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William Preston Davies

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A. N. ANDERSON, CUSTODIAN at the city hall, was invited to attend a reunion Saturday of the survivors of the Hinckley forest fire, September 1, 1894, in which approximately 500 lives were lost. At the time of the holocaust, Anderson was employed in a sawmill in the stricken Minnesota town. He recalled that the fires had raged around the village, fanned by a high wind, for several days prior to September but that no particular worry was caused among the 2,000 people living in the town. When the wind swept the flames into the village it overpowered the millhands, who went out to fight it. It then became evident that something must be done to save the residents of the town and the arrival of the train from Duluth was eagerly awaited. Anderson was with the party that boarded the train. Shortly after it left the station at Hinckley, it was stopped by a bridge that had burned in front of it.

JIM ROOT, THE ENGINEER, Mr. Anderson said, backed the train up through the burning trees on each side of the track, while the fireman stood on the tender and emptied buckets of water on him. Heat cracked the windows of the coaches, and before the train reached Hinckley, it caught on fire. It stopped on a burning trestle, and the passengers abandoned it.

THE FIRE SEEMED TO SUBSIDE for a while, allowing the passengers to make the six-mile walk to Stump Lake. They waited in the water until about 7 P.M., when the conductor organized a relief party that went to Pine City, about 19 miles away, and returned with doctors and stretchers. The injured were taken to Pine City and Anderson returned to Hinckley. He said the dead were piled in box coffins, three feet high, and they were all buried in a single grave. Shortly after that Anderson left Hinckley and went to Duluth.

MRS. T. A. REES, WHO IS VISITING in Alberta, sends in a quotation from a Lethbridge paper which says that Canadian thistles may be destroyed easily by plowing them under during the dark of the moon. The best time for this, according to the article, is during the three or four days of the middle quarter.

I REMEMBER HEARING OF this theory in my boyhood. My own grandfather took no stock in it, although he was a firm believer in the influence of the moon and stars in certain other matters. But while he clung tenaciously to his own superstitions, he ridiculed such beliefs of others as he happened not to share. Since then I have met several others who, in this respect, reminded me strongly of granddad.

FOR SOME REASON THAT has never been clear to me the Canadian thistle has never gained a strong foothold in this section. There are occasional patches of the weed that have been in existence for many years without increasing perceptibly in size, and the seed from those plants has not taken root in adjoining fields as might have been expected.

BACK EAST 50 OR 60 YEARS ago the Canadian thistle was considered the farmer's worst enemy. Sending its roots several feet into the earth it was indestructible except by the most heroic methods, and one lusty plant would produce seed enough to seed several acres. The lightest breeze was sufficient to carry it a great distance, so that fields where the weed had been kept under control were continually being seeded from others that were neglected. The thistle was the bugbear of the harvest field. Grain was bound by hand, and arms were left raw and bleeding from the lacerations of the thistle spines.

SOME MAN OVER IN MINNESOTA wants to buy quack grass seed with which to seed down one of his fields. This grass makes good hay and good pasture, and its root, well rooted, makes an excellent seed bed for other crops. Quack grass, in its proper place, may be a useful plant. While it is a persistent grower, it can be killed out by vigorous and persistent work.

MANY OF US REMEMBER when sweet clover was regarded as merely a troublesome weed. Now it is recognized as one of the farmer's most useful plants. Often it reproduced itself where it is not wanted, but thorough cultivation will eradicate it. Some years ago a lot of money was made in sweet clover for seed which for a time was sold at highly speculative prices. The boom collapsed and much of the money made in the speculation went the way of most speculative profits.
FALL IS EVEN from Calgary, nearly 40 miles to the north, a red glow can be seen over the field. It is said that the field formerly was controlled by an American syndicate, but finally, however, Canadian independents got a foothold there and now much of the development work is due to their efforts.

WITH HER MOTHER, MISS Van Dusen, an employee of The Herald, visited Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and the Canadian resort centers of Banff and Lake Louise. At Calgary they visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Templeton and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Templeton, former close friends of Mrs. Van Dusen, and with whom they motored to the scenic areas of the Canadian Rockies.

WHILE AT CALGARY, THE Grand Forks vacationers visited the famous Turney Valley oil field south of that city where the development by independent Canadian producers has been so rapid in the last few years that gas fires have been lighted at frequent intervals, despite the waste, to prevent asphyxiation of the workers and residents of the field. "Natural gas has been piped from the field to virtually all of the centers of western Canada," she said. "But wells have been drilled so fast that surplus gas cannot be taken care of as yet, so it is piped to open areas and set ablaze."

"IT IS A RARE SIGHT to visit the field at night with those gas flares alight in every direction. Even from Calgary, nearly 40 miles to the north, a red glow can be seen over the field. It is said that the field formerly was controlled by an American syndicate, which kept it closed for many years. Finally, however, Canadian independents got a foothold there and now much of the development work is due to their efforts."

A COLONY OF MENNONITES near Calgary was visited, and found decidedly interesting. Eighty of that religious sect, one of the wealthiest in Canada, live in the colony, the men occupying one large house and the women another, while all eat together in a common dining room. All the colony's activities are on a community basis, and the property, owned by the colony, is managed by an overseer. That particular colony owns and operates 4,000 acres, and each member wears the uniform of the sect. Among the possessions of the colony are a flock of 900 ducks and one of 600 geese.

WHILE THE FLIGHT OF WATERFOWL is not an infallible indication of the character of the coming season, as the birds have not the gift of prophecy, they serve as a fair indication of the present character of the weather in the region from which the birds come. The fact that waterfowl have been seen traveling south thus early in the season seems to indicate an unseasonable cold snap in the Arctic regions, of which we seem now to be experiencing the effect. However, there have been many cases in which ducks and geese have been fooled by unreasonable weather changes into moving north or south prematurely, and they have corrected their mistake by reversing their flight later on.

NATURAL GAS CONDITIONS as found by Miss Van Dusen are very different from those a few years ago. About fifteen years ago I found natural gas practically the only fuel in use in Calgary, but the pressure had diminished greatly, and in order to prevent complete exhaustion of the supply it had been decided, I was told, to prohibit the use of natural gas for heating purposes after that season. Since then new supplies have been found, apparently sufficient for a very long time.
WHEN WE READ OF THE experiences of those who go down to the sea in ships we are apt to think only of those who sail the great oceans—fishermen off the coast of Labrador and on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, men whose ships have been buffeted by tropical gales, or who have braved the storms of polar oceans. We are less apt to realize that almost in the very heart of this continent the Great Lakes provide a stage upon which have been enacted for generations thrilling acts in the great drama of man’s struggle with the sea.

RECENT MENTION IN THIS column of the capsizing of the Victoria in the Thames river near London, Ontario, has recalled to Neil McDougall of Omemee a number of lake disasters with the history of which he is familiar. Mr. McDougall was born near the shore of Lake Huron, and many of his schoolmates became sailors, several of them becoming captains. Of one of these, the loss of the Asia, he writes as follows:

"THE ASIA, WHICH SANK IN the Georgian bay Nov. 4, 1882, was built in St. Catherines in 1872, of wooden construction, 136 feet long, 36 feet beam and 12 feet draught. It was a wood burner of the propeller type and carried one sail. On its last trip from Owen Sound Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1882, it carried a full cargo of freight, consisting of provisions, horses and cattle consigned to the French Rier, Manitoulin islands and north shore points. The upper deck was heavily loaded with freight, so great was the cargo. A full allotment of first and second class passengers were taken on, bound for the lumber camps. Every berth was occupied and cots were used in the main cabin to accommodate the passengers.

"BEFORE THE SHIP LEFT Owen Sound storm signals were displayed and some of the faint hearted left the boat at the last minute. The directors of the company got in touch with the captain regarding the coming storm and advised him to take no chances as the steamer had gone through a storm on the way to Owen Sound. Captain Savage assured the owners that he could weather the gale, and accordingly this nervy Highland sailor cleared the port.

"THE FACT THAT THE UPPER deck was heavily loaded made the boat top-heavy. The main deck held the horses and cattle, which was a dangerous moveable part of the cargo to face a storm. When the Asia got out of the protection of Owen Sound bay the wind and waves struck her, and all through the night the storm raged. Towards morning, when the boat got past the northern Peninsula of Bruce county, separating Lake Huron from the Georgian bay, the storm struck her with full force. With the straining of the ship her seams started to open, making it necessary for the crew to man the pumps to keep down the water that was leaking in. The captain ordered the two upper decks cleared of cargo, horses and cattle, all of which were thrown overboard. Conditions went from bad to worse, and about noon the boat refused to answer her helm and got into the trough of the sea, with water pouring in much worse than before. All the passengers were called on the upper deck and many of them donned life-preservers, and soon the ship began to settle.

"SEVERAL LIFEBOATS WERE launched and filled to capacity, but were smashed in short order. The last one to leave was a metal boat with air compartments, and in this were 18 of the passengers and crew, including the only two survivors of the disaster. Very soon after this lifeboat pulled away the sinking steamer rolled and settled stern first beneath the waters of the Georgian bay at a point between Lonely Island and the mainland, about 40 miles northwest of Perry Sound.

"THE METALLIC LIFEBOAT tossed and tumbled about, turning over three times, and the mate, who was a friend of Miss Morrison, one of the passengers, helped her back into the boat. In the three upsets all but seven of the original 18 were drowned, leaving Captain Savage, Purser McDougall, the first mate, the cabin boy, Miss Morrison, Mr. Tinkis and one unknown man.

"FOR 20 HOURS THE BOAT drifted about in the waves and wind, the oars and other equipment having been lost. During those long hours five of the seven died from exposure, the captain being the first to go, and the mate last, leaving only Miss Morrison and Mr. Tinkis as the survivors. Shortly after sunrise the boat touched on the rocky shore near Byng Inlet. Here Tinkis removed the five bodies from the boat, then paddled along the shore with oars picked up from the water. When night came they reached the boat and made beds of boughs and tried to sleep until morning. Saturday morning they started out again, but soon became exhausted for want of food, and went ashore to rest. Soon after they were picked up by an Indian. On Sunday they reached Perry Sound, accompanied by the Indian.

"THE SINKING OF THE ASIA was the greatest marine disaster of those days, and it is believed that it has not been equaled on the Great Lakes, at least on the Canadian side, up to this time. Of the survivors, Mr. Tinkis lived until a few years ago, and Miss Morrison, now Mrs. Albert Fleming, is still living at Kilsyth, near Owen Sound."

FACTS RELATING TO OTHER disasters on the Great Lakes, as told by Mr. McDougall, will be given tomorrow.
CONTINUING HIS DESCRIPTION of disasters on the Great Lakes, Neil McDougall of Omemee writes: "The car ferry Shenango No. 2 which sailed between Conneaut, Ohio, and Port Stanley was lost with all hands on November 9, 1909. It is supposed that the cars which were loaded with coal which the boat carried got loose and burst through the doors and capsized the boat. The captain in charge, Robert McLeod and the first mate was his brother, John, of Kincardine. I know the parents of those brothers well. It is said of the father, who was also a sailor, that during a storm on Lake Huron he was the only man on board who could stand up and heave coal into the fire-box. When I last saw him he was 70 years old. He stood as straight as a lad of 20, and did not have a single gray hair on his head. A son, Angus McLeod, rode bicycles for a Brantford firm in the bicycle days and was the mile champion of Canada and the five mile champion of the world. McLeod's brother-in-law, Captain Rowans, was master of the first steamship that sailed Lake Huron. Although Lake Erie is the shallowest of all the Great Lakes, the Shenango, on which the McLeods lost their lives, was never located although a large reward was offered for finding her.

* * *

NOVEMBER 9, 1913, HAS BEEN known as "Black Sunday" on the Great Lakes, for on that day 250 lives were lost in a storm that swept the lakes. A wind that reached the velocity of 80 miles an hour and seldom dropped below 68 raged until the storm blew itself out the following day and created havoc. The James Carruthers, a boat launched in Collingwood that spring, was considered the last word in boat construction and was believed to be practically unsinkable, met her doom on Lake Huron. She was 500 feet long and at that time the largest freighter on the Great Lakes. When last seen she left Detour south-bound with a cargo of grain and never was heard of again.

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"TWO OTHER BOATS LEFT this point at the same time, the Wexford and the City of Midland. Only the latter reached port, but in a badly battered condition, with one blade of her propeller missing. The Regina and the Charles S. Price were supposed to have collided 10 miles out from Point Edward. The Price was found after the storm floating upside down and remained in that condition several days before she sank.

* * *

"CAPTAIN BOB M'INTYRE OF Owen Sound, sailing the Acadia, went aground in Saginaw bay, and was censured for his action, but the story that he told at the investigation held afterwards proved that he was justified in grounding his boat. It was afterwards said by Captain Simpson that if McIntyre had followed his instructions he would have been charged with murder.

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"THREE AMERICAN BOATS went into that storm and were never heard from. They were the John A. McLean, the Argus and the Hydrus, all of Cleveland, with a total loss of lives on the three of 71. The United States Lightship No. 82 was stationed in Lake Erie near the mouth of the Detroit river to guide ships trying to make the river. One of the boats signaled for help. The answer came back: 'No orders from Washington.' She could not move even to save herself, for her lights were shining to help others, and there she stayed with her lights shining until waves broke over and sent her to a watery grave with her crew of six men.

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"THE TURRET CHIEF WENT aground off Keweenaw Point in Lake Superior. The boat was a total loss, but the crew managed to make shore. While many ships went to the bottom in that storm many more went aground, most of them a total loss. All over the upper lakes vessels were stranded, 19 of them American boats. Of the Canadian boats stranded were the Acadia, the Madford, the Scottish Hero and the Huronic.

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"THE SHIPS THAT WENT down in the storm were the Charles S. Price, 28 lives lost; James Carruthers, 19 lives lost; Wexford, 17 lost; Regina, 15; Isaac Scott, 28; John A. McLean, 23; Argus, 24; Hydrus, 24. Those boats all went to the mouth of Lake Huron. Two boats, the H. M. Hanna and the Matoa were stranded in Lake Huron and were a total loss. Four boats that were stranded and afterwards salvaged were the Northern Queen, H. B. Hawgood, D. D. Mills and Matthew Andrews.

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"ANOTHER GREAT LAKES tragedy occurred on the night of October 7, 1902 when the Aunt Maria, loaded with coal for Kincardine, missed the harbor entrance and crashed into the beach. This disaster also occurred during a bad storm and a night so dark that the harbor lights were visible for only a short distance. It was said that above the roaring of the lake and the howling of the wind cries of distress could be heard on the shore where a good many Kincardine citizens had gathered and at once built huge fires. John, Thomas and Walter McGaw and W. H. Ferguson after great difficulty launched a small boat and started on the dangerous course to the stranded schooner. Many times the boat went out of sight between the huge waves. Finally the men reached the schooner but no sooner had they made contact than a mountainous wave swamped the frail boat, throwing the four men into the water. The McGaws got to the wrecked boat, but Ferguson was drowned and four of the crew who had got aboard the small boat. Those who lined the shore realized that nothing could be done before morning, when Robert Saunders, John McGaw Jr., and Robert Greenless manned a second boat and after a terrible battle with the waves rescued the McGaws and the two remaining sailors, Pemberton and Schryer.

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THE FIRST RECORDED wreck on Lake Huron was that of the Griffin in 1679 in the Mississippi strait. The ship was manned by the explorer LaSalle and his crew. The next was in the year 1752 when the French fur traders on one of the Chantry islands situated near the eastern shore of the lake were attacked by Indians. The Frenchmen, being greatly outnumbered, took to their schooner and sailed around the north of the Bruce peninsula into the Georgian bay where they were hit by a storm and their boat was wrecked near Midland. The remains of both these vessels may still be seen.

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"WITH ALL THOSE MARINE disasters in mind it is little wonder that the people of Bruce and Huron counties, who have supplied so many sailors on the Great Lakes, are anxious after each storm."
LABOR DAY WAS PRETTY much Grand Forks day in Winnipeg. The day was a holiday in Canada as on this side of the line, and all business places were closed. Visitors spent their time in the parks, at lake resorts and at other places of entertainment. Some of the Grand Forks visitors report that in making the tour of the city they were continually bumping into other Grand Forks people, some of them neighbors whom they hadn't seen for weeks. One of the returning excursionists remarked that in line with the freakish weather during the summer the international boundary seems to have been an almost definite dividing point between drought and an abundance of moisture in the Red river valley.

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"AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP BETWEEN Grand Forks and a point some 30 miles north of Winnipeg revealed a great variation in conditions," he said. All last week rain threatened in the Grand Forks territory, but there was little. In the Winnipeg district on Labor day the sky was bright and farmers and others said it was the first bright day in a week. They said there had been good showers there every day since the preceding Tuesday.

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"DIRT ROADS WERE MUDDY to the extent that it was difficult for motorists to travel them and water actually almost filled some ditches. There was evidence, too, that there had been rains previous to last week that made crop and truck gardening conditions the best.

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"ON THE NORTH DAKOTA side of the boundary there was evidence of only fair crops, but almost immediately across the boundary, where rain was encountered, stubble fields gave evidence that there had been a very heavy crop. Farther north residents said the best crop in many years had been harvested, and an abundance of straw stacks on the fields was proof.

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"CORN ON THE NORTH DAKOTA side was short and withered as though it had been frozen. North of Winnipeg the corn stalks were tall and heavily laden with green leaves.

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"IN A PUBLIC PRODUCE MARKET in Winnipeg truck gardeners, many of them Ukrainians from a nearby settlement, displayed vegetables and fruit that caused North Dakotans to gaze in amazement. There were large, snowy-white cauliflower heads measuring a foot across, great quantities of large ripe tomatoes, sweet corn ears as large as a big variety of field corn, potatoes larger than generally raised in the Grand Forks district, melons of various kinds, and apples, plums and berries as large and ripe as any shipped in from sections where the climate is more mild."

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"IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT Maple Lake has shrunk to but a fraction of its former dimensions and that its level has lowered more rapidly this summer than ever, cottagers there report that the summer population at the resort this year has been greater than for several years. There is sufficient natural beauty about the place to attract visitors in spite of low water and its nearness to several of the prairie cities is an added advantage. Hopes of having the water conditions in this, one of the prettiest of Minnesota's smaller lakes, have been revived during the past few months.

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A PLAN FOR REPLENISHING the water supply, not only in Maple Lake, but in other nearby bodies, and which is of decided interest to Grand Forks, is being given serious consideration by the United States government. Under this plan it is proposed to divert a portion of the flow of the Rainy river across country to Red Lake, and thence to Maple Lake and other small lakes by means of short canals. One of the effects of this would be to increase the flow of the Red Lake river at Grand Forks, an item of great importance here.

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THIS PLAN HAS BEEN PRESENTED to the federal authorities, who have been examining it with reference to its feasibility. Maple Lake cottagers have shown great interest in the project. In their discussions with federal represen-
A PARALLEL TO THE SATURDAY EVENING POST's treatment of Minnesota, and was set apart by the state as a memorial park. The Po·dunk Bladder publishes an article from its correspondent at Mud Crossing describing how on July 7 in the absence of Andrew Smith, Peter Jones had burned Smith's farm buildings to the ground and run off with Smith's wife. Jones protests and submits documentary evidence proving:

That Smith's buildings were never burned.
That Smith has no wife, and never had one.

That on July 7 Jones was visiting the World's fair in Chicago. Thereupon the Bladder makes a "correction" thus:

"In an article from our correspondent at Mud Crossing published in this paper on July 22 certain misstatements were made concerning Peter Jones. Mr. Jones informs us that on July 7 he was in Chicago."

ON SOME OF THE MINNESOTA MAPS there is located a place called Huot—the t is silent, please. It is on one of the secondary roads about half way between Crookston and Red Lake Falls, just a few miles beyond Gentilly, where Father Taillon taught the people to make cheese. It isn't very much of a town. One building serves as store, oil station and postoffice. Perhaps there is one other building.

HUOT IS INTERESTING BECAUSE it was there, at the point where one of the old ox-cart trails crossed the Red Lake river, the chiefs of the Chippewa Indians signed a treaty on October 2, 1863, in which they ceded to the United States government three million acres of land, comprising the greater part of the Red river valley, and that upon that treaty rests the title to every farm and every city lot within the designated area.

IN COMMEMORATION of that event a tract of land beautifully situated on the north side of the Red Lake river was transferred by Red Lake county to the state of Minnesota, and was set apart by the state as a memorial park. Last year, 70 years after the signing of the treaty, dedicatory exercises were held at the park, and a monument, representing a Chippewa Indian with peace pipe was unveiled. Joe Rabinovich of Grand Forks, representing the American Legion, delivered an excellent address on that occasion.

IN LOCATION AND SURROUNDINGS the little park is a beauty spot. Nestling in a deep valley, heavily timbered, with the river flowing through a deep gorge close by, it is an ideal place for picnics. It may be proper to mention that just now, while the river can scarcely be said to flow, it does trickle among the rocks which, in wetter times, form a small rapid. The place is certainly worth visiting by any small party looking for a pleasant picnic ground. The best way to reach it is to take the north road out of Crookston through Gentilly. Or it can be reached from the paved highway by going north to Gentilly. AN INSCRIPTION ON A bronze plate attached to a big rock at the park entrance gives the main facts concerning the memorial. One interesting statement is that at that point stood a great cottonwood tree which was used by travelers in the early days as a postoffice. The crossing there was used by travelers on the Pembina trail between St. Paul and Pembina. It was at this point that Charles Cavalier forded the Red Lake river on his first trip to Pembina in 1837 when he was about to take up his duties as collector of customs at that place.

THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY there are numerous pleasant picnic spots, but most of them are privately owned. Owners of such places have usually been generous in permitting the use of their property by the public. Occasionally this hospitality has been abused. No farmer likes to have his gates left open when he wishes them closed, or to have his fences broken down. Neither does he like to have his property endangered by fires carelessly built and left burning, or to see his grounds defaced by broken food and other litter left by picnic parties. There should be more such places as that at Huot, which would be common property, in the maintenance of which all comers would take pride.
A SOUTH DAKOTA EDITOR calls a rival editor a skunk, which leads another editor to remark on the paucity of expression in which modern journalism has degenerated. In the good old days, says the critic, no real editor would have contented himself with such a malediction.

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HOWEVER, AS A CHARACTERIZATION, "skunk" may have its points. A church whose financial affairs were continually being battered to pieces on the rocks because the members neglected to pay up employed a collector who had the reputation of getting what he went after. Before long there was a marked improvement in the state of the treasury. One of the members was congratulated by a friend who belonged to another congregation. "I understand," said the friend, "that new collector of yours is a regular go-getter." "Well," said the other, "he seems to be a success as a collector, but he's a mighty poor speller." "Poor speller, what do you mean?" "Why, the fellow spells skunk with 'c' and skunks with 'k.'"

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MILO WALKER, OF BOWESMONT, takes no stock in the theory that the moon's phases have anything to do with the killing of Canadian thistles, or any other weed. He tells of his method of dealing with a field on which thistles were so thick that he could not make a full cut through them with a mower. He mowed the thistles in July when they were in full bloom, and plowed the piece next year but did not seed it. The operation was repeated the second year, and there were no more thistles.

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DOWN IN INDIANA A PAROLE has been granted to a prisoner who was one of Dillinger's pals. Several years ago the fellow was convicted of a crime and given a prison sentence. He was paroled, broke parole, and was sentenced again. Now he has been paroled the second time. The federal government has been doing a pretty good job rounding up criminals, but Indiana's specialty is turning them loose.

* * *

SOME TIME AGO, IN RESPONSE to an inquiry, Mrs. Frank Willson, of Bathgate, supplied a copy of the poem "Good Night and Good Morning," beginning "A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see," and with it the information that the poem was written by Lucy Larcom, a relative of her late husband, Editor Willson, of the Bathgate Pink Paper. A correspondent of the New York Times Book Review attributes the poem to Richard Moncton Milnes, Lord Houghton. Mrs. Willson related the circumstances under which the poem was written, and her version seems likely to be correct. This is but one of many instances in which confusion has arisen over the authorship of poetry or prose which has remained familiar long after its author has been forgotten.

* * *

LUCY LARCOM WAS AN American poet, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1826, and died in Boston in 1893. She began writing verse at an early age, and was given counsel and encouragement by John G. Whittier. For nearly twenty years she was editor of the magazine "Our Young Folks," and during her career she published many stories and several volumes of poetry. One of her poems, "Who Plants a Tree" is often quoted. It is as timely now as when it was published.

* * *

WHO PLANTS A TREE

By Lucy Larcom.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From t' ide clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou propesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy,
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures bleithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!
PREMIER HEPBURN, OF Ontario, head of the Liberal government which displaced the Conservative administration a few weeks ago, is being criticized for living up to his campaign promises. During the campaign he promised that if his party were successful he would make a drastic reduction in the number of government employees. His party was successful, and he was made premier, and he has been lopping off heads at an astonishing rate. His opponents now denounce him for increasing the number of unemployed, but he goes right ahead, just the same. He made one pledge which he has not kept. The Conservative administration had maintained a large fleet of government automobiles, many of which Hepburn declared were unnecessary. He promised that if he were elected he would first fumigate those machines and then sell them. He sold them the other day at public auction, but he neglected to fumigate them.

THE PRACTICE OF BLUE jays in collecting ants in their feathers has puzzled many who have observed it. The accepted explanation is that the birds collect ants in order that the ants may relieve them of the parasites which trouble them. Mrs. Nellie Griffith, of Pembina, writes that a friend of hers, A. D. Cavalier, tells her that the early trappers, fur traders, miners and guides, knew of the fondness of ants for certain varieties of bugs and took advantage of it by spreading their infested clothing on ant hills, a treatment which was always effective.

MR. CAVALIER ALSO REPEATS a story told him years ago by a traveling man of an encounter between a pair of robins and a squirrel. The traveling man had his car parked by the side of the road and there he watched a squirrel cross the road and run up a tree to eat. The parent birds attacked the squirrel vigorously and forced him to drop to the ground. No sooner had he struck than they were upon him again and prevented him from reaching another tree for safety. Keeping the squirrel in the open the birds struck at it vigorously and effectively that he soon rolled over dead. The traveling man had heard that there is a spot on the head of a squirrel where the brain covering is so thin that it can be pierced by the bill of a bird. He examined the dead squirrel and found just such a spot, which had been punctured by one of the birds in the fight. Did the birds know of that vulnerable spot, or did they strike it accidentally?

 THAT IS ONE OF A LONG list of questions which may be asked concerning the intelligence of animals, and most of those questions will remain unanswered. A certain wasp paralyzes its insect victim by stinging it in one certain spot, thus preserving it as a food supply for the young of the wasp when the eggs are hatched. If the wound were given in another spot the creature would die instantly and be useless as food. Wounded elsewhere it would live and escape. How does the wasp know that a touch of poison in that particular spot will paralyze without killing?

INSECTS AND ANIMALS PERFORM many acts which can scarcely result from training and experience, for they are performed with out opportunity for training and without the possibility of experiencing the final effect and the best means to be employed to secure definitely desired results.

IF ANYONE DOUBTS THAT this season is out of gear, the size of his fuel bill may convince him. Last year my first full fire was Sept. 15, which was considered fairly early, and fires were kept intermittently for some time before real cold set in. Just now the 15th of September is still a week away, and I have been burning oil off and on for about a month. There's something wrong, somewhere.

OUT WEST THEY HAVE BEEN causing Russian thistle to be used in the winter as greens. On paper that looks tough, and it is tough to be obliged to live on greens because there is nothing else much to eat. But if we eliminate the unpleasant feature of necessity Russian thistles make mighty good greens if collected in the right condition and properly cooked. Many other weeds make excellent greens, as older housewives know. Pigweed, otherwise known as lamb's quarters, is an old favorite. Dandelions, in their tenderest stages, are good eating. Wild mustard makes a good dish, as do horseradish leaves. Of course, to be completely acceptable, greens should be cooked with fat pork, and on this combination with bread and a dash of pickle, one can make a real meal.
ONE SUGGESTION OF POSSIBLE advantage of the maintenance by the Bury expedition of the advance camp at which Admiral Byrd has spent most of the southern winter alone comes in a dispatch from Little America describing the methods used to observe meteors and aurora displays and to compute their height. Telescopes at the main and advance camps 123 miles apart, are trained as nearly as possible on the same spot, and observations taken at the same instant as timed by radio serve as a guide in computing the height of the displays. Dr. Poulter, who has been observing at the advance camp sat gazing at the sky during the observation periods, clad in furs, with temperature 60 to 70 below zero. Watching for meteors for several hours in that sort of temperature is not at all my notion of an evening's entertainment.

* * *

CONDITIONS SURROUNDING a downpour of black rain at Buenos Aires might be studied with advantage by some of the writers who assumed that when the eastern half of the continent was enveloped in a dust cloud early in the season all the soil in the northwest was in the air. When it rained black mud down in the Argentine local scientists analyzed the stuff and found the solid material to be finely divided carbon mixed with oil. The material came from Campana, more than 100 miles distant, where a number of great oil tanks had exploded. The resultant fire had sent into the air great volumes of smoke and formed a vast cloud which covered the whole countryside. A little wind will make a big smoke, and a handful of dust will make a considerable cloud. If the powers would give the northwest the rains that it needs those "millions of acres of top soil" about which so much has been written, would never be missed.

* * *

THE FEARSOME MONSTER of Loch Ness, Scotland, seems to have been inspected at close range and definitely identified and classified. It is described as the remains of a member of the family Blimpus Germanicus. In other words, the alleged sea serpent is what is left of a German blimp which fell into the lake presumably during the war. When the monster had been officially observed the British admiralty sent two divers to examine it and that is what they found. The object is sometimes visible at low tide, and the fertile imagination of excited spectators endowed it with many frightful forms and all sorts of movements.

* * *

AN EXPEDITION WHICH has just returned from South America has brought with it a rare snake in the form of a live bushmaster, said to be the most venomous reptile in the western hemisphere. Dr. Dittmars, head of the expedition, has been trying for thirty years to secure a live specimen of this serpent. The collection obtained by the expedition includes snakes, turtles, scorpions, frogs, crabs and ants. In the search for these treasures there was but one minor casualty. A member of the party was seated in a room writing when a mouse ran up his trousers and bit him on the leg. Think of spending months in a tropical jungle just to have that happen. It might just as well have happened at home.

* * *

RECENT MENTION OF DISASTERS on the Great Lakes and of the capsizing of the Victoria on the Thames near London, Ontario, has brought comment from several former Ontario residents who recall clearly many of the incidents mentioned. Dr. James Grassick has reason to recall the Victoria disaster, for he was teaching school at the time not far from London, and a young woman teacher, an intimate friend of his, lost her life in that tragedy.

* * *

ON SATURDAY, WITH A strong wind blowing from the south, I got a vivid impression of the shrinking of Maple Lake. When the water is still the main lake looks about as usual, if one avoids looking at the shore. There is still a considerable expanse of what appears to be water of good depth. But the wind blowing, instead of the sizeable waves which we are accustomed to see, there were scarcely more than puny ripples, for away out near the center of the lake were mud banks against which the little waves broke before they had gained size. If anything is to be done to save Maple Lake it needs to be done soon.

* * *

FOR SOME REASON WHICH I do not understand the Red river valley is not the home of the hard maple, and we miss the gorgeous coloring which that tree gives to the fall landscape. But we have the red oak, which scarcely yields to the maple in color. Just drive out one of these days and see what nature can do with her paint brush in this particular corner of the world.
IT IS NOT EASY TO DETER- 
mine just what is “usual” weather, 
but plenty of our weather is freak-
ish. Drouth has been the feature of 
1934. Some other years have been characterized by storms, floods, extreme cold, and so forth. Earl Menne, 508 Eighth avenue North, writes of unseasonably early snow in 1892. At that time he was living in a shack on a homestead six miles east of the present site of Mohall, and on September 12, he writes, “we had a snow storm with a fall of about one foot of snow. It kept us from threshing for about two weeks. Some of the oats and part of the flax were flattened to the ground and never harvested. The wild ducks came in by thousands to feast on the fields. I don’t know if the storm reached as far as Grand Forks, but it did reach Devil’s Lake, although not in as severe form.”

I DO NOT RECALL AN EARLY 
September snow storm in Grand 
Forks in 1892, although there may have been one. To save me from searching the records, will some one who does know present the facts?

THE KIDNAPING OF LABATT, 
the London, Ontario, brewer, has set the Canadian authorities to studying ways and means for the prevention of kidnapping. The Canadian bar association is in favor of flogging kidnappers—if and when they are caught, believing that this will have a wholesomely deterrent effect. Canada’s attorney general makes another interesting suggestion. He proposes that legislation be enacted providing for the seizure and sequestration by the government all property owned by a kidnapper person or his near relatives. This is intended to render impossible the payment of ransom, and it is argued that with the possibility of ransom eliminated there will be no kidnaping.

THE CANADIAN AUTHORITY:
ies have not yet “got their man” in the Labatt case, but they have discovered the house where the kidnaped man was confined. It is in the woods away up in the Muskoka district, and the officers were aided in their search by Labatt’s recollection that the country into which he was taken smelled strongly of pine.

IN ORDER TO ESCAPE DE-
tection kidnappers have developed an elaborate technique in handling their prisoners so that they will not be able after release to identify their place of imprisonment or the route taken to it. Eyes are taped so that the victim cannot see, and he is confined in a room from which it is impossible for him to look out. Yet there are other means of identification. Labatt recognized the fragrance of pine, and knew that he was being taken into the pine woods. Another kidnapped man heard the ringing of a church bell at a distance, and with that clue plus others the place of his imprisonment was found. Another heard the sound of an airplane at a certain time each day. A checking of air schedules helped to reveal the place where he had been hidden.

STORIES OF DISASTERS ON 
the Great Lakes have interested J. R. Clark, who writes: “Reference to the sinking of the ‘Asia’ reminds me of a little stone school that I attended—at the time I should have been wearing knee-pants; but knee boot-tops were more in style those days. This would be about the year 115 Z. A. (Zaro Agha-time). This famous one-room university, on the corner of the four roads, was built by my father. It was, to be exact, located five miles south of Woodford, which lies midway between Owen Sound and Meaford. While the pupils of this school did their stuff inside fairly well, it was usually when they were dismissed, at four, that the strenuous work began. Two roads pitted against the other two, in a thrilling, classic, snowballing, pitchers duel, that lasted a half hour, or better. The missiles, many water-soaked and frozen, would be used the next night, with good effect.

“Talk about Hubbell, Dizzy Dean, and your Northern league pitchers. Why, we not only had them skinned for velocity, but instead of throwing curved balls to try and miss what they were throwing at, we threw deer-liners, that usually found their mark—if you don’t believe it, just ask the spirits of the hundreds of chipmunks, squirrels, woodpeckers, etc., that took their flight, while we were on our way to school, through the bush. That was when we were kids, and did not know any better? Now, while Neil McDougall gave you quite an accurate description of this disaster, he neglected to mention that the family of Miss Morrison, one of the survivors, lived just a mile north of the above named school—and the same distance from Bognor; while we lived a mile to the south. I did not know Miss Morrison—one of the two survivors—personally, but her younger brother Murdock, and a sister, attended our school, occasionally—in the winter. For years I have had the impression that the survivors were washed ashore on Isle Royale, near Port Arthur. Some disaster occurred there. Was the steamship Algoma not wrecked, long ago? If it was, then that is where she went down, and explains crossed wires. I witnessed the launching of the Manitoba, in May, 1889, Owen Sound was quite a ship-building center, in those days. The Albertas, and Athabasca, I believe it was, and several others, being built in that port.”
SOME TIME AGO I PUBLISHED a paragraph, obtained from a correspondent or a newspaper clipping—I forget which—explaining that the humming bird avoids blossoms which are filled with dew or rain drops because in them the honey is too diluted to suit the bird's taste. Instead, it was said, the bird gathers honey from blossoms which have escaped this dilution. Now comes Harry Randall, who tells me that Al Eastgate has told him that this is all wrong, and that the humming bird does not feed on honey at all, but on the minute insects which are stuck in farm roads were built across the waste, and these, quite passable for teams in a dry season, had their teeth, I offer the suggestion that perhaps the bird swallows out the honey and insects together. I don't know a thing about it, but I offer this as a possibility.

JOE MAHOWALD GIVES A wonderfully interesting description of the country through which he passed on his recent trip to California. One thing that impressed him, no matter where he went, was drouth. Not only did he find evidences of deficient moisture in the Great Plains, and in California, where drouth is not uncommon, but even in Washington and Oregon, where rivers have shrunk to a mere fraction of their normal size. Innumerable mountains, usually snow-capped, are bare, which suggests that even with normal precipitation, it may be some time before the rivers which are fed from melting snow are restored to their usual flow.

RANK GRASS GREW IN THE marsh, and in places intervening roots formed a tough sod, which rose in tufts and clumps through the marshes. Stepping cautiously from clump to clump the traveler might pick his way cautiously across the space, but his weight would cause the surrounding area to tremble like a mass of jelly. It was all said by Al Eastgate that he was in for an immersion in black mud. By means of poles laid crosswise farm roads were built across the waste, and these, quite passable for teams in a dry season, had their teeth, I offer the suggestion that perhaps the bird swallows out the honey and insects together. I don't know a thing about it, but I offer this as a possibility.

SOME TEN MILES EAST OF Crookston there is a high, steep hill, where the marshlands of the bottom of what was once Lake Agassiz to the top of the lake's lowest main bank. That old lake shore is a continuous ridge, running northward almost to the Canadian boundary. It is known as the Pembina ridge, and along its crest ran the old road which was known as the Pembina trail because it was along that trail that caravans of Red River carts traveled with furs and other freight between St. Paul and Pembina.

ON THE WEST FACE OF the ridge there is a sand and gravel which is sometimes plainly visible and sometimes is concealed by vegetation and crumbling surface earth. Forty years ago water seeped continually from that outcropping, sometimes oozing out perceptibly and sometimes forming tiny rivulets which trickled down to the lower level. The great flat at the foot of the ridge was almost a continuous marsh, kept saturated by the constant flow from the ridge.
"YOUR COLUMN ALWAYS INTERESTS ME," writes J. G. Haney, "and there are many things discussed that I feel like getting in on. The Canadian thistle subject being one of them. The mystery of why the thistle does not spread more rapidly here than in other lands may be answered by the fact that while the thistle produces a lot of blooms, for some reason there is very little viable seed produced. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed is quite heavy and the down would not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind.

"I HAVE EXAMINED MANY heads of Canadian thistle, and do not recall ever finding a mature seed in this immediate vicinity. My notion is that the climatic conditions are not favorable to the maturing of seed. A little further north, this does not seem to be true, and the seed matures to a greater extent. There may be seasons, or locations, in this vicinity when some seed does mature, but fortunately, not often.

I heard a professor at the Agricultural College of Iowa tell a class that it would be safe for him to spray one acre with each quart of sound and daintiest of our garden, containing matured seed, as the seed evidently does not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed is quite heavy and the down would not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind.

"CANADIAN THISTLE IS ONE of the easiest of weeds to kill with sodium chlorate. This is a salt, like sal soda, and dissolves in water. One pound to a gallon of water sprayed or sprinkled on the thistle, preferably when coming into bloom, seems fatal to every thistle seed produced. We have killed large patches at a single spraying, though they should be sprayed carefully to see that there are not some plants missed. This salt is not poisonous to animals, but is said to be highly inflammable. It can be used as a fertilizer in small quantities, while the thistle, however, the fact that thistle seed produces a lot of blooms, for some reason there is very little viable seed produced. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed is quite heavy and the down would not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind.

"THIS THISTLE MAY BE KILLED in a number of ways, besides depending on the moon, but for small persistent patches, sodium chlorate is the most satisfactory of any method we have tried.

NATURE HAS INTERESTING WAYS of balancing its operations, and the condition which Mr. Haney notes seems to be one of them. Without question Mr. Haney is accurate in his observations of the facts. He has spent the better part of a lifetime in just that sort of work. There remains unexplained, however, the fact that thistle seed seems to mature better in the western Canadian provinces than in the vicinity of Grand Forks, the Canadian section being much farther north, while in southem Ontario, in about the latitude of South Dakota enough of the seed matures to make of the weed a general pest.

AGAIN, NATURE IS LAVISH in its production of sound seed which in the ordinary course, cannot be grown and yield. Thus the farmer sows about a fourth of his seed. This salt is not poisonous to animals, but is said to be highly inflammable. It can be used as a fertilizer in small quantities, while the thistle, however, the fact that thistle seed produces a lot of blooms, for some reason there is very little viable seed produced. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed evidently does not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed is quite heavy and the down would not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind.

"EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the lobelia, one of the smallest and daintiest of our garden annuals, which bears a mass of little blossoms of intense blue. Each of these blossoms is succeeded by a dry capsule, which in the ordinary course, can be permitted to grow and yield. There are not some plants missed. Other seeds. A single oak, for instance, may be seasons, or locations, in that vicinity when some seed does mature, but fortunately, not often. I heard a professor at the Agricultural College of Iowa tell a class that it would be safe for him to spray one acre with each quart of sound and daintiest of our garden, containing matured seed, as the seed evidently does not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind. The down seen floating away from a patch of thistle does not contain matured seed, as the seed is quite heavy and the down would not suspend the seed except in a very heavy wind.

A SIMILAR QUESTION MIGHT be asked concerning innumerable other seeds. A single oak, for instance, will yield enough acorns in one season to produce a forest of oaks, one bushel of wheat would be sufficient to plant a square mile. So it is all along the line. It is evident that of all the sound, fertile seed produced, only an infinitesimal proportion achieves the ultimate purpose of reproducing its species. The rest yield to other forces which nature has at her command, and thus balance is maintained.
LUCY LARCOM'S POEM, WHO PLANTS A TREE, has appealed to many lovers of trees, among them Fred L. Goodman, who has planted more trees than most of us. In his long residence in North Dakota, Mr. Goodman has owned many pieces of real estate, and never has he owned a bit of land very long without planting trees on it. Like many others, he has been greatly concerned over the ravages of the elm tree disease which has destroyed many fine elms in several of the eastern states and which seems to be spreading in spite of all efforts to control it.

THERE IS RECALLED THE chestnut blight of a generation ago, which swept the whole continent and destroyed practically all the chestnut trees in the country, trees valuable alike for their annual product of nuts and for fine cabinet lumber. It will be serious indeed if a like disaster overtakes the elms of the country. The elm is the finest shade tree in the northwest, and it forms a main stock of the natural forest growth along the rivers.

IN VIEW OF THE POSSIBILITY that the elms are doomed, Mr. Goodman suggests, not that the planting of elms be abandoned, but that with them there be planted other long-lived trees such as the oak and ash, so that if the elms must go there will be left other desirable trees.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO grow an oak? Popularly the oak is supposed to be a tree of slow growth, too slow for those who wish to live to see the fruits of their labors. It is quite true that the oak does not grow as rapidly as some of the softwood varieties. But at his home on Reeves drive Mr. Goodman has a striking demonstration of the fact that one may plant an acorn and enjoy the shade of the resultant oak.

IN THE YEAR THAT HOXSEY made at Grand Forks the first airplane flight ever made in North Dakota, which seems but yester-
ATTENTION HAS BEEN DIRECTED in a striking way to marine matters by the burning of the Morro Castle and the loss of life which accompanied that disaster. North Dakotans, living in the center of the continent, as distant from any ocean as it is possible to be in this hemisphere, feel a special interest in the event because one of their young men, a resident of the state, was among the passengers on the ill-fated ship and escaped death by swimming the eight miles to shore. To most of us the captain of a great ship is a picturesque and romantic figure, and to many he is only that. We think of him in his immaculate uniform, acting as dinner host to distinguished passengers, basking in the admiration of gushing maidsens and chivalrously trying to make sense of their questions. All of that enters into the captain's life, but there is much more which does not come to the attention of the public.

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A FEW YEARS AGO THERE was published an article by a retired captain—name forgotten—which dealt with some of the other aspects of the life and work of the captain of a great liner. The captain, of course, is a figure of state, who must satisfy popular demand by appearing on parade with the necessary quantity of gold lace, and who must perform acceptably in certain social functions. These duties, the writer says, the captain often finds exceedingly boresome, as they take up time which he would prefer to devote to the real and exacting duties of the voyage.

* * *

THE CAPTAIN IS DESCRIBED as the executive head of a business operating a plant whose cost runs into millions, in which hundreds of men are employed, and whose operations must continually be adjusted to the exigencies of wind and weather. The ship is operated as a commercial venture, for the purpose, as in all other commercial ventures, of making money for its owners. To achieve that purpose it must be operated efficiently and economically. Every hour at sea costs money and the ship must make the passage in the shortest possible time consistent with the economical operation of its engines. There must be no avoidable deviation from the regular course, no abnormal slowing down or speeding up, for these consume and entail delay. At the same time the captain must use his judgment as to whether to change his course to avoid a storm or follow the direct course through the storm, of which he has been informed by wireless.

* * *

AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE the captain must render an account of everything that he has done and make an itemized statement of the cost of fuel, oil, food for the dining room, and everything of every nature that has been used from the ships stores. If his costs are excessive in any particular the owners will want to know why, and if his explanation is not satisfactory a black mark goes down on his record. Retention of his position depends on his effective business management. That picture, given by a man who had spent his life at sea, was an impressive one, and it tended to remove some of the glamour which, with many of us, surrounds the life of the sea captain.

* * *

SCIENCE HAS DISCOVERED that the onion is radioactive, at least that is what it seems to amount to. Extended laboratory experiments have shown to the satisfaction of the experimenters, that the invisible emanations from a fresh onion, in addition to bringing tears to the eyes, possess curative properties which are valuable in treating certain diseases of the throat and nasal passages. In this, as in many other cases, our grandmothers were away ahead of the scientists. They knew nothing about chemical and bacteriological formulas, but they did know about onion poultices.

* * *

ONE OF THE BELIEFS CURRENT among grandmothers and great-aunts was that the tearful effects of peeling onions could be avoided by holding a silver knife or spoon between the teeth during the process. I don't know where the old ladies got that notion, but they had it and believed in it religiously. Yet I have tried it repeatedly and carefully and have never been able to make it work. No matter how firmly I held the bit of silver in my teeth, peeling a strong onion has always made me weep copiously. Perhaps I had lacked the necessary faith.
IN ONE OF HIS FAMOUS classifications Shakespeare listed the retort courteous, the lie with circumstance and the lie direct. I wonder how he would have classified the retort given me many years ago by a house-to-house canvasser. He was a middle-aged man, well dressed, of sanctimonious appearance, and he clung like a leech. He was selling a course in something or other which called for the purchase of a lot of books. When he was once admitted to the premises the housewife was in for an extended lecture which took no account of time or household duties.

ON HIS FIRST VISIT HE WAS informed politely, but with what was intended to be finality, that the household was not in need of his services or his wares. Yet he came, and came again. During the lunch hour one day I was apprised of his coming by the exclamation "There comes that awful man again!" I thought I would end it, so, going to the door, and blocking the entrance, I said "Mr. Blank, you have been told courteously that no one here is interested in what you have to offer. Yet you persist in coming and making a general nuisance of yourself. Now I want you to get out. And don't come back." He glared at me, turned red in the face and with a gesture of contempt exclaimed "What do I care about you? You're no gentleman!" But he never came back.

LAST WINTER I GOT A LITTLE package of millet seed to feed to the birds. Also, I had at home a package of clover seed. In some way I got my packages mixed, and toward spring I discovered that I had been feeding the birds clover seed instead of millet. For a time I thought they didn't like the seed, as the snow beneath the feeding shelf was usually covered with apparently whole seed which they made no effort to pick up. Then, I discovered that what I supposed to be seed was merely the thin outer husk, from which the birds had extracted the kernel. With only their little beaks they could shell a clover seed more quickly than a man could do it with his ten fingers and an assortment of tools.

NOT LONG AGO GENERAL Johnson, fighting head of the NRA, referred to Mr. Gorman, leader of the textile strike, as a likeable young man who is doubtless honest and sincere. That may be why Gorman demanded Johnson's immediate resignation or discharge. One way to make a man mad is to admit that he means well, and at the same time to imply that he is deficient in gray matter.

SCIENCE HAS REMARKABLE ways of measuring the immeasurable and counting the unaccountable. In the search for reasons why children resemble their great-grandparents, more or less, biologists of the Carnegie Institution have been making intensive study of the genes and chromosomes found in the salivary glands of the yeast fly. All that is necessary for this is to catch a yeast fly, remove one of its salivary glands, and from the gland extract a chromosome with genes attached. That seems like going from the infinitesimal into the next classification, whatever it is.

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS ENGLISH Couile, at the University, has been frequented by a large bird which has been identified by observers as a blue heron, a bird which is very rare in this section, if it is not an entire stranger. The bird has seemed to feel quite at home in its new surroundings, and when seen it has not been accompanied by a mate.

THE SERIES OF YACHT races between the Rainbow and the Endeavour for the America's Cup is being watched by many persons who are swayed in one direction by desire for the triumph of American yachtsmanship and the wish to see the long and gallant struggle by sportsmanlike challengers rewarded by at least one victory. And, if the trophy should be won by the challenger there will be keen regret that it could not have been gallant old Sir Thomas Lipton's privilege to take it across the ocean. The cup, by the way, is an insignificant piece of silver, worth perhaps $125. Yet millions have been spent in the struggle for its possession.
HARD TIMES AND UNEMPLOYMENT are by no means new. Some forty years ago a business man, advertising for an office boy, instructed applicants to apply by letter in own handwriting. Among the responses was the following: "Dear Sir, I am 14 years old. I got no fokes and I got to husel. It beats hell how hard times is."

The penmanship was worse than the spelling, but the young man got the job.

NORTH DAKOTANS ARE NOT likely to go into pecan growing in a large way, but some other suggestions on the culture of nut trees may be useful. They were made by C. A. Reed, of the department of agriculture who says that pecan trees will grow all the way from Southern Texas up the Mississippi Valley to Northern Iowa. But if any ambitious Iowan thinks it would be wise to get seed or nursery stock of Texas pecans to plant in Iowa he will make a serious mistake.

THE SAME APPLIES TO black walnuts, which will grow farther north than the pecan, and to other nut bearing trees. Regardless of species, plants are unlikely to be altogether hardy in any locality where minimum temperatures of Winter are much lower, or where the growing season is much shorter than at the place where the variety originated.

A BLACK WALNUT TREE from seed that grew in Tennessee or Arkansas may grow into a fine-looking tree in Michigan or Minnesota, but the chances are that it will not regularly produce a good crop of nuts, either because the cold Winters nip the buds or because the growing season is much shorter than in the more southern localities so that Fall frosts check growth before the nuts are fully filled and mature.

"FOR THE PLANTING OF NUT trees it pays to follow the same general idea that has proved its worth with most field crops," says Mr. Reed. "Grafted varieties are preferable, but if these cannot be afforded, then get adapted seed from the best trees in the locality or, if it is necessary to obtain seed, it can come from a distant source, it should come from a place in the same general latitude as that where it is to be planted. For generations trees have adapted themselves to the growing season and it is unwise to plant grafted varieties of seed from the South in a location materially further to the north."

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT the source of the seed from which the numerous black walnuts now growing in the state were grown, but there are enough of such trees to prove that the black walnut will thrive in this territory if given reasonable care. Not only do the trees grow, but they seem to produce as freely as those in the east.

I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF hickory being grown here. Whether its absence is due to climatic or other reasons I do not know. I can see no reason why it should not do well here. It gives good shade, its timber is valuable, and the nuts make good eating, although extracting the meat from them is somewhat a fussy job.

THE FACT THAT OLD groves are suffering from lack of water and newly planted trees have died out in many places does not discredit the idea of planting trees on the prairies. The very existence of hundreds of splendid artificial groves is a contradiction of the theory that trees cannot be grown successfully here. If drought such as has been experienced this year is to be the normal condition, we may as well forget about planting either trees or anything else. But nobody believes that drought is to be perpetual. There is no place in North Dakota where trees will not thrive under ordinary weather conditions if proper selections are made and proper care is given.

NORMAL RAINFALL IN THE Red river valley is about 20 inches, and in the extreme western part of the state about 15 inches. Mandan is situated in what is usually described as semi-arid territory, but the federal experiment station at Mandan trees suitable to the locality have been grown with splendid success. The institution is doing a fine work in demonstrating just what can be done with trees in an area of relatively scant rainfall.

WE MAY TAKE COURAGE from the fact that it has been raining to some purpose down east. Connecticut received 13 inches of water in .48 hours. That is more water than is usually desirable in one place at one time, but anyway,
GRAND FORKS METHODISTS are arranging for a grand "round-up" on next Wednesday evening, celebrating completion of the work of redecorating the church interior, and also extending a welcome to students of the University of North Dakota and Wesley College who come from Methodist homes or have Methodist preferences or affiliations. These will be guests of the local congregation at a dinner and program given at Epworth hall at 6:30 Wednesday evening, followed by a short program appropriate to the occasion. This gathering, which is for the entire congregation, will also be in the nature of a homecoming for pioneer members of the church, and it is expected that several former members of the local congregation who now live elsewhere will attend.

THE METHODIST CHURCH was the first to hold regular church services in Grand Forks. In 1873 Rev. John Webb, a Methodist minister, began holding services and in that year a Sunday school was organized by Mr. Webb. Captain Alex Griggs donated the site for a church building, which was completed and dedicated in 1878. Rev. John Curl, who also taught the first school in Grand Forks, was pastor following Mr. Webb, and he was succeeded by Rev. J. B. Sharkey, who was in charge at the time of the church dedication. The present church building was erected during the summer of 1889.

REGARDLESS OF OCCUPATION the early settlers recognized the value of church influence in the community. The first services were held in a room over a saloon, which was gladly donated by the proprietor for the purpose. Saloon men and gamblers were liberal contributors to funds for building and maintenance. Rev. Frank Doran, one of the early pastors, has told of being accompanied by a saloon man on a tour of the town for funds for the relief of a destitute widow. One substantial contribution for that purpose was made by the proprietor of a gambling room in the old Ingalls house, on the site now occupied by the First National Bank building. This man was found by the solicitors sorting out a miscellaneous collection of money to get it in order for the evening's business. Requesting Dr. Doran to "hold his hat," the gambler divided down the middle the money which covered the table top, and, sweeping half of it into Doran's hat, asked, "How will that be?" Dr. Doran assured him that it would be strictly all right.

THERE WERE ROUGH MEN in the little town, but men who were broad and generous, and living according to their lights. Speaking of one of them, not known for piety, Dr. Doran said emphatically, "He was a good man!" Not many of the early members are left. The "round-up" will give a few of them an opportunity to meet friends who have been in other communities for years.

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT commandeered all the gold in the country and withdrew all the gold certificates from circulation he could not have anticipated that his act would have any bearing on the solution of the Lindbergh kidnapping mystery, but it appears that it had a very decided influence. The ransom money paid by Dr. Condon was all or in part in gold certificates, and the numbers of all the bills were taken before delivery. When the child was returned, as agreed, the numbers of these bills were mentioned and lists were kept in all banks.

WITHIN A SHORT TIME a few of the bills made their appearance and were identified in the banks where they were deposited. But the source from which they came could not be identified. They had been received in business places in the ordinary course of trade, and as one bill looks much like another no attention was paid to them. The persons from whom they had been received were gone and there was no trace of them.

FOR MONTHS NO MORE OF those bills have come to light. In the meantime all gold certificates were withdrawn from circulation. On Saturday a stranger at a Bronx oil station paid for gas with a gold certificate. It was the first of such bills that the attendant had seen for a long time and it attracted his attention and aroused his suspicion. He noted the number of the bill and took it to a bank where it was found to be one of the ransom bills. That led to the arrest of the man who had paid it and the recovery of more than $13,000 of the ransom money. If gold certificates had been in circulation as they were formerly, one of those bills would have attracted no attention, and few persons stop to look at the number on a bill. It is entirely possible that all the remaining bills could have been passed, one at a time, without arousing suspicion.
THERE HAS BEEN NO LACK of September snow in the northwest, according to the testimony of many pioneers. H. H. Halstenson, of Niagara, writes: “My recollection of September snows is as follows: ‘In 1890 I worked on Joe Dayton’s threshing machine near Voss, and according to my memory we had quite a snowfall on September 4, but the snow did not last long. In 1892 I threshed near Reynolds. We started the last days of August and threshed for 41 days without missing as much as a quarter of a day, so the snow that year did not reach Reynolds, and probably not Grand Forks. But I do say it may not have snowed somewhere else. The storm mentioned as having occurred in 1910 may have been in 1912, as in that year it snowed around Peters burg and Niagara about the middle of September.”

B. F. WINTER OF WOLFORD is the first correspondent to supply a copy of the poem “Bairnies, Cuddle Doon,” requested a few days ago by Dan Sinclair. Several others followed. The author of the poem is Alexander Anderson, a writer about whom I have not been able to obtain any information. With thanks to the several correspondents who have supplied copies, the poem is given as follows:

**CUDDLE DOON BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.**

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi’ muckle faucht an’ din.
“Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrif roguer;
Your father’s comin’ in.”
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froon,
But aye, I hap them up, an’ cry,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

Wee Jamies wi’ the curly head—
He aye sleeps next the wa’—
Bang up an’ cries, “I want a piece.”

The rascal start them a’,
I rin an’ fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop a’wae the sound—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
“Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!”

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae ‘neath the claes,
“Mither, mak’ Tam gie ower at ance;
He’s kittin’ wi’ his taes.”
The mischief’s in that Tam for tricks;
He’d bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

At length they hear their father’s fit;
An’ as he nears the door,
They turn their faces to the wa’.
While Tam pretends to snore.
“Hae a’ the weans been gude?”
he asks,
As he pits off his shoon,
The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
a’ lang since cuddled doon.”

An’ just afore we bed oorsels
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun’ Rab’s neck.
An’ Rab his airm roun’ Tam’s.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An’ as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till me heart fills up,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wn’ mirth that’s clear to me;
But soon the big warl’s cark an’ care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to like ane,
May He who sits aboon
Ave whisper, tho their pows be bauld,
“Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

BOOK AFTER BOOK—HAS been published describing court life and giving intimate sketches of the personal characteristics of monarchs, presidents and other distinguished persons. In a vein different from much that has been written recently was Thackeray’s book, “The Four Georges,” which deflated the first four members of the royal house of Hanover most effectively.

THACKERAY’S DESCRIPTION of the last days of George III gives us a picture both terrible and pathetic and closes with this moving passage:

“Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”

However, Thackeray was not always bitter or cynical, even in his treatment of the four Georges. Writing of George III he said:

“Remember that the king believed himself anointed by a divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education; that the same awful will of heaven which placed a crown upon his head—made him tender to his family, pure, courageous, honest—made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and, at many times, deprived him of reason.”

The costume worn by the monarch, wig and all, and that is labeled “IV.” At the left is seated the man himself, all that is left of him after the trappings of office are removed. There he sits, stark naked, fat, futile, with an expression of pitiful perplexity on his face. That picture is labeled simply “George.” I have never seen another picture which seemed to me as devastating in its scorn.

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“Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”
OVER IN CALIFORNIA, where so many interesting things grow, there has been developed an old-age insurance plan which is a humdinger. The plan, which has been carefully worked out, and which is to be presented to congress next winter, contemplates the payment to each person, man or woman, married or single, over the age of 60 of a pension of $200 per month during the remainder of the recipient's life, provided he or she will spend the entire pension each month and will abstain thereafter from all gainful occupation.

AMONG THE EXPECTED BENEFITS of the plan, which is to be optional with the individual, are that it will withdraw from the labor field about 10 per cent of the persons now working, thus providing opportunity for some ten million other persons to go to work; that the regular monthly expenditure of such a large sum will create an immense amount of new business and make possible the payment of higher wages to all who are employed; and that by banishing the fear of poverty in old age it will effectively check the hoarding tendency which is so manifest in the younger generation.

FROM THESE SEVERAL points of view the plan looks attractive. But the promoters have overlooked a danger which constitutes a fatal defect. It is proposed to attract ten million persons into idleness by subsidizing them at the rate of $200 a month. At 60 we are not as vigorous as we were some years earlier, but we are still capable of a lot of mischief. And it is proposed to make us all financially independent and leave us with nothing to do for the next fifteen or twenty years but pitch horseshoes. We simply couldn't stand it. For lack of something better to do we should develop into the most pernicious group of wild-eyed radicals ever seen on the planet. We couldn't help it. The thing would wreck society.

THE MAIL CONTINUES TO bring copies of "Cuddle Doon," and some scraps of information concerning the author. E. J. Taylor, of Bismarck, attaches to his copy of the poem a note saying that the author, Alexander Anderson, was born April 30, 1845, and died July 11, 1909, but no other facts about him are given.

MRS. TOM KEYES, OF DRAYTON, N. D., writes that she remembers her mother recited the poem many years ago, and as her mother came from Johnstown, Scotland, she supposes the poem to be of Scottish origin. My friend, Dan Sinclair, had an impression that the author wasn't a Canadian, but I think this impression was based on the fact that I have heard elderly Scottish people in Canada recite the poem as something which they had been familiar, as I supposed, in Scotland.

SCOTTISH DIALECT, LIKE other dialects, is rendered difficult for the unfamiliar reader but only by the attempt made to indicate in print the different accent given to familiar words, but by the use of whole words which differ from those in standard English. Thus, in the poem, "nicht," "strak," and "croom," merely indicate different ways of pronouncing "night," "stroke," and "crown." But "likas" is a word by itself, meaning "each." "Muckle" is an old form of "much." "Waukrife" has me stumped. Evidently, from the context it means mischievous, or unruly, but I do not recall having seen or heard it except in this poem.

TO MANY OF US THE NEWS of the death of James N. Murray in Portland, Oregon, brought a feeling of keen sorrow, for there are still in Grand Forks many residents who numbered Mr. and Mrs. Murray among their warm friends. When I first met Jim he was a linotype operator on the Grand Forks Plaindealer. The Herald at that time was using a Thorne type-setting machine, with Tagley as operator and Huckins as justifier. Presently The Herald installed a pair of linotypes, and Jim moved over to that paper, where he remained during his residence in Grand Forks.

HE WAS A STEADY, METHODOICAL and thoroughly dependable man. In build and movements he gave the impression of regularity, rather than speed. He never loafed, he never gave the impression of being in a hurry. At his work he maintained a pace which scarcely varied from hour to hour. But in an emergency he could and would double his output without perceptible effort and without any evidence of haste. He visited Grand Forks four years ago, the picture of health. He had just visited his old home in Seaforth, Ontario.
AFTER SERVING FAITHFULLY the people of his faith in this community for more than forty years, Rabbi Papermaster has gone to his rest. Born in Lithuania and reared to full manhood there, familiar with institutions then hoary with age, his coming to America marked an abrupt change from all the things to which he had been accustomed. Here, in the center of a vast and almost empty plain, he found a community most of whose people differed in race, language and tradition from his own, and whose activities, directed as they were to the development of a virgin territory, were unlike anything that he had known.

Not for hundreds of miles was there an organized group of his own faith nor a place of worship for exercises which had been made sacred to him by ancient tradition. Diligently he set about the work of organizing the few whom he found here who understood his language and shared his faith, and to the congregation thus founded he ministered with devotion during the remainder of his long life.

Scribbled on the margin of the sheet containing the poem Mr. McIntosh has this note:

"I have a pleasant memory of my rendition of this poem at the State University in 1902. I had to deliver an original declamation before the assembly. My effort was an excoriation of a recent student election carried on in real old Tammany style, and I held that the University should be a beacon to higher principles in election campaigns rather than a panderer to prevailing corrupt methods."

"My declamation had to be submitted to the faculty, and was turned down. Having only a day left to make my appearance before the assembly, I chose 'Cuddle Doon' as my selection. When President Merrifield introduced me, in no friendly spirit, to the assembly, he coldly remarked that McIntosh would give 'Cuddle Down.' The deep pathos of the poem with its Scottish dialect made a hit with the students, and even with dear old Prexy. A year later I won the first twenty dollar prize offered by President Merrifield for the best original oration. E. Claude Carney, the donor of the inter-class song contest prize, came second."

"As a rule one does not think much about outdoor color when it is raining. And when, as recently, instead of real rain, with some enthusiasm in it, the air is filled with a gray mist, which just comes down as if it couldn't help it, one is apt to be more interested in getting wherever he is going than in looking at the scenery. Yet there is color on a dull day, if one looks for it."

"While the sky was leaden and the mist falling I was almost startled by the brilliance of a poplar, the varied and intense yellow of whose leaves conveyed the impression of reflected sunshine. Each street presented a vista of color, softened by the gray mist and merged in a delightful picture. Nearby is a group of cottonwoods, tall and dignified, showing a dozen different shades of yellow. An ash, with every leaf still intensely green, shows clusters of seed pods in warm bronze. Other ash near by, run from yellowish green to pure yellow. Elms exhibit color in great variety, running from pure green to yellow and brown. Several Chinese elms show in their coloring not a hint of approaching winter, and their strong green contrasts charmingly with the variety of color near by. An occasional box elder has its outer leaves touched with pink and bronze, as if the painter had brushed them lightly while passing by. And the haze of mist softens and mellows it all, until in the distance all the colors merge into one and fade into indistinctness. Some day when it rains, just go out and take a look."
THE CHIEF IMPRESSION left by the series of international yacht races for the America's Cup is that of regret, not that a particular boat won or lost, but that a contest in a sport so symbolic of all that is embodied in fine sportsmanship should have been marked by friction and closed in an atmosphere of bite and rancor. The achievement of the two yachts in the six races sailed is proof of the speed of both boats and of the seamanship with which each was handled, for several records for like distance were broken in the series of races. If there was violation of rules, it does not appear that the result was affected thereby, hence, regardless of possible irregularity, the honors must be conceded to the American craft. But whether there was an attempt at sharp practice, as alleged by Skipper Sopwith, or his charge was made without justification, the result is equally unfortunate. It is not pleasant to feel that a visitor on such an occasion has suffered discourtesy, or that he, himself, has been discourteous.

IN ONE GOLD MINING SECTION a miner in excavating a basement for his new house struck a vein of ore running $20 to the ton, and the neighbors are all het up over the discovery. Actually the value of the ore is about that of good hay, so why the excitement?

IS THE TOMATO A FRUIT OR a vegetable? That question was asked of the attorney general of North Dakota, as told to the Kiwanis club by Harold Shaft, until recently assistant attorney general, and now a member of the local law firm of McIntyre, Burtness and Shaft. Mr. Shaft was discussing the work of the attorney general's office, and among other things he told of the variety of questions with which the office has to deal.

IN THE TOMATO CASE THE office was able to shift responsibility on the United States supreme court, for in a decision handed down a few years ago that distinguished body declared the tomato to be a vegetable. The court in that case was not conducting a course in botany, but was dealing with a commercial problem. Certain food regulations apply to fruits and certain others to vegetables, and it made a difference to tomato people under which classification their product should be listed.

THE COURT BASED ITS DECISION not only on botanical considerations but on the fact that in actual practice the tomato is used more generally as a vegetable than as fruit. The fruits and certain others to which the tomato is a fruit, as are the pumpkin, squash and cucumber. Commercial classification of the pumpkin and squash may be a little difficult. Both are used, just as fruit is, in the making of pies. But the pumpkin is also whacked up with six and fed to livestock and the squash is served with meat and potatoes.

THE POTATO, BOTANISTS tell us, while a vegetable product, is neither fruit nor root, but an enlargement or excrescence of the stem of the plant. The fruit of the potato plant consists of those little round balls often found at the bottom of the potato. When the blossom has disappeared, and which contains the true seed of the plant.

ANOTHER QUESTION SUBMITTED to the attorney general involved the matter of transportation charges for rural school children. The rate allowed by law is so much per mile for a distance up to 2 1/2 miles, and a different rate for greater distance. A case on which a decision was asked related to the charge where the distance from home door to school door was reported at just 2 miles. It was suggested to the interested parties that the distance was not likely to measure exactly 2 1/2 miles, and they were advised to measure it accurately. The reply came back that the distance had been measured carefully, and with the storm door shut it was exactly 2 1/2 miles, and with the storm door open a few inches more. How the thing was settled was not disclosed.

IN STILL ANOTHER CASE A mother who was a professional beautician visited her daughter at a sorority building at one of the state institutions. It was just before Christmas, and as a holiday courtesy the lady gave each of the girls in the building a free permanent wave. The attorney general was asked if the law had there-by been violated. Provisions of the law were cited to the effect that such treatments should be given only in premises regularly equipped for that purpose, and that they should not be given in sleeping apartments. In this case the lady had set up her equipment temporarily in one of the bedrooms. Mr. Shaft did not say whether that form of Christmas present had been decided to be against the law or not.
A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT publication says that Winnipeg is the largest primary wheat market in the world, grain shipments through that port last year having approximated 300,000,000 bushels. The word "primary" is often given a different meaning in relation to grain shipments, being applied to receipts direct from the farm. In this respect Winnipeg is anything but a large market, as much of the country in its immediate vicinity consists of inferior farming land, and country elevators near by cut off receipts from a distance.

IN THE MATTER OF FARM receipts first place has been held at different times by many shipping points. Many years ago it was generally said that St. Thomas, North Dakota, led the world as a shipping point for wheat direct from the farm. Whether or not there were accurate figures from other parts of the world on which to base this claim I do not know. I think St. Thomas had ten elevators at that time, and they were all kept busy.

THE WALHALLA LINE AND other branch lines farther west had not yet been built, and all wheat grown in northern Pembina and Cavalier counties was marketed on the Neche line. Because of road conditions St. Thomas was the most convenient point for northern farmers. While settlement was sparse, the area from which wheat was drawn was large, and wheat was brought to St. Thomas from farms fifty miles west, and perhaps from greater distances.

AS EACH NEW BRANCH WAS built, receipts from western points were cut off. At one time Sherwood claimed the honor of having the world's greatest primary receipts. That honor may have passed to some station at the farthest north railway point in the far Canadian northwest, or perhaps it may be claimed by some shipping point in Siberia or Australia. Who knows?

LONG BEFORE THE RAIL-way had come within many miles of the place the Robbie flour mill at Cavalier was doing a thriving business. There was no other mill north or west, and I think the nearest to the south was at Park River. Hauling a load of wheat to mill forty or fifty miles over country trails was no small job. To make the one-way trip in a single day with a good team it was necessary to get an early start and to keep moving until late at night. With oxen, which were often used, the journey took twice as long. If the mill happened to be busy a wait of several days was necessary, and it didn't pay to go home empty and come back for the flour. Car­vailer, therefore, at certain seasons had a large transient population of farmers waiting for flour.

OF COURSE WINNIPEG OWES its position as a grain center to the fact that it is at the bottleneck through which most of the grain shipments from all northwestern Canada flow. Manitoba itself, the first-settled of the "prairie provinces," is by no means all prairie, although it is usually considered in that relationship. But the map shows that the province has nearly as much water as land. Lake Winnipeg, wholly within the province, is approximately the size of Lake Erie, and Lake Manitoba is a sizeable body of water. In addition there are the thousands of lesser lakes in its eastern and northern areas. And one does not go far from Winnipeg north or east before entering rugged, rocky country, much of it timbered in which mining and lumbering are more important than farming.

I HAVE SOMETIMES FOUND it difficult to persuade eastern acquaintances that, although I have lived half a century in the northwest I knew nothing about cattle ranching. Among easterners there is a well defined impression that anyone living in "Dakota" rides horseback, twirls a rope and carries a six-gun. The fact is that in all my years in the northwest I have never seen a lariat used except for exhibition purposes.

I WAS REMINDED OF THE curiously erroneous impression that exists by a statement just made by Principal Thompson, of the Grand Forks high school. Mr. Thompson came here from Man­dan, where he spent years in successful school work. Out in that part of the state, at least in some sections of it, they do have cattle ranches and the things that go with them. Yet Mr. Thompson said the first person he ever saw do stunts with a rope was Will Rogers on Times Square, New York.
THAT WORD "WAUKRIFE," in the poem, "Cuddle Doon," means "wakeful," from "wauk," which is a modification of "wake." That information comes to me from several sources. Burns uses the word, but I had not been a sufficiently diligent reader of Burns to recall it. I feel quite certain that I have never heard the word used in conversation. Dr. Grassick, who is an authority on all things Scottish, says that the word implies mischief as well as wakefulness. Thus the children in the poem were mischievously wakeful. The aptness of the term, therefore, will be appreciated by all who have had much experience with children.

IN THE FOLLOWING LETTER, J. E. Stevens treats of something which may be recalled to others among older readers:

"IN THE FALL OF 1871 and winter of 1872," writes Mr. Stevens, "there was an epidemic of some kind among the horses of this country that practically put them all on the retired list for a time, and, although there were but few fatalities, none seemed to escape, and it certainly paralyzed all activities that were dependent on horse power. I think it started in the state of Maine and gradually worked its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"I RECALL THAT WE HAD ON the farm in Minnesota three horses and a pair of mules, and that they were all out of commission at the same time, I remember reading in a St. Paul paper at the time that the street car traffic was entirely suspended temporarily, the cars then being operated entirely by horse power. I read also that ox teams had been brought in from the country to be used as dray teams. It was also stated that men with hand sleds were being hired to deliver baggage and merchandise. I judge from articles that I have read in "That Reminds Me" that you boyhood days were spent in eastern Canada and I wonder if you have any recollection of that "epizootic," as I think it was called.

AT THE TIME OF WHICH MR. Stevens writes I was only nine years old, hence my recollection of what was going on then is decidedly sketchy. I do not recall any specific instances of the trouble which Mr. Stevens describes, but the word "epizootic" has a familiar sound, and I remember hearing it in my childhood. I knew that it was something that affected horses, and probably it was somewhat prevalent in our part of the country or I would scarcely have heard of it. So far as I know our live stock escaped. According to the books the disease, as it affects horses, corresponds rather closely to influenza in human beings.

SUCH A DISEASE WOULD play hob with city transportation in those times, for all street cars then were horse-drawn, as they were for a good many years thereafter. I was in St. Paul ten years later, and horses were hauling the cars then. An extra horse was used to furnish auxiliary power on going up the hill. At the bottom of the hill it would be hooked onto the corner of the car for the climb. At the top he was unhooked, to return and wait for the next car.

AT THAT TIME NEARLY ALL the Chicago cars were drawn by horses, but the city was experimenting with a cable line. The cable ran just under the pavement between the rails, and the grip from the car passed through a slot in the street and claked the cable. To start the car the gripman tightened the grip, and to stop he loosened it. The cable, miles long, passed around a great drum at the station down on south State street. The plan did not prove satisfactory, as friction on the cable consumed too much power.

STREET CAR SERVICE PLAYED the mischief with horses' feet, and many of the animals played out under that service. Replacement of horses must have cost a mint of money, as changes were being made continually. Carlload after carload of street car horses were shipped to the farms of the northwest because of used up feet. Many of them proved to be valuable animals after their feet became rested up on the soft soil of the prairies.