

and quit coming. Hunt and his crew packed their grips and left for other par local ministers in discussing the episode with me said "I thought we had th right, but we hadn't. This is my first experience of this kind, and it is my la for me!" W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me— **A BOOST FOR "JAKE."** They have passed a law against drinking Jamaica Mississippi, which will probably mean a violent increase in the addicts. — C

REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY IS playing a return engagement in North Dakota this summer. He is billed as one of the chief attractions at several of the Chautauqua being held in the state.

It is a long time since Billy Sunday began startling the world by his eccentric revival methods. Before his time there had been groups of exhorters of several quite different types. The old camp meeting, at least in the north, has become merely a tradition. It was once a flourishing institution which served as the basis for entertainment, emotional outlet or profound religious experience, depending both on the type of people in charge and the varied character of those who attended. In his Hoosier sketches Eggleston had drawn some vivid pictures of such meetings which read now like gross exaggerations, but which are nothing of the kind. It would be almost impossible to overstate the extravagances which characterized even some of the very ordinary camp meetings of half a century ago, with a dozen exhorters shouting all at once and what appeared to be contagious epilepsy running riot through the crowd.

An entirely different type of evangelism was that most conspicuously represented by Moody and Sankey, and which was in vogue for a good many years. Revivalists of this type usually traveled in pairs, one to preach and the other to lead the singing. As a rule these meetings, while marked by deep emotionalism, were conducted with earnestness and every evidence of sincerity.

THEN CAME BILLY SUNDAY, who, I believe, first introduced on a large scale the methods of big business into the conduct of revival meetings. The Sunday meetings, when the revivalist was in his prime, represented about the last word in efficient organization. Long before the meetings began a large local committee was formed, and this committee always included, not only prominent church people, but as many of the substantial business men of the town as could be interested. This committee made all arrangements for place of meeting, financing, advance publicity, etc., and all arrangements required the approval of Mr. Sunday's representative. When all the preliminaries had received proper attention Sunday would arrive with a large staff of speakers and singers and the meetings would begin. Sunday's platform eccentricities and acrobatics were incidents which attracted attention, aroused curiosity and drew crowds. But the backbone of the system was the organization, which was most business-like. Sam Jones and Sam Small had used many of the extravagances of speech which were adopted by Sunday, but Sunday, believe, originated the form of organization which he used successfully for many years.

THE FACT THAT GRAND Forks had had but one big "revival" of this type is perhaps due to its experience with that one. Twenty odd years ago a man named Hunt was engaged for a series of revival meetings in Grand Forks to be held under the auspices of several of the Protestant churches. Correspondence with persons who seemed to know him convinced local people of his desirability, and the customary arrangements were made. A big local committee was formed, finances were arranged for, plenty of publicity was given the meetings, and Hunt and his party arrived. As the city had no large auditorium meetings were held simultaneously in all the participating churches, Hunt delivering the main address at one, while one of his subordinates officiated at each of the others. Hunt would appear later in one or more, of the other churches for short talks.

THE FIRST FEW MEETINGS went fairly well, and then the committee began to wonder if it had not made a mistake. In his organization Hunt had imitated Billy Sunday fairly well, and he essayed further imitation on the platform. He was slangy, coarse, inclined to be abusive, and was given to cheap witticisms. One night in the Methodist church he startled everybody by shouting that this running about from church to church must cease. "We've got to have a tabernacle," he shouted. "Who'll give a dollar for a tabernacle?" Many hands were raised, and the dollars were collected promptly, and all this without any-sort of consultation with the committee. The committee was in a quandary. Instead of acting with decision and stamping out the whole business it allowed matters to drift, and Hunt went ahead with his tabernacle scheme. He collected what money he could, borrowed lumber from one of the lumber companies, induced carpenters to donate the services for the good of the cause, and in almost no time he had a big building made of rough boards and covered with tar paper erected on a vacant lot a few blocks north on Fifth street as I remember the location. Then he cut loose. Either by name or by obvious insinuation he attacked pretty nearly everyone who had any standing in the community, ridiculed representative church people, hinted broadly at delectable scandals which he was about to expose, but never did ex pose, and packed his tabernacle with crowds eager to hear the latest spicy morsel. The committee protested and was invited to go to blazes as the tabernacle was his and not the committee's.

A merry time was had by all until the crowd wearied of having scandals dangled before it

I have just received a very welcome letter from J. M. Learn with a list of English songs, this being in response to an article in this column some days ago. Unfortunately Mr. Learn's address had been lost. I would like to have it, and I hope that when he sees this he will write again. His letter is interesting to me, and I am sure it will be to others. He writes:

"In Wednesday's issue of the Herald was some space given to English songs in the column "That Reminds Me," I am sending you a list of outstanding English songs that I picked out of the music we have. I have included a large number of sea songs which would be quite natural in the case of sea faring people. Many of these songs are very popular with us although as you said in your article we gave little thought to their origin. What men's glee club has not sung lustily "Sailing" or "Nancy Lee?" Or what school athletic rally is complete without a great deal of tumultuous vocal effort on the old folk song "A Capital Ship?"

"Among the authors I have listed the writers Bayly, Balfe and Mrs. Charles Barnard whose pseudonym is Claribel were writers of numerous lyrics. I have listed several outstanding selections of each and a glance at any song book will reveal to one many more by these authors. Balfe has a large number of very good lyrics taken from his opera "The Bohemian Girl."

"Drink to me only with Thine Eyes" which you mentioned in your article is undoubtedly the first one on the average person list, I believe the one easily second is "Sweet and Low" by Tennyson.

"I'll Hand My Harp upon the Willow" and "Fine Old English Gentlemen" are very old English songs whose authors are unknown as far as I have learned. "The Miller of the Dee" is a lyric that has been popular since the time of Henry the Eighth. I don't recall the author's name, but I believe I have seen it at some time.

"Henry Russell is what I suppose we can call an English-American writer. His sea lyric "A Life on the Ocean Wave" has been adopted by the British admiralty as the national Royal Marine March. "Woodmen, Spare That Tree" is perhaps better claimed by us Americans and is commonly rendered at Arbor Day exercises.

"A great many British songs do not distinctly belong to any section of the British Isles. An outstanding example of this is "John Anderson, My Jo." It seems to have been originally a folk song centered around the town piper and of Kelso, Scotland. The air is apparently a modification of "I Am the Duke of Norfolk." It is found in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." Thomas Moore, the Irish lyric writer altered and polished it up as we have it today. I have included "Love's Old Sweet Song" because I have been under the impression that Bingham is an English writer, but I am not positive. If anyone can inform me definitely I shall be glad.

No list of English songs would be complete without Kipling's "Recessional" which was written for Queen Victoria's jubilee. To my mind it should have been our American anthem, and we have about as much claim on Kipling as on Henry Russell. That our English cousins have beat us to that very excellent composition well, it's just too bad.

Mr. Learn's List of Songs Follow:

Sailing..... Marks
Black Eyed Susan...Gay
Tom Bowling.....Dibdin
Nancy Lee.....Weatherty
Larboard Watch.....Williams
The Minute Gun at SeaSharpe
What Are the Wild Waves Saying....Glover
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail..... Cunningham
Barney Buntline.....Pitt

Rule Britannia.....Arne
Roast Beef of Old England.....Leveridge
The Capital Ship.....Folk Song
The Midship Mite.....
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....Russell
Long, Long Ago.....Bayly
O No, We Never Mention Her...Bayly
Heart Bowed Down.....Balfe
Then You'll Remember Me...Balfe
I Dreamt I Dewlt in Marble Halls...Balfe
Take Back the Heart.....Claribel
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs....Claribel
Won't You Tell Me Why? Robin?...Claribel
Mary of the Wild Moor.....Turner
Grandmother's Chair.....Read
Fine Old English Gentlemen....
Sally in Our Alley.....Carey
Sweet and Low....Tennyson
Blow Bugle, Blow....Tennyson
Bread, Bush, Break...Tennyson
Crossing the Bar.....Tennyson
Woodman Spare That Tree....Russell
I'll Hang My Harp upon the Willow.....
The Miller of the Dee.....
Love's Old Sweet Song....Bingham
Recessional.....Kipling

THOSE WHO READ THE Article in this column relating to the so-called evangelist Hunt may have gained the impression that I did not and do not admire Mr. Hunt. That impression is quite correct. Before dismissing the subject I wish to mention one feature of the Hunt meetings here which I considered particularly shameful. After establishing himself in his tar paper "tabernacle" Hunt caused to be organized a children's choir composed of young people from the various Sunday schools of the city. There were about 300 of these children, and under the leadership of a capable director they could, and did, sing well. At the evening meetings they occupied elevated seats at the rear of the speaker's platform—a pleasing sight—and when those hundreds of fresh young voices were raised in song the effect was, or might have been, inspiring.

THE MISCHIEF OF IT WAS that the speaker used those children as a means of putting over his own grossness and made them participants with him in contemptible attacks on their own friends and neighbors. They sat through the speaker's tirades and heard persons whom they knew and respected denounced as whited sepulchres. They had dragged before them with coarse suggestiveness the vileness of the saloon and the bawdy house, which the speaker seemed to consider choice morsels. They were invited to sing, and did sing, parodies of familiar hymns into which the names of local people were introduced in such a way as to subject, those persons to contempt and ridicule. And all this was done, ostensibly, to the glory of God. The children had a fine time. It was real entertainment for them. Fortunately most of them were too young to know what it was all about. Some of them are now among our prominent citizens. They lived through that experience without being greatly harmed by it, but it did them no good.

My recollection is that the local committee instituted legal proceedings to have Hunt ousted from the tabernacle but that the proceedings were dropped on the advice of counsel that the committee had no valid basis for action. The Hunt tabernacle stood on the vacant lot now occupied by the Congregational church.

A BRIEF NEWS DISPATCH carried the information that William Boyce Thompson, who died at his home in New York on June 27, had left in his will \$10,000,000 to the William Boyce Institute of Plant Research at Yonkers. There are not many persons in North Dakota who would consider that in formation by itself of great interest to them, but it has an angle of local interest in the fact that Dr. Norma Pfeiffer, formerly of the biological department of the University of North Dakota, has for several years been in charge of one of the research departments of the Thompson institute. Dr. Pfeiffer was regarded as a woman of unusual talent by her associates at the North Dakota university, and she was especially well versed in plant biology. It was because of her research work here that she was invited to join the staff of the Thompson institute.

WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON was a western man. He was born in Virginia City, Montana, in 1869, educated in eastern colleges and specialized in mining engineering. He made a fortune in copper and became an important factor in business and political life. He became a director in several of the country's large banks and other financial institutions, headed the Red Cross mission to Russia in 1917, was a member of the advisory committee at the arms conference of 1921, was a Republican presidential elector in 1912 and a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1916. In these activities his career resembled the careers of many other men who have been successful in business and have developed taste for public affairs.

LIKE MANY OTHER ACTIVE men, Colonel Thompson had his hobby. He was interested in science, and science of a particular kind. Plant life fascinated him, and in a very unostentatious way he made a most valuable contribution to human welfare in establishing and endowing his Institute for Plant Research. He spent millions in providing buildings and laboratory equipment and in the employment of specialists whose sole duty it is to find out things about plants, how they are born, and live, and die; what factors contribute to their wellbeing, from what diseases they suffer, and how those diseases may be controlled.

In this institute Dr. Pfeiffer continues the work which she began at the University of North Dakota. It is a fascinating work, and though much of it is of a character in which the general public might see little utility is gradually developing exact knowledge of mysterious forces which affect the welfare of individuals and the destiny of nations.

W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A SHORT TIME AGO I TOLD OF a curious little instrument which was shown to me by a chance customer in our store some fifty years ago by means of which the owner, almost deaf, could hear ordinary conversation through his teeth. I have just run across the following in the New York Times, telling of a device of different form, but intended for the same purpose, to enable to hear through their teeth:

"A MECHANICAL DEVICE whereby those who cannot hear with their ears may "listen" with their teeth was demonstrated here today by Professor Frederick Bedell of the Department of Physics a Cornell university, inventor of the device.

"Guests at the demonstration appeared to sip music through straws, the straws being slender pieces of wood, sharpened at one end, which was placed in contact with a vibrating mechanism. The other end was held in the teeth of the listener.

"Professor Bedell's device consists of a vibrating element surrounded by a sheet of rubber and attached to a wire, which can be plugged into the sound reproducers in any motion picture house or connected with the radio at home. The mechanism is only a little larger than a baseball and can be carried easily in an ordinary hand bag or fastened to the back of a seat in a theatre.

"The inventor demonstrated that music almost inaudible to the ears of a normal person can be distinctly heard through the teeth. The listener held the vibrating mechanism in his lap and the sound vibrations, transmitted through the stick, passed directly to the auditory nerves through the bones. No ear drums are needed.

"Professor Bedell said that only destruction of the auditory nerves prevents hearing by the teeth. He completed his device after consultation with members of the medical faculty at Johns Hopkins University, who said that about two-thirds of the deaf could hear through teeth vibration.

"The physicist explained that the vibrations set up in the mechanism by sound waves had more force but less distance than have those of many other vibration mediums, such as the telephone desk, for example. The strokes are shorter than those in ordinary sound receivers but they hit harder.

"Professor Bedell said that his invention might be useful in talking motion picture theaters. The sticks used for "sipping" sounds could be discarded after using and a new one supplied to each listener."

A STRAY CLIPPING Concerning the Williams Boyce Thompson Institute of which mention was made recently gives the following additional information as to the character of the work carried in the institute:

"The report that the William Boyce Thompson plant laboratories at Yonkers are to enlarge their greenhouses and equipment so as the better to push their experimentation with plants probably passed unnoticed save by a few students of botany.

"And yet the work being done there stands out as important pioneering in the fields of plant growth and of the study of plant diseases. Although for the time being it is primarily of interest to scientists, there is reason to believe that out of it will ultimately come developments of wide value.

"So, for example, experiments are being conducted to determine the rate of growth of plants under varying light conditions. Likewise, detailed experiments are being made with the effect of temperature not only on plant growth but also on the germination of seeds. Already important discoveries have been made. As the work is coordinated with similar experimentation elsewhere, it will be possible to bring added knowledge to bear on the cultivation of plants and crops, and so, ultimately, to improve yields by the better adaptation of varieties to environment."

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED what would become of our research work under a communistic system of government in which everyone would be the servant of the state. What would the man on the street think of paying taxes to keep a lot of people chasing in visible bugs and playing with them to see how they would act? Would there not be an insistent demand that such people quit their foolishness and join the army of real "workers" and do something useful? And, if anything as apparently useless as research work were tolerated, would not one of the first qualifications required of the researchers be that they should be politically in harmony with the ruling faction, whatever that faction might be? Colonel Thompson, like a good many other men, after acquiring great wealth devoted a large part of it to work calculated to advance the welfare of humanity. He had both the vision and the funds with which to realize it. Communism has potentially unlimited funds, but its vision is apt to be either narrow or fantastic,
W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE RECEIVED AN Appeal for help, and, "finding myself helpless, I pass on the appeal to readers of this column in the hope that some of them may come to the rescue. Years ago someone wrote a sketch describing a gathering of elderly people who had assembled to partake of a magic preparation, an elixir of youth which had just been discovered. The elixir was qualified, and it had, for a time, the hoped-for effect. Youth was renewed, or at least, the illusion of renewed youth was created. The staid and serious members of that company regained the sensations of youth and repeated its behavior, with much of its folly and frivolity. But the transformation was brief. As the potion lost its power the falsely stimulated fire died down to dull embers and ashes, and the experimenters saw themselves as they, were, old people who had been indulging in a, fantastic dream and hugging an impossible hope.

A GOOD FRIEND WAS reminded of that story recently and tried to find it again. Her search was fruitless. She inquired if I might remember it. I did, but could not recall the author. It seems to have a good deal of the flavor of Hawthorne, but thus far it has not been found among Hawthorne's writings. Those who have had similar experience know how annoying it is to be unable to recall perfectly something which is perfectly familiar, yet elusive. If someone who has read the above story can tell me who wrote it and where it is to be found, at least two persons will be greatly relieved.

THE INCIDENT OF THIS story reminds me, as many other things do, of the late Dr. H. M. Wheeler. Sometime during the late war, while shells were lying thick in Poland, I referred in an editorial to the tragic history of that country and quoted some lines beginning:

"Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed

"Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid." The lines had been familiar since my school days, and I quoted them without thinking of their authorship. The paper in which the article appeared had not been delivered long until I had a telephone call from Dr. Wheeler. "You quoted some lines in the paper beginning 'Warsaw's last champion,' he said. "Doesn't that poem begin 'Oh, sacred truth! Thy triumph ceased awhile?' ""Yes," I said, "It does." "Well, who wrote it?" "Why," I replied, "I hadn't thought about the author, but I suppose it was Campbell." "That's what I thought," said he, "but I've hunted for it and I can't find it."

I PROMISED TO HUNT FOR IT and let him know what I found. I had to make quite a search. I looked for a separate poem with, an appropriate title, but I could find nothing of the sort in any index. I found it last in its proper place in "The Pleasure of Hope," appearing as a part of the main poem. I called Dr. Wheeler, but he had gone off on "a hunting trip. In order that the matter might not be overlooked I dropped him a note giving him the result of my search. On his return he called and thanked me for my trouble, but he said that he had already found the poem himself. He said the thing had bothered him so that he just had to keep hunting until he found it.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK H. Koch, formerly of the University Of North Dakota, is directing courses in drama during the summer session at the Los Angeles branch of the University of California. Professor Koch laid the foundation for the study of dramatic expression at the University of North Dakota. He originated the idea of the Bank-side Theater which was a source of artistic entertainment to multitudes during several seasons. For years he has been a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, and in that field he achieved a national reputation through the interpretation given by himself and his students of the simple, human qualities of North Carolina life. He has been able to develop in a great many of his students in remarkable degree the ability to see life in its true proportions and to make fitting record of it in the written drama and in effective stage presentations.

When Professor Koch left Grand Forks he had only recently achieved the status of a family man. It seems only a short time ago, but two of his sons will be ready for college this fall. Tempus fugit.

That Reminds Me—W.P.

DURING THE PEAK OF THE stock market made a lot of money. He owned had so increased the market hundred dollars. Meeting him re have the bottom drop out of the

"It doesn't bother me at all," he said. "You see, I don't know anything about margins, and I never gamble in stocks or anything else. At different times I have had a few dollars idle, and with it I bought, among other things, shares of stock in concerns with long records of sound and conservative management and uninterrupted payment of dividends. At the prices at which I bought the stocks yielded me a fair rate of interest. I bought them to keep because of their proven earning capacity; I get a mild kick out of watching the market, although I do not follow it closely. If prices go up I feel that I have "made" a few dollars. That is always a pleasant feeling. If prices go down I never feel that I have lost anything, for I hadn't intended to sell, and the stocks are always worth as dividend yielders all that I paid for them. In that way I have the pleasant experience of making a little money time after time on the same stocks, and of never losing any."

I HAVE WRITTEN SEVERAL times lately about Stump Lake and its vicinity. It is a place well worth seeing. And for a beautiful drive I recommend that from I Stump Lake to Grand Forks by way of Pekin, Northwood and Thompson, especially of taken on a quiet summer evening with the setting sun at one's back.

Stump Lake is on much higher ground than Grand Forks, and the road, about nine miles south to "Pekin is through rolling hills from I the tops of which one can see many miles across the valley of I the Sheyenne. Near Pekin one turns east and presently begins to go down hill. The country is still rolling and the descent is made gradually by going down a long hill and up a short one, time after time until the valley proper is reached. McVille and Aneta are passed, with the dim line of distant trees in the east just visible. Soon, from the higher ridges there is spread before on the splendid panorama of the Red river valley with its green fields, splendid farm buildings and great groves so numerous that at a distance they overlap and appear as one continuous forest. With the sun just at the right angle that is a sight full of beauty and it suggests peace, comfort and prosperity.

SOME OF THOSE GROVES were planted fifty years ago. Many of them are more than forty years old. The trees, mostly cottonwood, have attained noble forest proportions. In the process of thinning to make room for growth some of those miniature forests have- furnish rough lumber for many purposes around the farm, and any of the larger groves will provide fuel for a family every year merely by trimming- out excess growth. In the cities the cottonwood has attained, and merited a bad reputation. Its annual crop of flying cotton is a nuisance, and the type of growth of the- trees does not adapt it to street use. But for farm use it is one of the best, if not the best of our native trees. It is easy to start, a rapid grower, and it will stand almost any conceivable hardships from adverse weather conditions. It is a pity, however, that in the early planting more- attention was not given to the elms and hard woods. In cases where this was done it has been possible to remove, most of the Cottonwood growth, leaving a: good stand of hardwood, usually ash, which is one of our most useful woods.

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY of the groves in the- Goose river valley were proved up as timber claims. The timber culture law gave to the individual the right to file on a quarter section and without residing on the land to prove up by showing that ten acres of trees had been planted and cultivated in accordance with the specifications of the law. The law was intended to promote the growth of timber on the treeless prairies, and the- purpose was admirable. Unfortunately it did not work out as planned. In too many cases there was merely perfunctory compliance with the provisions, and frauds were committed with impunity against the government which if committed against an individual would have resulted in penitentiary sentences. I was told of one particularly fare faced fraud in connection with a timber claim, and I have reason to believe that the story is correct. One method of starting a tree claim was to plant cuttings of the desired trees, and these, if properly planted and cultivated, usually too took root and made good growth. The claimant in this case had received a lot of cuttings but had neglected to plant them at the proper

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MISS DOROTHY HECKEL, University of North Dakota, was the first person to place correctly the elixir of life story for which I inquired the other day. The story is one of Hawthorne's, "Dr. Heidecker's Experiment," and it follows in a general way the rough outline of it which I gave. It is a fantasy similar in tone to many of Hawthorne's, and has in it an element of pathos bordering on tragedy. My own thanks and the thanks of my inquiring friend are tendered to Miss Heckle for responding thus promptly to an appeal for aid.

ANOTHER FRIEND, D. J. TINNES, found a poem of Bret Harte's which he submitted on the chance that it might contain the material sought. The poem is entitled "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin. It gives in humorous verse what purports to be a tradition of the founding of the mission of San Joaquin. A worthy father, traveling through the mountains, drank of a spring which he had discovered by accident. He found himself growing younger. His withered cheeks filled out, his blood coursed more rapidly and he felt again the vigor of youth. He told others of his discovery, and they, too, sampled the waters and had their ills cured. People who had always been well found themselves ill and journeyed to the spring to be cured. And, according to the verses: "So they spent their days in a sensuous content, caring little for things unseen Beyond their bowers of living green, Beyond the mountains that lay between The world and the Mission of San Joaquin."

This blissful existence was ended suddenly by an earthquake which buried the spring beyond recovery, gradually the people became conscious of their old aches and pains and were compelled to resume their hum-drum existence. The poem closes:

"You see the point? Don't be too quick to break bad habits; better stick, Like the Mission folk, to your arsenic."

The two compositions are characteristic of the two authors, the one finely sensitive and the other full of robust humor.

HAVE YOU BEEN ASKED TO feed a hungry stranger lately? There has not been much of that sort of thing for a good many years. Once in a long time some tourist on food wanders out into the residence district in search of a meal. Usually his general get-up is such as to create the impression that a job is the last thing that he desires. But there are homes at which such an application has not been made for ' years.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS SO. ALONG, in the nineties there was probably not a residence in Grand Forks at which strangers had not asked for food several times a week, and it was no unusual thing to have such appeals made several times a day. The applicants were roughly described as hoboes, but the great majority of them were not professional tramps at all. They were real workmen out of work or business or professional men whose own occupations had become closed to them and who perforce set out in search of any sort of work which would yield them even the barest sort of living.

WITH THESE MEN WHO were really in search of work were others—a small percentage—of the idle and vicious. It was not always easy to tell them apart, and while most people were willing to share a meal with a man honestly seeking work, not many liked the idea of feeding professional idlers who made a business of living off the country. One method of separating the sheep from the goats and which was in quite general use, was to have a little pile of wood in the back yard and to require at least a few sticks of wood to be cut in advance of the meal. I employed that method myself, and of the scores who were invited to exercise them self with the saw or ax, only a very few showed reluctance.

I RECALL ONE MAN WHO had been a small merchant in Ohio whose business had gone the way of thousands of others and left him stranded, and a bookkeeper from Western New York whose house had closed. These men, in middle life, reasonably well educated, and unaccustomed to manual labor, had jumped freight trains and beaten their way West in the hope of finding work in the fields. They found more workers than work. There were thousands of such tragedies. One young fellow who appeared at my house one evening and ate more eggs, fried potatoes and green peas than I would have supposed it possible for one human being to consume. He was a pleasant young chap, and as he finished his meal he said apologetically, "Gee! I was hungry. That was the first real I meal I've had in two days." I had quite a visit with him. And liked him. He said:

"I'm not used to this sort of thing. I'm no beggar, and while I've got to pick up my meals just now where I can find them, I'm glad to get a chance to work for them. A lot of people don't seem to understand that. I suppose they've been fooled too often. I was going up to a house today to see if they had any odd jobs that I could do for a meal and a woman came to the door and before I could say anything she called out 'We've got nothing for you.' and slammed the door. She took me for a plain beggar. I hadn't the nerve to make another try till I gat around here." W. P. DAVTES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

STORIES OF DROWNING AND near drowning will recall to many persons experiences of their own or which have come under their immediate observation. There are relatively few families in which drowning has actually occurred, but in view of the freedom with which we take to the water and the slight causes which may change a lark into a tragedy it is perhaps surprising that drowning is not more frequent than it is. And there are probably few persons who have not come in contact with cases of hairbreadth escapes in which the impending tragedy became a joke.

I RECALL, FOR INSTANCE, the experience of Harry Willson, now of St. Paul, and at that time business manager of The Herald. Harry occupied a cottage at Lavinia during a summer vacation, and one day he and his son Stewart crossed Lake Bemidji in a rowboat to visit friends at Grand Forks Bay. They had rigged a temporary mast and sail on the boat and on their return a squall struck the top-heavy craft, capsized it and pitched them into the water. Both could swim, but they were in the middle of the lake, a long way from shore, the water was cold, and the waves were breaking over them. The two clung to the overturned boat until they were almost exhausted, and Harry said it seemed that they were in the water for hours before someone in a motor boat discovered their plight and came to their assistance. That little adventure might easily have resulted in two drownings.

AGAIN, AT MAPLE LAKE ONE windy day three, young men were; swimming from a small boat in the middle of the lake. They were enjoying the sport in the rough water, resting occasionally by taking hold of the boat. Forgetting the force of the wind they got a little too far from the boat, and the light craft to drift rapidly away from them. They could not swim fast enough to over take it and were left in the middle of the lake with whitecaps breaking all around them. Two of them were good swimmers, and they could probably have made their way to shore if they had been alone, but the third could not swim well, and he soon] tired. His companions would not abandon him and tried to help him along. The plight of the swimmers was noticed from the high bluff on the south shore and two youths launched a boat and rowed out to them. When the rescuers reached the swimmers two of the latter were supporting the third, who was scarcely able to paddle, and his companions had just about reached their limit. That time there would have been three drownings if help had not arrived in the nick of time.

AS A SMALL BOY I participated in a swimming party which almost ended in a death. Six or eight of us, aged 10 or 12, were swimming one evening in the river just at the foot of the pasture. With us happened to be a young man, Jesse Williams, full grown and an excellent swimmer. The swimming costumes were, as usual, those provided by nature. Our swim was about over when another young man, Dave King, came down from his home near by for a plunge. Dave was 20 years old, big and heavy, and able to swim a few strokes. The water there was very deep, but although Dave lived close by he didn't know it, and after swimming out, dog-fashion, a few rods, he undertook to rest himself by standing on the bottom. The bottom was about 30 feet away, and down Dave went. He came up gasping and sputtering and we on the shore thought it was a fine joke. Then he went down again, and the thing looked more serious. After about the third sinking Dave did not reappear, and we realized that he was drowning. We were a scared outfit. With one exception we were all little fellows whom Dave could have crushed with one hand. But Jesse Williams plunged in, swam to the spot where Dave had disappeared, dived, and was seized by the shoulders by Dave, who had thrown out his hands and grabbed instinctively on feeling contact. Jesse got his own head above water and shouted "I've got him!" The rest of us swam out with fence rails and towed the pair ashore. Dave was dragged out, to all appearance a corpse. We rolled and pumped him frantically, probably doing just the wrong things, and he began to gasp a little. His brother George was sent up to the house to get some brandy, which was thought likely to do some good. He returned saying that they hadn't any brandy, but he had brought the bottle of Pain Killer. Did you ever taste Pain Killer Every family had it fifty years ago? It was considered good for everything. I should say it resembled a strong solution of cayenne pepper in raw alcohol brought to the boiling point. Two drops on a lump of sugar was considered the proper dose for an aggravated case of colic, and such a dose reached right to one's toes. Being in the right position at the moment I seized the bottle, pulled the cork and poured the contents into Dave's mouth. Dave did just what any other person, living or dead would have done. He came to. He just had to come to. That dose would have put life into Pharaoh's mummy, Dave revived suddenly and violently. He became the most active drowned man that I ever saw. Dave recovered from the drowning quite readily, but it took some time for the effects of the Pain Killer to wear off. When I last heard of Jesse Williams he had made a fortune in British Columbia and had just donated a fine organ to the First Baptist church of Brantford, Ontario. W. P. DAVIES.

EVIDENTLY THERE ARE still people who read Hawthorne. In response to my inquiry of the other day concerning the story of the elixir of life I have thus far been referred to Hawthorne's "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" by Miss Heckel, whose reply was the first to reach me, Miss Verona Murphy of Reynolds, Professor Robert E. Forsythe, of the University of North Dakota, Mrs. Horace G. Webster of Northwood, Miss Ann Powers of Langdon, and Miss Gladys E. Riggs, who writes from Cando, but who teaches French in the Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. The story occurs in "Twice Told Tales," and several correspondents refer to it as having been published in a collection called "American Prose," by Walter C. Bronson, University of Chicago Press, 1916. Many thanks to the writers of these letters.

Arthur Hagen, of E. J. Lander & Co., has found a somewhat parallel case in "The Queen's Necklace," by Dumas. Up to date, therefore, we have three authors who have used the elixir of life as the basis for story or poem Hawthorne, Dumas and Bret Harte. Perhaps there are more. Anyway the exploration is interesting.

COMMENT IN THIS COLUMN some weeks ago on the inanity of the navigation of the whirlpool rapids of Niagara in a barrel has been followed by the death of a simpleton who went over the falls in a barrel. The barrel was found intact and the man unbruised, but dead from suffocation. A turtle which occupied the barrel with him was alive and well. The experimenter might have lived through it if his supply of oxygen had not given out. He carried oxygen calculated to be sufficient for three hours, but his barrel is believed to have been held for six hours in the tremendous eddy back of the curtain of falling water. Whether he lived or died was merely a matter of luck.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE saw active service in the Boer war. While he was officially a physician, his later descriptions of incidents in the conflict entitle him to consideration as a war correspondent, which reminds me of my own service as a war correspondent at a much earlier date. That was during the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877. My school teacher, a man of middle age, had a lively interest in current events, but he could not afford the luxury of a daily paper. Tom Houlding, who kept the village store a quarter of a mile away, took the daily Toronto Globe, which the teacher had the privilege of reading. When Russia and Turkey locked horns the teacher's interest was intense, and he could not wait for news until after school. Therefore he commissioned me to go down to the village each afternoon about the time the mail arrived from the city to look over the paper and return with such information as I had gleaned. I enjoyed those afternoons. I was enabled to cut a good many recitations, and as I could not always get immediate access to the paper I had a plausible excuse for prolonged absences. Probably because the whole procedure was somewhat irregular there was never any very critical examination of my explanations. As to the war, I became, as I thought, well versed in military strategy. I knew what troops were moving which way, and why, and I got quite a slant on the political background of the war. At that, I am not sure that I did not get as better out of that experience as I would have done in attending classes. It was a lot more entertaining, especially as I often got a chance to join in a game of horseshoes in front of the blacksmith shop before returning, to make my report.

I TOLD JOE BROWN OF THE Herald force that some day I should tell a story in which a namesake of his figured long ago. My paternal grandfather, who rented a farm and took care of the toll gate, was 'commissioned by the owner of a large block of land to teach a little school which the land owner had established for the use of his tenants, there being no public school in the immediate vicinity. During a temporary residence with that branch of the family I attended that school for some time one summer. The pupils, of whom there were perhaps, a dozen, were all small, around 7 years of age, except Joe Brown, who might have been 12. Grandfather, tall, slim and old, had very decided ideas of discipline, which he enforced with a hickory pointer. One hot afternoon, when doors and windows were wide open, when it was a crime to be in school with the woods and fields holding out their invitation, Joe committed some error of judgment" which caused him to be called forward. As grandfather reached for his pointer, Joe, understanding perfectly the meaning of the gesture, ducked past him, outdoors, and headed for the timber across a pasture field. Grandfather immediately ordered all the rest of us out to catch Joe and bring him back. I was perfectly obvious that Joe could outrun any of us, and all of us together couldn't have handled him if we had caught him. Nevertheless we obeyed orders to the extent of chasing Joe. We had a delightful afternoon. We chased Joe up hill and down dale. He was considerate enough to choose pleasant places in which to run, back and forth across the creek and under spreading- trees. When we tired of the chase all hands would lie under a tree to rest, Joe always at a proper distance. Then the chase would be resumed, distance being maintained at all times. Finally Joe started for home and the rest of us returned to school about closing time to report that we had been unable to catch the truant. I have no recollection that Grandfather even cracked a smile when we made that report. He had a keen sense of humor and considerable self control. How he must have chuckled over the incident,

W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me~W.P.D.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE Chicago Journal of Commerce, writing from San Francisco, says that arrangements have been completed in California for the stabilization of the price of peaches by leaving unpicked on the trees one third of the crop. Most of the I Western fruit is handled through packing and other organizations, generally co-operative. The correspondent says that the association handling the peach crop buys from the grower his entire crop, and, having bought it, owns it. It then requires that one-third of the crop be left untouched. The writer comments as follows:

"Now, of course, everyone that produces and owns a commodity has a perfectly legal right to do as he pleases with it and to do anything he can properly to give him a fair return for his labor. But the thing is that we have such an abundance of something desirable, something used to sustain human life, that we have to destroy some of it in order to make the balance worth anything.

"I think the principle involved here is altogether vile. I think there is a falling away from that which is right and wholesome in putting plans like these into operation. There are certainly scores of means in which the hundreds of tons of peaches left unpicked on the trees could be used without interfering with the price; there are hospitals, poor families—lots of them—that never eat peaches because they cannot buy them. What would a carload of nice peaches mean to the back streets of Gary_ or the poor folk on West Loomis? Or to the Ghetto in any big city?"

THIS IS AN OLD SUBJECT, involving many questions which I cannot answer, but I wish to refer particularly to the suggestion in the last paragraph quoted. What would a carload of peaches mean on the back streets of Gary?" etc. Undoubtedly those peaches would be very welcome, in Gary, in the hospitals, and in many other places, if they could be delivered free of cost. But how are they to be got there? Who is to pick them? Who is to pay for the packing and the transportation? If the fruit could simply be wished from the trees to the places where it is badly needed there would be no problem. But labor and expense are involved in every operation, and somebody must pay the bills.

NOT MANY YEARS AGO there was a great shortage, of feed in sections of Montana, South Dakota and Western North Dakota. Drouth had practically destroyed the great crops and the hay crop was an utter failure. Thousands of cattle, half starved, were sent to market and sold for next to nothing because their owners could not carry them over winter. The Red River valley had a normal crop, and in the fall there was the usual profusion of straw. While less straw is burned now than in the early years, there are still many farms on which there is not sufficient livestock to use up the straw that is produced, and straw fires after threshing are still common.

AN APPEAL WAS SENT OUT from the dry areas for this waste straw, if, instead of being burned it could be got to the western farms where it was needed; many herds of cattle would be saved. There was a very general response. Farmer after farmer in the valley left his excess straw in the stack, waiting for someone to come and get it. Whole trainloads of straw could have been had without a cent of cost for the material, and the railroads were liberal in their freight arrangements. But before the straw could be transported it had to be baled. The farmers who owned it could not abandon their own work in order to do the baling. Those who needed the straw could not make the long journey to look after it. And if men and machines had been hired for the purpose the cost would have been greater than the value of the straw. So far as I know none of that straw was ever shipped. The farmers who needed it could not get it, and those who owned it permitted it to lie on the fields until it became a nuisance and had to be burned. It looked like a great waste, but it would *have* been a greater waste not to burn the straw.

W. P> DA VIES.

millions of degrees. Our own planet is so placed and so protected by its atmosphere and its water that its temperature is held within limits which are humanly comfortable. Wallace maintained that this is the only body in the universe of which this is true. A most interesting theory for a very hot day or a very cold one. W. F.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE WEATHER IS ALWAYS A convenient topic of conversation. Professor Williams of Columbus, Mississippi, found it so the other day when in an address he said "Mississippi is a very hot state. I suppose that today it is almost as hot down there as it is here in Grand Forks."

He went on to say that there is a difference, because in Mississippi the temperature climbs up to somewhere near the 100 mark early in June and remains there pretty constantly until into September, with a drop of only a few degrees at night. Just think of it!

WE WHO HAVE LIVED IN North Dakota for many years are quite apt to forget one of the great beauties of our climate, its cool summer nights. We have hot days, many of them, but there are probably not more than three or four nights in a summer on the average that are too hot for comfort. That gives one an opportunity to catch up after the heat of the day. In the matter of temperature, as in most other things, one becomes fitted to his environment. My boyhood was spent in southern Ontario, where in the summer long periods of blistering days and breathless nights are common. We took those things for granted and were not conscious of great discomfort. But on my first trip east, after some twenty years in the bracing atmosphere of the Northwest, I struck a particularly hot spell. The days were endurable, but the nights were torment, and I wondered how people could live in such a country. Then I remembered that I had lived there and thought nothing of it.

I REACHED CHICAGO ONE day after a suffocating ride on the Erie, which passes through miles and miles of sand which radiates heat like a furnace. The city seemed to be on fire, and the problem of getting through the night seemed hopeless. They, in the early evening, a breeze set in from the lake. What a relief! And what a godsend that lake breeze is to the people of Chicago! And how seldom we who live in the great open spaces realize that the equivalent of the lake breeze is ours to enjoy on all but a very few nights of even the hottest weather.

WEATHER SUCH AS WE had lately enables us to understand a little better the tropical and sub-tropical institution of the afternoon siesta. We are apt to look on that practice with some-thing akin to contempt and to regard those who so indulge themselves as idle and shiftless. It appears, however, that Northern people who establish themselves in very hot climates fall easily into the siesta habit. It is not a matter of "going native," but of prudent compliance with the demands of nature. Down in Port au Prince Captain Silvorthorn, of the American marines, drove two or three of us around town in his car until, feeling that we had trespassed on his hospitality long enough, we suggested that he drop us off near some of the stores where we might look around by ourselves. Instead he volunteered to take us to any of the places that we wished to visit. Again we protested that we could walk just as well as not. "Walk!" He exclaimed; "a white man has no business walking in this country in the middle of the day. It just isn't done. It would kill you." This was accepted as a bit of exaggeration, but on doing a little walking next day, with the sun almost straight overhead, I concluded that it was no great exaggeration, after all. The entire population just quite for two or three hours in the heat of the day, I take it that the practice has been found to be necessary.

THE LATE ALFRED RUSSEL Wallace, who developed a theory of evolution almost simultaneously with Darwin, once wrote an article entitled "Man's Place in the Universe." in which he undertook to demonstrate the probability that in all the vast universe this little earth is the only spot of which we have even the remotest knowledge where life as we know it is possible. A very hot day reminds me of that article, for temperature figured in a very important way in the discussion.

Wallace pointed out that human life is possible only within a very narrow temperature range. By taking extraordinary precautions men can live for a time in temperatures of 60 or 70 below zero. They can and do exist in temperatures as high as 120 or 130. The range is roughly about 200 degrees. On either side is death, and if the range is extended only a little all life ceases on either side. But in the outer spaces there is an absolute zero of nearly 400 degrees below zero, while the range extends upward

legislation in European countries and the small area of those countries complicates long distance shipments. Dr. Klein's article, like the Deterding is well worth reading. W. P. Davies.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

HOLLIS E. PAGE OF THE Page farms at Hamilton, N. D., writes:

"May I respectfully call your attention to an interview given by Sir Henry Deterding to John T. Flynn in the July 5 issue of Collier's. He discusses several things, but the one that suits me O. K. is his attitude on our immigration laws and the reasons by which he comes to his conclusions. The exclusionists seemingly fail to appreciate that producers are also consumers, and just at present if there is anything that this country wants badly it is consumers."

I THE ARTICLE TO WHICH MR. Page refers is an exceedingly interesting one. The author, John T. Flynn, describes the man whom he has interviewed as occupying the position of prominence in the oil industry once held by John D. Rockefeller, "Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding—the Dutch oil king who has the rank of knight bestowed by King George V of England, but who is a loyal subject of Wilhelmina, queen of the Netherlands." He is head of the Shell oil company, which, in addition to its interests abroad, ranks third in the production of oil in the United States.

SIR HENRI HAS DECIDED opinions which he expressed clearly and forcefully. The position which he has attained in the business world give weight to his views on business subjects. He believes that the United States is following a mistaken course in its immigration and tariff laws, and he gives his reasons for that belief. On the matter of immigration his argument is that the foreigner whom we exclude, if admitted would be a consumer of goods and would consume as many goods here as he consumes in his own country, thus creating a larger domestic market for American products. In answer to the argument that admission of foreign workmen in large numbers would create such a surplus of labor that unemployment would be greatly increased Sir Henri says that excluding the foreign workman will not prevent him from being a producer nor will it prevent the product of his labor from coming into competition with American products.

"YOU ARE OVERLOOKING some very essential points," he says. "You thought you could keep him out of your factories by keeping him out of your country; that if he were in America now he would be swelling the tide of unemployment. Have you stopped to think that he may be increasing the number of your unemployed, just as effectually as if he were in your country?"

"Now just look at the picture frankly. You shut your door on the immigrant. He remains in Europe. He cannot come into your factories, but your factories can go to him. See how immutable the laws of trade are. You want to get rid of the immigrant as a laborer, but you want to keep him as a consumer. You want to manufacture goods here and sell them to him in his own land. But it doesn't work out that way. There are too many other factors in the problem. One of them is the tariff."

Sir Henri then goes on to say that European countries are using the tariff to restrict imports from America, and that as a result American capital is building factories in Europe, so that goods which might otherwise be made in America are now being made in Europe to supply the needs of workmen who are not permitted to come to America.

THE ARGUMENT IS AN Interesting one, and Sir Henri's discussion of the subject is stimulating. There is another phase of the subject, however, which is presented in an article in the Saturday Evening Post for July 5 by Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary off the treasury. Dr. Klein mentions the trend of American capital to Europe for investment in factories. He cites among other things the tire industry. Several European countries have restricted the importation of tires, and Americans have established tire factories in those countries. But those same factories use vast quantities of American fabrics, chemicals and other materials, so that more work is provided for American workmen. We sell fewer finished tires abroad, but more of the materials from which tires are made.

The article goes on to point out some of the difficulties which confront the American company which undertakes to operate a branch factory in a foreign country. Among the difficulties which he points out are the uncertainties of economic

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

REUNIONS SUCH AS THAT OF the Kelly family at Park River are rare. A few individuals in large families get together from time to time, but when a family of nine become distributed among half a dozen states as widely separated as California and Michigan. Not all the living members of my family have met for thirty years. My father's family of ten brothers and sisters began to scatter as early as 1850 and never met in one group again. Something like that has been the experience of most large families. I am told that the reunion of the Kelly family is due to the perseverance of the youngest of the group, C. A. Kelly, of Fordville, N. D., who carried on correspondence for months with other members of the family to arrange this meeting. Anyone who thinks it an easy matter to get nine people widely separated in distance and business interests to meet at the same time and place should try it once.

JOHN KELLY HO'MESTEDED a few miles northwest of Park River shortly after establishing his marble works in Grand Forks in 1879. He had neither airplane, automobile, horses nor oxen, and there was no railroad in that part of the country. Therefore he walked the distance from Grand Forks to the claim, carrying one of the small boys most of the way. His first farm residence there was built of sod, a single room 10 or 12 feet square. As the family increased in numbers and possessions accumulated the building was enlarged by the addition of more rooms, also of sod. The rear room I of the series for some time accommodated the family cow.

IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS no agitation for reduction of wheat acreage, the ambition of each settler being to plant all the wheat he could. Mr. Kelly's first wheat crop—all of it—was hauled to Grand Forks on a wagon hauled by a horse and a cow. Another year, when live stock had increased the Kelly family made a pilgrimage to Grand Forks with a load of wheat hauled by four oxen, the family occupying a second wagon hauled by a single yoke of oxen. As the caravan moved slowly southward it was met by a neighbor returning from Grand Forks with a horse-drawn wagon after selling a load of wheat. The neighbor urged Mr. Kelly to speed up as much as he could. "Wheat's a dollar a bushel in Grand Forks!" he said.

A DOLLAR WAS A FANCY price for wheat, and Mr. Kelly urged his teams on, but oxen move slowly, and the road was a mere trail across the sod, with innumerable soft spots to negotiate. It took the party four days to reach Grand Forks, and when they arrived they found that the price of wheat had risen to \$1.25 a bushel. This confirmed the belief firmly held by many that oxen were superior to horses as farm animals. The increased price made the family rich. Groceries were purchased, clothing for the children, and new shoes all around, and the family returned to the claim happy and prosperous. Not only was Grand Forks the nearest wheat market, but it had the only flour mill in the valley. Wheat was hauled from the farm to the Veits mill on south Third street and there exchanged for flour. A few years later a mill was built at Grafton, and this saved the Walsh county farmers many miles of travel.

On that Walsh county homestead John Kelly reared, and from it he sent out a family of sons and daughters who have played their part worthily in the building of many other communities. The family represents a fine type of pioneer life.

I DO NOT RECALL A YEAR IN which "Hold your wheat" has not been used as a slogan. Sometimes the advice has been given official sanction. Sometimes it has come only from individuals. But always there has been entertained more or less generally the belief that the price of wheat was sure to advance materially above what it was at that particular time. Some farmers have held and made money. A good many have held and lost. The most curious case of which I have learned is that of a farmer at Erie, North Dakota, who has been holding both wheat and flax for nine years, and is still holding. This fact was disclosed in a recent elevator audit. The records show that nine years ago this farmer stored wheat and flax in the two Erie elevators, and that regardless of price fluctuations in the meantime the grain is still carried in this account. No explanation is given of the reasons for holding the grain so long, but it is apparent that in the absence of some political or social convulsion the grower will never realize a profit on that grain.

—W. P. DAVIES.

O. O. M'INTYRE, WHO IS Giving us those fascinating Paris sketches in the fourth column to the right on this page, tells of being taken for a "hophead" by an itinerant drug peddler on a Paris street. He says he didn't get properly angry about it until he got half way home. I was once taken for a saphead by a bonco man and didn't realize what it was all about until I had walked several blocks.

I WAS SEEING THE SIGHTS in Chicago at a time when that city had a population of 500,000 instead of its present 3,000,000. Walking south on State street one forenoon to keep an engagement with some friends I was halted by a respectably dressed stranger who said:

"Excuse me, but can you tell me where Black & Brown's office is?" I don't remember what name he used, but that makes no difference. I appreciated the compliment of being taken for an old timer, but said:

"I'm sorry I can't help you, but I'm a stranger in the city myself." "I beg your pardon for troubling you," said the stranger, "but perhaps you can tell me where Randolph street is."

I could answer that one without half trying. Randolph was then as now one of the principal cross-town streets. My hotel was only a block from it, and I had crossed the street only a few moments before. With pardonable pride I answered:

"Just three blocks straight north," and was about to pass on. It seemed, however, that I had conferred a great favor on the gentleman. He thanked me profusely, and suggested that we drop in somewhere and have a drink. On general principles I had no objection to a drink, but I happened not to be thirsty at that moment, I wanted to meet my friends, and I didn't quite like my new acquaintance with his fulsome expressions of gratitude for nothing at all. I declined with thanks. He continued to urge me, and said:

"I am traveling for a Chicago wholesale liquor firm. Our place is just around the block. We'll drop in there and I'll let you sample some liquor like you can't find many places. That did not tempt me and I broke away and went on, somewhat bored but quite unsuspecting. When had gone two or three blocks I stopped short. I had an idea.

"How does it come," I thought, "that a salesman for a Chicago wholesale liquor house, whose place is just around the block, has to stop a stranger and inquire where Randolph street is?"

I CONCLUDED THAT I HAD been picked for a sucker, and by an operator who was anything but an artist. I have heard and read a great deal about the smooth, suave and artistic methods of confidence men. That was my only personal experience with one, but I have frequently run across their tracks, and occasionally I have seen them at work from a distance. But I have never come across one whom I should call an artist. Their work has been coarse and clumsy and their tricks transparent.

DURING THE HOTTEST weather a week ago a want ad was carried in The Herald advertising for sale a ladies' raccoon fur coat. The owner had the right idea, that of speeding up business by advertising during the off season. But imagine trying on a coonskin coat with the thermometer at 100!

ANOTHER WEATHER Reminder comes from the far south. i Right at the peak of the heated spell Associated Press dispatches told us of the severe winter weather they were having in Argentina. Deep snow covered the fields of Southern Argentina, and heavy frosts reached almost as far north as Buenos Aires. If it gets a little too hot for comfort here it may j help a little to think of far South America.

THAT KIND OF THINKING, however, does not always Years ago George Ade told farm hand who was poking, hay in a haymow. It was a blistering hot day, without the suggestion of a breeze. The loft was stuffy and dusty, and the workman perspired freely as forkful after forkful of dusty hay was dumped on him and he had to level and tramp it down. At length the load was finished, and he climbed to the gable door to get a breath of air while waiting for the next load. He saw coming down the road a shiny carriage drawn by high stepping horses in glittering harness. The carriage contained a family party on the way to a picnic down by the river. All were dressed in cool, thin summer garments, and between the driver's knees was a big freezer of ice cream. Ade said that as the poor fellow in the barn window gazed on that scene, "straightway he became a Populist."

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—^{W. P. DAVIES.} *W.P.D.*

ONE OF HAWTHORNE'S sketches is of a youth who slept by the wayside unconscious of the forces that approached him and might have influenced his future, Fortune smiled upon him, considered, and passed by. Death menaced him, and stayed its hand. Love approached, wavered and turned aside. At length the youth awoke and went happily on his way, knowing nothing of the dramas that had almost been enacted around his life. Which reminds me of an episode.

AT THE AGE OF 6 OR 7 went out to play one summer afternoon. I chased chipmunks along the rail fence until I tired of the sport. I tried ineffectually to dig out a groundhog from his den on the hillside. I fished for minnows in the creek with a bent pin, a bit of thread and a worm, but the minnows were not biting much. It was a hot afternoon, and I was as tired as usual in a cotton shirt, cotton knickers and a straw hat—nothing more. I wanted to cross the creek, but it was too wide to jump across, and although getting wet was a small matter, I preferred not to wade. Looking for a good crossing place I came to a spot where the creek widened into a pool perhaps 20 feet across and of unknown depth. A slight eddy had collected there a mass of small driftwood which covered the surface, and which lacked solid. I tested the drift with my foot, found it firm, and proceeded to pick my way across. As I neared the center my bridge gave way and down I went, overhead. I couldn't swim, but I suppose I kicked as my feet touched bottom, and the rebound carried me to the surface through the mass of debris. I bumped my head on some of the stuff as it came through, but I caught hold of some small logs, and by dint of much scrambling I worked my way to shore.

I ACCEPTED THE Adventure quite is a matter of course. The day was so hot that being-wet didn't matter, but it was getting late in the afternoon and I preferred not to report for supper with my clothes all wet, as that might lead to inconvenient questions. On the farther side of the ravine was a little sawmill where I had been accustomed to play in the sawdust. I knew there would be a hot fire in the boiler room, and there I went to dry off. The fireman, whose job it was to shovel, sawdust into the furnace, noticing my bedraggled condition, asked:

"How'd you come to get all messed up that way, bub?"

"Oh," I said, "I went to cross the creek and slipped in."
"Well," he said, "you'd better get dried off or you'll get licked when you get home."

For my accommodation he threw open the furnace door, and I revolved slowly in the blazing heat until I was thoroughly dry, a process which required only a few minutes. I reached home in plenty of time for supper, and when asked what I had been doing with myself all afternoon I replied:

"Oh, fishin' down in the creek, 'n everything."

I had no suspicion that I had been playing tag with Death, and that if things had worked out just a little differently the neighborhood would have wondered for a while over the mysterious disappearance of a small boy who had gone out to play and had not come back, and of whom all that remained was covered securely by driftwood on the surface of a quiet little pool.

JOE BELL DE REMER IS Enthusiastic over the scenery along the Little Missouri in the vicinity of the Roosevelt bridge. He drove through that country the other day and reports that the highway from Watford City and on south is all graded and graveled and excellent for driving. I attended the dedication of that bridge two years ago when the road was in embryo. It was on that occasion that Governor Sorlie made almost his last public appearance, as he was taken ill shortly after the dedication. The view from the high ground on the north down into the river gorge is worth going many miles to see, and the whole valley from that point away into the southern part of the state is a succession of wonderful vistas marked by rugged contour and magnificent coloring.

Among the dignitaries who attended the bridge dedication was Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern. After the dedication a large party drove on to Medora, where there was an inspection of the canyon and its scenery with a view to the creation of a national park. Mr. Budd did not go to Medora, but returned to his car at Watford City after driving for some miles up the valley to see the sights. He was a passenger in a little old coupe whose driver, a local man, was enthusiastic over the scenery. He drove fast, spinning around hairpin curves at a terrific pace, meanwhile pointing out interesting bits of landscape, sometimes with one hand, and sometimes with both. Mr. Budd, meanwhile, was busy hanging on with both hands and getting ready to jump. The tension finally became too great, and he said to his driver friend:

"It's a wonderful country, and I'm enjoying the view, but if you'll just keep both hands on that wheel I'll try to pick out the scenery for myself."

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

JOHN MASEFIELD, BRITISH poet laureate has just published a "poem," his first since his appointment. Someone at Delhi, India, asked him for the text of the famous alliterative verses beginning: "An Austrin army, awfully arrayed." Mr. Masefield racked his memory, but he could get only as far as the line: "Heaves high his head, heroic hardihood."

Thereupon he published an appeal in the London Times for a complete copy, and he was deluged with replies. Hundreds responded, and the poet, thanking everybody, finished with this couplet: "Ah' Authors answer; all aid, Arrest!"

Britannia's 'bard's brow's being bruised, but blest." The composition which the poet laureate was unable to remember in full has been described as the best example of alliterative verse ever written. As alliteration it is perfect, each letter of the alphabet being used in turn, and each word in every line beginning with its proper initial letter. Metrically and grammatically it is correct, and it describes with reasonable accuracy an actual historical incident.

I can remember a few lines: "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade. Cossacks, careering, cannonading come, Dealing
destruction's devastating doom."

That isn't as far as Masefield got but then, I am no poet laureate. Who can supply the complete poem?

FOR A RESTFUL, HOUR_OR two on a warm summer evening try a cruise, on the Red River of the North. Familiarity has caused many of us to regard with contempt a stream of which we are apt to think only as slow, crooked and turbid, but which has real beauty of its own. The Red river has no background of snow-capped mountains, nor broad expanse suggestive of water-borne commerce. No majestic falls or hurrying rapids mark its course, no precipices have their feet in its waters, and no deep gorges are to be threaded in navigating it. It is simply a tortuous stream, meandering slowly through many miles of level country. Yet it is beautiful.

The darn just below the city of Grand Forks raises the summer level of the river about 10 feet, and because of the slight fall of, the river this effect extends up-stream for many miles. Earth banks once bare at low water are now covered, and vegetation comes right to the water's edge. There is a good stage of water for twenty or thirty miles south, which is ample for an evening's cruise.

THE WINDING NATURE OF the stream which created problems for the early steamboat men, is now one of its most attractive features. There are few straight-away stretches of more than a few hundred yards, and the voyageur is constantly rounding turns, with the question ever before him of what lies around the bend. Heavy timber lines the banks almost all the way. Great Cottonwoods grow almost down to the water and in many places wild grape vines cover their trunks with heavy masses of foliage. There is constant change of direction and constant change in the relation of light and shade. The water on a quiet evening is like a sheet of glass, reflecting as in a mirror the form and color of the forest growth. Through occasional openings cattle may be seen quietly grazing in the pastures, and here and there a farm home gives a human touch to the rustic picture. Here and there are open spaces which make ideal picnic grounds, away from dust, and noise and confusion. If the return is delayed until late evening other pictures present themselves. Lights are turned on to illuminate the path of the boat, but just ahead and on either hand are darkness, deep silence, and mystery. The approach to the city, with its lights reflected in the still water, makes still another delightful picture, and one experience with such a trip creates the desire for its repetition.

ON SUCH A LITTLE JOURNEY, if one gives his imagination play, he will have no difficulty in reconstructing some of the scenes of other days. That stream was once the Indian's highway long before white men knew of its existence. It was the trunk line of commerce between the civilized world and the fur trading-settlements of the great Northwest. Upon its waters were borne the cargoes of pelts gathered from the distant regions of the north which were to be fashioned into garments for royalty and aristocracy and the fabrics, weapons and ornaments which were to tempt the Indian to continued industry in the chase and on the trap line. Voyageurs to whom a thousand streams were familiar pathways, made camp upon its banks. Its shores echoed the sound of steamboat whistles when the great tide of migration to the Northwest set in. Romance, tragedy, and enterprise are woven into the history of the stream on which one may now spend a quiet and refreshing evening.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THE GEOLOGIST READS page after page- of the world's history in the rocks which he clips with his hammer and examines under his glass. He finds there footprints of great creatures, extinct for millions of years, but which once trod the earth with thundering tread. He finds the remains of marine life away up on mountain tops, evidence that in some remote age the mountain was at the bottom of a sea. The naturalist examines the rings which have built up the trunk of a fallen tree, and by their size and form he learns that particular season, scores, or perhaps hundreds of years ago, was one of great Drouth, that at another time a tremendous wind wreaked destruction in the vicinity, and that at still another time a great flood submerged the ground on which the tree grew.

Human contacts, too, leave their traces, and it is sometimes interesting to speculate on the meaning of the evidences which one finds of human activity and human occupation. The homesteaders of the northwest and those who acquired land by purchase or otherwise left records in the form of primitive dwellings. The sod shanties are all gone. Many of them were comfortable and homelike, but they were not enduring. Dust they were, and unto dust they have returned. Occasionally a little mound of earth marks the spot which a sod house once occupied, but most of the traces of human occupation have been obliterated.

THE BOARD SHACK WAS scarcely more enduring. Occupied it could be kept in repair, but once abandoned it did not last long. The elements dealt unkindly with it, and its boards, doors and windows tempted the passerby to stop and help himself. While they lasted these abandoned shacks were quite common, and it is difficult to think of anything more typical of the spirit in which many men "came west" than one of those abandoned huts. To very many who came here the Northwest was not a place in which to make a home. It was regarded as a place in which money could be made quickly, and which could then be abandoned for the greater attractiveness of "civilization." Four walls and a roof were all that were required during the preliminary stages of growing rich, and in many cases no progress was made beyond that embryo dwelling. A few seasons brought disillusionment, and the adventurer moved on to try his luck elsewhere. The cabin which he left represented his life and character—uncertain, instable, taking root nowhere.

OF A DIFFERENT TYPE WAS a little house which I have passed many times, and which told a pathetic story, it was small and cheap, and had been covered with tar paper. Someone had hoped to make a home of it. It was banked with sods, indicating winter occupancy and an expectation of permanency. A well which had once supplied water had become a mere hollow in the earth. Two or three stunted little trees struggled with the sod which was rapidly smothering them. Those trees had been planted for shelter and adornment, and those who planted them had expected to enjoy their shade. A patch of rank weeds marked the spot where a little garden had been. That place, humble as it was, had once been a home, and there has been dreamed dreams of happiness. The dreams had not been realized and there was left only the pitiful record of frustrated plans and shattered hopes.

Near another road is a log cabin which tells a different story. It stands in a cluster of fine farm buildings which are surrounded by a fine grove. The house is not now occupied as a dwelling. The present residence is modern and commodious and the log cabin functions as a milk house. But it is trim and well kept, and it stands there beside its more pretentious neighbor, stout and sturdy with no note of regret or apology, but with every appearance of independence and self respect. One reads there the story of industry and thrift rewarded by prosperity and happiness. Those logs, hauled many miles, were built into a rude structure which was a real home, and the present splendid buildings, the little forest into which the early planting developed, the well cultivated fields, represent the realization of hopes with which some young man. And his wife faced the future. —W. P. DAVIES.

MISS CHARLOTTE EVERSON
 request with a complete copy
 of which John Masefield, the
 which he received so many copie
 as follows: I A n Austrian army,
 B oldly by battery besieged
 Belgrade;
 C ossack commanders,
 cannonading come, D ealing
 destruction's devastating
 doom;
 E very endeavour engineers
 essay F or fame, for
 fortune, forming
 furious fray.
 G aunt gunners grapple,
 giving
 gashes good.
 H eaves high his head
 heroic hardihood;
 I braham, Islam, Ismael,
 imps in
 ill,
 J ostle John Jarovlitz, Jem,
 Joe,
 Jack, Jill;
 K ick kindling Kntusoff,
 kings'
 kinsmen
 kill
 abor low levels loftiest,
 longest
 lines;
 M en march 'mid moles,
 'mid mounds, 'mid murd'rous
 mines. N ow nightfall's near,
 now needful
 nature nods, O pposed,
 opposing, overcoming
 odds. P oor peasants,
 partly purchased,
 partly pressed,
 Q uite quaking, 'Quarter!
 quarter!' quickly quest.
 R eason returns, recalls
 redundant rage,
 S aves sinking soldiers,
 softens signiors sage.
 T ruce, Turkey, truce! truce
 treachrous Tartar train!
 U nwise, unjust,
 u n m e r c i f u l ! Ukraine.
 V anish, vile vengeance!
 vanish, victory vain!

W isdom wails war—wails warring words. What were
 X erxes, X antippe, X i m e n e s, X avier?
 Y et Yassy's youth, ye yield your youthful yest.
 Z ealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's! zest.

IN THE FEW LINES WHICH I recalled there is a variation from the text
 Everson, the third line of my version reading "Cossacks, careering, cannonadi
 hers has it "Cossack commanders." Either is good alliteration. Miss Everso
 evidently been clipped from an old magazine. It is credited there to H. South
 Thoughts on Many Things," where it is said to have been published without
 name. Does anyone know the author?

WE CALL THIS A "FAMILIAR" example of alliteration. Yet Britain's poet I
 recall only eight lines of it, and there are doubtless thousands who quote
 who can remember no more. Many of our "familiar" quotations are ab
 is the person to whom we say: "I know I've seen you somewhere. I rememb
 can't recall your name or where I've met you."
 We run across this in connection with songs and hymns which everybod
 company start singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Old Black Joe," "Ann
 "How Firm a Foundation," or almost any other of our best known songs a
 about the same. The singers get bravely through the first line, hesitate over
 go all to pieces on the third, bluffing their way through the rest of it by grabbi
 syllables. An exception, and what seems to be about the only exception,
 "Tis of Thee." Most people seem actually to know the words of the first a
 that song.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED some printed matter presenting the platform of Frank
 Houston, Texas, who is described as the prohibition repeal candidate for governo
 Democratic primary July 26, A penciled note on the margin says that Mr. Putna
 on The Herald 40 years ago. That was before my connection with the paper, and
 hearing of Mr. Putnam before. Perhaps some of the older residents of the city r
 The Herald has if had many employees in its half century of existence, and so
 distinguished themselves in various ways. If Mr. Putnam should be n
 elected he will be the first Herald reporter, so far as I know, to attain the govern

FOR ONE INTERESTED IN observing the ways of nature it may be an interesting
 train a climbing plant in the way it does not want to go. Take a pole bean, for in
 ing glory. When the plant reaches the climbing stage it twines itself around any r
 by, and it turns persistently in one direction. Efforts to reverse it will fail. If wou
 by hand it will unwind itself and start over again. Someone suggests that it follow
 know about the morning glory, but the bean doesn't. It moves in the opposite dire
 the tendrils are thrown out at every conceivable angle and grow in every possible
 support would be just as good one way as the other, but the plant, for some reaso
 one way. The behaviorist who thinks that ho can shape the character and develop
 child in any desired way and to any desired degree by controlling his environme
 hand at getting an infant bean plant to wind itself the wrong way around a pole.
 W. P. DAVIES.

I WENT TO THE CIRCUS, OF course. I contracted the habit many years ago, and I have never tried to break it. I don't think the circus habit can be acquired late-in life. Of course one may begin going to the circus at any time, and keep it up. But I think that to develop the real circus habit one must be exposed very early in life. Then one has a background, and that which is before his eyes takes on a new meaning. To see a good trapeze or bareback act is a pleasant form of entertainment for those who like to be entertained that way. But to have the same act remind one of a long procession of circus acts, reaching back almost to the beginnings of memory—that is an experience which only those who started early can enjoy.

THE HAGENBACK-WALLACE now uses three rings, with no platforms between. It is considerably smaller than the major Ringling show, but it is a big show, and its work is very well done. As I feat looking at those three rings I tried to reconstruct, mentally, the one-ring circus of my youth. Barnum's was the best known, and perhaps the biggest on the road, with Forepaugh's a good second. They were supposed to be tremendous, and the language that is used on the showbills of today is tame compared with the flamboyant descriptions of those older shows. The impression that I have of the main tent is of illimitable space filled with incalculable thousands of people. Yet there was only one ring, similar in size to the present rings, and the tent itself was circular instead of oval as at present, its diameter no greater than the smallest diameter of the modern tent. In that single ring the entire performance was given. Instead of the present army of clowns, there was one. Dan Rice was for the headliner, and when he came on to crack a few jokes or sing a topical song everything else was suspended. My guess is that the tent may have seated 3,000 or 4,000 people, but they looked like millions.

THE CIRCUS IS AN American institution. Barnum did more to popularize it than any of his contemporaries, but Bailey, Robinson, Forepaugh and several others did much toward its development, and the Ringlings brought it to the present perfection of organization. While the circus is American, the animal show was popular in Europe long before the circus began in this country. I suppose someone got the idea of a traveling collection of animals from watching an organ grinder with his monkey or a performing bear. Numerous little collections of animals more or less rare toured England many years ago. Wombwell's menagerie seems to have occupied a place in that field similar to that occupied by Barnum in the circus field, and I have heard old English people speak of seeing Wombwell's menagerie in their childhood much more than a century ago.

SOME OF OUR OLDER People will remember Gentry's dog and pony show as it made its first appearance in Grand Forks. I think the entire equipment of that show when it first showed here was carried in one car. The performers were about a score of dogs and a dozen ponies. In the parade—for here had to be a parade—the ponies went on foot and the dogs rode in one of the local hacks—posed in artistic groups on the seats. It was a clever little show, but it lost its distinctiveness when it began to grow. It showed here several times, and each time it was bigger than before, until, instead of being a good little dog and pony show it became a small and not very good circus. I haven't heard of it for some time, and I suppose it has been absorbed.

SOME YEARS AGO SOMEBODY conceived the idea of giving on New York's lower East Side an animal show in which the exhibits, instead of rare foreign animals, should be the ordinary domestic animals. The show was given just I that way, and it was a huge success. There were cows and calves, colts, sheep, pigs, chickens and stages of growth. The exhibits were viewed by thousands of little East Siders who had never seen a pig or a cow in their lives, and who were amazed to learn that milk, very much like that which they got from a wagon, could be extracted from a curious four-legged creature with horns. It was good entertainment for those youngsters. Incidentally, I have seen Grand Forks children get a greater kick out of watching a group of lambs at play in a field than they would out of a whole tentful of lions and tigers.

W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE HABIT OF LONDON BUS drivers to hurl maledictions and other verbal projectiles at each other verbal projectiles at each tyre in a story of the driver who mentioned in passing that his neighbor driver's old woman was " 'owled to the gizzard last night," a tactful way of saying that the lady had been dead drunk. That sort of interchange of courtesies seems to be a tradition of long standing in London, and the bus drivers have inherited it from their predecessors, the cabbies. Another American writer many years ago told of riding with a cab driver who kept up with another driver a running fire of pleasantries which elsewhere would have been deemed offensive. At length the American's driver seized his long whiplash and at the free end he made a slip noose which he dangled in the direction of his neighbor. The other driver -erupted violently and indescribable language flowed all over the place. The man with the noose was in paroxysms of mirth. There was evidently a huge joke somewhere, but the American could not detect it. As the cabs separated he asked his driver just what was the significance of the noose and who the other had become so angry over it. As soon as the cabby could control himself he replied: "Why, you see, 'is huncle were 'anged." And yet there are those who insist that the English have no sense of humor.

BECAUSE OF THEIR Migratory habits many Americans have lost track of their relatives. Many persons who came west in the early days to make new homes corresponded at first regularly and then intermittently with members of their families in the east, and then the correspondence ceased altogether. Different branches of the family grew apart, and many have relatives scattered all over the country but do not know where any of them are. It may be that the practice of moving about, which is largely responsible for this condition, may lead to its correction.

This has become again an age of travel. The whole country is criss-crossed with usable roads, and if one has a car and the price of gas he may reach almost any part of the United States in a few days. Hundreds of thousands spend their vacations in that way, going from place to place and seeing the sights. But it costs money to stop at hotels, and there are inconveniences about camping. That is where information about one's relatives comes in. With enough relatives suitably distributed one may cover a lot of territory and avoid both the cost and the inconvenience. I know a man who drove from Grand Forks to the Atlantic coast and back, say Washington, New York and New England, and had a fine time, who spent every night on the entire trip with persons with whom he claimed some sort of kinship. It required a lot of figuring, but it was done. Most of the persons visited were distant family connections with whom he had had no correspondence for years. Some he had never seen. Some lived off the main line of travel, necessitating long detours. It required a great deal of correspondence to get all these people located and much ingenuity to fit them into the general scheme of travel, but the route was mapped out, and the scheme worked. Most of the stops were for one night only, purely a matter of convenience and economy. The plan has great possibilities, and it seems that ingenious persons might drive a thriving business in supplying travel-minded persons with lists of their relatives, near or distant, with post office addresses. Thus, after the covered wagon and the railway train have separated families, the automobile may be made the means of bringing them together, at least for over night.

SOMETHING, I DON'T KNOW what, has just reminded me of a story about Colonel Crockett, a former greatly respected resident of Fargo. In his later years, although he had retired from active business, he maintained interest in the progress of his city, and he overlooked no opportunity to exhibit its good points to strangers.

He was a lover of horses and drove a handsome team to a shiny buggy, and he got into the habit of visiting the Northern Pacific station and meeting the through trains. In those days the railway company owned the Headquarters hotel, which adjoined the station, and through trains stopped there for meals. Colonel Crockett would pick out a likely looking stranger or two, speak to them pleasantly, and ask if they would not like to take a spin around the city during the wait. On assurance being given that he would get them back in time for the train such invitations were often accepted, and a good many persons were thus made acquainted with the city who would otherwise have known nothing about it. It was public service of an excellent sort. Some knowing of the colonel's practice, played a cruel joke on him. On the train from the east he picked out two men whom he thought likely to be the colonel's guests, got onto conversation with them, and warned them against a man, who haunted the station picking up strangers under pretense of giving them a ride. This man, said the informant, was one of the worst confidencemen in the Northwest and had given the authorities a great deal of trouble. The colonel was on hand when the train arrived, and approaching the passengers he extended his usual invitation. He was told to go to the nether regions, that his intended victims knew all about him, and that if he did not make himself scarce he would be turned over to the police. The poor colonel was shocked and mortified, and it was said that he never quite recovered from the humiliation. W. P. DA VIES.

drawn and thrown away.

The Australian ballot was intended to insure to the voter the absolute secrecy of his vote. Ordinarily it does this, but ways have been found to circumvent it on a fairly large scale.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THE CANADIAN GENERAL election is to be held on Monday, July 28. Elections are somewhat differently managed over there in that the official nominations precede the election by only a week, no names may be written or pasted on the ballots, and the voting is not all done on one day. Some votes have already been cast, arrangements having been made for such earlier classes of polls in certain classes for the accommodation of special groups, such as railway employees.

THE CANADIANS USE NO Primary election system, the members of each party choosing their own candidates in their own way, the general plan being somewhat similar to our former convention system. In this country at a general election the voter has before him a ballot approximating in size a small bed sheet containing the names of candidates for presidential, congressional, state and county positions, with quite often several smaller ballots relating to special subjects submitted for approval or rejection. He is expected to vote for dozens or scores of persons, many of whom are unknown to him even by name, and many of whom are running for offices concerning which he neither knows nor cares anything. At a Canadian dominion election the voter has before him a small ballot on which are the names of the several candidates for member of the dominion parliament for his district. He is expected to vote for one of these, and no more. He cannot vote for any person whose name is not on the ballot. If there has been but one official nomination for that district the person nominated is automatically elected, and the polls are not opened at all in that district.

LONG IN ADVANCE OF THE election the parties decide on their respective candidates. Sometimes one week, and sometimes two weeks before election the candidates so selected are officially nominated, a process which answers the same purpose as our nomination by petition, and other candidates running without party endorsement are at liberty to run upon complying with the conditions governing nominations and posting their forfeit as a guarantee of good faith. The candidate whose vote falls below the legal minimum loses his deposit.

PRINTED BALLOTS WERE used in the United States before Canada adopted the ballot, but Canada preceded us in the use of the so-called Australian ballot, which is now in use in both countries. My first recollection of an election is of one in Canada in the early seventies before the ballot was used. Voting was done openly and orally. The voter presented himself before the election board and gave his name and address. If he were found to be properly registered he was asked "For whom do you vote?" The answer being given, the vote was credited to the proper person. That was the entire procedure except for the demonstrations of the crowd. Quite often an unpopular vote was heard with groans and a popular one with cheers. The voters were announced proudly, shamefacedly, defiantly or apologetically according to the temperament of the voter, and comments were sometimes made which led to fist fights and cracked heads.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEES IN the county seats tried to keep in touch with the run of the vote through the day. Checkers kept tally at each polling place, so that the status was known at each polling place all through the day. Efforts were made to assemble these partial returns at headquarters in order that needed votes might be hunted up. This was no small task, as there were no telephones, and the telegraph did not reach into the rural districts. There were no automobiles, and if there had been they could not have operated on such roads as we had. The favorite method of carrying information was on horseback, and on election day mounted couriers galloped back and forth between the local polling places and headquarters.

ON THIS SIDE THE LINE AT about the same time party committees were printing their own ballots and distributing them among voters. In some cases state regulations prescribed the size and general physical character of these ballots. In others no restrictions were made, and any sort of ballot was legal. In one of his novels Judge Tourgee describes a method which was used to disfranchise the negroes in one southern state. The state law prescribed that the tickets representing the white element should be printed on thin, heavy paper and those representing the blacks on loose, light stock. Ballot boxes were then outrageously stuffed with the heavy tickets. When the boxes were opened and it was found that the number of ballots was greatly in excess of the number of voters, a number representing the excess were drawn out by lot and discarded, this also being according to law. Care was taken, however, before the drawing to shake the boxes thoroughly, and in the process the heavy "white" ballots settled to the bottom, leaving the light "black" ones to be

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE DRIVER WHO LEAVES his car parked for a few minutes is quite likely to find in it or attached to it one or more handbills which someone has left in his absence. He gathers up the bills, crumples them, and throws them out. Handbills are forced into the hands of pedestrians on the streets who do not want them, and they are thrown aside. In the residence districts bills are left on doorsteps and thrown upon lawns, to be blown about and added to the general street litter. In the residence districts much of this stuff is ultimately gathered by the sweeper. Down town men employed by the city go about picking them up one by one. We permit the promiscuous distribution of litter, and then we hire men to go around and pick it up,

I ONCE HEARD DR. J. B. Engstad tell of an experience of his in an Italian city on one of his European tours. He bought an orange from a street vendor, peeled and ate it. Looking for a receptacle into which to throw the peeling, and not finding one he stepped to the curb and carefully dropped the peeling into the gutter. He had gone but a few steps when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to find himself face to face with an officer, uniformed, as the doctor said, like a major general. The officer said something which the doctor did not understand, but his gesture was unmistakable. He pointed sternly at the orange peel in a manner which indicated that it was to be picked up instantly. It was. The doctor retreated his steps and picked up the scraps, the officer standing over him to see that no fragment was overlooked. I asked Dr. Engstad if he understood that this officer, so impressively uniformed, was a local policeman or a member of some national police force. "I don't know," was the reply "I didn't inquire. I didn't ask any questions at all. I just picked up the orange peel."

It might not be a bad idea to put some of our street cleaners into major generals' uniforms and have them tap people on the shoulder when they mess up the streets and private property.

EVERY SUMMER ONE HEARS of the danger of swimming in the Red river, which is quite popularly believed to be a treacherous stream, full of eddies and undercurrents against which the strongest swimmer is powerless. An old river man in discussing the subject some years ago ridiculed all such notions. He declared that "the Red river is one of the simplest rivers to fall into and get out of" that he had ever seen.

The Red river is about like every other river in that its bed is full of irregularities and that it has a current, though in most places not a rapid one. The combination presents an element of danger. The swimmer who enters the water from a sand pit which slopes gently toward the center of the stream is apt to be carried down stream unconsciously by the current and to find himself in deep water when he is not expecting it. That tends to create confusion, against which not even all swimmers are proof. There is an unexpected plunge, a momentary strangling, loss of self control, and perhaps a drowning. There are no mysterious influences, no undertow, nothing but the slight current which carried the swimmer with it unless he is on his guard. Absence of current makes a lake much more desirable for swimming.

POCKETING MT MODESTY I present without a blush and with due appreciation this very pleasant mention from the Duluth Herald:

W. P. Davies, the veteran editor of the Grand Forks Herald, made an inquiry about something of Hawthorne's the other day, and received so many responses that he was astonished. "Evidently," he said in acknowledgment, "there are still people who read Hawthorne." Evidently, also, there are many who read Mr. Davies' column, "That Reminds Me," one of the most interesting and readable features of Northwest journalism. One of the most neatly balanced expressions of appreciation that I ever received came jointly from two officers of the Northwestern Trust Co., Fred Goodman, president, and M. C. Bacheller, secretary. Goodman remarked one day:

"We're reading- your editorials regularly, and agree with them— mostly. Not quite always, of course." Bacheller's prompt contribution was:

"No, not by a d——— sight." The combination had the effect of making me chesty, but not too chesty. W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me — 111 11

THE PRESS DISPATCHES told last week of a man celebrating his one-hundred-and-first birthday anniversary. It would seem childish to ask the gentleman's age, but a question seemingly as simple was the subject of furious and prolonged controversy thirty years ago. That question is: "When did the Twentieth century begin?"

As half our present population I was born since the change of centuries occurred, the younger generation has not been brought into contact with that question. If the mere asking of the question did not suggest the existence of a catch, and thus prompt caution, the almost universal offhand answer would be that the new century began when we began to write "1900" — on January 1, 1900. That, I suppose, was the first reaction of most people thirty years ago. Then somebody got to figuring that a century ends, not with the close of its ninety-ninth year, but with the end of its 100th year, and by easy stages the conclusion was reached that the Nineteenth century must have ended at the close of the year 1900, the new century beginning January 1, 1901.

THEN THE ARGUMENT Began. I suppose every newspaper in the country took a hand in it. Opinion was sharply divided, and various intricate methods of computation were used to support the respective theories. Little by little the truth asserted itself. False belief was abandoned, and almost everybody accepted the right answer. There was one conspicuous exception. H. H. Kohlsaas, then owner of the Chicago Record, conducted a newspaper which was marked, in general, by sound thinking. But early in the century controversy Mr. Kohlsaas reached a wrong conclusion with reference to it, and his initial conviction became an obsession. He adhered to it through thick and thin, supported it by the most absurd arguments, dragged in such extraneous matter as the generally accepted fact that the birth of Jesus occurred four years before the beginning of what we call the First century, and kept up the fight long after everyone else had abandoned it and until he sold the paper. His case was an illustration of the fact that there is often a curious twist in a good mind.

As to which is really the correct date, I am sure the reader will have no difficulty in figuring that out for himself.

WHILE I AM ON THE Subject of numbers I want to pass on a little problem which I am sure will be welcomed by those who have a taste for curious mathematical exercises, and which has not received the attention which it merits. It was propounded several years ago in a story by Ben Ames Williams, the author of some very good fiction. Here it is:

FIVE SAILORS AND A PET monkey were stranded on an island on which there was no food but coconuts. The sailors gathered all the coconuts and piled them in a great heap, intending to divide them equally so that each man should have his own proper share. There was no hurry about the division, so the count was postponed for several days. The first night after the collection had been completed one sailor, wishing to take advantage of his fellows, arose quietly and, counting out the nuts into five equal piles, found that he had one nut left. This he gave the monkey. He then secreted those in one pile, threw the rest together into a heap and turned in. The next night another man repeated exactly the same process. He also had one coconut left after making the division, and this he gave to the monkey. Each of the five men did, this, and each time there was one coconut left for the monkey. Then the main pile which remained was divided, and this time the division by five left no remainder. How many coconuts were there in the pile in the first place?

IN FAIRNESS TO ANYONE who catch in it. The division can be made without doing any guessing. I can promise you the time, how hot or cold the weather

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I SUPPOSE THAT IN EVERY mind there are curious twists and kinks which cause some apparently trivial things to be remembered and other things, seemingly of much greater importance, to be forgotten. I have in mind a cartoon which was published sometime in the early nineties—I am sorry that I have forgotten in what paper—which comes back fresh and distinct after all these years. The period was one of abnormally low prices—agricultural products, manufactured goods, labor, everything. A dollar would buy more goods than at any other time since the Civil war, and also, the dollar was harder to get. The cartoon, published in an Eastern daily, showed two elderly women looking into a store window. The window was filled with a collection of articles representing almost every general line of industry and commerce, and on the price tags were shown in large figures the current prices of such goods. All the prices were unbelievably low. A few dollars would stock a large family for a long time. The women, shabbily dressed, with shawls over their heads, looked longingly at the display. One said:

"Things do be very cheap these days, Mrs. McCartney."

"Yes," replied the other. "If a body only had, the money to buy them." Often, when I hear discussions of high and low prices, I think of that cartoon and of the conditions which prompted it. Things were very cheap, but nobody had money with which to buy them.

MENTION OF LOW PRICES, and especially of wheat prices, reminds me quite naturally of Congressman M. N. Johnson of North Dakota and a remark attributed to him which won for him the sobriquet of "Thirty-cent Johnson," and which aroused furious anger among many of his constituents. In 1895 the price of wheat dropped to about 50 cents, and I think that at one time it actually got down to 40 cents. On his way to Washington that fall Mr. Johnson was interviewed by a Twin City reporter, and on the basis of that interview it became generally reported that he had said that 30 cents was enough for the farmer to receive for his wheat. That was rubbing it in with a vengeance, and for some time Mr. Johnson was easily the most unpopular man in the Northwest. One old farmer of my acquaintance, a staid and sober man, a devout church member of exceedingly mild manner and amiable disposition, was unable to mention the congressman's name without cursing a blue streak. I never heard him utter a profane word on any other subject.

MR. JOHNSON GAVE ME sometime later what I believe to be the correct version. Those who knew him will remember him as an enthusiastic optimist. He was utterly unable to see the dark side of any picture. If there were no bright side he would imagine one. He operated a farm of considerable size at Petersburg, N. D., and like most other farmers he had a tremendous grain yield in 1895. Caught by a reporter in St. Paul and pressed for an interview, he enlarged on the beauties and glories of North Dakota, its blue skies, its fertile fields its progressive people, and the splendid opportunities which it offered to those who sought to make homes within its borders. Prices? Of course they were low, much too low. But then, look at the yields. Big crops everywhere in the state. On his own farm at Petersburg one big field of wheat had yielded so well that the grain had actually cost him less than 30 cents a bushel. A state in which such crops could be produced could hold its own even through a period of extreme low prices.

That, according to Mr. Johnson, is about what he said to the reporter. It is just about what he would say. But the reporter featured the thirty cents, others took it up and placed their own interpretation on it, and the story was never quite overtaken by the explanation. However, the excitement died down in time to permit Mr. Johnson to be re-elected to congress two or three times, and a year or so before his death, to be elected to the United States senate.

CARDS RECEIVED FROM DR. J. G. Arneberg en route from Kristiansand, Norway, to Trondhjem—now called Nideros—give views of one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of Norway. In crossing the mountains from Roldal to Hardanger, says Dr. Arneberg, the traveler practically loops the loop eighteen times. — W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.RD.

WE HAVE HAD STORIES OF the Missouri farmer who is said to be 118 years old, and of the Turk who is now in New York who is reputed to be 156. George H. Olmsted, agency director of the New York Life Insurance company, quoting from a report recently made by his company, says that although claims frequently are published of persons having lived to be 115 to 150 years of age, the New York Life Insurance Co. states that in its own experience it has never found satisfactory proof of such claims.

"Our actuarial department has investigated many persons who claim to have lived 110 years or more and in no case could find any adequate proof," reports the company. "In the majority of cases it has been found that they have not attained even the century mark.

"A few of the company's thousands of policyholders do reach 100, or nearly 100, but rarely will any live beyond this age, 102 years being the oldest. The oldest case on record in any insurance company in the United States or Europe, so far as we are aware, is that of the policyholder who lived to be 106."

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST cases of alleged great longevity is that the facts concerning them are difficult to establish. As the insurance report points out, the proportion of persons who reach the age of 100 years is very small. On the other hand, the aggregate number of such persons is considerable, but when an individual is said to have greatly exceeded that age, the evidence is usually open to question.

THE MOST FAMOUS CASE OF longevity is that of "Old Parr," an Englishman who died at the reputed age of 152. The Britannica says of this celebrated character that he is "reputed to have been born in 1483, at Winnington, Shropshire, the son of a farmer. In 1500 he is said to have left his home and entered domestic service, and in 1518 to have returned to Winnington to occupy the small holding he then inherited on the death of his father. In 1563, at the age of eighty, he married his first wife, by whom he had a son and a daughter both of whom died in infancy. At the age of 122, his first wife having died, he married again. His vigor seems to have been unimpaired, and when 130 years of age he is said to have threshed corn. In 1635 his fame reached the ears of Thomas Howard, 2nd earl of Arundel, who resolved to exhibit him at court, and had him conveyed to London in a specially constructed litter. Here he was presented to King Charles I, but the change of air and diet soon affected him, and the old man, died at Lord Arundel's house in London on the 14th of November, 1635. He was buried in the south transept of Westminster abbey, where the inscription over his grave reads: 'Tho. Parr, of ye county of Salopp. Born in Ao 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz: K. Edw. K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma. Q. Eliz., K. Ja and K Charles, aged 152 years and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635.' A postmortem examination made by the king's orders by Dr. William Harvey revealed the fact that his internal organs were in an unusually perfect state, and his cartilages unossified."

APPARENTLY, IF HE HAD not been taken to court and subjected to strange surroundings and improper diet he might have lived to a ripe old age.

It seems that the exact date of Parr's birth is not known, but without doubt he lived to be a very old man. Assuming the accepted date to be correct, what a page of human history was written during his lifetime. At his birth the Wars of the Roses were scarcely ended. In his boyhood the earl of Richmond won the crown from Richard on Bosworth field, and became Henry VII. He lived through the long reign of Henry VIII with its matrimonial and religious tangles. He lived through the persecutions of Mary's reign and the equally fierce persecutions under her sister Elizabeth. He may have heard of the beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots and of the accession of her son James to the English throne. Before his death the fires had been kindled that were to result in the revolution under Cromwell. He was nine years old when Columbus sighted the New World. During his life expedition after expedition was sent out for the colonization of the new land and the exploitation of its riches, and the Pilgrims had established their little colony on the shores of Massachusetts. He lived through the period of the Reformation and through the splendors of Elizabeth's reign. He may have heard of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In his time Shakespeare wrote, and Bacon, and Jonson, and England established her place in the world of letters. It was a great age, but the chances are that this old man had little part in it and knew little about it. The single achievement by which he is remembered is that he existed for a long time.

—W. P. DAVIES,

That Reminds Me—W.R.D.

THE STORY IN THE HERALD a week or two ago about the Arvilla hotel, which was built away back in the eighties, reminded me of an episode in the career of Geo. E. Bachelder, about which he told me some time ago. The story goes back into quite ancient financial history, and may be said to begin with the founding of the firm of T. H. Rollins & Son, now one of the largest investment banking firms in the United States. E. H. Rollins, a New England capitalist, had a son who, when the tide of population was streaming into the Northwest, conceived the idea of organizing a mortgage loan company to assist in the financing of new Northwestern enterprises. He laid his plans before his father and suggested that sufficient capital be advanced to him to get the proposed concern started. The old gentleman studied the plans and said "No, I'll not lend you any money, but you may go ahead and I'll lend you my name."

IT WAS ON THIS BASIS THAT the firm was founded. It did a large business, and Geo. E. Bachelder, a young friend of the Rollins family, was placed in charge of its operations in this section, with headquarters at Grand Forks. Associated with him in much of this work was Geo. B. Clifford, another young New Englander, who is now president of the Cream of Wheat company. In 1884 Mr. Bachelder received a letter, from his uncle, General Bachelder, who had acquired an interest in the company, that he and Senator Rollins would attend the Republican national convention in Chicago that summer, and that they might continue their journey to Grand Forks after the convention and look over some of the company's investments here. Young Bachelder and Clifford agreed that the best way to make sure of getting the elders out here was to throw cold water on the plan, and this was done accordingly. The Eastern gentlemen were told, therefore, that they would find the journey from Chicago to Grand Forks a tiresome one, that the country here was rough and uncouth, with poor accommodations, and it was feared that the trip would not be enjoyed. This had the desired effect, and the trip was definitely arranged for.

SOME OF THE COMPANY'S investments were in the Arvilla vicinity, and arrangements were made with F. D. Hughes, manager of the palatial Arvilla hotel, for the entertainment of distinguished visitors. The chief business of Hughes was to spend the money provided by D. H. Hersey from the latter's Minnesota lumber profits for the use of the firm of Hughes & Hersey, land dealers and promoters extraordinary. A good many thousand dollars of the company's money had gone into the building and furnishing of the Arvilla hotel, whose furniture and decorations were from the hands of Eastern artists whose linen was of the finest, and whose bar was of palatial proportions and unbounded magnificence. Among other things Hughes was instructed that on being notified of the approach of the Rollins party he should compound a whole battery of mint juleps and have them on ice ready for use.

THE REPUBLICAN Convention was held, Blaine was nominated, and Messrs. Rollins and Bachelder arrived in due course at Grand Forks. They wished to see the country and were told that young Bachelder and Clifford had to drive out into the country to look over some properties, but their guests had better not go along as the roads were poor and it might be necessary to eat and sleep out of doors, as accommodations were difficult to find. The guests insisted on going, and became a little doubtful about investing money in a country where one could not find a place to eat or sleep. They were out for an adventure, anyway, so away they went. The young men packed in to the two-seated buggy a quantity of food and a lot of blankets, explaining that it would probably be necessary to sleep on the ground under the buggy.

THE ROAD PROVED BETTER than had been represented. The team stepped merrily along and the capitalists gazed with admiration on the great fields of wheat, which just then looked their best. Arvilla was reached in due time and the carriage drew up at the hotel and the party alighted and entered the great barroom, with its long mahogany bar, its glittering array of cut glass and polished silver, and, standing behind the bar, Hughes, imposing and immaculate, wearing a dinner coat and a correct tie and the manners of a duke. The eyes of the visitors bulged. All of this could not be real, but they were convinced of its reality when Hughes produced from beneath the bar a tray containing four large mint juleps in tall glasses, chilled just to the point where little bubbles formed on the glasses and gave them a misty look. The beverage met all the requirements of experienced and cultivated tastes, and when Senator Rollins in an awed voice, asked if it would be possible to repeat the work of magic, another tray similar to the first was immediately produced.

This was the introduction of two New England capitalists into the wild and woolly west. It was a shock from which recovery was not immediate, and then, the two gentlemen were later escorted to their rooms and saw how they were to be lodged, the senator said to the general:

"General, Connecticut has nothing to compare with this!"
W. P. DA VIES.