

WHEN ONE HAS REACHED fullness of years death is just ground the corner, and his approach then is quite apt to be sudden and unexpected. Nevertheless, sudden death always shocks those who have known the departed in health and strength. So the great multitude of friends who knew Colonel W. H. McGraw during his long rail way service in the northwest have been not only saddened but shocked by the news of his sudden departure. Retiring only last year from the service in which he had been engaged for so long, he had before him, apparently, years of happy life filled with activity. It was characteristic of him that his last hours were spent in the society of old friends and associates, contributing to their enjoyment, and strengthening the spirit of loyalty to the fine service to which he had given most of the years of his life.

I FIRST KNEW WILLIAM H. McGraw 47 years ago when he was a young conductor on the Great Northern and devoted his spare time to the management of a farm at Angus, Minnesota. I have known him ever since. I have ridden many miles with him and visited with him by the hour. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties to his employers and courteous and accommodating in all his relations with the public. He had the respect and confidence of the railway management and was more and more frequently called to take charge of special trains on which important officials or distinguished visitors were to travel. It was he who had charge of the famous trip of the old pioneer Great Northern train on its visit to Washington and Baltimore a few years ago.

AS THE YEARS PASSED there were among his passengers fewer and fewer of those whom he had known in the early days, for death takes its toll of passengers as well as of conductors. But whenever one of the old-timers was recognized among the passengers the eyes of the veteran conductor would light with pleasure, there would be an exchange of hearty greetings, and, if time permitted, there would be an exchange of reminiscences, inquiries after old friends, and thus a renewal of the spirit of youth,

I HAVE LEARNED WITH INTEREST of the invitation which is being extended to state employees to contribute 5 per cent of a year's salary each for the financing of a paper to be published at Bismarck. According to current reports this is an enterprise of the governor's. Those who avail themselves of this opportunity are privileged to sell subscriptions to others to the amount of their subscriptions and keep the money- if they are lucky enough to get any. What response should a public employee make to such an invitation? Well, tastes differ. The response that I have in mind might not look well in print.

MENTION OF THE POSSIBILITY of renewed use of the Red river for pleasure boating, now that we have a stretch of dependable water, brings from J. G. Haney another suggestion, which is that if possible, one of the old steamers, if one can be found, should be floated to Riverside park, erected on a permanent foundation and featured as an attraction. Such an exhibit, Mr. Haney thinks, would draw large numbers of visitors, and enough revenue could be derived from the sale of refreshments to defray expenses.

THE DIFFICULTY IS THAT, so far as I know, no boat is available for the purpose. I have no record of what happened to each of the old steamers that plied the river, but I believe they were all dismantled, and what was left of the old hulls must have crumbled long ago. When the last transportation company went out of business here everything that was movable and of value was stripped from the boats and taken, I believe, to Duluth.

IT IS A PITY THAT ONE OF the old boats could not have been saved and used in some such way as Mr. Haney suggests. It would not have received as many visitors as Old Ironsides, but it would have a unique and interesting relic of early days, visual evidence that real steamers did once navigate the Red river, something which newcomers find it a little difficult to believe when they see the stream at low water.

THE DEVILS LAKE JOURNAL is publishing a feature article from George L. Barrett of Lakota on the arrival of the first train at Devils Lake. I have been given an advance copy from which to make notes, and some of this material will be used tomorrow.

DEVILS LAKE WILL CELEBRATE its golden jubilee during the week of July 4, and the Devils Lake Journal is leading up to that week of celebration by the publication from time to time articles relating to the early history of the city and vicinity. One of the articles, telling of the arrival of the first train on July 4, 1883, is by George L. Barrett, who has written for this column several interesting articles about the day when Bartlett, this side of Devils Lake, was the end of the road and great hopes for its future were entertained.

IN HIS PRESENT LETTER Mr. Bartlett tells of the effort made by Bartlett and Goodhue to establish a real city on land which they had bought with scrip, and how this did not fall in with the views of James J. Hill, who intended to build a town farther west, and also that he wished to accommodate a nephew of Lord Stephens, to whom he was under financial obligations. This latter desire led to the founding of Lakota.

HOWEVER, IT WAS NOT Certain that Hill would be able to push his road farther west than Bartlett, where work had stopped in the fall of 1882 with the freezing of the ground. The Bartlett boomers hoped earnestly that he would go broke before spring. In the meantime they started a lively boom, which lasted all winter. That winter Bartlett had eleven lumber yards, mercantile establishments of all kinds, twenty saloons, and a large contingent of gamblers who did a thriving business,

IN THE SPRING GRADING toward Devils Lake was resumed, and most of the residents of Bartlett left for Devils Lake before the rails on the new line were laid. The gamblers led the procession. Among them Mr. Barrett mentions Dr. Westlake, Fred Langenslager, "Farmer" Brown, "Skinny and Skan," and Frost, whose names he remembers. Bartlett, he says, just evaporated. Buildings were moved out onto farms or to other towns, so that by July 4 there were not many left to take the first train out.

AMONG THE PRESENT Residents of Lakota who, with Mr. Barrett, were among the excursionists are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferris, Angus Campbell, Arthur Wehe and Jim Beatty. Of the arrival of the train and the events of that Independence day Mr. Barrett writes as follows:

"OUR JIM BEATTY WAS THE 'big athletic star' - of the day, capturing \$145 in purses for running, throwing the hammer, 'putting' the shot and jumping. I asked him the other day if he would enter the races this year? He said he still had his running trunks, but the shoes he had recently given to his grandson, but if George Elmslie ,(another good sprinter of that day) wanted to try it again, he might get a new pair of shoes. Beside these Bartlett pioneers, we have in our city some others who were in this vicinity at the time and went to the big event, Mrs. William C Hagler (nee Miss Kate Allen) stated that her father, the late C. T Allen, made the trip to the celebration from their Stump Lake homestead with a team, and that she went together with her brother Charles F. Allen, now living near Tolna and Henry Allen at present residing in Grand Forks. On the trip they went around the east end of the lake, visiting at 'Chief Iron-hearts,' and then on to Fort Totten. Three days it took them to make the trip. Mrs. Sidney St. John, who lived in our city many of the years since those early days was a Bartlett pioneer. We knew her then as Lillie Bucklin, residing with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Bucklin. Samuel Foster, one of our very earliest pioneers of Stump Lake region residing in Lakota for last twenty years, was a passenger on this first train. Albert Myers and Mrs. Albert Myers (who was then Miss Mary Drake) living on homesteads southeast of Michigan were also on this first train and Mrs. Myers now has in her possession a picture of the engine that pulled this first train (with whistles wide open and bell ringing), into Devils Lake on that beautiful July day.

"THE BIG EVENTS WERE the ponies. For hundreds of miles they came. That was the big thrill of that time; then the athletics, etc. Captain Herman had just completed the 'Minnie H' and she sure did shine, and so did the captain with his full dark beard. He had prepared for a big crowd and had constructed two large barges, one for either side, which would hold as many passengers as the steamer itself. He pulled it up to the landing just about a block south of the present depot, and loaded all he dared to take; hundreds were disappointed not to go. Fort Totten was the destination. Bands played and buntings fluttered, and with the girls bright new gowns and hats, it was all just wonderful. As the bell rang to back out and the deep throated steamer whistles sounded, I recall that Angus Campbell was aboard, and Fred Ferris reports he was there also. We made a perfect landing at the Fort at a place just at the foot of the hill north of where the old 'Canteen' now stands.

"THE 'CANTEEN' IS A Building where beer was served to the soldiers and it stands about 100 rods north of the old Frank Palmer store. This landing place I judge is now over one mile from the water of Devils Lake. All was well so far and we had a big day; saw the drills of the soldiers and cavalry and inspected everything, but as the time drew near for leaving a heavy wind came up, and Captain Herman did not dare take the two scows out on the lake; so he talked to the men and boys and said he had arranged with the commander to house and feed us all at the barracks, and he would take the women and children home on the 'Minnie H' and come after us next morning, which he did.

"THE OLD LAKE ISN'T WHAT it used to be The 'Minnie H' is a ghost ship rotting high and dry from the lake. The 'wheel house' stands in the yard of the old Herman homestead as a reminder of bygone days. The good old captain has gone to his reward. Time rolls on. Soon there will be few to record from their own knowledge the events of those days that meant so much to the development of this great northwest.

MANY READERS OF THIS column have spoken of the pleasure which they derived from the letter from Mrs. B. P. Chapple of Bathgate, telling of her experience with tulips and have been eager to receive from her the further information which I requested concerning the transplanting of tulip bulbs. Mrs. Chapple has responded to this request in a letter; which she says is not for publication, but which I am at liberty to use as may seem best. As the information which she gives and the suggestions she makes are better stated in her own words than they would be in any summary which I might make, I am availing myself of her permission and using her letter just as she wrote it. Here it is;

"YOU ASKED FOR A LETTER giving further details about my experience with tulips. I have been so busy revelling in their beauty during the past three weeks that I have not taken time to write, but transplanting time is near and I am glad to pass on my method such as it is.

"I TRANSPLANT JUST AS THE leaves are withering away, in late June or early July, so as to know just where to find the bulbs. I replace bulbs in the ground immediately, planting four inches deep and four inches apart and selecting good sized bulbs for the borders. Smaller bulbs are best placed in some corner where they may grow to blooming size. I have had best success when transplanting every two years.

"THIS YEAR I HAVE CUT probably 2,000 blooms, and the late varieties will be in bloom for another week, making a blooming season of four weeks.

"I HAVE NEVER SEEN Tulips change color as you described in your column recently, but I did discover several beautiful variegated blooms in a border of Darwins lately, where no such tulips had ever been planted. These were white marked with red, red marked with white, and a fine ivory, splashed and mottled with orchid in the manner of the Bybloemen types described in the bulb catalogues. I should be glad of an explanation if anyone knows why this happened.

"I HAVE BEEN WONDERING why we do not have a tulip show and stimulate interest in these lovely flowers so uniformly successful in our northern climate. They are earlier and more frost resistant than peonies (though I, too, am a peony lover), the stock is inexpensive, and the smallest city lot has room for a few. Why not mention it in your always interesting column?

"AS TO MY EXPERIENCE with flowers in general, I am afraid I cannot offer anything new to amateur gardeners. I try out everything in good perennials that might possibly survive our winters and have an enormous amount of fun doing it. The one vitally necessary thing on these prairies is shelter. My little garden is inclosed on all four sides, except for a gateway, with a thick lilac hedge which insures a layer of snow several feet deep all winter over the entire garden, and affords protection from wind as well. There is always abundant moisture in spring.

"HYACINTHS, NARCISSUS, Tulips, iris, peonies, and lilies in lovely procession each spring afford bloom until time for the annuals, and no garden need be without some or all of them.

"MUCH INTEREST IS BEING shown in the beautifying of home grounds during recent years, and we are learning that many worthwhile perennials and choice shrubs really thrive wonderfully in our deep, rich soil, and will with proper care easily survive our winters."

I AM SURE THAT LOVERS OF flowers will welcome Mrs. Chapple's letter. It is possible, as she suggests, to have a wealth of color in our gardens almost from the time that the snow disappears, and it is easy to provide shelter by means of rapid-growing shrubbery, which of itself adds to the adornment of a home.

NOW AS TO THE MATTER OF a tulip show, I can see no reason why such an exhibition should not be successful. We have a peony show and a gladiolus exhibition, and the tulip is certainly as worthy of attention as any of the other flowers. If these and other flowery bloomed at the same time we might have one grand exhibition to include all of them. But nature has ordered it differently, and it is well for us that she has, for by making proper selections we can have a succession of beautiful color from early spring until hard freezing weather in the fall.

JUST AS A FURTHER Suggestion, why might not a state floral association perform a useful work in the encouragement and promotion of little local exhibitions of flowers of many kinds? The amateur, with little experience and only a few square feet of space, is reluctant to enter into competition with experienced growers from all parts of the state, but he would not experience that diffidence in a friendly competition with his own neighbors. Such a series of little shows would not detract from the more ambitious state exhibitions, but on the contrary would stimulate interest in them. In the meantime, think what these little affairs would do for the adornment of the state.

The finest result of art and science is the character and conduct of man, not the practical applications of science which produce improved machinery and more power over nature.

THE CHIPPING SPARROW has abandoned its nest, evidently resenting the intrusion of the cow-bird, the abstraction of the sparrow's egg and the substitution of that of the cowbird. The nest is there, with the cow-bird's egg in it, but the owners of the nest have not been seen near it since the acts of trespass and robbery were committed. I have no information as to what became of the chipping sparrows, but a pair of them—possibly the same ones—were seen in the vicinity making a careful examination of another tree, apparently with a view to the building of a nest there. The site seems not to have been considered desirable, for the birds disappeared after that inspection and have not been seen since.

WE HAVE DAILY VISITS from catbirds, orioles and goldfinches. A yellow warbler made a brief visit, and a humming bird has begun its regular rounds of the flowers. The goldfinch, I find, is fond of the blossoms of the Tartarian honeysuckle. At first I thought he was sipping the honey from the blossoms, but he gave each flower a little wrench and then he appeared to be chewing at something, if you get the ideal imagine he bit off some part of each blossom and ate it.

THERE MUST BE SEVERAL young robins near by, for the old birds are collecting worms and carrying them away instead of swallowing them on the spot. Presently the lawns will be dotted with fledgling robins with speckled breasts, begging the parent bird to feed them. That spectacle always makes me impatient. The young birds are as big as their parents and can fly almost as well. If I could talk bird language I would say "You overgrown loafers, get busy and hustle your own worms."

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I republished an item from an eastern paper which gave an account of a dinner in honor of Rev. H. G. Mendenhall, many years ago pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Grand Forks, on the occasion of his retirement from the active work of the ministry in which he had been engaged for so many years. From his home at Litchfield, Conn., Dr. Mendenhall sends the following pleasant note:

"THAT REMINDS ME OF THE strange circumstances that now and then crowd upon us. You kindly recalled me in one of your articles, by quoting from the New York Times of last November of a dinner on my retirement from the active ministry, by referring to my ministry in Grand Forks from 1884 to 1889. This item was sent to me by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Radcliffe of Larimore where I was pastor of the Presbyterian church before going to Grand Forks—that was 50 years ago. Then last week Mrs. W. Merrifield and her daughter (now Mrs. D. M. Baldwin of New York) were our guests and I gave them the item to read of which you were the author. Then Mrs. Merrifield said, "Why, I remember Mr. Davies when he was on the Herald with Mr. Winship." This at once brought up reminiscences of yourself, Mr. Winship, Mr. Tagley and Mr. George Bull and other friends of those far-off days.

"YOU SPOKE IN THIS SAMI article of Miss Burr and Judge A. G. Burr of Bottineau. Their father was Rev. Mr. Burr, a Presbyterian minister of my day with whom was associated—a consecrated and much beloved man was he."

A FEW DAYS AGO I REFER red to the kind of response that I thought might be fitting from the member of the faculty of an educational institution who should be "invited" to contribute 5 per cent of a year's salary toward the financing of a political newspaper. The response which I had in mind was strictly verbal, and I wish to make it perfectly clear that I had no thought of anybody being ducked in the coulee.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO not approve of ducking people in the coulee—as a regular practice and under ordinary circumstances. If the inconsiderate persons who did the ducking last week are discovered I hope they will be subjected promptly to some fitting punishment, such as being slapped on the wrist.

IN THE PARADE OF 20,000 persons on Decoration day in New York City there were 20 civil war veterans. That fact indicates impressively the invasion which death has made in the ranks of the old Grand Army in recent year. Of the 29 veterans the youngest was 84 years of age and the oldest 91. As the Civil war closed in 1865, if the man now 84 enlisted immediately before its close, he could not at that time have been more than 16, in connection with the subject of Civil war veterans I am reminded of an incident in the proceedings of Willis A. Gorman post of Grand Forks which caused some amusement at the time. It involved principally "Deacon" A. J. Pierce, who was adjutant of the post for many years. The deacon, as those who knew him will remember, was an uncompromising enemy of alcohol in all its forms, and he overlooked no opportunity to make known his sentiments on the subject. Among other things he had made a rubber stamp bearing the slogan "Let us all unite to Pulverize the Rum Traffic." With this he adorned every letter that he wrote, among others the formal notices which he sent out as adjutant of the company post.

THE DEACON WAS NOT ONLY an enthusiast on the subject of rum, but he was exceedingly peppery, and in order to get a rise out of him Colonel Brown, "Bismarck" Ackerman and some others agreed to bring up at the next meeting the deacon's use of his favorite slogan on the stationery of the post and to have him reprimanded for doing it. George B. Winship learned the plot, and fearing that the joke would be carried too far and that the deacon's feelings would be hurt, he himself forestalled the conspirators by offering a mild resolution requesting the adjutant thereafter to refrain from rubber-stamping the post's stationery. The conspirators were not prepared for this move, and the resolution was adopted without debate. But Pierce, having no knowledge of the plot, thought that the motion was made for the purpose of humiliating him, and he wouldn't speak to Winship for weeks. This turn of events gave the original conspirators huge enjoyment.

I RECALL ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON when Deacon Pierce and another Grand Army man, William Cronkhite, of Crookston, had what seemed to be the time of their lives. Cronkhite was one of the pioneer farmers of Polk county, then moved to Marshall county, where he operated a large farm until age compelled his retirement, when he moved to Crookston. He came over to Grand Forks for a visit, and I took him over one Sunday morning to call on Deacon Pierce, whom he had never met. The two old fellows became chummy at once, and I asked Pierce to come over to the house in the afternoon and bring along some of his war literature, of which he had an amazing stock.

OVER HE CAME WITH MAPS, diagrams and other war paraphernalia. A table was provided and the two veterans sat down to fight their battles over again, an occupation in which they spent the whole afternoon. Both had been with Sherman during the siege and capture of Vicksburg, although in different commands. On the maps they identified their respective positions and traced the movements of this and that command. Naturally their recollection as to details did not always agree, and then there were furious arguments, while I played the part of innocent bystander and sided the others on whenever an opportunity presented itself. They were fine old chaps, both of them. Peace to their ashes!

NEW YORK CRITICS HAVE reviewed the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under the auspices of the Players, with Otis Skinner, Cecelia Loftus and other eminent stage figures in the cast. According to the comment the old play is being well done, as it would be with those performers. The actors, we are told, treat the play seriously, and have succeeded in demonstrating that in spite of its acknowledged crudities, it has real dramatic possibilities. The old playgoer, however, would miss something, for in the production some concessions have been made to the modern spirit. There are still dogs that bay furiously. Legree is still the villain, although not quite the brutal villain that he was fifty years ago. And they have cut out altogether the scene in which Eliza floats across the stage on a cake of ice. That is too bad. That scene was one of the thrillers of half a century ago, and to leave it out seems like leaving the Prince of Denmark out of "Hamlet." One of the characteristics of this and other plays of its time and type that virtue was always immaculate and triumphant and villain was dished up raw.

"I HAVE BEEN READING your articles about birds," said one of my neighbors, "and I wonder why you don't go after the cats. It keeps me busy most of the time watching for cats, and if didn't do it we wouldn't have bird about the place. As it is they pick off one every once in while, and they've got all the birds scared stiff They s n e a k around under the shrubbery, and every little while one of them jumps out and a bird is gone." We have read of the "harmless, necessary cat," and I concede that there lire conditions under which the cat is a useful animal. If it hadn't been for Dick Whittington's cat Dick would never have been lord mayor of London. The cat is useful in keeping down mice and rats, but in town good construction and a few traps serve the purpose quite well.

THE WELL TRAINED HOUSE cat is a favorite with many persons as a pet, but it requires a lot of graining to cure a cat of its instinct for hunting and killing things. The cat is essentially a beast of prey. This is not to say that nobody should keep a cat. Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, kept a tame lion, and I never heard of the brute doing any damage. But Bob didn't let the animal run around loose through the neighbors' yards. A cat, also, should be kept under control.

ONE OF THE BOBBINS OF the neighborhood has hatched out its brood, of what size I do not know, and one of the youngsters has been tagging its mother around, chirping for food. The young bird is fully feathered, able to fly a little, and so far as I can see it is perfectly able to forage for itself. But it just hops along after its mother and begs. And the mother humors the young loafer and brings it worms and insects and breaks up stray bits of bread for it.

PIGEONS HAVE A Different fashion of dealing with their young. Both parent birds take turns in sitting on the eggs until they are hatched. Then both parents pump into the mouths of the youngsters predigested food until the young ones are fully feathered and the nest is needed for another brood. They out the young ones go, neck and crop, fur and, feathers. The young ones protest and beg, but without effect. They are beaten with their parents' wings and unceremoniously ejected, and thereafter they gather their own food or go without. And under that rigorous discipline the young pigeon immediately becomes self-sustaining. He has to.

A DISTINCT GAIN FOR THE cause of Missouri diversion was made when study of the project was transferred from the war department to the interior and agricultural departments. Army engineers who made preliminary surveys reported adversely, conceding that from the engineering standpoint the project is feasible, but holding that the benefits would not be sufficient to compensate for the cost. The kind of benefit to be derived from that project is of a character which does not come within the purview of the army engineer. Completion of the work would not facilitate the navigation of battleships through the state, and it is quite possible that the project would not be warranted either from the standpoint of irrigation or from that of power development. It would increase and prolong the habitability of the state, and that is something which it is not easy to reduce to dollars and cents.

IF WE CONSIDER DEVILS Lake alone we touch on possibilities that are incalculable. No matter to what height the level of the lake might be raised, above 10 feet or so, the lake would in the course of a few years become a great body of fresh rather than of salt water. The timber around it, which is now becoming stunted for lack of water, would be revived and opportunity would be afforded for thousands of acres of new planting. The lake could be made one of the finest fishing grounds in the country. Because of its accessibility and general desirability the area would become a vast pleasure ground, and our people could enjoy a summer outing in ideal surroundings without going out of their own state. The improvement of the lake alone would be worth many millions to the I state, and it is precisely values of I that kind that it is not the province of army engineers to deal.

LOVERS OF A T H L E T I C sport everywhere have learned with regret of the death of William Muldoon—"Muldoon, the solid man," who held a position in the world of sport such as was occupied by no other man. Contrary to the experience of professional athletes in general, Muldoon not only reached a great age, but remained in the pink of condition until an accident made it necessary for him to curtail his activities. The common experience is for the professional athlete to go to pieces when scarcely past what is usually considered the prime of life.

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO this rule, of course. Jim Corbett was one of them. He remained hale and hearty until he had become a comparatively old man. Farmer Burns, the wrestler, was another. He must have lived to be 70, and he was sound as a dollar.

MULDOON WAS Exceptional in his powerful physique and in the possession of a no less powerful character. It took more than muscle to train John L. Sullivan as Muldoon trained him. Muldoon's muscle was backed by an inflexible will and by a type of manhood that commanded respect.

HE WAS NO RESPECTER OF persons. At his "farm," where he put many a dignitary through his paces, he was an autocrat who ruled with a rod of iron. One of his stunts was to take the members of his "freshman" class out on a horseback ride for eight or ten miles, cause them to dismount, take their horses away from them and leave them to walk back. If they didn't like it they could quit. Muldoon took the precaution of collecting cash in advance for the course of exercises.

A STORY IS TOLD OF Chauncey M. Depew's first appearance at the farm. In some way which is not recalled Depew was lined up with a morning exercise squad before he had met Muldoon. The squad was ordered to line up, and did so, all except Depew. "Line up, you!" commanded Muldoon. Depew smiled engagingly. "I'm Mr. Depew," he said. "AH right," barked Muldoon. "Line up!" And Depew lined up.

AMONG MULDOON'S PATRONS of patients- were some of the most prominent men in the country and several of these made periodical visits to his "farm for treatment, which, in the main, consisted regular hours, wholesome diet and plenty of just the right kind of exercise. Muldoon did for those men what they could have done for themselves at home if they would, but, dictators though many of them were in their ordinary business relations, they needed to have some sort of dictatorship established over themselves to compel them into a course of sound habits.

A DISPATCH IN A STRAY copy of the Toronto Globe tells of the continued inroads which the Grand River is making on the old Bell homestead near Brantford, Ont. The property, which for several years was the home of Professor A. Melville Bell, father of David Graham Bell of telephone fame, is situated on the outer curve of a big bend in the river, and the bank all along that bend has suffered from erosion from time immemorial. In my time there was a sloping wooded bank of a quarter of a mile or more between the house and the river, but so much of the bank had been carried away that fears are entertained for the safety of the house. The property was acquired by the city years ago and was made a memorial park. An attempt was made to check the encroachment of the river by piling, but that did not work. It is now proposed to move the house further from the river, which would bring it close to the road, and, as it seems to me, would destroy the appearance of what was a beautiful place.

OLD PROFESSOR BELL HAD a big dog which was very noisy and was reputed to be very fierce. Along the front of the property was a white picket fence. In fine weather we boys usually walked to church, and in passing the Bell property it was customary to rattle a stick on the pickets of the fence. This would infuriate the dog, which would set up a tremendous commotion. The presumption was that the dog couldn't get out, but there was always the possibility that he might, and it was this element of uncertainty that made the exercise fascinating. If we had been sure that the dog couldn't get out there wouldn't have been much fun in teasing him.

RIVER EROSION PLAYS SOME curious tricks. The tendency is for a stream that is crooked to become more crooked, until the neck of a promontory is cut through, and the river straightens itself. Where the banks are of earth this process goes on quite rapidly.

THEY STARTED OFF THE Century of Progress in Chicago by turning loose on it a beam of light from the star Arcturus. That star was chosen because it is forty light years distant from the earth, and a beam of light from the star, starting at the time of the former World's fair in Chicago, would arrive just in time for the present fair. Astronomers tell us that the stars such as Arcturus are glowing suns, and not habitable bodies like our own earth or other innumerable planets in the universe. But if life were possible on Arcturus and intelligence and scientific equipment had been developed there to the point where the Arcturians were able to observe in detail occurrences on the earth, the Arcturians would now be observing, not the fair which is at present in progress in Chicago, but at the one which was going on forty years ago; and we see Arcturus not as it is now, but as it was forty years ago. Suppose some thing had happened years ago to blow the star up, or out. How would we know the difference?

WE HAVE FOLLOWED WITH mild interest the flight of Mattern around the world in an attempt to break the record made by Post and Gatty in a round-the-world flight against time. But aviation has become so commonplace that it takes little to divert attention from this flight to something which we consider of more immediate interest. Yet it is not quite 30 years since the Wrights made their first successful flight. That was on December 17, 1903, and by many persons the story of that flight was ridiculed as a fake.

THE HIGHEST PITCH OF Enthusiasm over aviation was reached in 1927 with Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Probably aviation will give us no similar thrill again. Lindbergh will be popularly remembered as the first person to fly across the Atlantic. Actually, of course, he was nothing of the kind. Ripley enumerates some fifty-odd persons who crossed the Atlantic by air before Lindbergh. Those included at least one dirigible crew and the American fliers who flew seaplanes by way of the Azores. The first unbroken flights across the Atlantic by a heavier-than-air craft was made on June 14, 1919, by Alcock and Browne, who flew from Newfoundland to Ireland. Harry Hawker had made the attempt earlier, but had failed to get across. He was picked up at sea after being about fifteen hours in the air.

LINDBERGH'S ACHIEVEMENT was not merely that of crossing the Atlantic, but of making the entire trip from New York to Paris, alone and without stop, and of arriving at his destination without swerving at all from his course. The fact that a young fellow unknown and without influential friends could do this fired the public imagination. Then the remarkable manner in which Lindbergh bore the honors which were showered upon him and kept his head under conditions in which many men would have failed showed that he was possessed of qualities that would wear.

BLISTER BEETLES ARE with us again. Watch your caragana hedges, your delphiniums, and all the rest of them, for the blister beetle, while preferring the tender shoots of caragana and of others; egumenous plants, seems capable of attacking almost anything. The department of commerce thinks that the ordinary arsenical poisons are not fatal to the insects, as they will not eat the poisoned foliage. The department says that the use of such poisons drives the insects away, which is not final, but which is better than letting them stay where one does not want them. The department recommends sodium fluosilicate as the proper dope, as this is said to irritate the feet of the insects, which then lick off the poison, with fatal effect to themselves.

ONE OF THE INSECTS Particularly annoying to rose growers is the long-snouted rose chafer or beetle, which bores into the unopened buds and destroys them or causes them to open into ragged, misshapen blooms. Various combinations of poisonous and ill-smelling preparations are used against these, but apparently with imperfect success. Some of the commercial rose growers recommend spreading a sheet or a paper on the ground underneath the rose bush and shaking the insects off. It is easy enough to capture and kill bugs after they have been knocked off, as they will play dead for some time, but who wants to go to all that trouble. There ought to be some easier way.

IT SEEMS TO BE PRETTY well established now that we are to have a repetition of the grasshopper plague this year, and in some sections in intensified form. As in former years infestation is spotted, but the bad spots are numerous and some of them are very bad. Such weather as we have had appears to have had no bad effect on the hoppers, and mites and other natural enemies of the hoppers have not made important inroads on them.

AT LETELLIER, MANITOBA, I was told that there is a big hatch of grasshoppers in that vicinity, and that most of the young insects found there are black. It does not appear whether this is a distinct variety or the dark color is due to some unknown local peculiarity. The young bugs that I have seen hopping around on the grass in town are the usual light green, exceedingly active, and, I have no doubt, as voracious as their parents have been. The bran-molasses-arsenic mixture seems to be the only dependable prescription for them. There was brought into Letellier the other day a hopper that was over an inch long. Nobody knows how he came to be so much bigger than the rest of his tribe at this early date.

WORMS ARE AT WORK IN the trees, and some of the foliage has been stripped pretty clean. Like the grasshopper pest the worm pest is spotted as to locality. Even in an area as small as Riverside park there are trees; whose upper branches have been stripped almost bare, while only a short distance away other trees seem to be untouched. Passengers on a Canadian National railway train near Sudbury, Ont., had the unusual experience a few days ago of being delayed an hour by canker worms on the tracks. The crushed bodies of the insects caused the engine wheels to slip, and the condition extended for such a great distance that the supply of sand ran out and the train was compelled to limp along as best it could until clear track was

IT MAY BE THAT SOME OF the enterprising eastern papers will repeat what was done 50 or 60 years ago when they published pictures of mountains of grasshoppers in Kansas, with trains bucking away at them in a vain effort to get through. Trains in Kansas were actually brought to a standstill by grasshoppers, but the insects were not piled mountain high. The rails were covered with insects and the engine wheels just spun around. Later in the season crickets are as numerous as that on many of the highways, and if there happens to be a rut in the road it is visible for a great distance as a black streak. However, automobile wheels are better fitted for traction than are engine wheels.

THE EMERSON - WINNIPEG highway is probably as good an example of oiled gravel construction as there is in the northwest. Those who had occasion to drive over that road in the early days of automobile travel have painful recollections of how tenacious gumbo can be when it is mixed with just the right proportion of water. The road was literally impassable after even a light rain. Then came the gravel treatment and I would be afraid to say how many times that road was surfaced with gravel of various sizes. Among other things, a large quantity of very coarse gravel was used, and when this became imbedded in the clay it gave a sur

HEAD'S LANDING IS TO HAVE a homecoming day, and all former residents of that once flourishing little town, wherever they may be, are invited to assemble there on Saturday, July 24, to meet old friends and exchange reminiscences of the days that are gone. All the old-timers will know where the place is. For the information of others, Read's Landing is in Minnesota, on the west bank of the Mississippi, just at the lower end of Lake Pepin, and a few miles up stream from Wabasha. In the early days Read's Landing was a busy little place. Occupying a strategic position on the river it was headquarters for many of the steamboat men, and while its local traffic was not large, it was the distributing point for a considerable area both overland into Minnesota and by way of the Chippewa river into Wisconsin. With the advent of the railroad the town suffered the fate of so many other river towns, but it still occupies a warm place in the affections of many whose homes once were there.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO former residents of Read's Landing then living in the Twin Cities organized the Read's Landing Association of the Twin Cities and began holding annual meetings, which they have continued until the present time. On the invitation of present residents of Read's this year's meeting will be held at the town itself and will take on the form of a homecoming which all former residents, their wives and children are invited to attend. Fred A. Bill, 1623 Van Buren street, St. Paul, is president of the association, and he will be glad to hear from any of his old neighbors.

AMONG THE FORMER GRAND Forks people mentioned by Mr. Bill as among the early residents of Head's are Stewart McMaster, deceased many years ago, B. F. Brockhoff, who died more recently, Ralph Hugdall and Mrs. F. W. Till.

A SOUVENIR WHICH IS OF interest just now is a folder containing a dozen pictures of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago, the predecessor, forty years ago, of the Century of Progress exposition now being held in the same city. The folder belongs to Mrs. C. A. Stevens, 924 Chestnut street. One picture gives a bird's eye view of the grounds, and the others illustrate the principal buildings. Compared with the present mammoth affair the Columbian exposition was small, but it has never been surpassed in artistic quality.

ONE WHO COMPARED THOSE pictures with illustrations of the present exhibition will note some interesting differences. No automobiles are shown on the grounds and no planes are in the air. A picture of the present exhibition without those features would be very incomplete. The buildings of forty years ago were built along conventional lines, while the present architecture runs more to the symbolic, and to what I suppose would be called the futuristic. In the old pictures human figures are shown in the characteristic attire of the day. The men were got up with stiff formality, while the woman wore fearful creations with enormous bustles, leg-of-mutton sleeves, veils and parasols.

ONE OF THE PICTURES shows a lagoon with gondolas manned by gondoliers in appropriate Venetian garb. That reminds me of a newspaper cartoon of that time showing two of those "Italian" gondoliers about to enjoy a quiet smoke between trips. One of them, needing a light, says to the other in broad Hibernian brogue, "Have ye ivver a lucifer about ye, Mike?"

SUPPOSE THE CUSTODIAN of a referendum petition had been debarred by martial law and armed guards from filing his petition within the statutory time and should ask for a court order permitting the filing of his petition at a later time. Would it be proper for him to allege that his failure to file within the proper time was due, not to his own negligence, but to an act of God?

THAT REMINDS ME AGAIN OF a yarn about the two Rhinehart boys, whose first names I have forgotten. Both are sons of Mary Roberts Rhinehart, the famous writer. The elder is now a member of the publishing firm of Farrar & Rhinehart. At the time of the story both lads were employed by the Doran Publishing company, in which the family had a considerable interest. The elder brother held an important executive position, and the younger, a clerk in the same department, couldn't see why his brother should be so stiff with him about little matters of discipline like getting to the office on time, attending to business while there, and all that sort of nonsense. The elder brother was inclined to lean over backward in holding the young fellow up to the mark, and while the latter pooh-poohed it, he knew that he had to walk chalk or there would be trouble. One day the youngster had an overpowering desire to spend the afternoon at a ball game, but he had to get permission from his brother. Calling up the office from wherever he was down town he gave his name to the telephone operator and said "I'd like to speak to God, please,"

C. H. CORLISS AND Mrs. Corliss observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their home in Portland, Oregon, on June 6. In addition to receiving the congratulations of friends who were able to pay their respects in person, they received scores of messages from others at a distance who knew of the anniversary. Letters from numerous old friends in Grand Forks served to recall pleasantly their long residence in this city. Judge Corliss was North Dakota's first supreme court chief justice. He was elected a member of the supreme court at the first state election, held in October, 1889, the other two justices being James Wallin and Bartholomew. Judge Corliss was immediately elected chief justice, becoming thus the youngest chief justice in the United States. In 1893 he was elected for a term of six years, but in 1898 he resigned to resume private practice. He entered into partnership with Hon. John M. Cochrane, who also was elected a supreme court justice in 1902, and who died in office two years later.

IN HIS SUPREME COURT Career Judge Corliss wrote decisions which have since been accepted as authoritative in other states, and he was instrumental in laying the foundations of a system of jurisprudence in North Dakota which has commanded respect through the succeeding years. He made a brilliant record here in private practice and he has added to his laurels since moving to Portland, which has been his home for many years.

A MAN OF WIDE READING and sound learning, Judge Corliss is remembered here also for his eloquence, whether before a jury, on the public platform, or in his interpretation of the plays of Shakespeare. The years have added to his love of the works of the great Bard of Avon. During his residence in Grand Forks Judge Corliss was a member of the law faculty of the University of North Dakota, and three years ago he delivered the commencement address at the University, and in recognition of his fine character and valuable service he was then awarded the honorary degree of LL. D. The messages of congratulation and good will which he and Mrs. Corliss received would have been multiplied many times had the fact concerning the anniversary been generally known.

I WONDER HOW MANY Persons whose name is Bruce know that it is contrary to tradition for them to kill a spider. The tradition, of course, dates back to Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, and to the incident of which every child has read in his school books. Bruce, defeated and pursued, was hiding from his English enemies on a little island near the Irish coast. In the cabin where he had taken refuge he saw a spider trying to fasten its web to the wall. Six times the attempt was made, and six times the spider failed. A seventh attempt was successful. Bruce had already suffered six defeats. He saw in the spider's final successful effort an omen for himself. He gathered a few followers, mustered an army, and became the "Bruce of Bannoekburn." Therefore no Bruce to this day may needlessly kill a spider without violating one of the sacred traditions of his house.

SIXTY - SIX NATIONS ARE sending their delegations to London to the great economic conference, and the company which has charge of the catering is determined that nothing shall be left undone to make the delegates feel at home, at least in all that pertains to the comfort of the inner man. In the great refreshment room of the building where the conference is held a bar 70 feet long has been set up, and the company has sent out a questionnaire to the consuls of each of the nations represented inquiring as to the preferences of the delegates in the matter of drinks.

RESPONSE TO THE Questionnaire has been general, and, apparently, prompt. And the list of drinks specified is impressive in its variety. The Swedish consulate asked for a special kind of gin called Brannvin. The poles wished kummel baczewski from Lemberg, which may not be as hard to take as it is to pronounce. The Turks asked for "raki, made from grapes and figs," but the caterers were unable to find a bottle of it in all London. However, a plane can fly from Turkey to London in a few hours, so the delegates will be able to wet their whistles with their favorite beverage, regardless of the admonitions of the prophet. The Persians named aragh, which their consul described as similar to gin, and very strong. The Austrians specified cognac, schnapps Duntramsdorfer, Nussberger and Gumpoldskirchner. Imagine calling for a drink of that last after sampling the others! The Dutch list includes about everything in the line of wines, beers and strong waters, with numerous cordials for flavoring. Nothing is said about what request the American consulate made, but the company has laid in an ample supply of cocktails and beers of all sorts, from 3.2 on up.

CONGRESS REMAINED IN session until into this week in defiance of the desire of President Roosevelt for adjournment by last Saturday night. President Roosevelt has performed wonders since his assumption of office, and during most of these past three months he has had congress eating out of his hand. But there are still tricks for him to learn, and he should come to North Dakota for instruction. Properly instructed, he would have dealt with congress summarily and effectively. If congress exhibited reluctance to adjourn at the time appointed by the president the proper procedure would have been to call out a few companies of soldiers, take possession of the capitol, and tell congress to go chase itself. A resourceful and determined executive can work miracles with a few soldiers, and if anyone doubts it let him take note of what has been done in North Dakota.

THE CRO-MAGNON MAN—I believe that was the gentleman's name— who inhabited Europe some 25,000 years ago, was not satisfied with the caves as he found them. He wanted them bigger and better, and made them so, and then he decorated their walls with designs representing the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. And the propensite for changing things around has persisted in the race until the present day.

WE BUILD HOUSES EXACTLY as we want them, and immediately we being to figure on how much better it would have been to have this door in that place and the bathroom where the pantry is. Sometimes we undertake to make our houses over, but such houses as we have now are rather permanent and inelastic things. At the Chicago fair they are exhibiting houses made of sheet steel that can be erected in a few hours, and which should accommodate themselves excellently to the spirit of change. Some of the architects propose further innovations in the shape of movable partitions so that the whole interior can be rearranged on short notice. In such a house the vigorous housewife can so change things that when her husband comes home from lodge he will find the dining room where his bedroom was last night and the attic will have changed place with the basement.

MUCH OF THAT IS FOR THE future, and long life to those who live to see it! But is not necessary for us to wait generations for the spirit of change to find expression. It is always possible to move the furniture around so that one needs a compass with which to orient himself, and then there is the garden, which is never twice the same, and never quite right. One would scarcely make the mistake of planting hollyhocks in front of a row of petunias, but it is very easy to forget which of the other plants grow tall and slim and which are short and bushy and to get both in the wrong places.

IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF both annuals, perennials and shrubbery, there is a fascination in planning the design so that each will have its proper place and its proper value, making its appropriate contribution at the proper time to the scheme of color, and then in looking it over and finding out how much better one can manage it another year. And the beauty of it is that a whole garden can be shifted about bodily in a single season if one has a willing mind, a strong back and a good set of tools. It will not be quite right, of course, when it is all done over, but it can be done over again, and this would be a dull, dreary and monotonous world if things in it had to stay put.

THE CHIPPING SPARROW has never returned to her nest since the cowbird invaded it, ejected the original egg and deposited one of her own therein. The nest is still there, with the cowbird's egg in it, but the egg will never hatch. It must be addled by this time. But there are young robins a-plenty, and some of them are making clumsy attempts to forage for themselves. They still beg. However, with a shrill "cheep, cheep," and the mother bird still feeds them worms and other tidbits. The flying of the youngsters is clumsy and uncertain, and they are quite likely to get out of control and bank into a tree or a building.

I HAVEN'T SEEN A BLUE-bird in our neighborhood this year. There appear to be several goldfinches around. They are dainty little creatures, active and songful. Often they are called wild canaries, but there are no true canaries on the continent. Back east the goldfinches were often known as thistle birds, from their habit of feeding on thistle seeds, and at certain seasons they would collect in quite large flocks. I have not seen them flock here, but they may do so in the country.

IN CONVERSATION WITH A friend I recalled a baseball story that I may have told before, but anyway I am going to tell it again. A famous umpire rendered a close decision in a big league game to the home team. Naturally, he was decidedly unpopular. Next day he was not working, but went to see the game as usual, taking a friend with him. His face was good at the gate, but eh gatekeeper was not sure about the friend. Seeing the local manager near by the gate man hailed him, asking "Is it all right to let Smith's (the umpire's) friend in?" The manager glared at the umpire, then roared to the gate man "If that man has any friends, let 'em all in They won't take up much room!"

AGAIN, TALKING WITH THE name friend about the evolution of baseball, I neglected to mention one form of ball that was played at our country school which I have never seen played anywhere else. It was called "Injun" ball, though whether or not we had borrowed it from the Indians I do not know. It was decidedly a mob game, played usually with a yarn ball made as solid as possible. The entire school population—if all wanted to play—was divided into two Bides, the two captains choosing, turn and turn about. There was a striker's base or plate, a first base a few feet away, on which he was entitled to take his place after striking, and a second base at the other end of the field, to which he might run when he had a chance. If he made the return trip safely he could strike again when his turn came.

ONE INTERESTING FEATURE was that any number might be on the first base at the same time, and quite often there would be a dozen youngsters on that base waiting for a chance to run. A runner might be put out by being touched with the ball or hit with a thrown ball, and as it was a case of "one out, all out," the innings were apt to be short. No record was kept of runs, the contest being as to which side would remain longest at bat.

I THINK THAT OP ALL, THE games that I have ever seen I enjoyed most the long-distance ball-passing in the game of lacrosse. A ball can be thrown with tremendous force with a lacrosse racquet, and catching it coming at high speed is something of a trick. In an open game the passing of the ball from player to player, catching it without a spill, and returning it like a rifle bullet makes a wonderful exhibition of skill and co-ordination. But in a scrimmage there is all the tangle that occurs when the ball is downed on the football field, plus flying racquets which sometimes become weapons of offense.

BASEBALL, AS NOW PLAYED, is distinctively an American game. Its development into an organized sport has been wholly American. In its history are to be found traces of the simpler ball games played in England and on the European continent, and cricket doubtless made its contribution to the sport, although the two games are wholly unlike. Lacrosse is wholly American in its origin. It was played by the Indians before the time of Columbus. Baseball seems to have drawn nothing from lacrosse but on the other hand, lacrosse seems to have had applied to it in the process of standardization some of the rules, with material modifications, that have become familiar in football and basketball. My impression is that the game as originally played by the Indians was about as informal as shimmy was in my school days.

EVERY LITTLE W H I L E something happens that brings up the subject of discipline, and in this connection there is recalled the story of the punishment of a young army lieutenant during the presidency of Grover Cleveland. The officer had committed some minor offense which, however, called for stern disciplinary measures. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by the president. Cleveland did not take the matter very seriously, nevertheless the sentence had to be carried out. The culprit was brought into the presence of the president, who addressed him: "Lieutenant Blank, the court has ' directed that you be reprimanded, and you are hereby reprimanded. That's all."

OFTEN SOME PERSON is described as "a country boy who came to the city and made good." L. O. Johnson, who has one of the finest farm homes in Nelson county, is a Swedish boy who came to North Dakota and made good. Mr. Johnson was born at Wallby, Sweden, 62 years ago. In 1880 he came to Granite Falls, Minn., and worked there for a farmer for two years, when he set out for North Dakota. With a navies humor which has lost nothing in the perspective of half a century he describes some of his experiences as follows:

"I BOUGHT A YOKE OF OXEN, a wagon, a cow and a calf, then I started to New Jerusalem, North Dakota," he stated. "This was in June, 1882. I settled on land where the half way house stood between Devils Lake and Bartlett. I built a sod house and a sod barn, and broke 15 acres on that land. In August the same year I went to work on the railroad grade where Bartlett now stands. In the fall I went with a party to the woods in Minnesota for the winter. In the spring of 1883 I came back to my home in North Dakota and found my sod house and barn had been torn down, my breaking plowed and my furniture gone. When I looked around there were three or four lumber shanties on my farm homestead. Well I didn't know what to do; I did not like to fight (the Swedes are no good to fight anyhow) so I went to work on the railroad grade at Crary.

"I TOLD THE BOSS MY STORY about the land I had broke. He wanted to furnish me with seed oats and barley, and fight for my rights. You see he was Irish. I gave up the idea of getting back the land and stuck to my work on the grade until I earned a little money. In the fall of 1883 I came down here south of the Blue Mountains. Here were some hills nobody wanted, so I built another sod house. It is on this same farm I am living today.

MR. JOHNSON SAYS, "I Celebrated the biggest and best Fourth of July in Devils Lake in 1883, that I have ever seen or been to and I had a' ride in the big boat across the lake to Fort Totten; saw the soldiers, cavalry and the big four cannons."

MANY YEARS AGO MR. Johnson built a beautiful residence on the shore of Stump lake, naming the place "Lake View." The lake has receded some distance, but the home, beautiful in surroundings and appointments, retains its charm.

ONE MAY TAKE WITH A grain of salt Mr. Johnson's remark about the Swedes not being fighters. There is such a thing as prudence in the face of superior numbers. Wild Bill Hickock, whose many battles with desperadoes made him famous, exhibited that prudence on one occasion. Visiting New York he partook liberally of stimulants and became quite boisterous. The proprietor of the place called in a policeman to restore order and arrest the disturber. Recognizing Bill the officer approached him cautiously and with some hesitancy ordered him to come along.

BILL, SEATED AT A TABLE alone, looked up inquiringly and asked: "How numerous are you?" The officer confessed that he was alone. "Better bring up reinforcements," said Bill. The officer himself thought that would be a good idea. He departed and returned presently accompanied by six other cops. Bill checked up the force, and rising, said: "All right, gentlemen, I'll be pleased to accompany you."

THOSE FAMILIAR WITH THE fine points of peonies agree that the peony show just held in Grand Forks was admirable from the standpoint of the quality of the blooms, and even the uninstructed could not fail to admire the wealth of color, the magnificent size of some of the blooms, and the arrangement of the exhibits, which was superior to anything that we have had in the past at our peony shows. The peony is one of the most satisfactory flowering plants that we have, and it is worthy of all the attention which is being given it.

AT THE SHOW I ASKED MRS. Landt, of Northwood, as to her method of dealing with insect pests on roses. Her reply was that she uses a spray or arsenate of lead and Black Leaf (which is a nicotin preparation) mixed with strong soapsuds. This she finds effective for the foliage-eating insects. For the abominable reddish beetles with long snouts, that pierce the blossoms, she know of no satisfactory treatment other than to pick the beasts off, morning and evening. Mrs. Landt is one of our most successful growers of roses, and her experience should be useful to others.

ALFEASTGATE OFFERS among other things the following suggestions with reference to the blister beetle: "Last year I stumbled upon the fact that the best bet for their control was the same poison bait used for grasshoppers. Had picked more than a quart of the beetles from the beans in the garden, and more coming, when I put out the bait for the hoppers and had a 100% kill. Then I built a small cage, went over to the neighbors for some live ones, and put them in the cage with the poison. The first day they were all dead, the second lot lasted 12 hours before they all died. I cannot say how it will work for a hedge, as I have no way of telling how far they will be attracted by the bait but would put it out early in the morning when the leaves of the hedge are wet with dew. Some would get it, I think.

"REGARDING THE Sparrow's nest in your shrub, from the description of the bird and eggs I think it was the clay-colored sparrow in place of the chipping. Am sure it was the grackle in place of the cowbird that made way with the eggs. Have never known a cowbird to molest eggs in a nest, but the grackle is just as bad for small birds as the crow is for them all; they will destroy the eggs and young as well.

MY BROTHER HARRY AND I well remember the last big flight of the passenger pigeon. The flight began about 4 P. M. From then until dark there were large flocks in sight all the time. All day Saturday and Sunday the flight kept up until just before sundown. We saw some pigeons each year in small flocks but not very many, until we came to Dakota. I can remember an old neighbor who used to net them. He had his net set in a buckwheat field on our place and caught 60 dozen in one trip on the net.

"HOPPERS ARE WITH US again here, but looks as if something would be done at the right time this year to do the most good instead of waiting until they had done the most damage before getting out the poison."

I AM WILLING TO ACCEPT Mr. Eastgate's explanation of what happened to the bird's nest. It may have been, as he suggests, a grackle that robbed the nest and deposited the foreign egg, although I have seen no grackle in the neighborhood this spring. The birds which I called cowbirds were seen but for a moment, but they were somewhat smaller than robins, and had brownish-gray heads and black bodies, the colors of the male, of course, being the more pronounced. The grackle is a much larger bird, and is described as having a greenish-black head. However, the cowbird may be innocent, although it is its habit to use the nests of other birds, and the nest may have been robbed by some unobserved grackle.

HOT WEATHER HAS Created unusual demand for water for sprinkling purposes, and every little while one hears the remark that "the city water, with all those chemicals in it, is no good for vegetation and does not compare with rain water." It is quite true that the city water contains in solution certain solids which may be called chemicals, but the proportion of such substances is much smaller in the city water than in the raw river water. About half of the "chemicals" in the river water are removed by treatment at the plant, and from that standpoint the city water is just that much better, although less pure than fresh rainwater.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE Between a rain and an ordinary sprinkling with a garden hose is that in the rain the earth receives vastly more water per square foot, A good soaking rain will deliver about an inch of water. Try putting an inch of water with a garden hose on every square foot of space treated!

IN A STRIP 20 FEET DEEP across a 50-foot lot there are 1,000 square feet. To cover that space an inch deep there would be required more than 12 50-gallon barrels of water. That quantity of water can be applied with a garden hose, but it isn't applied very often. On the contrary, the average sprinkling is apt merely to moisten the soil to a depth of about a quarter of an inch. So far as the effect on vegetation is concerned, the chief difference between rain and sprinkling is that rain delivers more water. Another quite important difference is due to the conditions under which the water is applied. Sprinkling is usually done in hot, dry weather. It is because of that sort of weather that we sprinkle. Water is applied all at once to hot, dry earth. Some of it evaporates at once. Even if the sprinkling is done in the evening there are only a few hours before the sun blazes forth from a clear sky and the earth becomes baked. Not always, but quite usually, a rain comes intermittently for several hours, and the cloudy conditions are apt to continue for many hours after the rain is over. Thus the water is given the best possible chance to do its work.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE tie that binds old settlers together, and especially of the tie that binds together the old country physician and his former patients, was given on Saturday at the meeting of the Thirteen Towns Old Settlers association at McIntosh, Minn., when Dr. J. A. McEachren, now of Minneapolis, attended the meeting of the association and greeted old friends whom he had not seen for many years. The doctor had driven from Minneapolis that morning for the sole purpose of spending a few hours with his old neighbors, and he returned the same evening. When a man drives 600 miles in one day in order to spend just a few hours with those whom he has known in former years, there is a real and compelling sentiment in his act.

DR. M'EACHREN HUNG UP his shingle at McIntosh in 1889. He was a young man, only recently out of college, and so far as he knows he was at that time the only physician between Crookston and Duluth and between Detroit Lakes and the Canadian border. For fourteen years he served the people of the Thirteen Towns and in as much of the adjoining territory as he could reach with the teams of spotted ponies that provided him with motive power.

IN A FEW MINUTES Conversation with the doctor I found that he was an old neighbor of mine—at some distance, it is true—having come from near London, Ontario. He was easily the center of attraction that Saturday afternoon. Erect, active, with finely cut features which give no indication of his years, speaking with just a trace of inherited Scottish accent, eager and enthusiastic as youth, it was a real joy to see him old friends crowding around him and his own greeting of them after these many years.

TO SAY THAT THE DOCTOR has a wonderful memory for faces would be to state only a part of the fact for the twenty years which have elapsed since he visited McIntosh have changed many of the faces which were formerly familiar to him. He seems to be able to remember, not only faces, but voices, and something in the inner being that is apart from the physical. Often during the handshaking some grizzled old farmer would step up to him and shake his hand, saying, "You won't recognize me, doctor. I'm——." "Hold on!" the doctor would exclaim. "Just give me a second. Let's see. Now I have it! You're so-and-so, over at Sletten—or Brandsvold. What a trip I had to your place in the storm! But it came out all right. It's fine to see you again." Thus went the series of recognitions, as old patients and old neighbors crowded around the good doctor with outstretched hands and shining eyes. That reception was worth many drives from Minneapolis.

DR. M'EACHREN RECALLED many experiences, some of them harrowing at the time, but upon which he looks back now with amusement. He tells of one drive on which he had to ford a river and the water was so deep that he had to stand up on the buggy seat to keep dry, while the horses wallowed through as best they could. And there were times when roads proved utterly impassable, when horses were mired down and the rest of the journey had to be made on foot. There were tragic episodes, also. During Dr. McEachren's practice in that territory an epidemic of diphtheria brought death into many families. The doctor speaks feelingly of one family of five, all of whom were ill with diphtheria on Saturday, and on Monday the family had been reduced to two. Anti-toxin had just been discovered, and Dr. McEachren first introduced that specific into that territory.

THE DISTRICT KNOWN AS the Thirteen Towns is in eastern Polk county. Its name comes from the fact that the area of which thirteen townships were created was opened for settlement at one time. Its desirability as an area for homesteading was widely advertised, and after some difficulty over the acquisition of title by the government from the Indians the area was opened for settlement in 1883, hence one jubilee celebration. Nearly all of the original inhabitants were of Scandinavian birth or descent, some coming direct from Norway and others from southern Minnesota and Iowa. The land is pleasantly rolling, and the farms, usually of no more than a quarter-section, give every evidence of thrift and progress. In a quiet, unostentatious way the people have applied in their own experience the thought so finely expressed a few years ago by President Hoover when he said that "agriculture is more than an industry; it is a state of living."

AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the old settlers' gathering at McIntosh last week was the series of reminiscences given by some of the early settlers of the vicinity. A tribute to the integrity of the pioneers was paid by Al. Kaiser, now of Bagley, who has been in the banking business in that territory for many years. At the beginning of his career there he had as a partner Louis Lohn, whose son, Louis has been active in the banking business in Grand Forks and Fosston for many years. Loans were made in the early days, said Mr. Kaiser, on the character of the applicant rather than on chattel or other collateral, and in a business extending over many years the firm charged off as losses only \$300, half of which was practically a donation to an impoverished family en route to a new home. Men considered it a point of honor to meet their obligations. Neighbors helped each other gladly in time of need and those who had received help gave it as gladly when their turn came.

MR. KAISER REFERRED TO one article of food that I have not seen or heard mentioned for many years, but which was once very familiar to me, namely, spiced roll. It was made from the lower half of side pork, salted, spiced, rolled and tied with cord and smoked. The usual price for it was about 12 cents a pound. It was the same cut, of course, from which ordinary bacon is made, but quite different in flavor. It was put up by the big packers and shipped in boxes. We considered it mighty good eating.

BOTTINEAU IS TO HAVE AN old settlers' picnic on June 30. Doubtless there will be many present who will remember the first picnic held by the same association at the same place, Dana's grove, in 1900. It was at that time that a regular association was formed, and it was then decided to hold gatherings annually. Judge Burr, of the state supreme court, long a resident of that territory, was a prominent figure at many of those gatherings, and he is expected to attend this year.

A CHRONICLE OF THE TIME says that there were over 100 carriages at that first picnic, which was held on the property of H. C. Dana at what was known as "Old Bottineau," in a loop of Oak creek, a short distance from the present city. There was to have been a ball game, but this was prevented by a strong wind. Vie. Noble was the principal speaker. Late in the day the weather turned very cold, and Mrs. Edna Snyder, who was a very young child at the time, had heard her parents tell of wrapping her up in a picnic tablecloth to keep her warm on the way home.

ANOTHER REASSURING Business note is that all manufacturers in the lead pencil industry are increasing wages and putting more men to work. Superficially considered the announcement might not be considered to have any certain bearing on business conditions in general, that is, it might be interpreted in either of two ways. Obviously, there is a demand for more pencils, and pencils may be in demand for the conduct of the ordinary operations of industry, or for the purpose of figuring losses. But we have long since passed the point where people bothered to figure losses. When people really start figuring again it must be that business is on the up-grade.

WITH AN EXPLANATORY note a local friend sends in the following poem;

**THE SPHINX.**

By Brandon Howell.

Bulky stature skyward looming, Lift your face to desert breaths; Man-made figure, feel your glory  
You who witnessed Pharoos'  
deaths.

In your awesome stony features Massive beauty unsurpassed, Still you wait unchanged, unseeing,  
Watching centuries roll past.

You have watched the temple builders  
Far across the sandy plain;  
You have seen them conquered slowly,  
They who carved your rocky mane;  
Seen the Roman legions beaten  
Who had seized your dark-skinned race;  
Watched the Moslems take possession,  
Build their mosques with Allah's grace.  
You have left your footprints' grandeur Deeply on the sands of time.

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THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE poem and his mother, Mrs. Howell, lived in Grand Forks with Mrs. Howell's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Doane, during the time that Colonel Doane was stationed at the University of North Dakota. When Brandon was but a small boy he visited Egypt with his mother and was greatly impressed by the sphinx. When entering a literary contest in California he had the privilege of choosing any subject for his poem, and he chose "The Sphinx." His poem won the first prize and was published in a Berkley paper. He is now living with his grandparents in Berkley, and is described as a fine, manly fellow and an ardent Scout. Local friends of the family will be glad to know of his progress.

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A PLEASANT NOTE COMES from Mrs. Jean C. Taylor, a former Grand Forks resident, who is now in Chicago "doing" the World's Fair. She finds the exhibition one of real merit and is enjoying the time spent there.

MRS. MIRIAM RUTLEDGE, widow of Dr. Rutledge, who has been living in California for several years, writes from Long Beach that there are still occasional earthquake tremors there. Recovery from the great shock, she says, is slow, and the city of Long Beach is not yet half built up. Her own house, while it escaped major damage, had to be jacked up in three places and the repairs are not yet completed.

"COOL WIND THINS CROWD at Beaches," says a headline in Monday's New York Times. The weather described was that of last Sunday, which, in Grand Forks, was the hottest day but one in all local recorded history. While we were sweltering in a temperature of 105 degrees, with a burning wind blowing, the maximum temperature in New York during the day was 73 degrees, and early in the day the thermometer registered 54. Coney Island, which, a week before, had 600,000 visitors, saw its attendance drop to 300,000, and the few who bathed did so in water at 50 degrees with a piercing northwest wind blowing. However, as the weather usually moves from west to east, it is quite likely that by this time New York will be having real summer weather—and then some. One peculiarity about the recent heat wave was the slowness with which it traveled, which doubtless accounts for its keeping hot in one place for so long.

IN A CONVERSATION WITH a friend the other day there came up for discussion the question of how far the game of baseball has been improved in technic and achievement increased skill on the part of players, and to what extent the improved records of today are due to changes in rules and improvement in grounds and equipment. One point made by my friends was that it is impossible to make any intelligent comparison between the home run of today and that of years ago because the old game was played in an open field, where outfielders could range almost at will, whereas in the modern big league game the playing is done in a restricted space, with spectators packed in closely on all sides. In the old days the batter who actually hit a ball beyond reach of an active and efficient centerfielder was making a wonderful drive. That players have learned new tricks and gained in skill is not questioned, but other changes must have been of material help in the making of records.

FROM BASEBALL THE TALK drifted to trotting horses, and again arose the question of how the best of modern trotters would perform if driven on the track of fifty years ago under all the conditions that prevailed then, instead of under conditions in which everything is brought to a point of scientific precision. Again it must be conceded that breeding and training have made their contributions, but improved equipment and other purely mechanical conditions must account for at least part of the gain that has been made. From an old file I quote some bits from the history of trotting.

THE FIRST PUBLIC Trotting race in the United States of which here is a reliable record was in 1818 when the gray gelding Boston Blue was trotted against time in an effort to go a mile in three minutes. Such a feat was generally deemed impossible, but Boston Blue did it, although unfortunately his record has not been preserved. It was not until 1859 that any trotter went a mile in 2:30 or less, but in that year Flora Temple made it in 2:19 3-4. Eight years later Robert Bonner's Dexter made the mile in 2:17 1-4, a phenomenal performance which horsemen said would never be repeated. Goldsmith Maid got the record down to 2:17 flat in 1871, and kept on lowering it for several years until in 1874 she made the mile in 2:14.

GOLDSMITH MAID HAD A remarkably long career. She was a leading figure on the turf for a dozen years, and ended her racing career in 1878 at the age of 21 years. It is said that she earned over \$200,000, which was a large sum for those days. Following those two great racers came Rarus, St. Julien, Nancy Hanks, Lou Dillon and several others, all of whom contributed to the lowering of the record. Lou Dillon seems to have been the first trotter to bring the record below 2 minutes. In 1905 she made the mile in 1:58 1-2. On October 4, 1922, Peter Manning made a mile in 1:65 3-4 at Lexington, Kentucky. This, I believe, is still the world record.

IT IS TO BE REMEMBERED that most of those early records were made on tracks which did not compare with the best tracks of today. Also, horsemen had not learned some of the tricks with harness, weighted shoes and other paraphernalia, the use of which tends to concentrate the power of the horse on the one object of getting over the ground. There is also the matter of the sulky, which formerly was essentially a pair of buggy wheels, iron-shod, mounted on an axle. In this day of the revival of the bicycle it is rather interesting to note that the bicycle made an important contribution to horse-racing. It was through the evolution of the bicycle from the old cumbersome velocipede that the modern racing sulky, with its light, yet strong construction, its wire wheels and its pneumatic tires came into being.

THE OTHER DAY I MISSED a call from a Mr. Maxwell, of Con-way, whom I hope to meet when he visits Grand Forks again. I understand that Mr. Maxwell comes from somewhere near the same part of Canada from which I hail, and I have no doubt that when we meet, even though we not be able to find that we have common acquaintances, we shall learn that we had many of the same experiences, of country school days, farm life in a timber country, and, possibly, pranks that got us into trouble.

IT'S WEEKS AND WEEKS since I received a questionnaire. They come in bunches, several in a week, perhaps, with a lull between spasms to give a fellow time to catch his breath. As to length and detail their variety is infinite, ranging from a few abrupt and pointed questions to lists of questions the answering of which would require days of research, if, indeed, it were possible to answer the questions at all with any approach to accuracy. Occasionally, in a moment of weakness, I answer one of the simpler ones. To answer all of them would require the services of several secretaries, and most of the answers wouldn't be worth a whoop.

TAKE THE QUESTIONNAIRES relating to economics, of which there has been a deluge. Many of them, perhaps most of them, are intended to substantiate a theory, either that everything is wrong or that everything is everlastingly right. The people to whom the questionnaires are addressed may be fairly representative, but it is the easiest thing in the world to frame questions in such a manner that the answers will be likely to support some preconceived notion. And the questions themselves, relating to itemized income and expenditure are such that not one person in a hundred could do more than make a wild guess at the answers.

I HAVE IN MIND ONE Questionnaire received some time ago — which I didn't answer — which was intended, so its author wrote, to establish certain facts with reference to occupations, why they were chosen, whether or not they are suitable, and the adequacy or inadequacy of the compensation derived from them. I can't quote the questions, but here is the substance of a few of them, with the answers which might truthfully have been given:

QUESTION—IN WHAT Occupation are you engaged?

Answer—Writing things for a newspaper.

Q.—How long have you been engaged in this work?

A.—None of your business. Do

you think I want to start a lot of young fellows after my job?

Q.—Why did you enter this field of work?

A.—To get a job.

Q.—Was this occupation your first choice?

A.—Not by a jugful.

Q.—If not, name the occupation which you originally preferred.

A.—Being a fireman, so that I could wear a red shirt and a big tin hat and being a circus ringmaster.

Q.—What consideration induced you to give up these earlier ambitions?

A.—The red shirts and tin hats all seemed to be occupied, and I had to hoe potatoes instead of joining a circus. Also, the circus had a ringmaster.

THE ABOVE ARE FAIR Samples of the simpler introductory questions. As the inquisition proceeded it covered the domains of sociology, philosophy, economics, and possibly hypnotism and telepathy. It sought to bare the very soul of the victim and to analyze and explore all his reactions and emotions. There were questions the answers to which would have required pages and which related to things to which most of us have given no more than a passing thought. Yet I suppose there is now in course of preparation a thesis or a book based on the answers received from that identical questionnaire.

MY MENTION OF THE Tornado of 1886, of whose results Geo. F. Blackburn took some excellent pictures, reminded R. J. Walker of the Northwestern Tire company of some incidents in connection with that storm. He was then a boy, living on a farm near the Keystone country, but on that day he had come to Grand Forks with a yoke of oxen and he was in town while the storm was in progress. He recalls that the north end of the old Great Northern depot was torn to pieces, and that a large number of persons who were waiting for a train had crowded into the south end and thus escaped injury. Pieces of scantling from the Walker lumber yard were driven into buildings like pins into a pincushion.

A TRAIN WAS WRECKED IN the vicinity of Schurmeier. The engineer raced with the storm, but it caught him and derailed car after car, beginning at the rear end, until the entire train, including the tender, was off the track, some of the cars having rolled completely over. The engine was not derailed.

HOT, DRY WEATHER suggests various things to various people. One thought that comes to me sometimes on a hot day is of a spring where water, almost ice-cold, trickled from a vein of sand in a hillside, filled a little pool across which an active boy could jump and trickled on to join the creek that meandered through the valley below. Over spring and pool spread the branches of a giant maple whose dense foliage gave shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. Poets have sung of wine, and wine may be all right in its place, but for a real drink I have found nothing to compare with the draught from the spring after hours spent chasing chipmunks or gathering wild strawberries. After a swig from that spring, with a wide straw hat soaked in the pool, one was ready to go again.

THEN THERE IS A PICTURE of cows standing knee-deep in the river on a hot afternoon. There the river widened and shallowed and for some distance the water raced and cascaded over rocks and gravel, and the cattle stood in it in the shade of great elms that overhung the water. Lazily switching water over themselves with their tails they presented images of perfect peace and contentment.

HOT WEATHER REMINDS one correspondent — and possibly many others — of Senator Ingalls' little essay on "Grass," and I am asked to publish it. I suppose there is no time when the softness and verdure of grass are more appreciated than in hot weather when bits of green are few and far between. I published the Ingalls' essay two or three years ago, but it is one of the choice things that bear repetition. Here it is again:

### **GRASS.**

By John J. Ingalls.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions in May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our first recollections are of grass, and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, scarred with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleagued by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare of the field, it bines its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes its throne, from which it has been expelled but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

OTHER THINGS B E I N G equal increased transportation facilities ought to result in a vastly greater attendance at the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago this year than was recorded at the Columbian exposition forty years ago in the same city. Forty years ago there was just one way of traveling any considerable distance and of getting there within a reasonable time- to go by train. Today we have in addition the road bus, the private automobile, and the airplane. The roads are in such fine condition that many persons are using the bicycle to go to the fair, and one northwestern couple are making the journey by dog cart. But while there are more ways to travel, and all of them are being used, there are other conditions which are apt to throw all calculations awry. Forty years ago there had been few world's fairs, and such exhibitions we regarded with the interest that attends anything new. Now we have had many world's fairs, and, while this one is totally unlike all the others, as a world exhibition it becomes one of many. Business conditions, too, are different, although relatively times may not have been tougher in 1933 than they were in 1893. There are so many variables in the case that there is no good basis on which to make predictions.

STODDARD KING, HUMORIST, newspaper columnist and author of "There's a Long, Long Trail," has come to the end of the trail himself. A young man, only 43 years of age, he was stricken with sleeping sickness at his home in Spokane five months ago, and after a brief and partial rally he died on June 14. Born in Wisconsin, he went farther west and joined the staff of the Spokane Spokesman- Review while still in his teens, went to Yale, and continued in newspaper work during his vacations and after graduation, then returned to Spokane, where he served on the Spokesman- Review until his last illness.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG Trail," perhaps the most gripping of all the songs which became associated with the World war, was not written as a war song at all, but was written in 1913 for a college smoker program. King and a friend, Alonzo Elliott, then undergraduates at Yale, wanted to go to Boston to attend a convention of their fraternity, but had not the necessary funds. Members of their chapter, who were planning a smoker, offered to send the boys to the convention if they would write a good song for the smoker. What was to become a great war song was the result.

KING WROTE THE WORDS and Elliott supplied the music. Their intent was to write a "rollicking hobo song," but bits of sentiment crept in instead, and King found himself writing of "the land of my dreams," and the nightingale singing, the soft moon beaming, and the day when "I'll be going down that long, long trail with you." Elliott composed music which brought out the sentiment fittingly. It was not at all what had been intended, but it made a hit at the smoker, and the boys were sent to Boston.

THE SONG WAS SOLD TO AN English publishing house almost immediately, and when the war broke out in the following year the British soldiers took it up, and as a marching song it shared honors with "Tipperary." Because of its popularity in England the song was for some time supposed to be of British origin. Then, with our own entrance into the war it became popular here, and the company that bought the American rights sold over 1,000,000 copies. Author and composer are believed to have received over \$100,000 in royalties.

ONCE IN A LONG TIME A song makes its author rich and famous. That fact is responsible for innumerable frauds that have been perpetrated with unskilled, inexperienced and ambitious writers as the victims. The method varies in detail, but in general it runs something like this:

The victim is attracted by an advertisement explaining how easy it is to make money writing song hits. The advertising company offers to correct manuscript, provide music and publish. The victim sends in a few lines of doggerel which he imagines to be poetry. The company registers interest and admiration, but suggests that a little touching up will be necessary, and offers to do the necessary work for a few dollars. If the money is sent there comes a further demand for money for various other expenses, and the game is kept up as long as the victim will pay. If enough money is paid the song will actually be published, but that will be the last ever heard of it. Concerns engaged in this line of imposition are usually careful to comply technically with all legal requirements, so as to escape both civil and criminal liability.

A SIMILAR METHOD IS Employed by certain concerns that offer to correct, typewrite and market manuscripts of stories and poems. I have in mind one such concern from which newspapers received from time to time bundles of manuscript, stories, verse, essays, etc., with the request that they select what they wish, pay their own price and return the rest in the accompanying prepaid envelopes. The material so offered by that outfit has been invariably tawdry stuff such as no newspaper would publish. The authors have been milked of all the money they would pay for the various services performed. The agency has done, literally, all that it agreed to do. It has done the necessary correcting and typewriting and had undertaken to "market" by sending out the stuff in bundles and getting it back again. Occasionally one of these concerns makes a slip and runs foul of the postal authorities, but if they are cautious they are able to get by.

OF COURSE ALL THIS DOES not relate at all to reputable publishing houses, musical or otherwise, of which there are many. But the fact that two men made \$100,000 from one song should not raise the hope that any jingle will produce like results.

THIS TALK ABOUT THE MACHINE age and how it is destroying civilization the way we ran our waterworks system in Brantford, Ontario, in the good old days. The connection may not be apparent at first, but it is there. It is true that the waterworks system itself was a concession to the spirit of mechanization, for if there had been no departure from primitive methods we should have dipped our water from the river and carried it home in a bucket or had it delivered in carts as a convenience to a community of 12,000 people. However, we had a waterworks plant, such as it was, and there was no employment for men with water carts.

OUR PUMPING STATION WAS flown on the canal bank and water was pumped from there to the reservoir at the top of a hill a mile away. That elevation gave sufficient pressure for ordinary service, and I suppose they had a system of valves to tighten things up in case of fire. There were wells all over town from which the inhabitants got most of their drinking water, but we also drank the raw river water right from the tap when we happened to feel like it. There was no filter or treatment plant of any kind, and, as was to be expected, there was always some typhoid in town.

THE WATERWORKS PLANT was a private enterprise, and the principal owner of the company was Ignatius Cockshutt, in whose store I worked. John Fax, foreman of my department, lived on the hill a short distance beyond the reservoir, and it was his job to stop at the reservoir and measure the depth of the water each morning on his way to work. Sometime during the morning the pumping station engineer, whose first name was Dave, came into the store and received John's report on the quantity of water. On the basis of that information he conducted his pumping operations.

FAX WAS A GENIAL, Sociable fellow, a good singer, and very much in demand at gatherings of various kinds. He was apt to be out quite late at night, and occasionally in the hurry of getting down to work next morning he would forget to stop and measure the water. In such cases he would make a guess at it and so report when Dave came in.

IF THE GUESS WAS CLOSE all went well. Dave would run his pumps about the time necessary to fill the reservoir and then knock off. But if John guessed ten feet of water when there was only four, there might be a shortage of water in town before night. Or, if he underestimated, Dave would run the reservoir over and residents below would complain because the overflow was washing the hill away.

THE SYSTEM WAS ALMOST elementary in its simplicity. The pump was the only machinery involved. There were no automatic devices to register water levels and transmit the information. There was no telephone to facilitate communication. Whatever information was carried had to be carried from place to place in person.

THE SYSTEM HAS SINCE been thoroughly mechanized, with all the latest gadgets for control, for the making of records, and, more important than all, for the purification of water. Mechanization in that case has provided employment for quite a lot of men, and it has given the community a dependable supply of pure water.

ALF EASTGATE WAS Probably right in supposing that it was a grackle rather than a cowbird that robbed the little sparrow's nest. I had seen none of these birds all spring, but the other day one was making himself at home in the bird bath, so there are evidently some of them in the neighborhood. I have seen nothing of the cowbirds since their first appearance. I have not confused them with grackles, however, for the grackle is much the larger of the two, the male having a purple head dress, while the cowbird is capped with gray.

BIRDS BUILD NESTS, Sometimes, in seemingly impossible places. An empty nest was found in a little juniper that was being closely trimmed because it did not seem likely to make a go of it. The nest was so hidden that it could not be seen from any angle, and the twigs were packed so close together that it is a mystery to me how any bird could have reached the spot.

THE STATEMENT IS OFTEN made that truth is stranger than fiction. The point of the statement is in the fact that there are actual happenings so strange that no writer of fiction would dare incorporate similar incidents in his work because he would be accused by his readers of asking them to accept as reasonable and probable the fantastic and impossible. Thus, if one were to write a novel with the scenes laid in Duluth he would scarcely tell of bears and wolves being found within the city limits. Yet bears and wolves have invaded Duluth within very recent years. However, the eastern writer who had Valley City, North Dakota, terrorized by wolves not long ago showed that the writer of fiction does sometimes go beyond the realm of truth.

PRESUMABLY MR. RIPLEY will list among his "Believe It or Not" incidents the case of the deer which meandered into Grand Forks, a prairie city, with open fields and cultivated farms for scores of miles on every side, and jumped through the plate glass window of a business place right in the heart of the city. And Ripley will need to have the facts substantiated by affidavits or people will not believe it. Yet the story is true.

AT FIRST IT WAS THOUGHT that the deer had escaped from one of the private enclosures near the city, but no deer is missing from any of these. It appears, therefore, that the animal was wild and had wandered from some timbered section some distance away. Two or three persons have seen one or more deer recently on or near the highway in the vicinity of Graf-ton and Minto. There are a few wild deer in the Turtle mountains and in the brush country in the Pembina mountains, and it is assumed that the deer which startled several Grand Forks people had wandered from that northern section, perhaps being chased by dogs. On the morning of the deer's appearance down town a deer surprised a University avenue lady by crossing her yard as she was hanging out clothes. The animal evidently was lost.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF the Kasper mortuary through which the animal jumped is a flower box, filled with foliage and bloom. Inside the window are other plants and flowers, and in the early morning the room as seen from the street looks cool and dim, just the sort of place that a travel-worn deer might choose for rest and shelter during the heat of the day. The poor animal failed to note the sheet of glass that lay between him and his fancied security.

EARLE S. HOLMAN, Managing editor of the Antigo, Wis., Daily Journal, is also secretary of the Langlade, Wisconsin, county historical society and conducts a column<sup>1</sup> in his paper entitled "Once Upon a Time," which is devoted chiefly to items of historical interest. The issue of the Journal for June 22 contained the following items:

"ARE THERE ANY Descendants of Lord Selkirk's colonists in Langlade county? In 1811 Lord Selkirk obtained from the Hudson Bay company a grant of land in the Red river region larger than the present Manitoba. More than a hundred people, largely Orkney-men, Scottish Highlanders, and Irishmen were sent out the first year by way of Hudson Bay. Other shiploads sailed later. The colonists who came in by way of Hudson Bay suffered great hardships on the long journey. Some of them worked their way south as far as Pembina, in what is now northwestern Minnesota. This colony failed to prosper, and most of the settlers moved away, some going to St. Paul. A town and a county in northeastern North Dakota still bear the name of Pembina."

"WONDER IF ANYONE IN Langlade county ever saw one of the old Red river carts outside of a museum. Ordinarily no iron was used in their manufacture. They consisted of a sort of box mounted on two immense wooden wheels, and they had rough shafts in front. As the axles were never or seldom greased, the protesting shrieks of the carts could be heard on still days for miles. Half-breeds explained their not using grease by saying that they did not wish to steal up silently on anybody."

THERE IS LITTLE Obscurity in the item relating to Pembina, due, perhaps, to the manner in which state and territorial lines were shifted in the early days. Pembina has always been where it is now, in what is now North Dakota, but in the very early days that area was included in Minnesota. The explanation of why the Indians did not grease the axles of their carts is a new one to me.

MR. HOLMAN WRITES THAT his father, Nels Holman, who now lives in Madison, Wisconsin, was in business in Lakota, North Dakota, many years ago, probably in the early eighties. Mr. Holman thinks that his father also lived at Devils Lake, and he remembers seeing a picture in his boyhood of a steamboat excursion on the lake. Nels Holman in those early days conducted quite a business in buying and shipping buffalo bones.