall shooting of ducks are much better than last year. One dispatch reads:

"DUCK SHOOTING PROSPECTS in western Canada have been greatly improved by a more normal rainfall this summer. About 75 per cent of the North American duck supply is hatched and raised in western Canada each year, and drought conditions in 1930-31 made severe inroads on the flocks throughout the prairies. Observers, however, report that a good hatch of ducks and other waterfowl took place this year and that wild fowl generally have made good gains throughout the year."

THOSE WERE THE DAYS IMMEDIATELY following the muzzleloader, when we loaded our own shells and then reloaded them after they had been used. The job was done without much care, otherwise there would not be a proper contact between cap and power and the shell would miss fire. As it is always the biggest fish that gets away, so it was always when one had a perfect aim on a prize bird that a shell missed. Defective shells provided innumerable alibis.

WE HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO realize that our first volley might not kill the bear, so we agreed to wait until the bear was quite close, if that was any to shoot at the eye nearest. With the bear blinded we would have plenty of time to reload and finish him off. In supreme confidence that we had made adequate provision for all emergencies we entered the swamp, and through it we tramped more or less all day, hunting for bear tracks. I wonder what we would have done if we had actually found a bear. Probably the bear would have ambled off if we left him alone, and we should have a chance to sneak off in the opposite direction. We might not have had sense enough to do it, for we were only a couple of kids.

THAT SHOULD MEAN BETTER shooting in North Dakota, although the effect of the greater number of fowl will be counteracted to some extent by the scarcity of water unless we should have unusually heavy rains in the meantime. One of the benefits incidental to the building of local dams for the impounding of water wherever this is possible would be a more abundant supply of waterfowl and a lot more fun for those who enjoy shooting.

ONCE I WENT BEAR HUNTING. I didn't find a bear, but I had a fine time, just the same. Back in Huron county, Ont., it was reported that a bear had been seen in the swamp nearby. Charlie Stubbins and I, who were visiting some of our folks in that neighborhood, determined to get that bear. We were mere youngsters, and neither of us knew anything about hunting bears, but that made no difference. Each of us had a cheap breech-loading shotgun, but no heavy ammunition. We remedied that defect by loading our shells with broken nails and other iron scraps, and forth we went.
Iiams, of Grafton, who appears to be familiar with the subject, it is not our common blackbird, but our bobolink which becomes the rice bird of the south. Mr. William writes: "the rice birds of the south are our bobolinks. and as you say are considered very fine eating down there, which no doubt they are. The fall plumage is so vastly different from the breeding plumage that few people would recognize them, birds we know."

The correction is accepted with thanks. That seems to make it all the more tragic to use these birds for food. Their song is so merry, so liquid and so expressive of abundant life that it seems a heartless thing to kill them.

There are however other aspects of the case. Birds seem sometimes to change both character and habits with their summer and winter environment. Here the bobolink is an occasional bird, found chiefly in meadows, and having, apparently, no destructive tendencies. In the South, under another name, they appear to colonize, and I have seen references to flocks of rice birds numbering thousands which take heavy toll of grain fields. Under such circumstances it is conceivable that killing them would be considered a good way of removing a nuisance as well as of providing a supply of food.

This seeming change of character is also found in the robin, which is one of our most welcome birds in the North because of its cheerfulness, sociability and apparent amiability. But I have talked with southern people who detest the robin for its quarrelsome, bullying disposition. This tendency may grow with the advance of the season and with relief from domestic cares. I have thought I saw some evidences of it in the robins of my neighborhood quite recently. Sometimes I have had a whole yard full of them at one time, and while numerous other birds have been present the robins have lorded it over all of them except a pair of flickers that paid occasional visits. The robins and flickers seemed to have agreed that there should be a truce between them. They did not frater-
FALL-HATCHED GRASSHOPPERS, whose presence in the fields and meadows has attracted much attention, are familiar to entomologists. A statement concerning them made by one of the agricultural college faculty was published in The Herald on Saturday. Another, somewhat more extended, is furnished by County Agent William R. Page, of Grand Forks. It is taken from a report by Norman Criddle, of the Dominion of Canada department of agriculture, and reads as follows: "There are several kinds of grasshoppers which hatch from eggs in late summer and which winter in a partly grown form. These may be found as soon as the thawing of the snow exposes the ground. They can be recognized at this time by their large size and by noting that the wing pads are turned upwards. Indeed, most of these grasshoppers will be flying before the really important ones have hatched. The commonest of these early species are the spring clearwinged grasshopper, the northern spring grasshopper, and the coral-legged grasshopper. These are the grasshoppers which usually give rise to the erroneous reports that eggs of the more injurious species are hatching in the autumn, or that they have done so abnormally early in the spring. The spring clearwinged grasshopper in particular has frequently been mistaken for the common clear-winged grasshopper which rarely begins to hatch before the middle of May. Occasionally these insects may do a certain amount of damage to fall wheat or rye but as a rule their activities are insignificant."

Mr. Page adds: "Many of these fall hatched grasshoppers were noticed last year and Louis Novotny, living north of Grand Forks, early last spring brought in a grasshopper nymph in the first stage which he found while digging a drainage ditch throughout the snow and mud. On May 3, J. P. Hemmingsen, McCanna, brought in a nearly full grown grasshopper of which he reported finding several in the vicinity of Shawnee. These, no doubt, were a few of the late summer or fall hatched hoppers which lived through the winter."

Another pest which is making trouble for the farmers of this territory is leafy spurge, concerning which several articles have been published recently. This plant, although quite common in some other localities, is entirely new to me, and I was glad to find on my desk several samples left by John Von Ruden, one of the substantial farmers of southern Grand Forks county, with some information concerning its habits of growth.

The plants left by Mr. Von Ruden bear a strong general resemblance to alfalfa, being of branching habit, with small leaves. Each main root stalk bears buds which provide for underground growth. Mr. Von Ruden says that the main roots sometimes extend four or five feet into the soil. It is different from some other weeds in that domestic animals will not eat it, and even grasshoppers shun it. It is propagated by means of both seeds and roots, and because of its deep root growth it is difficult to eradicate. Plowing is apt to spread it, as the plow cuts off bits of root and wherever a root with a single bud attached is left it is pretty certain to start a new plant. One method employed for killing out small patches is to cover the ground heavily with straw, a treatment which smothers the growth without spreading embryo plants. Where the infestation is on a large scale there seems to be nothing for it but black summer fallow, and in that case a dry season should help by preventing fresh growth from getting started.

One weed which was considered about the worst pest of all in my boyhood in the East, but which does nought thrive as well here, although it is present, is the Canadian thistle. Thrifty farmers were obliged to wage continual warfare against this plant when their land was continually being seeded with seed blown from foul fields. Persistent cultivation seemed to be the only thing that had any effect on it.

There are in this territory numerous patches of Canadian thistles, but for some reason they do not seem to spread. I have known small patches of them to produce their prickly leaves and small purple blossoms year after year but still the patches did not increase perceptibly in size and fields near by were not affected. Most of the Canadian thistles which I have seen in this country have been in or around timber, and I have wondered if, in spite of the vigor and persistence of the plant in the East it may not be able to withstand the severe freezing of our winters and is found chiefly where trees and shrubs cause a heavy accumulation of snow.
ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO I heard Rev. W. Hamilton Spence, then pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Grand Forks, preach a sermon which might be called a sermon on poor relief, although it was more than just that. It dealt not alone with the problem of relieving the immediate necessities of the destitute, but with human relations in general, and with the attitude of those who enjoy the comforts of life toward those who are less fortunate. Mr. Spence was a scholar, a thinker and an eloquent speaker. In that sermon he spoke with deep sympathy of those on whom fortune has not smiled, and asked for charitable judgment of those who have missed the cultural opportunities which others have enjoyed. To many of them he applied the stanza of Gray's "Elegy," which he quoted:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did never roll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial currents of the soul.

IT WAS SUMMER, AND THE speaker told how he had been mowing his lawn, and how, while he was doing so, a man roughly dressed passed by, looked hesitatingly at him and passed on. Then, said the preacher, "I thought what right have I to be doing this work for myself when perhaps that man needs the job. To me it means nothing as a means of saving money. To him it may mean food and lodging."

IT WAS IN THAT SPIRIT that the sermon was preached. It was a powerful appeal for sympathetic consideration of the unfortunate and for the giving of thought to the problem of relieving distress, of which there was much at that time. Discussion of the problems which are now before us recalled that sermon to me and also brought to my mind forcibly the fact that there was at that time a condition of acute and widespread distress which affected not only the United States but the whole world.

BANKS WERE FAILING, factories closing and business houses suspending. Men were walking the streets of every city seeking work and failing to find it. Farms and mortgages were being foreclosed and in many parts of the country there were strikes and riots on a scale unequalled since that time. It was to this condition that Mr. Spence called attention, and it was for the people who suffered acutely from it that he appealed for sympathy and understanding.

DR. SPENCE, AS HE AFTERWARD became, left Grand Forks to take the presidency of Knox college at Galesburg, Ill., a position which he held for years. For several years after moving from Grand Forks he spent at least a part of each vacation here visiting old friends and shooting prairie chickens, a sport of which he was very fond. In addition to being a scholar he was a smoker, a fact which shocked some Grand Forks people, and which was made an issue when he was being considered for the Knox college presidency. The college authorities, however, concluded that a little tobacco might do the institution no harm.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, IT appears, had hinges attached to his teeth. In an address before the American Dental association at Buffalo recently Dr. Walter J. Pryor told his audience that the Father of His Country had a set of false teeth which were self-operating, being operated by a spring which required winding up only occasionally. Equipped with these he could have his chewing done for him without any effort on his part. There were numerous disadvantages with those teeth. The inventor kept them in a glass of water over night in order to ease his mouth, and once, when he reached for them in the dark, they bit his finger, inflicting a painful wound. At another time the teeth were knocked off the dresser and fell on the floor, where they began to chew and before their owner could recapture them they had gnawed zig-zag furrows back and forth the whole length and breadth of a good carpet.

WHEN HE CROSSED THE Delaware he held carefully clamped in his mouth a set of teeth made by Paul Revere. He had to be careful or they dropped out. These teeth were so unsatisfactory that a Dr. Greenwood in New York City made him a set carved out of hippopotamus teeth. They were set in a wrought gold base and were so uncomfortable that the President complained to the maker. He was advised to soak them each night in port wine.

DR. PRYOR SAID THE OUT thrust jaw of Washington in some of his portraits could be attributed to the cumbersome false teeth. The Father of His Country practiced dentistry on his slaves and, Dr. Pryor said, was especially adept at extraction.

THOSE HINGED TEETH made me think of a yarn written a good many years ago by Ellis Parker Butler, which I thought as funny, although it never was as famous as "Pigs Is Pigs." The hero of the story was a mechanical genius who had a habit of inventing things. He had it figured out that the muscular exertion required in chewing food entailed the loss of much energy, so he invented and made a set of false teeth which were self-operating, being operated by a spring which required winding up only occasionally. Equipped with these he could have his chewing done for him without any effort on his part. There were numerous disadvantages with those teeth. The inventor kept them in a glass of water over night in order to ease his mouth, and once, when he reached for them in the dark, they bit his finger, inflicting a painful wound. At another time the teeth were knocked off the dresser and fell on the floor, where they began to chew and before their owner could recapture them they had gnawed zig-zag furrows back and forth the whole length and breadth of a good carpet.

I NEVER BELIEVED ALL OF that, but it appeared in print, therefore there may have been something in it.
MENTION OF THE OLD LOG house on Cottonwood street has started some conversation, and I find that several Grand Forks residents have supposed that the old house was once a postoffice. I have a letter from Mrs. Helen Foubert, 209 Oak street, which should set the matter at rest. Mrs. Foubert writes: "Quite a few people are under the impression that the log house on the corner of Cottonwood and Second avenue was the first Grand Forks postoffice. According to Israel Foubert Sr., 629 Fourth avenue South, who helped build the log house in 1880, the facts are as follows:"

"THE HOUSE BELONGED TO Mr. Foubert's brother John, and was used as a residence. Austin Fish, who was their brother-in-law, had a frame house in the middle of the block known as the "Dakota" when he ran a boarding house. This place was sold to the late E. Cartier, my brother-in-law, who tore it down and built the house now on the lot for his own home. Those houses were always residences. Mr. Foubert says the first postoffice he remembers was at the Nick Hoffman place."

"WE ENJOY YOUR 'THAT REMINDS Me' column very much, and it helps to brighten many an evening because if someone remarks "W. P. D. says so and so" it brings other things to mind and usually starts an argument. Long may you continue to write it."

"MANY THANKS FOR THE original information and for the note of appreciation. It takes a good many piffling paragraphs to keep a column full, and sometimes I wonder if some inconsequential observation will ever be read. Often I am surprised to find that a reminiscence or other observation which scarcely seems likely to interest anyone has "started an argument," as Mrs. Foubert says, and perhaps has uncovered a whole mine of odds and ends, some of them of real interest."

"THOUGHT OF THE OLD school days brings to mind a sort of exercise of which I never hear nowadays, namely, "concert" reading. One of my teachers, a red-whiskered man named A. T. Watson, prided himself on his ability as a teacher of reading, and I think he devoted more attention to that subject than to all others combined. One of his favorite exercises was to have all the members of a class read passages in unison. I suppose that is not the best way to teach reading, but it had the merit of giving the different pupil courage to raise his voice when he would not have dared to do so otherwise. I suppose that concert reason was pretty mechanical, but Watson got remarkable results from it in time, rhythm, and all that sort of thing.

"WATSON WAS A FIRM BELIEVER in the propriety and efficacy of corporal punishment, and he showed his faith by his works. He was not considered an extremist in this respect, but he could not be accused of spoiling the child by reluctance to use the rod. Once, at a tea meeting down in the village, which had no connection with the school, Dunc Milloy and Henry King, two well-grown lads—almost young men, poured molasses in Watson's hat, with just such results as might be expected. Next morning when school was called, Watson called the two culprits before him and mentioned the matter. They were argumentative and insisted that their act was performed out of school and away from school premises and maintained that he had no jurisdiction. That was not the word used, but that was the general idea. Watson dismissed the demurrer with a gesture. "Take off your coats," he said. For a moment it looked as if there would be refusal and resistance. Each of the boys was almost as big as the teacher. But official position and considerations of law and order prevailed. Reluctantly the coats were doffed, and what a dusting those lads got! The teacher's weapon was a tough hickory whipstock, and it was pretty well worn out on those two backs. There was not a whimper from the lads, and I never learned that any bad feeling grew out of the incident other than the physical discomfort from welts and ridges."
NOT LONG SINCE I HEARD
the phrase "Ye Olde Gift Shoppe"
read with the first word pronounced
as if the "Y" were sounded as is
our modern "Y." The "Y" in old
English was a character similar to,
but a l s o somewhat different from our
modern "Y" in form and quite different in use.
The character was known as "thorn" and was given
both the hard and soft sounds of our "th." The old English "Ye," therefore, is pronounced "Thye."

Another source of confusion is the form in which the letter "s" often appeared in English books published,
for instance, along in the 17th century, and in some cases much later. It is often said that our
forebears used the same form for "s" and "f." The error is pardonable, but it is an error, nevertheless.
If one will examine one
of those early books carefully he will find that while there is close resemblance between the letters,
the "f" has the horizontal bar running clear across the perpendicular stroke and appearing on both sides
while the "s" has the horizontal stroke on one side of the perpendicular— I think the left side.

THE SCRIPT "S" WAS ALSO
used in the long form, but it was not an "f." It was made with two loops, one above and the other below the line. The upper loop was
made like the loop of the Spencerian "f" or the upper loop of "f," but the lower loop, instead of being like that of the "f," was reversed, and the form of the letter suggests that it was from this double loop that the Spencerian capital "S" was derived. There are old people even now who use the long "s" in writing. I think there was a rule against using two long "s's" where the doubling of the letter is called for. The custom, especially at the end of the word, was to use the long form for the first of the two letters and the short form for the other.

REPEATING "TONGUE-
twisters" was once a favorite form of parlor entertainment, and many of us remember "Peter Piper pick-
ed a peck of pickling peppers";
"Six thick thistle sticks," and "She sells sea shells." We have no par-
lor's now, and no parlor games, but there is no law against tongue-
twisters. Here is a phrase which I found in a newspaper headline:
"State salary slasher studied." Say it fast and a great many times.

SOME TIME AGO I COM-
mented on a story which I think
originated in Georgia to the effect
that a deputy sheriff had found the
image of a murderer in the eye of
his dead victim, and on the
strength of that discovery had ob-
tained a confession. Reference
was made to the belief that such a
picture could be taken as an ex-
plode superstition, demonstrated
to be scientifically impossible.

ALL RIGHT. NOW HERE IS
a dispatch from Stratford, which
says:
"Clearly outlined on the back of
the eyes of a New Hamburg man
is the crescent of the sun as he
gazed upon it without dark glasses
for almost two hours during the
almost total eclipse here on August
31. His case is like those of two
other young men also being treat-
ed by Mr. F. J. Foster, a specialist.
"The crescent appears on the
macula of the eyes of the afflicted,
who suffer from loss of "central
vision." That is, in a test using
five letters in a row they could not
see the middle letter, but could
read those on each side of it. Dr.
Forster said that the impairment
of vision was only temporary and
that complete recovery was ex-
pected."

I FIND NO INCONSISTENCY
between that story and the verdict of science that the eye cannot take
and preserve a photograph of a
murderer while the owner of the
eye is being killed. In the Strat-
ford case there was long exposure
to dazzling light so powerful as to
affect vision. That might reason-
ably be expected to leave an im-
pression for which nature never
prepared the human eye. Under
the conditions of a murder the eye
is functioning normally, and it does
not retain the impressions which
it receives any more than the mir-
ror retains the picture of the ob-
ject which it reflects after the ob-
ject has been removed.
REACHING THE OFFICE ONE day about two jumps after George Dryburgh of Arvilla had left, I found awaiting me a box of as fine apples as I have ever seen which were grown on Mr. Dryburgh's farm. A note with them described them as Transcendents, a variety of apple with which I have not been familiar, although everyone knows the Transcendent crab apple. In general appearance these apples resemble the Wealthies which are now on the market, but Mr. Dryburgh's apples are much larger than anything I see in the stores. The specimens given me average closer to four inches in diameter, which is a big apple, no matter in what locality it is grown. The fruit is of fine flavor, thoroughly ripe, and excellent for either eating raw or cooking.

I AM SORRY I MISSED Mr. Dryburgh, as if I had seen him I might have got a real story about his experience in raising those apples. Perhaps I shall be able to get that at some other time.

MR. DRYBURGH, WHO HAS lived near Arvilla for a great many years, is known far and wide for his dahlias. I spent some time at his place a couple of years ago and was amazed at his intimate knowledge of those noble flowers. There were acres of them, and I don't know how many thousand plants, but their owner seemed to know them all by their first and middle names, their origin and idiosyncracies. I don't know how profitable Mr. Dryburgh finds his dahlia plantation, but any man who loves flowers as he does must get a lot of fun out of it.

I HAVE HAD NO EXPERIENCE in growing apples in this territory, but I have seen many fine little orchards which have given abundant satisfaction. I am told that the varieties most suitable for our climate are the early ripening ones, such as we used to call fall apples back east, rather than the hard winter varieties. That seems sensible, as our season is materially shorter than in what is usually known as apple territory.

I HAVE ALSO BEEN TOLD that apples do best when we have grown within a shelter belt of timber, as this not only protects them from the chill which comes down from the north, but prevents them from being whipped severely by the wind. One difficulty sometimes encountered is that of having blossoms destroyed by late spring frosts. If blooming can be retarded there is better assurance of a crop. A few years ago I heard of an apple grower in central Minnesota who adopted a novel plan to hold his apples back. There had been unseasonably warm weather, and he was afraid that the trees would burst into bloom before their time and that the bloom would then be destroyed by frost. He lived close to a small lake, and from that he hauled loads and loads of ice which he piled around the roots of his trees. That had the desired effect, and his crop was saved.

NATURALLY, MENTION OF apples sends my thoughts back to old Ontario, which is in the real apple belt of this continent. That belt extends through New York, Ontario and Michigan and takes in a little territory in nearby states. That area has always been noted for its fine-flavored apples. Our earliest apple—in my own section—was a yellowish apple which we knew only as a harvest apple. There were several harvest apples, so called, but I never knew their official names, if they had any. They were good for eating raw, but were not good for cookers.

NEXT CAME A WIDE VARIETY of early fall apples, pippins, and so forth, which were usually large, juicy, excellent cookers, but which would not keep well through the winter. Then there were the winter apples, Greenings, russets, and a host of others, which improved with age and were at their best in the spring.

I HAVE ALSO BEEN TOLD that apples do best with us if grown within a shelter belt of timber, as this not only protects them from the chill which comes down from the north, but prevents them from being whipped severely by the wind. One difficulty sometimes encountered is that of having blossoms destroyed by late spring frosts. If blooming can be retarded there is better assurance of a crop. A few years ago I heard of an apple grower in central Minnesota who adopted a novel plan to hold his apples back. There had been unseasonably warm weather, and he was afraid that the trees would burst into bloom before their time and that the bloom would then be destroyed by frost. He lived close to a small lake, and from that he hauled loads and loads of ice which he piled around the roots of his trees. That had the desired effect, and his crop was saved.

THE EAST LOST ITS APPLE market to the west because of pure negligence. Orchards were neglected. Modern methods of grading and packing were not adopted. Efficient marketing systems were not developed. Western growers took advantage of their opportunities and when the eastern people woke up their market was gone. I understand they are now making a vigorous effort to regain it, and with some show of success.
"TURKEY RED; A NOVEL OF THE Frontier," is the title of a western story by Blanche Gilchrist Wood, just published by D. Appleton and company, New York. The author, we are told, is a descendant of the earliest settlers in Massachusetts and Virginia, and during her first year out of college herself filed a claim on the last frontier in Dakota. She has traveled widely, and among her experiences was that of running a "proving-up" newspaper in a western border town. She is a member of the committee which selects the O. Henry prize stories every year.

WITH THIS BACKGROUND OF experience the author has accumulated valuable material relating to the settlement of the plains states, and her present book deals with the evolution of one little settlement, supposedly in the Little Missouri country in what is now North Dakota from the days of the sod shanty to those of the railroad and its accompanying conveniences.

WE ARE NOT TOLD HOW long the author lived on the claim on which she filed as a girl just out of college, but it is apparent that her perspective differs materially from that of the early settlers whose lives she undertakes to portray. These creatures of her imagination carried with them a pioneering self-consciousness which, I think, was not often found among homesteaders. Continually through the book they speak of themselves as pioneers, and of the territory which they inhabit as the frontier whereas the real homesteader pioneer though he was, seldom thought of his status as such or gave much thought to frontiers.

THE CHARACTERS IN "TURKEY RED" enveloped themselves in an atmosphere such as that with which the life of fifty years ago has been invested by many of those of today who never knew its experiences, or who, having known them, have forgotten the relationships in which those experiences were combined. The pioneers were actually making history, but they were not aware of it. Their lives were lived as simply as naturally and as casually as were the lives—sometimes less strenuous, of those who continued to live on eastern farms and in eastern cities.

- THE BOOK CONTAINS STIRRING descriptions of frontier episodes, of prairie fires, blizzards, and of the tribulations which often beset the settler. These descriptions are accurate enough in themselves, but they are presented in a manner which gives them undue prominence and which impair the picture as a faithful delineation of pioneer life.

THERE ARE PLEASANT PASSES and homely scenes, with some good bits of character drawing. The story which runs through the book is a simple one, and it is free from the scenes of riot and bloodshed which are sometimes considered essential to the western novel.

IF THE PEOPLE OF OHIO are not all supplied with coonskin coats it will not be because the state government is not doing all in its power to increase the number of racoons in the state. The state has just taken possession of what is described as the largest coon ranch in the world, situated at Milan, Ohio. The tract contains 25 acres, and the first unit of the ranch, which will be opened from hunters' license fees has 510 pens, with capacity for 750 animals. Eventually the ranch will accommodate 3,000 breeding animals, which are expected to produce from 8,000 to 12,000 young each year. The baby coons will be distributed throughout the counties of the state, liberated there, and left to take their chances with hunters. The idea is that by means of this distribution and the application of hunting restrictions, the animals may multiply sufficiently to restock the state.

THE RACOON IS FOUND throughout a vast extent of territory. It was often found in the timber belts of the Red river valley in the early days, but it is seldom seen here now. Back east coon hunting was one of the standard sports. The hunting was done preferably with dogs, and a good coon dog was a valuable possession.

COONS ARE EASILY DOMESTICATED if taken young. They become great pets and great nuisances because of their mischievous habits. They are so intelligent that they can tell to a dot the things that nobody wishes them to do, and their perversity is so great that they will invariably do just those things. In these matters they resemble people whom all of us have known, and whom it is not necessary to mention.
SOME OF US WERE TALKING about weather past and present, and one of the group wondered what had become of those north-west winds which brought soaking rains that lasted three or four days at a stretch. Nobody knew. But some of the party remembered them well, and associated them particularly with the threshing season. Perhaps those rainy periods were not so common at threshing time than at other seasons, but when they did occur when the fields were full of shocked grain the fact would be likely to make a lasting impression, while other rains might be forgotten.

** Davies **

IN ONE CASE THAT IS RECALLED a threshing rig pulled onto a farm one evening with its usual complement of men. Next morning it rained. It rained all day and the next, and the next—not a cloudburst or a tempest, but a chilly downpour, broken occasionally by an appearance of clearing, only to be resumed again, soak, soak, soak. It didn't rain steadily for three weeks, but it rained enough and at suitable intervals to hold up threshing for three weeks, and during all those weeks that farmer had a threshing crew to feed.

** ** **

HE WAS UNDER NO OBLIGATION to do this, but if he had not done so the men would have left and it would have been necessary to collect another crew before threshing could be got under way. That was not always an easy thing to do, and the attempt might involve days of delay. Hence it was usually considered better policy to feed idle men during a rainy spell than to let them go.

** ** **

THRESHING CUSTOMS VARIED widely with locality and period. In the very early days much of the grain was stacked, each farmer using his own force for that purpose. The plan had the advantage that some of the ground was cleared early, and in case of bad weather the farmer could start his fall plowing. It had the disadvantage of being slow, although in the long run the farmer who stacked might be as far ahead as if he changed work all over the neighborhood. A change was necessary in shock threshing. Also, grain came out of the stack in better condition than if it had stood out in the shock through a period of bad weather.

THRESHING PRICES VARIED, but for a long time the basis of "3 and 5" was quite customary. That meant three cents a bushel for oats, and I think for barley, and five cents for wheat. At those prices the farmer provided all the help except the separator and engine crew. If the threshing were done from the stack there would be required about four pitchers, a band cutter, a man and team for bucking straw and enough teams to haul away the threshed grain. If the grain were threshed from the shock there would be needed eight, ten or twelve teams with a mule for each field, with a couple of shock pitchers, and a couple of spike pitchers. If the owner of the threshing machine furnished the entire crew, men and teams, except those for hauling threshed grain, the prices charged were about double those charged if the farmer furnished his own crew.

** ** **

IN THE EARLY DAYS NOT many threshers carried teams to take grain from the shock. The farmer was responsible for this, and as only the large farmers had sufficient equipment of their own for this purpose the ancient and familiar plan of exchanging work was followed. In all cases the farmer fed all the men who traveled with him. The farmer furnished them with such sleeping accommodations as were within his means. Anything did for sleeping quarters, a barn loft, an empty shed, or a straw stack. With enough straw for a bed and a blanket for covering one could be quite comfortable.

** ** **

AN IMPORTANT SAVING in labor was effected when the type of hay racks was changed. Fifty years ago practically every rack consisted essentially of a flat platform extending over the wagon wheels, with a sort of ladder in front upon which to hang the lines, to aid in mounting the load, and as anchorage for the long binder pole which was used to fasten down a rectangle of hay which was to be hauled any considerable distance. There were few, if any racks with side boards or end boards. On the flat rack the load had to be built with some care or it would slip off. Accordingly, in hauling shocks the driver remained on his load and built it up as the bundles were pitched to him by a pitcher on the ground. Gradually there came into use racks such as are now used, with both ends and all four corners built up. That eliminated the extra load of hay which was to be hauled any considerable distance. There were few, if any racks with side boards or end boards. On the flat rack the load had to be built with some care or it would slip off. Accordingly, in hauling shocks the driver remained on his load and built it up as the bundles were pitched to him by a pitcher on the ground. Gradually there came into use racks such as are now used, with both ends and all four corners built up. That eliminated the extra load of hay which was to be hauled any considerable distance. There were few, if any racks with side boards or end boards. On the flat rack the load had to be built with some care or it would slip off.
CHESTNUTS ALWAYS RECALL to me one particular bit of eastern forest. The soil was sandy, just the sort that chestnuts appear to love, and crowning a little knoll, and sheltered by the growth of larger forest trees were perhaps twenty or thirty chestnut trees. There, on a warm fall day after a good nip of frost, a small boy could find joy in its supreme form. Imagine an afternoon with not a breath of wind stirring, with the forest decked out in all its gorgeous color, with the earth bearing the first layer of its carpet of leaves and with other leaves floating idly down as their fastenings, loosened by the frost gave way, with squirrels chattering and scampering back and forth as they gathered their winter's store of food, and with chestnuts dropping, chuck, chuck among the leaves as the burra which contained them sprang open after frost and sun had done their work. A fellow could lie on his back among the leaves, and look, and listen, and just drink in happiness.

** JUST NOW THE NORTHERN forest are fairly gay now with color. About twenty miles north of Be-midij I have seen as fine a show of maple and red-leaved oak color as I have seen anywhere. I haven't seen it this year, but it ought to be just right at this present moment. Around Detroit Lakes there are some maples carrying great arches of scarlet and crimson clear across the road. But one need not travel that far to see fine forest coloring.

** **

WITHIN THE BRIEF SPACE of an hour and without going more than a dozen miles from Grand Forks one can see a panorama of color such as Titian or Turner never succeeded in putting on canvas. Out on Minnesota Point in the space between the and Red Lake rivers, one is surrounded by great masses of all the colors with which nature decks her plant growth, for there enough of the native forest has been left to provide warmth of color and attractiveness of form no matter in which direction the observer looks. There is no daylight hour in which the picture is not beautiful, but to me the most attractive time is late in the summer when the borders of timber belts become translucent and the sun touches with fire the exposed edges of foliage.

** **

IF ONE SAW SUCH A SIGHT in Europe he would treasure it as a precious memory. Here it can be seen in a few minutes, and as often as one pleases, at the expenditure of ten cents for gas.
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED
from Jack Hosmer of Dunseith
some tattered fragments of a copy
of the Ulster County Gazette of
January 4, 1800. The Ulster Coun-
ty Gazette was published at
Kingston, N. Y., and was an influen-
tial paper in the early days of
the republic. Mr. Hosmer sends me
his copy because of the use in its
articles of the long "s" concerning
which something appeared in this
column a few days ago. I have examined
the copy with some care, and I find
that the same character was used
for both letters, which is contrary
to the custom when the long "s" was
commonly used. I have just
found hold of a copy of "The Business
Printer," a little magazine devoted
to the fine art of printing, and in
that there are given reproductions
of eighteenth century printing in
which the long "s" which is often
confused with "f" was regularly
used.

FROM INSPECTION OF THE
samples before me it appears that
certain rules were closely
followed. The long "s" is never
appears as a final letter or as a capita-
. It is used as an initial letter
and at other positions in a work
except as a final letter, and I have
found no instance in which this
rule is varied.

IN ITALIC PRINTING THE
same custom is followed, but in that
there is no bar across the "s." Both letters extend below the line.

IN SOME OLD LETTERS
written early in the last century,
from which I expect to publish
some excerpts one of these days,
both forms of the "s" are used,
but rather indiscriminately except
where there is a final "s" the
short form is always used.

IN THE MAGAZINE SKETCH
of Baskerville reference is made to
his love of fine clothing and other
display, in which connection
there is told a story of another
printer, "Lord" Timothy Dexter, of
Newburyport, Mass., who seems to
have been an odd character. In a
book which he printed he omitted
all punctuation, arranging at the
end a group of punctuation marks
which the reader was instructed
to place as he wished.

THAT REMINDS ME OF
Tracy Bangs, who once gave me
his rule for punctuation. "I just
write straight ahead," he said, "un-
til I get out of breath; then I make
a dash and start over again." And
Tracy can usually make one under-
stand what he means, when he
writes, as well as when he speaks.

RETURNING TO MR. Hos-
mer's old paper, congress had been
officially informed of the death of
Washington, and on the fragments
of the paper which are preserved
are portions of addresses in honor
of the first president, messages of
condolence addressed to President
Adams, and the response by that
official.

IT IS RATHER INTERESTING
just at this time to look over the
advertisements which appeared in
that old paper. Of ordinary com-
mercial announcements there are
not many, most of the notices ap-
pearing being "legals." By far the
greater proportion of these are
signed by Sheriff Peter Ten Broeck
giving notice of proceedings
against debtors and the seizure
and sale of their "goods, chattels,
lands and tenements." From one
advertisement of which only a part
remains it appears that John
Schoonmaker, Jn. offers for sale
an inexhaustible quantity of wood,
also a "stout, healthy, active NE-
GRO WENCH."

IN AN ADDRESS TO THE
president the senate lamented that
"the arts and calumnies of designing
men have excited open rebel-

dion a second time in the state of
Pennsylvania, and thereby com-
pelled the employment of a mili-
ary force to aid the civil authority
in the execution of the laws." "We
rejoice," continued the address,
"that your vigilance, energy and
well-timed exertions have crushed
doing opposition and prevented
the spreading of such treasonable
combinations."

THINGS ARE SOMEWHAT
different today.