

FARM RELIEF, WHEAT MARKETING and things like that remind me of George Easby, who owned and operated a good farm just west of Euclid, Minn., in the late seventies and early eighties, and who also owned some Grand Forks city property. He was a shrewd, hard-headed fellow when I knew him, a successful farmer and a good business man. He had a peculiar impediment in his speech which gave to his conversation an added flavor of originality.

I had run into the perennial dispute as to whether it is more profitable to sell wheat in the fall or hold it until spring. Meeting Mr. Easby one day I sought information from one who might be supposed to be an authority. I said:

Easby, when do you consider the best time to sell wheat?" He didn't quite catch my drift, opposing my question to be general rather than specific, and answered accordingly. He replied:

"My b-boy, if I knew when was the b-best time to s-sell wheat I wouldn't be r-raising it. I'd be worth several m-millioii d-dollars and would be l-living on my income. But I have found that a very g-guod time to s-sell wheat is when you can s-sell and make a little p-profit."

ONE SUMMER NIGHT, WHEN the wheat was in the soft dough, it looked like frost. There had been a breeze from the north all day, which died down after sunset. The air became very still, the stars sparkled from a clear sky, and the temperature dropped rapidly. Sometime in the evening Mr. Easby came in from checking up on the chores and said to his men who were playing cards in the kitchen:

"B-boys, you'd better p-pray before you turn in. It l-looks like f-frost."

Later the old man went out to take a last look at the weather, and on returning he said:

"B~boys, you needn't mind p-praying. The wind has ch-changed."

DR. G. A. TALBERT HAS been checking over his recollections and finds that his first view of an electric light was at a circus at Beaver Dam, Wis., on July 7, 1880. The circus was known as the Inter Ocean, a small show, presumably traveling overland, and the electric light was one of its main features. The current was generated by a small steam engine, which Dr. Talbert thinks was some sort of fire engine, and which stood just outside the main tent. The old overland circus was quite an institution in its way. It was necessarily small, for it could not make long jumps, and it had but a small population from which to draw at any one place. Some of those journeys must have been tremendous undertakings, for most of the roads were plain dirt, poorly drained and poorly maintained. In dry weather the soil would be ground into dust, and in wet the mud came up to the wagon hubs. Not many of such shows passed our way after I became of circus age, but on a few occasions our gang rose before the sun and walked two miles to see the elephants and camels go by on their way to town.

Circuses were regarded by many of our good people as akin to the devil. Generally it was considered permissible to go to town and see the parade, which, incidentally, cost nothing, but attendance at the show itself, while not necessarily indicating moral turpitude, was considered by many to be at best a minor sin. After a while really good people went to the circus, though. I have no doubt, with many qualms of conscience. The elderly aunts who sometimes accompanied the younger generation would view the proper parts of the performance quite boldly, but when the young lady in tights and fluffy skirts stood on one foot on the galloping horse and held up the other foot, the aunts brought out their fans and held them up to shut out the horrid sight. The sisters and cousins did not seem to be at all embarrassed. We had our younger generation in those

MY FIRST REAL CIRCUS WAS Barnum's, with the great P. T. himself seated on a throne away above the band. It seemed like a mammoth thing, but it had only one ring with a main tent of corresponding size. If packed into one end of the modern circus tent it would scarcely be noticed. A red letter day in the circus history of our town was the Sunday when the old Adam Forepaugh circus arrived in the morning and stayed over the day to show on Monday. I suppose the churches and Sunday schools all had their regular exercises on that day, although I have no personal knowledge of the fact. I was otherwise engaged. So, it seemed must have been the entire population. The circus carried a herd of eleven big elephants, and in the afternoon, these animals were turned loose to play in the river which flowed past the showgrounds, and which, at that point, was broad and shallow, with a hard gravel bottom. It may have been very sinful, but both we and the elephants had a good time.

I HAVE JUST HEARD FROM Harry Walker, who sends in a mighty good baseball story. It will appear in due course. I hope other readers will continue to send in comments and suggestions. They are all helpful.

I FELT SURE THAT HARRY Walker would come through with a good baseball story, and he has done it. Over at Stephen, Minn., where he lives, he still maintains a lively interest in people and events in Grand Forks. He also keeps up his interest in theatricals and among other things he writes that he has just been helping with a local talent play at Stephen. Here is his baseball story:

"I AM GOING TO TRY TO tell you about the first game of baseball I played in Grand Forks. The game was really played in East Grand Forks as the grounds were, situated on DeMers avenue, I think, about opposite the Hamm Brewing Co. building. This was way back in 1890. I had been hired to play ball in Crookston, this was way along in July. Ed Wile, then a member of the firm of Rosenthal and Wile, C. O. D. store in Crookston, was manager of the baseball team. The Great Northern railway was the only means of transportation between the two cities, Crookston and Grand Forks, except by team, and the only passenger trains, one West at 7:20 A. M. and East bound arriving at Crookston at about 7 P. M. The Northern Pacific was under construction from Crookston to Grand Forks that summer. "Well, one day, after the G. N. train had departed west, Mr. Wile received a message asking if it were possible for him to get his baseball team over to the Forks for a game that afternoon, there was a great hustling about, figuring a means of transportation, etc., when it was discovered that the work train on the N. P. was in Crookston, the rail laying having been completed. Red McInerney was in charge of the work train and Mr. Wile made arrangements for a "special" over the new N. P. line. The news was spread around town as lively as possible and at 1:30 P. M. about one hundred people were at the "end of steel" ready to take the "special" which consisted, of a caboose, several flat and box cars and an engine backing up. That was quite an experience. We had to run pretty slowly but arrived in East Grand Forks at about 3:30 P. M. and the game started soon as we got to the grounds. The Grand Forks team was made up of the following players: Cardno, catcher; Ho we, pitcher; Dow, 1b; W. Lycan, 2b; Crandall, ss; Cooper (E. C.) 3b; Turner, Knudson and Hill outfield. Crookston— McNeil, catcher; Rutledge (D. V. C.) pitcher; P. McGlogan, 1b; Walker (myself) 2b; Cleary, ss; Palmer, 3b; Cunningham, Whitsell and Bugg fielders. I can not recall what the score was but Grand Forks won the game.

"ONE VERY LAUGHABLE play came up in that game. The Crookston bunch found out in the early innings that Dad Cardno's arm was not very strong for pegging to bases and we took considerable liberty if, we were lucky enough to reach first base. Our C. F. Cunningham was a pretty speedy runner and each time that he reached first base, stole second on the next pitch. He landed safely on second base after one of those ventures and on the next pitch started for third. He got a good ball and would have stolen the base nicely only for the fact that good old E. C. Cooper, noticing that Cardno's throw was going to be late, planted himself squarely on the base line and stuck an attitude as though waiting for the throw. Cunningham (weight about 150 lbs.) slid head first for the bag and his shoulder came up squarely against E. C.'s left leg, well it was all the same stone wall, E. C. stood there in the same position, the ball went wild and the left fielder, who had run in to back up third base, uncovered it and tagged Cunningham, who was frantically trying to get past that solid barrier. Of course, Cunningham, was "out." Had he tried to get onto his feet he probably would have reached the base safely but his actions put me in mind of a frog in the water, having been entangled in grass and trying to go ahead anyway. It was really a fine piece of comedy."

SOME OF HARRY'S COMMENT on the players who participated in that game must be reserved for another day. To avoid confusion as to the year in which the Northern Pacific entered Grand Forks it may be explained that the road first entered Grand Forks in 1887 from Red Lake Falls, crossing the Great Northern's St. Vincent line three miles south of Euclid, Minn. The construction work which is described as being completed in 1890 was of the line between Crookston and Carthage Junction, which gave direct connection between Crookston and Grand Forks. The Red Lake Falls line has since been used only for local traffic.

W. P. DAVIES.

FOLLOWING HARRY WALKER's story about that Crookston, Grand Forks baseball game in 1890 here is Harry's comment on the players who figured in that game as he remembers them: "Every one knew E. C. Cooper and to know him was to love him. He was one of my very good friends, that year 1890 was his last year in baseball. Jack Turner and Hank Knudson are both living in Grand Forks and are too well known for me to try to tell anything of their present doings. However, those two with Bob Hill were about the classiest outfield of youngsters I ever have seen, and they were real youngsters, too. Will Lycan was known to all old timers, a good ball player in his time. He was a traveling man at that time, afterward proprietor of the Crookston hotel until his death a few years ago. Crandall was a young fellow (civil engineer, I think) who was a snappy baseball player. He left Grand Forks some time during the next year, I believe. Frank Howe was a son of the lumber man Howe, Frank afterward played a great deal of semi-pro baseball and had a tryout with the Chicago Cubs. Dow was bookkeeper in the Howe lumber office, I believe. He was not around Grand Forks long. As for the Crookston team, McNeil and myself were probably better known to the old timers. Doc Rutledge was a printer working on the "Crookston Chronicle," first daily paper in Crookston, edited by Dad Palmer, father of our third baseman. Doc afterward ran a paper at Bemidji and gained considerable prominence among the editors of Minnesota newspapers. McGlogan was a lineman for the G. N. Ry. and is now superintendent of maintenance of lines at St. Paul. Cleary was a Crookston boy, son of one of the oldest engineers on the G. N. Ry.—Pat Cleary. Judge Phil McLoughlin fired for Mr. Cleary at one time. Whitesell was a tailor employed by the C. O. D. store. Bugg was head miller in the Crookston Mills and Cunningham was a farmer, his folks living on a farm only a short distance west of Crookston on the Red Lake river. Red McInerney, the N. P. construction boss, married one of the White girls of East Grand Forks. You will probably remember him better than I do."

I HAVE JUST RUN ACROSS AN old account book in which are recorded the receipts and disbursements of the Grand Forks Baseball club for a part of what appears to be the season of 1903—the exact time is not very clearly indicated. The team was financed by means of cash subscriptions from the citizens. Subscriptions for that year amounted to \$2,225. There are listed 120 subscriptions, ranging from \$25 to \$5. There is only one entry of a sum greater than \$25, and that is an item of \$100 from the East Grand Forks breweries. As East Grand Forks had but one brewery this is understood to mean a combination subscription of the breweries represented by sales agencies in East Grand Forks.

The partial table of gate receipts shows receipts of \$763.60 from a series of games played at Crookston. Superior is credited in one item with receipts of \$102. Four games at Winnipeg brought a gross of \$805.88,

Names on the salary list include C. H. Cole, J. T. Burns, J. J. Flanagan, George Thompson, R. Glendon, William Hanrahan, F. L. Mullane, James McKenna, Charles McCarthy, P. M. Sessions, Frank King, Henry Shamweber, Charles Chandler, James Hanley, Charles Harris, R. Brown, Frank Cameron, I. V. Slette and Plarry Kubitz.

THIS WAS A PROFESSIONAL team. There had been a gradual evolution from the amateur status. At the beginning, of course, ball teams were composed entirely of local men. Then, as rivalry among communities became keen, it became customary to employ a catcher and pitcher, filling in the other places with local men. Then came the organization of a league and the employment of professional players only. The regulations, at one time, at least, fixed a salary limit which must not be exceeded. Every team in the league accused every other team of violating or evading this provision, and I suppose most of the charges could have been proven in court if anyone had chosen to go there. The Northern league, which existed under that or other names for several years, included at one time or other Grand Forks, Crookston, Duluth, Superior, Winnipeg, Fargo, Moorhead and Breckenridge-Wahpeton. Some good games were played, and I suppose some not so good. The financing of a baseball season was not an easy matter, and while many of the hired players who came and went were really fine fellows, there were always likely to be some cast-offs from the larger leagues, and these created a poor impression.

E. H. KENT, WHO MOVED IN from Lakota to become receiver of the Grand Forks land office, managed a Grand Forks baseball team for one or more seasons. The team had a game at Neche, probably with a Neche team, and after arriving on the morning of the game four or five of the boys stepped across to Gretna to sample the Canadian air. Kent was suspicious and trailed them to a Gretna refreshment parlor where they were about to have a round or two of beer. Kent knew that beer and baseball do not go well together, and he gave his men some fatherly advice, which he could do in an admirable manner. He told them that the honor of Grand Forks was in their keeping, and that it was incumbent on them to appear on the field innocent even of the suspicion of beer. He ordered lemonade for all hands, and instructed the bartender to make it strong. After a nice visit he repeated the dose, and then he left, urging the players to drink no beer.

"Fat chance," grunted one of the men, "after all that swill."

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I NOTICE THAT WILLIAM Allen White, famous editor of the Emporia Gazette, kissed the hand of a negro lady down at Port au Prince the other day. White is a member of the commission that has been sent to Haiti by President Hoover to examine the conditions there and report its findings, with suitable recommendations. The lady in question seems to have been one of a group that had appeared before the commission for the purpose of protesting against the American occupation and to demand complete self government. The act of gallantry by the Kansas editor is said to have captivated the crowd, and there was thereafter great enthusiasm for the commission and the American government. Nothing is said of the economic or social status of the Haitian lady. She may have been a peasant woman from the mountains or a scrub woman from the city. Or, she may very easily have been one of the elite of the city, wealthy, educated and cultured. The fact that she is black has no bearing for if she is a native of Haiti she is almost necessarily black. Generally speaking, there are no white people in Haiti except transients. And as to most of the population, "colored" is an inadequate term. While there is in some of the inhabitants a certain admixture of white blood, in the great majority it is imperceptible. They are as black as it seems possible for human beings to be.

HAITI HAS BEEN CORRECTLY styled the "Black Republic." Discovered and occupied by Spaniards, it passed under the control of France, and wealthy French families established there great estates, with palatial buildings and sugar and coffee plantations. The aboriginal inhabitants were forced into slavery, and in a few generations hard labor, warfare and persecution had almost exterminated them. To provide a supply of labor slaves were imported from Africa, and under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture the slaves rebelled and gained almost complete possession of the country. Under Christophe and Dessalines the revolution continued, with many wholesale massacres of whites until almost every white person had either fled or been killed. It is told of Dessalines that in proclaiming the new republic he said that it was forever to be a black man's country, and that, seizing the French flag he tore from it the white bar and trampled it under foot, saying that he would not have white even in the flag of his country. The flag of Haiti is the French flag minus the white bar.

I WAS ONE OF A PARTY OF newspaper men who visited Haiti a few years ago, and I have written some things about it. Perhaps I have written about the reception in the palace at Port au Prince. Anyway, we were most hospitably received, and there were the usual speeches and expressions of admiration and esteem. Ample provision was made for our refreshment. A great table extended the length of an immense room, and on the table were fruits, cakes, sweetmeats and more kinds of wine and liquors than I supposed there were. The guests were served very graciously by ladies of the official group, wives and daughters of members of the government and of other prominent families. All were attired in beautiful gowns that must have come from Paris, and there was a brilliant display of jewelry. All of the wearers were black—not brown, but plain black. Most of them spoke only French, though a few spoke English also. Most of them, I was told, had been educated in France, and all gave evidence of education and culture. Some of them were really handsome, and if it was one of these whose hand Mr. White kissed his taste is not to be criticized.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE HAS had a varied experience as editor, politician and publicist. He has just now kissed a lady's hand, and on another occasion he was horsewhipped by a lady. While he was personally on the job, and long before he had achieved dignity and honor, his paper published something which gave great offense to a lady—white—of the community. She waited for him outside the newspaper office with a blacksnake whip concealed in the folds of her dress. Dresses in those days had skirts with folds in them. When White appeared she drew her whip and began to lash him. She got in two or three cuts before White knew what it was all about. Naturally he could not fight a lady, so he did the only other thing possible and took to his heels. Though carrying great weight he gained on his assailant, dodged down an alley and was safe.

Being horsewhipped by a lady cannot be a desirable experience from any standpoint, and White realized that he was in a predicament. The whole town would know of the incident, and the whole town would laugh. Explanation would be worse than useless, and a show of indignation would be ridiculous. I have always admired the way White handled that delicate situation. He wrote the story himself for the next issue of his paper. Writing in the third person he treated it as a merry joke on himself, and he touched up the story with his best humor—and his humor is good. He wound it up by saying: "And you ought to have seen that fat old duffer run."

He made capital of an embarrassing situation and got away with it, and I take off my hat to him. —W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

READING OF POLITICAL DISTURBANCES in Santo Domingo brings to my mind the picture of an old and picturesque tropical city which contains much of interest to the traveler. American tourists are missing a great deal in not visiting more frequently the Caribbean countries, which are so near at hand, which are steeped in history and legend, and which have retained so many of the characteristics of three or four centuries ago. The city of Santo Domingo was founded by Christopher Columbus and was the capital of what he hoped would be a great western empire. It was to that city that the body of Columbus was removed from Spain for burial, and, while there is some controversy over the subject, it is there that his body still remains, according to many authorities.

I VISITED THE CITY IN 1924 and found it a most fascinating place. Its architecture follows the lines which I suppose were prevalent in Spain in the days of Columbus. The streets are narrow and crooked and the buildings low. Stores are windowless and usually doorless, opening directly onto the narrow, irregular sidewalks. Shutters covered with sheet iron take the place of windows and doors. These are used at night, on important feast days, and during revolutions. Revolution has been so much a part of the normal life of the Caribbean countries that provision has been made for it as casually as provision is made for rain or any of the other phenomena of nature.

Throughout the city the residences are built close to the street, with scarcely anything more than blank walls visible. The exterior gives a decided impression of reserve. The family life does not face the street but is in and around the patio or open court at the rear. The living rooms open upon this court, which may contain a little flower garden or a fountain. One may pass down one of those streets at night and see nothing but dark and forbidding fronts, but somewhere beyond he will hear sounds of music and laughter, and through an occasional open door he may catch a glimpse of a family party in a richly furnished room or enjoying the comfort of the roofless patio. And overhead are the hanging balconies—for almost every house has one—and while I was denied the actual vision, my imagination easily peoples those balconies with Spanish maidens listening to the songs of their devoted cavaliers.

THE CATHEDRAL IS A WONDERFULLY beautiful and interesting place. Its building was begun in the days when Spain was almost mistress of the world, and wealth was lavished on its construction. It is richly ornamented, and it contains many art treasures which were donated by wealthy Spanish families whose homes or interests were in the new land. One such treasure is a large painting, said to be an original by Murillo. The center of interest in the cathedral is, of course, the casket which is said to contain the remains of Christopher Columbus. This casket is a beautiful piece of work, richly inlaid, and it is contained in a shrine built for that purpose, with a railing to prevent the touching of the casket by profane hands.

THE UNDISPUTED FACTS are that Columbus died in Spain; that his body was removed to Santo Domingo for final interment; that when Santo Domingo became independent the Spanish government caused what was supposed to be the body of the great admiral to be removed, with its casket, to Havana; and that this casket and its contents were removed to Seville, Spain, upon the achievement of Cuban independence. It was therefore believed that the body of the discoverer had been removed to Spain. But several years ago when certain repairs were being made in the Santo Domingo cathedral. Workmen discovered a casket at or near the place whence the supposed body of Christopher had been removed. The casket itself, its form and decorations, convinced the clerical authorities that it contained the body of some person of distinction, and in order to avoid dispute they appointed a time for the opening of the casket in the presence of a large number of distinguished persons, several Americans among them. The casket was opened and its contents critically examined, and from this examination those present agreed that the remains just found were those of Christopher Columbus, while the body which had been transferred was that of Diego, his son, who had also been governor of the territory. The Spanish authorities, however, have not been convinced, and they insist that they have the real body of Christopher Columbus.

IT WAS AT SANTO DOMINGO that I had my first and only taste of barbecued tropical pig, and I liked it, which I cannot say of all barbecued food. Our party was given a picnic on the beach, and when I learned that we were to have barbecued pig was not interested. To me a barbecue had meant usually meat burned on one side and raw on the other, with occasional flavoring of ash and cinders from falling into the fire. Also, I had seen a lot of those southern pigs running wild. They had big heads, large shoulders, light hams and narrow loins, and were evidently built for speed. I was not interested. But I was agreeably surprised. Great charcoal fires had been built in long pits dug in the sand, and over these the pigs were mounted on heavy poles, at the end of each being a crank handle. Each mammoth spit was turned slowly by perspiring natives, and the meat was cooked to a turn over the clear, hot fire. For a delicious lunch I can recommend southern pig barbecued that way. — W.P. DAVIES.

AN OLD FRIEND WHO FORMERly lived at Euclid, Minn., has been interested in my reference to George Easby and contributes several recollections of his own as illustrating the peculiarity and originality of a very interesting character.

"I knew him well from 1882 to 1892," he writes, "and after all these years I seem still to hear him getting-off such observations as you have quoted. His stammering was particularly enjoyable to those who heard him. We younger fellows called him Uncle George, and whenever he appeared at the village store he was sure of a good audience.

"One morning, when some of us were getting ready to go to a circus at Crookston he came in and I asked him if he was going to the circus.

" 'N-no,' he replied. 'Only children, niggers and f-fools go to circuses. I am not g-going!'"

"I went with the late E. D. Childs to see a tenant of Mr. Childs who I happened at the time to be at the Easby farm. We found the tenant in the yard and transacted the necessary business, but as a matter of courtesy we went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by Mr. Easby. It was just noon, and we were invited, without any great show of enthusiasm, to come in and have dinner. We declined with thanks.

" 'All right,' said the old gentleman; 's-seventy-five cents s-saved on each of you,' and shut the door. "Another day he said, 'Fred, I think a man ought to have t-two chances in l-life.'

"I said, 'I-don't see why you want two chances. You have more income now than you can spend.'

" 'That's t-true,' he-replied, 'but n-now at the age of s-seventy-two I jabe -just learned how to m-make money and s-save it, and n-now I have to q-quit.'

"One fall when he was driving an ox team one- of his oxen died. I told him I was sorry for him.

" 'N-nothing to f-feel sorry about,' he said. 'It's a damn g-good ox that knows enough to d-die in the f-fall of the year.'

"He came into town one day I when it was 42 below and it didn't get above 30 all day. I asked him how he felt.

" 'In what way?' he asked. "Oh, just in a general way. " 'Financially,' he said, 'I am not too bad. Physically I am n-not m-much good.'

"How's your conscience? " 'My c-conscience is j-just as g-good as new. I n-never use it!'" Uncle George was certainly a character, and there was a lot of wisdom back of his dry humor.

I HAD A PLEASANT NOTE from J. F. T. O'Connor saying that he has been checking up on the items appearing in this column and that he has personal knowledge of many of the incidents recorded. He reports a fine gathering of North Dakotans to the number of about 150 at the University of North Dakota picnic at Los Angeles. While he doesn't go into personal matters in his brief note North Dakota people who have visited Los Angeles recently say that he is very much in the swim, professionally and socially in the Southern California city. He is a partner in the law firm headed, by W. G. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury and presidential aspirant, and has established himself as one of the city's influential men.

MY REFERENCE THE OTHER day to maple sugar making in Ontario recalls to C. W. Ross, president of the Red River National bank his boyhood in the maple sugar country. Mr. Ross was born in Huron county, Ontario, where they used clear maple to fire their locomotives. His own experience in sugar making was limited, as he started out at an early age to be a banker, but his father owned many acres of primeval maple forest. Much of that fine maple was logged up and burned. Mr. Ross remembers hearing his father tell of the great sugar industry of a few years earlier, when sap was collected in immense quantities and the process of boiling down and sugaring off was continued, night and day, for many days each spring. The air would become heavy with the sweet fumes from the evaporating liquid, and while a little of it was pleasant, there was such a thing as having too much of it. People became surfeited with sugar, and for some time the appearance of a dish of maple syrup was enough to drive everyone from the dinner table.

Rarity makes many things precious. I have heard of a backwoods lady who had grown weary of maple syrup and venison and hoped that the time would soon come when she could have a good feed of hog meat and store molasses.

W. P. DAVIES.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE. Colonel Lindbergh gets aboard his plane, mounts to the skies and sails over oceans, deserts and mountains with the ease and assurance of a bird. He mounts a horse and comes a cropper, and I narrowly escaped creaking his neck. Probably he believes that for comfort and safety there is nothing to- be compared to the plane, and that riding horseback is difficult and dangerous and only to be undertaken by the daring. I have been told that people who are engaged in occupations which to most people seem hazardous usually regard their own occupations as quite safe and ordinary, but are impressed the recklessness of others who do things really no more dangerous. It is said that each circus performer takes his own stunt quite as a matter of routine, but cannot see how other performers, who do- other stunts, can have the courage to attempt them.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO WE had a wild west outfit at a Grand Forks fair ,and the performers did amazing- things on horseback. There were to be motorcycle races one afternoon, and some of us were around by the back stretch watching the riders warm up. In the group of onlookers was one of the visiting cowboys from their camp near by, with chaps, spurs, ten-gallon hat and the rest of the usual accoutrement. He was one of the fellows who did wierd things on horseback, risking his' neck several times a day. We watched the cycle riders with interest until, in rounding the turn, one of them skidded, and half-a- dozen of them were piled up in a heap. The bystanders rushed for ward to separate the dead from the wounded, but when the tangle was straightened out it was found that there were no dead and none seriously wounded. The cowboy shook his head, started for his tent, and said, as he left, "Wall, they' kin put me on a hawse, any time."

THE CURRENT NUMBER OF the "American" magazine has an article on Dexter W. Fellows, who is described as "The Master of Balyhoo." Dexter Fellows is the dean of circus press agents, who has been with the Ringlings for years, and who has been doing circus publicity work for almost a lifetime. He makes this territory frequently, and was here ahead of the big show last summer.

He h s a wonderful memory for names and faces, and I suppose he knows more newspaper people than any other man living. I walked in on him in the lobby of the Madison Square Garden in New York a few years ago- while the circus was there. We hadn't met for years, and he hadn't known that I was anywhere near New York, but he recognized me instantly, called me by name, inquired how things were in Grand Forks, and asked about several Grand Forks men whom he knows. One year while Fellows was in Grand Forks I was driving him around arid showing him the sights, arid on the way out to the University he waved his hand off to the south and asked:

"What are all those beautiful flowers? I saw so many of them on the way up this morning." I looked, but didn't see any flowers, and said so.

"Why out there," with a wide sweep of his arm, "those yellow blossoms. Acres of them!"

"Oh, those," I said, "They are wild mustard, arid a perfect pest." "I don't care," said Fellows, "They're beautiful, anyway."

IDENTIFYING MY NAME AS Welsh, which it is, Fellows told me once of traveling through Wales ahead of his circus—I foget whether it was Barnum & Bailey's or Buffalo Bill's. He was charmed with the rugged beauty of the country, and said that the one thing- about the people that; most impressed him was their lovey of music and their habit of singing. Most of us have heard Welsh choirs, and have read, at least, of the great Welsh singing festivals. Those are more or less formal. But Fellows describes the Welsh as a people who sing in their homes, at their work, on the country roads and village streets, and sing for the pure love of it. On one occasion, he said, when the circus was showing in a Welsh town, there was an immense attendance and all the people came early. After passing through the animal tent they took their places in the big circus tent and filled it a full hour before time for the performance to begin. Not being otherwise occupied, they sang. Some one in the crowd would start a familiar song, and all the voices would take it up until the great tent was filled with the volume of sound. Then somebody started "Men of Harlech," and Fellows said he had never been more thrilled in his life than in hearing those twenty thousand voices ring out in that stirring martial song. Dexter Fellows is of New England. His father was the Dr. Fellows whose syrup of hypophosphites was a familiar household remedy half a century ago. He is well read and well informed, and if he ever meets you he will have your number filed away for life.

W. P. DAVIES.

WHAT A BACKGROUND OF EXPERIENCE and adventure the lives of some of our people have. What books could be written if one could only look behind the quiet, uneventful lives of some of our friends and see the strange paths which they have traveled to reach the places in which we now find them. I have just been looking over summaries of some old letters given me by G. H. Stead, who operates the passenger elevator in the Ontario store, letters which tell of interesting experiences of Mr. Stead's father, George Stead, who, until his death in 1901 lived on a farm on the Red river sixteen miles north of Grand Forks, and who, nearly half a century earlier, had joined in the gold rush to California. The letters were written in 1852 and 1853 to the writer's parents, who were then living in Lanark county, Ontario, and tell of experiences en route to California and after arrival there.

GEORGE STEAD LEFT NEW YORK for San Francisco on a sailing vessel, April 1, 1852, to make the entire journey by way of Cape Horn. The first point touched was Rio Janeiro, which was reached in 40 days. This was considered remarkably good time. After nine days spent in taking on wood, water and provisions the journey was resumed, Cape Horn was reached in 14 days, and there a severe storm of wind and snow was encountered on June 7 and 8, and for three weeks the ship battled with storms of sleet and snow. The cape was rounded at last, and the weather in the Southern Pacific was found much more moderate. Four days were spent at Valparaiso taking on supplies, and favorable winds carried the ship to the equator, where it was becalmed for four days. The heat was oppressive, and presently head winds were encountered and the ship was carried far out of her course.

FAR OUT IN THE PACIFIC there was sighted a ship flying a distress signal. The ship in distress, also a sailing vessel, was 42, days out from a Mexican port with 130 passengers on board and was almost out of food. For ten days passengers and crew had been living on rations of six ounces of bread and, four ounces of beef per person. Biscuits, flour and beef were given to the famished people, and the New York ship sailed on, still being beaten by head winds for another week. Then another ship in distress was sighted, this one being 92 days out from Peru and almost out of provisions. Again supplies were shared, and with fine weather and fair wind the ship arrived at San Francisco on September 1, just five months from New York. Four deaths occurred during the journey, two men, one woman and one child. This seems to have been considered a low death rate.

After four days in San Francisco the party took steamers up the river to Sacramento and Marysville, thus reaching the mining country.

MR. STEAD SPENT THREE years in the gold fields, experiencing the variety of success and failure common to the gold seekers of that period. He then returned east, walking across the Isthmus of Panama, and carrying with him enough gold to purchase saw mills and flour mills on the Mississippi. These properties he operated for 30 years, until, suffering a heavy loss by fire, he sold the remainder of his property and came to North Dakota in 1880. He bought a section of land 16 miles north of Grand Forks and made his home there until his death twenty-one years later.

THE LETTERS TELLING OF the adventures of this pioneer were carefully preserved by his parents and were recently received by his son, G. H. Stead, from a sister, Mrs. W. A. Moore, of Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Stead's son, Sheldon D. Stead, seems to have inherited something of the traveling instinct from his grandfather. At any rate he has covered considerable territory, although more rapidly and under different conditions. He is now serving his third year in the United States navy and is a member of the crew of the airplane carrier Langley. A year ago the young man made the journey from coast to coast on the Langley, but this time it was not necessary either to sail around the Horn or to walk across the Isthmus, and a modern ship under steam is a very different thing from the sailing vessel of 80 years ago. In a letter to his father some time during the year the young sailor told of the journey from San Diego to Philadelphia. The Langley left San Diego on February 27 and arrived at Philadelphia March 21, having made the journey of about 4,800 miles in a little over three weeks, including several stops, one or three days. In spite of a bad storm on the Pacific and very rough weather in the Caribbean the ship arrived at her destination within an hour of schedule time. In the grandfather's day ships beaten by storms ran short of food and water. The giant ships of today carry food enough for a trip around the world, and are provided with pure water by distilling the salt ocean water. Sheldon Stead is employed in the ship's distilling plant, which supplies 1,500 gallons of water per hour, not only for cooking and all other domestic purposes, but for use in the ship's boilers.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MENTION MADE OF MAPLE sugar recently has brought to my attention the fact that for several years, and until very recently, maple syrup was made in the vicinity of Maple Lake, only 50 miles from Grand Forks, on a rather considerable scale each spring. A French Canadian and his wife who lived near the lake visited Montreal some years ago and there saw in progress the business of making maple sugar and syrup. The man recalled the maple trees growing in the vicinity of the lake, not very large or very numerous, but still in fair numbers. He informed himself as well as possible of the methods employtd, and on his return lie began to prepare for a syrup crop. He had a son working in the Crookston hotel at Crookston, and during the summer the boy saved up all the gallon cans which were emptied of their fruit contents. By fall he had enough of the cans to fill a hay rack, and these were hauled over to the lake. Early in the spring the old man started tapping trees, using wooden "spiles" and hanging the tin cans on nails to catch the sap. In this way he obtained a large quantity of sap which was boiled down in the accepted manner. Probably not many persons know that maple syrup has been made in commercial quantities so near Grand Forks.

IN A FRIEND'S OFFICE ONE day, after we had talked of politics and sundry other matters I said:

"Speaking of prohibition—everybody speaks of it one way or the other—do you really like whisky?"

"Just try me," he said.

"No," I went on hastily. "That's not the idea at all. I'm looking for information. I have been told that while many people drink strong drinks, few really like the taste of it. I appeal to you as an authority. How about it?"

"Now, it's curious," he said, "but that same question has occurred to me, and I have done a little investigating. Personally, I like the taste of whisky. You take a nice, smooth, aged liquor, fragrant—but I don't want to harrow up your feelings.—Anyway, when it is just right I can—or could—sip it drop by drop and enjoy the full flavor; of it. I have often wondered, therefore, when I have seen the way in which some of my friends handled a glass of liquor. They would seem to brace themselves in advance, like getting ready to have a tooth pulled, and they would make horrible faces after it was down. I have sometimes asked 'What makes you act that way? Don't you like that drink?' And almost always they would say 'No.' I think most people don't like whisky."

"Then why in the world do they drink it?" I asked.

"Some of them don't," he answered. "Some of them are dead, and others don't know the ropes. But as to why they did drink it, I how do I know? Why does any one do anything that he doesn't like to do? Take me, for instance. I don't like spinach, but I eat it. It's the principle of the thing, I suppose."

I HEAR MENTION OF SETH Parker often enough to know that a great many people are enjoying visits by radio to Seth's little farm home in New England. There is something about the quality of Seth's voice that tarings to me memories of a little country church back east and a fine old farmer named John Hargreaves. When I was a small boy John was an elderly man, a thrifty farmer, and a devout member of the little church. He had been a fine singer, and for years had sung tenor in the church choir, but with advancing years his voice had failed and he had dropped out of the choir. In my time he occupied a seat in the family pew. His love for singing never left him, but, realizing his limitations, while he always joined in the congregational singing, he sang very quietly and modestly, but in a voice singularly sweet.

Sometimes John forget himself. The sermon may have had just the touch of orthodoxy that he approved and the hymn may have had a strong emotional appeal. On such occasions John was likely to cut loose. Then, out of the medley of mixed voices his voice would be heard, sweet as a flute, clear as a bird's, filling the whole room as the old man poured out his soul in music. Then came tragedy. On an unusually high note, or in an unusually forceful passage, his voice would crack and the note would end in a wierd screech. Then poor John would realize what he had done, and he would subside, the picture of shame and humiliation.

WHAT JOY MANY OF THOSE old-time people, found in music. They knew nothing of classical compositions, and most of them had no training that would be recognized now. The winter singing school, held weekly, provided most of them with their only instruction and the transient teacher was likely to know little more than his pupils: Yet they did a lot of singing and much of it was well done. It brought them together in pleasant social groups, and it was perhaps as mentally and morally stimulating as many of the more sophisticated forms of entertainment which are common today.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE MINNEAPOLIS SYMphony orchestra has been giving some fine radio concerts to radio listeners on Sunday evenings. The programs have included some of the best compositions, and the orchestra has done full justice to these numbers. The Minneapolis Symphony orchestra has become well known throughout the northwest, for its several tours have brought it in contact with many thousands of music loving people. Grand Forks shared in the privilege of hearing this splendid organization on several occasions.

The first appearance of the Minneapolis Symphony in Grand Forks was in May, 1907 when there was held here a music festival which is doubtless remembered with pleasure by a very large number of people. The present city auditorium had not been built, and the concerts were held in the Metropolitan, which was packed to the doors at each opening. Local singers had been rehearsed for weeks in the numbers to be given, and the singing of Handel's "Messiah" to the splendid music of the orchestra was something not soon to be forgotten.

I WONDER IF THERE ARE now any members in the orchestra who remember the first evening of the organization in Grand Forks. Herr Verbruggen will not remember it for he was not here, the orchestra at that time being directed by Emil O'berhoffer. The orchestra was to make its first appearance here at an evening concert. It had played the preceding evening in Duluth and made the jump from that city during the day. The train carried no diner, and the company arrived in Grand Forks about 8 o'clock dinnerless and having had only sketchy lunches on the train. There was no time for even a bite to eat before the concert, as the players had to go direct to the theatre from the train. With empty stomachs, and after a long day's ride, they played that heavy concert and did a splendid job.

THE GRAND FORKS BAND had not then become a strictly municipal organization. It has been a private organization under several different managements. It had existed by passing round the hat. And for several years it was a corporation, attempting with more or less success to maintain itself independently. I think it was in the corporate stage at the time of this first visit of the Minneapolis Symphony. It had quarters at that time in the basement of the Security building.

The local musicians were greatly interested in the appearance of the Minneapolis orchestra, and had arranged to entertain the visiting players at an informal luncheon in the band rooms after the concert. The bandsmen escorted their guests from the stage door to the band headquarters and invited them to make themselves at home.

I DONT REMEMBER WHAT committee arranged that lunch. Whoever its members were, they knew what their guests needed, and showed positive genius in supplying it. Those players were tired and hungry. They didn't want to listen to speeches or be burdened with formalities. They wanted to sit at their ease and have something substantial to eat, and a whole lot of it. And because of the European background and traditions of most of them, a lunch was incomplete without a glass of beer, or perhaps two glasses of beer.

THE COMMITTEE UNDER stood all that and had made preparations accordingly. There were heaps and heaps of sandwiches and a sufficient quantity of beer. Lest it be supposed that like Senator Brookhart and some others I am seeking to make a scandal of a social function and undertaking to expose an ancient violation of law, let me say that no law was violated. There was no national prohibition law, and the North Dakota law did not prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors and the serving of them to guests.

I HAVE ATTENDED MANY, luncheons, but never one at which the guests entered into the spirit of the occasion with more whole-souled enthusiasm than did those tired, hungry, thirsty musicians that night. Great plates of sandwiches disappeared as if by magic, and at suitable intervals the room resounded with the rat-tat-tat in unison of glasses on tables as some visitor proposed the health of the hosts. In fairness to everybody, and for the information of those unfamiliar with ancient usages it should be said that this was no "drinking party," that there was not even a suggestion of intoxication, and that the guests were merely given the kind of lunch to which they were accustomed, which they enjoyed, and which seemed to agree with them,
—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MAPLE SYRUP IS A SUBJECT which it is hard for me to leave. The sugar itself is not as attractive to me as it was in the days of youth and vigorous outdoor activity, though maple syrup on pancakes seems to have lost none of its flavor. But the associations connected with maple sugar seem to become stronger with years. It may be a little strange, but most of those associations are pleasant. There were often slushy paths in the sugar bush. Feet were sometimes soaked with icy water, in spite of the tallow dressing given on boots. There was lifting and lugging to be done, horses or oxen to tend, wood to chop and fires to tend. There was not a little of what seemed drudgery about the work of collecting sap and making sugar. But these things are all, forgotten or remembered with an effort. The things that stand out now are the pleasant experiences—the warm spring sunshine on a southern slope after a frosty night; the birds twittering in anticipation of a season of domestic happiness; the glow of the hardwood fire under the great kettle; the gossip of neighbors who came to observe or assist in the proceedings; the fun and frolic of the sugaring-off party—these are the things remembered. As to the discomforts and less pleasant episodes, who wants to remember them?

SUGAR-MAKING TIME WAS not the regular hog-killing time. The latter came in the fall, but some animals were prepared for spring slaughter, and quite often fresh pork and maple syrup went together. When the pork and sugar seasons coincided some housewives made a specialty of liver and onions as the piece de resistance at the sugaring-off gathering. This liver and onions was different from any liver and onions now extant, and if the ladies of the household will pay attention I will tell them how to prepare it.

CERTAIN OF THE INTERNAL mechanism of the hog is surrounded by what our people called the net, which is a gauzy membrane, almost transparent in spots, laced back and forth with thick veins of fat. Spread the net on the kitchen table and upon it place about two inches of onions, coarsely sliced, with occasional strips of fat pork. Salt liberally and pepper slightly. Upon the onions place one prime liver, preferably from a youthful hog. Cover with two inches more of onions, fat, salt and pepper. Draw the net snugly around the mass, fasten with wooden skewers, bake in a slow oven, and call in the neighbors. I know I have written before of the manufacture of "maple" syrup by the Indians from box elder sap. The true maple disappears at about this latitude, but its relative, the box elder, grows away up into Northern Canada. It is sometimes called the Manitoba maple and sometimes the ash-leaved maple. Its sap, while containing less sugar than that of the sugar maple, is perceptibly sweet. It flows freely, and presently we shall see along the streets the youngsters on their way to and from school sucking the icicles which may be found on a rounded tree on a frosty morning or licking the gum which is left by the evaporation of the sap in the warm sunshine. The northern Indians know of the sweetness of this sap, and used syrup made from it to supplement their diet.

REV. C. D. LOCKLIN, ONE OF our pioneer preachers, once brought me a cake of sugar made from this sap on his farm in the Turtle mountains. It was the only box elder sugar I had even seen, Mr. Locklin came from a maple country and was familiar with all the processes of manufacture, and he had instructed his tenant just how to proceed. The result of the experiment was a quantity of very palatable sugar, much lighter in color than ordinary maple, and of a milder flavor.

Dr. Healy, of this city, does not make sugar, but every spring for several years he has made a little box elder syrup, just for the fun of it, and he finds it very good. Because of the relatively small sugar content the sap required a good deal of boiling before it attains the consistency of real syrup.

IN LOOKING OVER A HERALD file of 1907 I came across an advertisement of a Cadillac automobile published by Lyons & Co. The picture of the car is what attracted my attention. The car was a high two-seater, topless, and without front doors. The rudder steering apparatus had by that time been superseded by the wheel, but the control levers were attached outside the body at the driver's right—the car being right-hand drive. All the wheels were large, and the front wheels, appear to have been several inches larger than the rear ones. The car is described as Model G, 4 cylinders, 20 horsepower, 50 miles per hour. Price, \$2,000. Just think of it! Only twenty-three years ago! W. P. DAVIES

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

AN OLD NUMBER OF THE Herald tells of sewers in the northern part of the city being clogged with tree roots to such an extent that streets were flooded and it was necessary to dig up the sewers to clear them. Trees need water, and they will seek it with an appearance of greater intelligence than is observed in some of what are considered the higher orders of creation. Observe the digging of a basement. The nearest tree may be from 50 to 100 feet away, but if it is a lusty specimen its roots will be found by the diggers, reaching out and down after moisture. It will be noted, too, in this alluvial district, that most of the tree roots are found, not in the rich black loam near the surface, but in the yellow clay beneath. Botanists and geologists know all about this, and understand the reasons for it. I suppose that the roots of the young tree are attracted to the clay because there is to be found a reasonably constant supply of moisture, while the soil nearer the surface, and of a different texture, dries out more readily and checks the growth of little roots that have started their journeys through it.

MANY WELLS HAVE BEEN drawn dry by trees growing nearby. I have in mind a giant poplar which grew near an eastern well. It was a magnificent tree, and gave pleasing shade to the well with its wooden pump and tin dipper. But the well ran dry. Its original fine flow of water diminished little by little until a fairly dry time no water at all could be obtained from the well. It was found that the bottom of the well, which was some 20 feet deep, was filled with a tangled mass of tree roots. The tree had smelled water and gone down after it, and it was large enough to absorb all the water the underground veins could supply. A choice had to be made of tree or well, and the tree had to go.

BACK EAST WE HAD A WILow tree that had a tremendous root system. The bark was a rich golden color, but I think the tree was larger than what is known as the Golden willow. It had nothuing of the shrub-like appearance of the ordinary willow, but sent up a straight trunk from which grew large spreading branches. It was a regular tree. We had one of these trees which had originally been used as a buggy whip. My randfather had been on a journey with the one horse and light wagon which the establishment afforded, and on the way home he had cut a gad from a wayside willow to stimulate the horse. Reaching home he stuck this whip into the ground by the edge of the garden, without having any particular purpose in view. Within a few days he noticed that the buds of the twig were swelling. It took root and grew, and became the grand-, father of a whole young forest of, willows. In my time the trunk was fully two feet in diameter, and twigs cut from it had become strong trees. For some of these we cut stakes and drove into the earth along a sliding bank, and like the stakes cut by Robinson Crusoe, these took root and flourished holding the earth firm with their interlaced roots.

THE PARENT TREE OVERshadowed the garden and it had to be sacrificed. It shut out the sunlight and its roots impoverished the earth. For some reason, instead of cutting it down immediately we girdled it, making two saw cuts about two inches a part all around the trunk and removing the bark between with a chisel. The tree refused to yield. It came out in full leaf next spring, and on examination it was found that a narrow shred of inner bark had been overlooked, and this had been broadened and thickened and had maintained the tree's circulation. The ax ended its career as a tree, and it became my job to reduce it to stovewood with a bucksaw.

MENTION OF A BUCKSAW brings to me painful recollections of an old-fashioned "snake" rail fence. It had been built for many years and the lower rails had rotted badly. It was removed to make room for a board fence, which was the very latest thing in fences in those days. The rails were all of hardwood, much of it ash, and about half black walnut, and that fence, with its rails like iron, provided me with exercise for many weeks. During the war, when the government was scouring the country for walnut for rifle stocks, I thought of the number of rifle stocks that could have been made from grandfather's rail fence. And anyone could have had the whole fence for nothing so far as I was concerned.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE places in the country where boys still are gathering walnuts in the fall, but I don't know where they are. The nutting season was a joyous time with our gang. The woods were tinged with gorgeous hues from the frosty nights, and the more sensitive leaves had already fallen, making a deep, rustling carpet through the timber. Squirrels were hard at work gathering and storing away their harvest, unembarrassed by thoughts of a surplus. Great spreading trees showered down their treasures upon the slightest provocation, and sacks were filled with nuts to be spread in dry lofts to cure. There was always plenty of dry dead wood with which to build a fire around which to eat a hearty lunch, and nobody knows what a load a small boy can carry on his back until he accompanies one on a nutting expedition. W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THERE HAS BEEN SOME feeling that in these days Chicago is scarcely a safe place to visit. The impression is given that the streets are enfiladed by machine guns, and the fact that a prominent member of one of the city's gangs died a natural death the other day is considered a matter of sufficient interest to warrant publication. I have visited Chicago several times, and have escaped without a scratch, but it may be different since I was in the city.

HOWEVER, IN LOOKING over a 1907 file of The Herald I ran across a Madison, Wisconsin, dispatch, saying that Rev. Joseph Carden, of Beloit, in an address at Madison, has given his opinion of the Chicago of those days in a rather startling way. The reverend gentleman said that it would be a mistake to call Chicago a pocket edition of hell. On the contrary he said, hell was merely a pocket edition of Chicago. That is submitted for what it is worth.

IT IS TRUE THAT FOR A good many years Chicago has had a tough reputation in some quarters. The great Chicago fire occurred in 1871, when I was a youngster of about 9. The news came to our Ontario neighborhood piecemeal, because communication was not as good then as now. The impression that I gained from the conversation of my elders was that the city had been destroyed because of its wickedness, somewhat after the fashion of Sodom and Gomorrah. There were thrilling tales of flashes of lightning bombarding the city, these being the instruments by means of which divine wrath was visited on the city. A pleasing variety was given to these statements by the further information that the lightning struck the homes of the wicked and left untouched the property of the righteous.

ALL OF THIS SEEMS NOW TO belong to the dark ages. There were many simple-minded people in that generation, and we smile at their odd beliefs and strange superstitions. But lest we smile too broadly, let it be noted that not more than four or five years ago, when New York city was visited by an earthquake which shook up several parts of the city, this situation was ascribed by a number of worthy people to the wickedness of the city, and one preacher got into print with the statement that the shaking was most severe in the districts of the city inhabited by the notoriously wicked, who in this case happened to be those who did not belong to his particular church, while members of his own group suffered no harm. This was about the beginning of the second quarter of the Twentieth century. Of course we are very superior in these days, but we have some distance to go yet.

MY FRIEND, G. H. STEAD, whose father's description of a voyage around the Horn was published in this column some days ago, has just received a letter from his son, Sheldon, who is a seaman in the United States navy. Sheldon, who is one of the crew of the airplane carrier Langley, has just been promoted from a berth in the engine room to a position as machinist's mate, and is elated over his good fortune. That the promotion is not entirely due to luck is indicated by the statement of the young man that his new quarters are much more desirable than those which he formerly occupied because, among other things, he has more time and opportunity for study. My guess is that he will get along.

THE NAVY IS ONE OF THE fighting arms of the nation, but its members do not spend all their time fighting. A young man enlisted as a regular seaman has enough work to keep him occupied a reasonable share of his time, but he also has leisure which he may spend in self improvement. A very large proportion of, the sailors make use of this opportunity. There are on board the larger vessels schools of instruction in all of the common branches and in many advanced studies. Competent instructors are in charge of these classes, and the boys who enter these classes are given excellent training.

I VISITED THE LANGLEY when she was our only airplane carrier. She is now outclassed in size by the Lexington and the Saratoga. From a motor boat she bears a rough resemblance to a ten-story city block afloat and she is full of interesting things. Our people were given an opportunity, to watch plane from the flat roof—which sailors call the deck—and their return to it. For this purpose the deck was cleared of visitors and all other impedimenta. The observers were required to slip overside and take their stations on a rope netting stretched around the ship about four feet below deck level. It was all right so long as we kept our eyes on the deck, and the planes, and the sky, but the Caribbean sea, beautiful as it is when seen from view points, looks very wet when seen through the meshes of a rope net at an elevation of 80 or 90 feet. — W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A STRAY NEWSPAPER PARagraph which I think is from the Hillsboro Banner says that Budd Reeve, of Buxton, celebrated his 88th birthday on February 26, and that Naomi, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jens Molvig, whose birthday occurs on the same day, brought a birthday cake and she and the old gentleman celebrated together. The age of the young lady is not given, but she is evidently hale and hearty, and the old "Sage of Buxton," though confined to the house, is said to be enjoying good health. He keeps in touch with the works through the daily papers, and continues the writing which has occupied much of his time for many years.

BUDD REEVE IS AN ORIGINAL and picturesque character. Born in Indiana he moved to Minnesota at an early age and then came on to North Dakota, settling on the farm where he has lived for nearly sixty years. Small and slight physically, he moved with nervous energy until a painful malady confined him to the house, and much of the time to his bed, but whether in the open or confined within four walls, he has looked out on life with keen interest and has sought in his own way to make his contribution to the world's happiness.

THIS DESIRE FOR HUMAN betterment has been expressed at times in ways which other people could not quite understand. Budd Reeve has a philosophy all his own. It is marked by courage, hope and kindness, and is not hospitable to shoddy and shams. It has often been stated in terse epigrams which punctured many pretense. And interwoven with it is a mysticism which sees in the whole universe and all the elements of time and space a great cosmos whose parts are symbolized for us in arithmetical and alphabetical combinations which the old man has spent years in working out, and which are far too deep for me.

BUDD REEVE HAS ALWAYS taken a keen interest in public affairs, and I have no doubt that, shut in as he is, he is following the naval conference, the tariff debates and the controversy over prohibition more closely than most of us, and that he is better informed on many such subjects than many younger and more active men. In the years when party lines were more closely drawn than they are now he was a working Democrat, but when the party had strayed off into the byways he has trudged sturdily along his own independent course.

SOME THIRTY YEARS OR more ago he announced himself a candidate for congress, without asking the permission of any party organization or receiving its endorsement. He built himself a little log cabin on wheels, hitched a team of mules to it, installed a cowbell to give people warning of his approach, and started out. The cabin was his home during his tour, and from it he addressed the curious crowds that assembled at every village through which he passed. His talks were snappy and entertaining, even though some parts of them were obscure, and village wits who attempted to have fun at the expense of this odd character quickly found that the laugh was on them rather than with them. He didn't make a very impressive showing on election day, but he had a lot of fun during the campaign.

AT ANOTHER TIME HE interested himself in the formulation of plans for a great world organization in which all the nations should be united, and which should put an end to war. I have forgotten the name of this organization, but its founder designed for it a flag, covered with symbolic figures, which he raised and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies in Grand Forks. This was long before the World war and before the country had heard of Woodrow Wilson or had any thought of the League of Nations.

I HAPPENED TO BE A PASsenger on the same train with Budd Reeve returning from the St. Louis exposition of 1904. In the car were about a dozen girls of high school age, strangers to him and to me. We had not gone far before some quizzical remark of his started them giggling, and from that time until they left the train this little old farmer from North Dakota was the center of a laughing, chattering group of girls, who found wisdom in his utterance and wit in the twinkle of his eye.

North Dakota has developed many quaint characters, but I know of none more original and interesting than Budd Reeve. In recent years he has dropped out of public attention. He has been bedridden and much of the time wracked with pain. But his courage and good cheer have never failed, and while in his philosophy there is much that is strange to me, I am glad that he has it to sustain and comfort him as the shadows deepen and the evening draws to a close. W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE SAN DIEGO UNION IN A recent issue published two interviews, each of which has a Grand Forks background. The first is a brief statement by George B. Winship, founder of the Grand Forks Herald. It read as follows:

"Yes, I am one of the six living men for whom Pullman cars were named. Was much surprised when the honor came to me from the Great Northern railway. I have a picture of the car on my wall, together with a brief biography. I cannot understand why I should be thus honored—one among hundreds of other more prominent pioneers. However, I had a policy as a newspaper man, and time has demonstrated that it was a wise one and for the best interests of the people. After 50 years recognition came to me."

The other is from Judge Frank S. Verbeck, now of Los Angeles, who at the time was visiting in San Diego. It runs: "I have just had one of the finest thrills of my life, that of meeting an old friend I knew and loved 40 years ago—George B. Winship of 3980 Georgia street, in San Diego.

A few weeks ago I came across an Associated Press story in an L. A. paper, in which the names of six living men were given for whom Pullman cars were named. George Winship is one of them. Colonel Lindbergh is among the number, too. That news story resulted in the contact with my old friend, whom I have just visited for several hours and talked over pleasantries of 40 years ago when he was publishing a newspaper at Grand Forks, N. D. As a traveling salesman for the Barnhart printing concern, I sold George a Washington hand press and other supplies and for years he was a regular customer of mine. The joy in meeting this wonderful man, now in his 83rd year, is indescribable and I assure you that I am coming back to San Diego again very soon. And, to think that I have lived in L. A. for a number of years with George Winship within a few hours ride fills me with regret because of the pleasant associations I have been missing. And added to this unexpected pleasure is the fun I have had while here in being parked just across the hall in the hotel from another fine old friend, "Uncle" Louie Winternitz of Grand Rapids, Mich., who has deserted all of the climes of Florida, Honolulu and elsewhere for San Diego. Shall I tell you how I happened to come to California to live? Many years ago I met Colonel Otis in the east. He said, "Come out to California and I will give you a big order." I did and sold him a new "dress" for his Los Angeles Times."

In connection with the Verbeck interview there is a little story that illustrates the meandering nature of the paths by means of which people are brought into contact and information concerning them is passed along. Carl Gowran, visiting in San Diego, saw the interviews published above and sent a clipping containing them to J. B. Wineman in Grand Forks. Wineman promptly mailed them to me, which is just what he should have done. While they awaited attention Alan Stanchfield told me that in a little weekly paper which he receives from his home in Michigan he had seen a statement by a Judge Frank S. Verbeck, a former resident of the Michigan town, referring to matters in Grand Forks 40 years ago. He very kindly offered to clip the article and let me have it. I thanked him and told him that the article which had come to him from Michigan had already come to me from California. Queer how these things work around, isn't it?

ALAN STANCHFIELD HAS been an actual resident of Grand Forks for only a short time, but he visited the city twenty-odd years ago as a member of a theatrical company which made this territory, and at that time he met a few of the people with whom he has more recently become well acquainted. I have him on my program for some theatrical reminiscences which I know will be interesting.

A CLIPPING THAT HAS BEEN on my desk for some time reminds me that the Grafton Record celebrated its 40th anniversary a few weeks ago. To most modern readers the Grafton Record means Rilie Morgan, the very efficient and capable owner and manager of the paper, who has installed modern machinery and modern methods and made the paper a necessary part of the equipment of most of the homes in his territory. To other and older persons it recalls the names of Ed Pierce, A. L. Woods, W.L. Stockwell and Grant Hager, each of whom was at some time owner, part owner or editor of the paper.

ED PIERCE GAVE THE paper a distinctive character through his "Hits and Mrs." column, in which, week after week, he featured Poison Carrots and the Hired Man. If those two characters had flourished in these radio days they might have divided honors with Amos and Andy. One curious thing about Pierce and his column was that while the fun seemed to flow spontaneously from the point of Ed's pencil as long as he was running his own paper and could write or not, just as he pleased, when he was under the definite obligation to produce at a given time the fountain seemed to dry up. After selling his interest in the Record Pierce did circulation work for The Herald for a time and brought "Hits and Mrs." along. It was a part of his job to produce that column once a week for the Sunday paper. He told me that because he had to do it, he couldn't. All the week that column was on his mind, and the harder he thought about it the fewer things he could think of to put in the column. He finally gave it up as hopeless.

THAT REMINDS ME OF Strickland W. Gillilan, but that must wait until another time. In the meantime, thanks are returned for suggestions received in person and by mail, and more will be welcomed. Don't send telegrams collect. W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE INABILITY OF ED Pierce of Grafton to do justice to a humorous column when he was required to produce it regularly and at a given time reminded me of Strickland W. Gillilan, who had a different experience. During the greater part of his life Gillilan had been a newspaper humorist, lecturer and essayist. For years his column was one of the most attractive features of the Baltimore American. To the general public he is not as well known as is one of his productions, for he is the author of that immortal line "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin."

Gillilan lectured in Grand Forks a good many years ago, and for some reason remained a day or two in the city. He made The Herald office his headquarters while he was here, and he proved to be as good a story teller in private as he was in public. Among other things he told me how he found out under what conditions he could work best.

He had quite a reputation as a newspaper writer, held a good position, and had a fair income. But he found regular work monotonous. There were times when he was not in the writing mood, but, mood or not he must write, for the paper must go to press and, his stuff must be in it. He felt that he was not able in this way to do himself justice. So he gave up his job and went to New York to do free lance work. This, it may be explained for the benefit of those who do not know, is work done by those who are not regularly employed, who write as they choose in their own time and sell the product on the open market to any who will buy.

THIS PLAN, GILLILAN thought, would free him from the drudgery of stated hours and the requirement to produce whether he felt like it or not. He would be his own master, could fix his own hours, and could write when he felt most like writing, in this way, he believed, he could do better work and reach a higher place among the writing fraternity.

He took time to look around, established himself, and wrote. That is, he wrote occasionally. But for some reason the writing mood did not come very often or last very long. There were many other interesting things to do, and writing could be done at any time. It was easy to go for a ride or a sail, and to leave the writing "until some time when he felt more like it. He found that more and more of the time he didn't feel like writing. Depending on the mood he found that the mood was shy and elusive. He did less work, and what he did was not very satisfactory. His income was suffering, and real fame, as a writer seemed to become more and more distant.

He took stock of himself and came to the conclusion that what he needed was a regular job, a definite task to do at a given time, and somebody to make lots of trouble if he didn't do it. He applied for his old job, got it, and settled down to fill so much space a day. To his surprise he found that with a definite routine to be followed he seemed to have more time and inclination for other writing than when he had no regular occupation, and for a long time he did more free lance work in addition to his regular job than when he had nothing else to do.

The moral of it all is, I suppose, that people are different and need different treatment. Ed Pierce found it difficult to adjust himself to a regular routine and was unable to work satisfactorily on a time schedule. Gillilan needed the compulsion of a regular program. My guess is that inspiration comes oftenest and in its finest form to those who are everlastingly digging.

I HAVEN'T YET GOT ALL THE details of the ancient crossing scrap between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific straightened out, and I may not be able to do so before the two roads have finished the process of getting together by a complete consolidation. In the meantime I have been talking to Frank F. Anderson, who operates a grocery store on Seventh avenue south, and who has given me another bit of that ancient history. Mr. Anderson worked for the Great Northern forty-odd years ago, and he tells me that the crossing squabble that started was continued at least as far as Grand Forks. The Great Northern's Neche trains went north at that time over what is now the industrial track which crosses Skidmore avenue and runs to the state mill and the packing plant. The crossing of the Great Northern tracks by the new Northern Pacific near Skidmore avenue was vigorously opposed, and in order to prevent the crossing being made a Great Northern engine was kept running back and forth at that point, night and day. Northern Pacific construction men were on the watch for an opportunity to get across, and one dark night when the Great Northern engine ran down to the water tank for water they went into action. The rails were cut and the new material installed, and before the obstructive engine returned the crossing was made. All that was many years ago. No such crude methods are employed now, nor do they appear to be necessary, with the opportunities that exist for injunctions and purchases of stock on the exchange. Anyway, the two Northern roads have been, in close co-operation for many years, and early consolidation is now regarded as quite probable.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

GEORGE B. WINSHIP, of SAN Diego, Calif., sends a news clipping; which has been published elsewhere in The Herald, and a note giving the welcome information of continued improvement in his health. Mr. Winship has suffered severely with rheumatic trouble, but this affection is gradually yielding to treatment. He writes:

Other than this ailment I am in good condition. Both arms and legs are affected, but mentally and spiritually I am O. K. I expect to take treatment at San Jacinto Mud Springs next week. There are lots of Grand Forks people in the city, and all do me the honor to call. I had about fifteen calls last week and they were wonderfully stimulating. I really enjoy seeing and chatting with my old friends. Some of the visits leave me limp and worn, but mighty happy. I like your column. You are digging up some interesting stuff. The copy of The Herald that I receive circulates at least among a dozen former Grand Forks families, and all enjoy your Reminders. I have frequent calls for Mr. Winship's address from old friends who wish to write to him. Doubtless there are many others who would; drop him a line if they had his address. Here it is: George B. Winship, 3980 Georgia St., San Diego, Cal.

MR. WINSHIP SERVED AS A typesetter on several large papers, but as a writer his experience was I confined almost entirely to his own paper, the Grand Forks Herald. Nevertheless he developed news qualities worthy of a metropolitan field. He and Mrs. Winship were passengers on the liner Republic which was wrecked in a collision at sea en route to Europe some twenty years ago. Other Grand Forks passengers were Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Murphy; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Titus and Mrs. J. Walker Smith. The collision occurred in the night. The Florida, an Italian steamer, rammed the Republic and stove in one side of the liner. The passengers were taken off in good order and placed aboard the Florida, which was thus greatly overloaded. The White Star liner Baltic took them off later and returned them to New York. The Republic sank a few hours after being relieved of her passengers.

ONLY THE MOST MEAGRE accounts of the disaster reached the public for many hours. Radio was then unknown, and wireless was in its infancy. There was great anxiety and excitement among the passengers, and not a little confusion. But in the midst of the turmoil Mr. Winship's first thought was of his newspaper. In some way or other he gained access to telegraphic channels which others were unable to reach, and he sent to The Herald a well written and detailed story, and, this story, first published in The Herald, was relayed to many metropolitan newspapers whose own means of communication had failed. Mr. Winship did an excellent job with The Herald, but if he had not chosen to exercise his talent in that direction, what a war correspondent or naval conference correspondent he would have made! As it is, though out of the harness for nearly twenty years, when a bit of news develops in his territory that he thinks would be interesting to readers of his old paper, he sends it in by letter or by wire in accordance with the urgency of the matter.

A NEWS PARAGRAPH ABOUT a sheep-killing dog in California reminds me of my dog Toby. I owned him fifty years ago. He was a brown water spaniel, a beautiful, affectionate and attractive little animal. I spent some time training him in the way he should go, and he responded nobly. He showed great intelligence and was a marvel of obedience. I was living at that time in a small village, and Toby never saw a sheep until one spring day I let him run along while I drove to town with the old horse. All went well until we came to a pasture in which there was a flock of sheep. Toby crawled under the fence to investigate. The sheep frightened, ran, and Toby ran after them. I suppose that for a moment it was merely sport with the dog, the fluffy balls of white that scattered as he approached seemed like good playthings. But it quickly became more than play, and that well-behaved dog, that paragon of docility and obedience, was transformed into a savage wild beast, lusting for blood. I called and whistled, but the dog was deaf to every appeal, and it took me some time to round up the furious little animal and bring him under control. That and many other incidents have convinced me that few dogs are to be trusted where sheep are concerned.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE RELATION OF BALDNESS to morality is suggested by the news story of the Virginia twin girls whose mental and social development differed widely because of the serious illness of one of the two while she was a child. That has nothing to do with baldness, but it reminds me of the case of a man whom I knew many years ago. He was one of a large family of children whose parents were thrifty farm people who were among the most respected members of their community. With one exception the children seemed to have inherited the fine qualities of their parents. They lived well-ordered lives and were leaders in business life, social activities and church work. The exception was a son who achieved the reputation of being the black sheep of the flock.

THIS SON — HE WAS A GROWN man when I was a mere lad — lost most of his hair while he was still a youth. My recollection is that this was the result of illness. At any rate, he was very bald, and he was sensitive about it. Jokes were made at his expense, and he didn't like that. Probably the fact that such jokes were known to annoy him subjected him to a good many that would not otherwise have been made, and his imagination doubtless created considerable comment out of nothing at all. He was an affable, sociable fellow who liked people and who was generally liked. In order that his baldness might not excite comment he sought society where he could wear his hat. He was always sure of finding such society in a barroom, and it was in bar-rooms and similar places that he found much of his diversion.

I HAVE OFTEN FELT THAT he was not quite as wicked as he was supposed to be. He was an industrious farmer and seemed to make his farm pay. His credit was good, and children and dogs were fond of him. But he had never mustered courage to ask a girl to marry him and therefore he lacked the advantage of having a real home. He seldom went to church, and occasionally he would become somewhat inebriated. He would qpr bet money on a horse race, and there were times when his language was not refined. As I think of him now it seems to me that he rather delighted in shocking the more proper members of the community, and I believe that much of his "wickedness" was a pose.

THERE IS A PROBLEM HERE for the psychologist. Was the behavior of this man, so contrary to the habits and traditions of his family, actually due to his baldness, or was there some twist in his inheritance which would have caused him to frequent taverns and bet on races, even if he retained all his hair? The question is now before the classes in psychology and sociology.

SOMEBODY ASKED ME THE other day if the Seventeenth of March is the anniversary of the birth or the death of St. Patrick. I was puzzled for a moment, I had always supposed that the day was celebrated as the birthday of Ireland's saint. Then I remembered that there is quite an animated controversy as to whether Patrick was an Irishman, a Scotchman or an Englishman. The claims of each country are supported with some vehemence. If it is not quite certain where he was born, how do we know when he was born?

THEN THERE CAME TO MY mind, not the text, but the substance of some verses that I once knew. The little jingle tells the story of a dispute that arose in Ireland over the birthday of St. Patrick. The actual birth, according to the story, occurred somewhere near midnight of March 8, but whether before or after midnight was not certain. One crowd wanted to celebrate the 8th as the birthday, while the other insisted on the 9th. Each side submitted expert testimony, and, as usual, the expert testimony conflicted. Neither side would yield. Argument degenerated into denunciation, and an appeal to arms was imminent.

JUST AT THIS JUNCTURE A wise old priest came forward and addressed the angry disputants. He told them of the folly of their quarrel. "Why be always dividing?" he asked, "and why not combine?" The sum of 8 and 9, he pointed out, is 17. Therefore let the 17th be celebrated as the saint's birthday. In that way neither side would have to admit defeat, as each side would be given full representation in the new date to be chosen. The people recognized the wisdom of this advice, and since then the 17th of March has been celebrated as the birth-day anniversary of St. Patrick.

The improbable feature of that story is that it represents a lot of Irishmen acquiescing in the peaceful settlement of a dispute when there was an excellent opportunity for a fight.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me W.P.D.

MY GOOD FRIEND BUDD Reeve of Buxton has responded, to my reference to him with a copy of his latest book, "The Ruling Hand." I have not yet had time to read it, but on opening it at random came across an interesting passage. The writer tells of the foreclosure of the mortgage on his home, and continues:

God came to me in the darkest hour and said "Turn the mortgaged farm over to me. I made all the earth and put man on it, and I would like to have one piece of land to call my own." I accepted His offer and let it go under the hammer. After all my rights of possession had expired and I was facing the street without a place to lay my head, man called from whom I had never had a favor but years before had been a neighbor. He knew nothing about my option contract with God, was not told about it at the time, nor for a long time after. He said: "I have come to tell you that I have taken an assignment of the sheriff's sale, and I am now the owner of this home and the land you are on."

"Good!" I said, "let me congratulate you on knowing a bargain. You might as well have the money in it as any one. When do you want possession? When shall I move out?"

"I don't want you to move out at all," he said. "Knowing the value of the property as I do, and the state of your health and that of your family, I took over the title so you would not have to move out. You can stay in this house with the yard around it just as long as you live, and you can have the land back at any time, if you ever want to redeem it, for taxes and legal interest. I knew if I did not pick it up someone else would, not interested in your life and happiness, and the change would be a very great one with you."

This was several years ago, and I am still in the house that I have lived in for over forty-five years without knowing that it had ever been sold for debt. That saule has caused no change so far as living in the house is concerned and staying in the old home. Since taking it over the title holder has become enthusiastically interested in my faith, and holding as solidly as a rock to see it materialize.

Mr. Reeve writes appreciatively, of the visit of his little girl friend to celebrate with him his and her birthday with a great cake on which were twelve candles, representing her own age.

WATCHING A RAILWAY track crew repairing a crossing, I noticed one of them using an adze. That tool is still in use, but it is seldom seen. Its name is now chiefly familiar as a word with which to fill blanks in crossword puzzles. There was a time when the carpenter had to be almost as familiar with the adze as with the hammer. It is a queer-looking tool, with a sharp cutting edge, built to fit into places which cannot well be reached in any other way. Its companion, the broad-axe, seems almost to have passed out of existence.

THE BROADAXE AND THE adze were familiar and necessary tools when great logs were hewed into square timbers instead of being sawn and when accurate joints were worked to fit those timbers together into all sorts of sturdy structures. I never used either, but as a boy I have seen them wielded by skilled craftsmen, and have been fascinated by the magic with which they reduced rough logs to smooth, straight square timbers, and have gathered up the great slices of wood which their accurate strokes sliced off at each stroke.

I HAVE ALSO HEARD OLD woodsmen boast of their skill with the broadaxe, and after hearing some of their yarns I can understand how some of the Paul Bunyan stories grew. One of these raconteurs told of hewing timber in a lumber camp in which the work had to be done with great accuracy. Each stick that was hewed, he said, was inspected by the fore man who passed over each hewn surface a fine silk handkerchief. If the handkerchief caught on a sliver or other inequality the ax-man was fired in disgrace. The story-teller said he worked in that camp for four years. After seeing some of the polished surfaces left by some of those hewers I could almost believe the story.

BOTH ADZE AND BROADAXE were wicked tools in the hands of an unskilled workman. Each had to have a razor edge, and a false stroke, or one deflected by a loose chip might split a foot or sever a leg artery. Every axman had the regard for his ax that the good workman always had for his tools. One of the stories told is of an old woodsman who worshipped his broadaxe and took pride in its keen edge. As he stood on a slippery log his ax caught a loose chip and the stroke went wild. The ax landed on his foot, which it split almost to the instep, shearing its way through the stout leather boot with its heavily nailed sole. Other workmen gathered him up to see what could be done about repairs, but before his foot could be removed he reached for his ax, ran his thumb over its mutilated edge, and exclaimed, "Damn them nails!" —W. P. DAVIES.

MARCH IS A TRICKY MONTH, so far as weather is concerned, and its trickiness is not confined to any one section of the country. We have had during the past few weeks extremes of temperature and of general weather behavior extending over the entire country. Balmy and spring-like days have been enjoyed in the Northwest, Arizona has been blanketed with snow. Southern California has been deluged with rain. The East has had real summer weather followed by raw, disagreeable, and in some sections severely cold weather. In this section the mild weather was followed by a return of winter, and freakish snow storms have buried some districts while others have remained bare. Only a few days ago Grand Forks has an inch or two of snow while along the Canadian border about a foot of snow was reported.

Each weather freak of the present could probably be matched by something equally freakish a few years ago. For instance, I find that on May 1, 1905, while Grand Forks enjoyed fine clear weather, Langdon had 15 inches of snow and Great Northern railway men reported drifts at Crary five feet deep.

ACCOMPANYING THE ANNOUNCEMENTS of a coming cold wave a week or more ago urgent warnings were sent out to stockmen to be on their guard and take special precautions for the safety of their stock. Men who have engaged in the work of the cattle ranges know how necessary such care is, and how useful such warnings may be. The Red River valley has never been range country, therefore it has never had some of the experiences which have been frequent in range territory. Yet in the valley sudden weather changes in spring have entailed heavy stock losses.

ONE OF THE MOST SEVERE spring storms which this section ever experienced was that of March 8 and succeeding days in 1892. The weather had been fine and the snow was all gone. There was a moderate quantity of water in the coulees and it was moving off quietly. Rain started on the 8th and it fell in torrents before night. The wind changed to the northwest and the air became intensely cold and snow, instead of rain, filled the air. Roads became impassable, and stock that was caught out in the storm suffered greatly.

ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES OF that storm was the loss of his entire little herd of cattle by a Bohemian farmer over in Polk county, Minnesota. The farmer had gone to town the morning of the 8th, and the rising water in all the coulees had made it impossible for him to get home. His wife was at home alone with the children, and late that evening she found that the barnyard was flooded and their eleven cattle in the stable were standing in water well up to their knees. Thinking that the animals would find their own way to high ground she opened the stable door and drove them out. She had forgotten that the pasture into which they were turned was also flooded and was enclosed with a tight fence.

THE ANIMALS, IMPRISONED by the fence, stood in the freezing water, and by morning all were dead. The sight was a pitiful one. Some of the animals had sunk into the water and were frozen there, while some were actually frozen fast standing, and there they remained until the later thaw made it possible to remove them. I am not quite sure of the date, but I believe it was during that storm that most of an audience at the Metropolitan theater in Grand Forks had to remain in the building all night on account of the storm. If this is wrong I hope some readers will correct me.

I RAN ACROSS AN ITEM RECENTLY contrasting the urbanity and affability of the late Chief Justice Taft with the stern dignity of his father, Judge Alphonso Taft. William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt were contrasted in a rather interesting manner a good many years ago. Taft, while pleasant and genial, had none of the rough-and-ready manners which characterized Roosevelt in some circumstances. Yet it was said that in their observance of form in and about the White House, it was Roosevelt who was the aristocrat and Taft the democrat. Roosevelt, it was said, while he could be very informal in private, was a stickler for all the properties whenever and wherever the presidential office came in contact with the public. Taft, on the other hand, cared little for form, and enjoyed nothing better than to wander at will among the Washington stores, examining merchandise and chatting with clerks, just as if he were not the official head of a great nation. Roosevelt would do nothing so undignified.

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I WROTE A STORY A FEW weeks ago about the building of a straw compressor at McCanna by a member of the Edison family. I had only a general knowledge of the facts, and had to brush up on the recollections of a good many years. I have just received a letter from J. Dexter Pierce, of Larimore, who was closer to the subject than I and knows more about it. Mr. Pierce supplies some very interesting details as follows:

DEAR SIR:—SOME TIME ago, I read with interest, your article on the Edison experiment in making fuel of straw at McCanna.

I noticed some inaccuracies in your article which I would have called to your attention sooner but like yourself, I had nothing but memory to go by and could not give exact figures. I have been trying to get the facts but my efforts have resulted only in demonstrating that my generation is rapidly passing away and also how soon passing events are forgotten.

The experiment was not conducted by either Thomas L. Edison or Thomas S. Edison but by Mr. Sim Edison, the uncle of both Thomas L. and Thomas S. At the time, Sim Edison was between seventy and eighty years old. He had held a government position the greater part of his life. I am unable to find anyone who knows what his age was or what position he held.

Thomas L. Edison was consulted but his advice was not followed. Against his nephews' advice, Mr. Edison was determined to have the largest digester ever built. And he did. It was an immense affair, and when it came to filling it with steam with the little boiler he used, it was a difficult matter. It was impossible to get any pressure. That was the first failure. Then when he came to compress it, the forms were not strong enough and soon burst. Mr. Edison's means were limited and were soon exhausted. He expected people in the neighborhood would buy stock but no one did. My impression is that the fuel burned readily.

Some years later, the McCannas, myself and others tried to use the machinery for experiments we were making in manufacturing paper from flax straw. It proved not to be adapted to the purpose. However we made strong wrapping paper and fine tissue paper and soft paper for towels. We proved the scheme to be entirely practical but it would require from one to two million dollars to carry it out, and the capital was not available.

MENTION OF THE OIL BRIBERY case and the criticisms leveled at the jury for acquitting Doheny, reminds me of a story told in my youth by an old Canadian farmer; named McAllister. He was a splendid type, well read, progressive and a leader in his community. His story was of his first experience as a jurymen.

HE WAS DRAWN ON A MURDER case. The evidence against the defendant seemed very convincing, and the other eleven jurors unhesitatingly pronounced the man guilty. McAllister also believed him guilty, but there appeared to him to be a flaw in one part of the testimony which left the proof not quite perfect. The case was debated at length, and the position of the young juror was most embarrassing. He was the youngest man of the group, and several of the others were not only older than he, but were men of social and business prominence. It seemed presumptuous for him to set his own opinion against the convictions of so many older and more experienced men. Several times he was on the point of yielding and voting with the majority; but each time there came to him the thought that a human life might rest on his decision, and that so long as he had a doubt which to him appeared perfectly reasonable, it was his duty to remain

firm. Thus the struggle went on for many weary hours until, despairing of the stubbornness on their young companion, the others joined in a report of disagreement. McAllister was anything but a popular young man. The public was convinced of the defendant's guilt, and McAllister, himself could not say that he believed him innocent. His "reasonable doubt" was interpreted and representing the egotism of a conceited and opinionated young man it was anything but a pleasant, experience.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT the ultimate court procedure was, but the accused in an was not convicted. Several years after the first trial another man on his deathbed confessed to having committed the murder for which original jury had almost sent an innocent man to the gallows. The experience, said McAllister, taught him a lesson. He had served on many other juries, and some had found himself in a small minority, but so long as there remained in his mind an honest reasonable doubt of the guilt, any man he would refuse to ask for conviction, no matter what the circumstances or the present brought to bear on him.

W.P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

FIFTY YEARS AGO GRAND Forks installed its first piece of fire-fighting apparatus, and for half a century the Grand Forks fire department has been answering calls to fires, and doing, on the whole, a pretty good job. The history of the department is full of interesting episodes, some of which had their elements of humor. In reading the story of the purchase of that first equipment I wondered how many men there are now in Grand Forks who answered the alarms sent in from the home of "Lord" Thursby, in Riverside Park.

E. H. THURSBY WAS A MEMBER of an English family of some importance who in his earlier years in North Dakota was liberally supplied with money. He was a man of some education and he placed a good deal of stress on his family connections. He spent his money freely, and not always wisely, and he undertook in this new country to play the part of the English squire of a certain type of fiction. He undertook to transplant into this territory the English sports with which he had been familiar, and always with himself as the generous patron. Because of his aristocratic leanings he was commonly known as "Lord" Thursby, and he always responded affably to the title.

ONE OF LORD THURSBY'S favorite amusements was to summon the Fire-department to his home by means of a fire alarm stationed near by. Riverside Park at that time could scarcely be considered a part of Grand Forks, for while there were a number of good homes in the area, the little community was cut off from the main part of the city by several blocks of lumber yards. The Walker sawmill was on the river bank a short distance upstream from the present St. Michael's hospital, and the yards extended clear back to the Great Northern tracks. These yards were filled with great piles of lumber, and traffic to and from Riverside had to pass through this not very inviting section.

THURSBY HAD TAKEN THE fire department of that particular time under his wing, and when a call came from his box there was an instant and enthusiastic response. I suppose that no runs of similar length were ever made in less time than it took the fire teams to gallop the mile or more from headquarters to the Thursby home, and when the run was ended there were always refreshments, plentiful and palatable. I never heard that a real fire occurred during one of these excursions to Lord Thursby's.

POOR THURSBY HIMSELF demonstrated to the satisfaction of his English relatives his inability to handle money, and his financial affairs were placed in charge of the late A. C. Mather, a fine old Scotchman who was the typical steward, guardian and administrator. Thursby's circle of those whom he had supposed to be his friends and admirers shrank as his funds diminished. His mind failed, and he was probably saved a good deal of sorrow by the fact that he was unable to realize how far he had fallen from what he had supposed to be a position of influence and importance,

A NEWS STORY THE OTHER day told of the demolition of the old Central hotel barn, of the building of that structure, and something of its history. One item that did not appear was that of the collapse of the barn floor, precipitating a dozen horses into unknown depths below.

The Central barn was built over a shallow coulie which began its course out on the prairie and wound its way across the site of the Metropolitan theater and the new Young building and discharged into the river near where The Herald building stands. The building had been used as a livery, transient and sales stable for many years, and the existence of the coulie had been forgotten, as the street had been filled in and the surrounding property was built up.

But the forces of nature were at work on the underpinning, and one night while the stable was filled with western horses for sale the supports gave way and down the whole outfit went. My recollection is that most of the horses were killed in the fall or smothered in the pit beneath. If anyone has different information I shall be glad to have him present it.

The existence of that coulie is responsible for the stories of steamboats running up and down Third street. They did nothing of the sort, but during one flood—that of 1882—boats came up the coulie and poked their noses into Third street. A part of The Herald building stands over the old coulie bottom. The structure rests on piles which were driven by the late Angus McCallum, who did similar work for most of the early Great Northern bridges in this territory. —W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I KNOW OF NO MORE READABLE newspaper column than that conducted by W. J. Sibley, for many years editor of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, who now supplies the readers of that paper with a daily column of reminiscence, comment and philosophy. In a recent issue Mr. Sibley repeated a remark made by Congressman Tom Reed when he was speaker of the house of Representatives about this being a billion dollar country. Mr. Sibley has it that the remark was brought forth by a criticism of an annual appropriation bill amounting to a billion dollars. It was the biennial total and not the annual appropriations that amounted to a billion. The difference is not important except as the exact fact affords a better basis of comparisons between appropriations then and now. The congress of that day appropriated about a billion dollars in its two sessions, and thus became known as the country's first billion dollar congress. Every congress since that time has been a billion dollar congress. Very soon thereafter we had billion dollar sessions, and we are appropriating today some three billions a year.

NOT LONG AGO I MADE A casual reference to the books of Captain Marryatt. A current news item brings that author to mind again. In "Midshipman Easy" we are told of a peculiar notion entertained by the hero's father that as mental characteristics are supposed to be indicated by the shape of the skull, those characteristics may be changed by changing the skull's shape and thereby permitting the brain to develop in any desired direction. The old gentleman worked for years on an invention whose chief feature was a complicated collection of rods and tubes by means of which pressure or suction could be applied to any part the skull. In this way a bump could be developed here and a depression there, with resultant modifications in the mentality of the subject. Unfortunately the invention was never perfected, as the inventor, in experimenting on himself, got tangled up in the outfit and was found dead.

Mr. Easy's obsession was amusing, but improbable. We admired the author's ingenuity in making the impossible seem real. Yet the other day in Chicago a man was haled into police court for persisting in the application of a leather helmet to his daughter's head, presumably for the purpose of shaping her character through the shape of her skull.

IN AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION William McAndrew, former superintendent of schools in Chicago, has been cleared of charges of insubordination. That reminds me, and may remind some other people, that the original offense charged against Mr. McAndrew was not that of insubordination, but of something resembling treason. He was charged by the mayor of the city with introducing British propaganda into the Chicago schools. In support of this charge one person testified that false statements—pro-British in their nature—appeared in one of the textbooks approved by the superintendent. The author of the book brought suit for damages, and the man who had made the statement retracted and apologized, explaining that he had never read the book in question. But then, why should one have to read a book before criticizing it?

DID YOU EVER EXAMINE the model form of address that is given on the inside cover of the little stamp book that you buy at the postoffice for a quarter? There is given the diagram of an envelope, with the space for the stamp in one corner and the return address in the other, and just below the center the form "Mr. Frank B. Jones, 2416 Front Street, Oswego, Ohio."

There is a yarn, for which I do not vouch, of a man who bought one of those books, and, studying the instructions, came to the conclusion that to insure prompt and certain delivery, his letter ought to be sent to Mr. Jones, at Oswego, Ohio, who, he supposed, was a sort of super-postmaster. He enclosed his letter in an envelope addressed to Mr. Jones, and what became of it the story does not say. This story may be a bit of fiction, but Postmaster McNichol ought to know whether it is true or not.

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MENTION OF BUDD REEVE of Buxton has brought a flood of reminiscences from almost every point of the compass for few men in the state were better known than was the Buxton sage in the days of his activity. Among the delegates to the two state conventions just held in Grand Forks there were many who were familiar with him in the days when state conventions were formal and official rather than the volunteer gatherings which they have become. Some of these old timers recalled clearly the novel campaign undertaken by Budd Reeve with his mule team, log cabin, cow bell, eagle, flag and dog. This original method of campaigning was undertaken, not in the expectation, of gaining any great number of votes, but rather for the purpose of ridiculing the Democratic party out of its apparent intent to commit itself permanently to the policy of free silver and to permit itself to be swallowed by the Populists.

MATT JOHNSON, ONE OF THE state's newspaper veterans, recalls that when Budd Reeve was one of the county commissioners of Traill county and popular sentiment seemed to be moving in what he was convinced was the wrong way on a matter in which he was interested, one of the citizens whose command of English was somewhat defective offered the opinion that the subject ought to be "thoroughly discussed."

"No need of that," said the old gentleman. "So far as I'm concerned I couldn't be more disgusted than I am right now."

I HAVE BEFORE ME A COPY of the weekly St. Paul Globe of April 10, 1890, which contains an article by Budd Reeve relating to a subject which was of considerable interest then, and which has come into fresh prominence of late—prohibition. The article was not written especially about prohibition, but about the stand on that subject by a representative from Grand Forks county, L. J. Zimmer; of Manvel.

Following the adoption of the prohibition clause of the constitution at the election of 1889 the legislative assembly passed the first, prohibition statute, and on the roll call on that measure Mr. Zimmer voted in the negative. The Globe story tells of the disgust expressed by a "big senator" with men who would violate their promises and who were afraid to stand by their convictions. Because Mr. Zimmer had the courage to vote as he believed, regardless of who voted the other way the senator started a collection to provide for Mr. Zimmer a testimonial in the shape of "a chromo or a gold-headed cane." In answer to a question as to what Mr. Zimmer had done to merit such, consideration the senator is quoted as saying:

"WELL, YOU SEE Z IS THE last letter of the alphabet. When a vote is given on a bill the roll is called alphabetically, beginning with A and ending with Z. Zimmer had the best chance of all to break promises and sneak onto the band wagon. But he stood pat by his principles every time and never deserted once. When a bigoted prohibition law was introduced every member in the house voted for it except Zimmer. (This is not strictly accurate, as there were about 15 negative votes on the several roll calls, taken.) He stood up like a man at the foot of the call and voted his principles. More than half of those who voted for prohibition were opposed to it but piled onto the band wagon because they were moral cowards. Zimmer let the whole outfit go, and when his name was called he stood up single-handed and alone and voted "no" against everybody. That fellow has some sand and honor. He hasn't lied or quibbled once on any matter, and he is entitled to a "chromo."

IT WAS THIS STURDINESS OF character, and not especially Mr. Zimmer's attitude toward prohibition which aroused the admiration of Budd Reeve and brought forth his letter of appreciation. The closing paragraph is not alone a tribute to Mr. Zimmer, but an indication of the kind of spirit which animated the man who for years has lived the solitary life of an invalid at his modest Buxton home. The article closes:

"There are thousands of men in the world with a higher knowledge of books and what would be called education that Lawrence J. Zimmer possesses. But one of the principal things that make a man is moral courage and common honesty. When a man fails to exercise moral courage he is a coward and a hypocrite. The prominent feature of Mr. Zimmer's character is moral courage, not great brilliancy. When we see a young man who has risen successfully and honorably in life and picked his way alone as an orphan from birth we naturally wonder who has watched over him and kept him out of snares. God, of course. There is a rich reward waiting for every true Democrat who stands up fearlessly and does his duty. We are going to have the lives of millions of them to record in a few years. But, as Mr. Zimmer stood alone on a vote against prohibition, it is proper that he should receive his chromo and crown now. Let every honest man do likewise."

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me-W.P.D.

M. J. CULLITON SAYS THAT my story of the horsea dropping through the barn floor into the coulie was all right except that I had the disaster occurring in the wrong barn. Mr. Culliton says that instead of the old Central barn, which has recently been demolished, the wreck occurred in the Knudson barn across the street. I accept the amendment. Mr. Culliton has all the facts, and I wasn't there. Mr. Culliton says that the horses were western animals which had been brought in for sale by J. P. Kennedy and that sometime in the night the animals had become excited and attempted to stampede. The rush placed too great a strain on the floor, which gave way, precipitating the whole carload into six feet of water.

I AM INDEBTED TO O. J. Barnes for a clipping from the Winnipeg Tribune giving some of the experiences of the flight Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, Episcopal bishop of Alaska, who is familiarly known as "bishop of the Arctic." Of especial interest just now is this account of an expert once while the bishop was flying with Sir Hubert Wilkins and Carl Ben Eielson:

Bishop Rowe was of an airplane party temporarily lost. He was flying with Sir Hubert Wilking and the late Carl Ben Eielson near the northern shore of the Alaska peninsula. In this quandary the bishop sighted a group of Indians and dropped a note to them. Almost immediately the Indians stretched themselves on the ground, forming an arrow in answer to the bishop's inquiry as to the direction of Fairbanks, 500 miles away. Next the red men wrote the name of a river in the snow. Eielson and Wilkins were amazed that the bishop could thus communicate with apparently untutored savages. They understood when he explained that the Indians had learned to read English in a church mission which he had conducted in the neighborhood for many years.

In his residence of nearly forty years in Alaska Bishop Rowe became acquainted with most of the men whose names have been prominently associated with that vast country. He met there both Stefansson and Amundsen He had mushed with Jack London and he was used as a model for one of Rex Beach's stories. Tex Rickard was his devoted admirer, and when the bishop preached in Tex's gambling place Rickard ordered all gambling to stop during the services,

THE BISHOP, NOW 74 YEARS of age, was born in Toronto. He served as a missionary in northern Michigan and there became familiar with timber country, Indians and winter methods of travel in deep snow. With headquarters at Sitka he traveled ell over Alaska, visiting mining and timber camps, fishing settlements and scattered Indian tribes. He carried a pack on his back up the Chilkoot pass during the days of the gold rush, and like many another traveler he found the pass so steep that on the way up he seemed to be leaning backward. He whip-sawed spruce logs to make a boat with which to run the dangerous apida on the way to the Klondike. He shared all the hardships that were common to the prospectors of that day, but his effort was not to find gold, but to better the souls of men. I have no idea whether he pays an income tax or not, but he has performed a work which has made him far richer than if he owned all the gold in Alaska.

I NOTICED THAT MANVEL had its first village election the other day. The people there voted to incorporate earlier in the winter, and with a complete set of officers Manvel is now a full-fledged village. Although settled more than fifty years ago the place had remained politically a part of the township of Ferry until just now. While there appears to have been no controversy, at Manvel over the question Off incorporation, I am reminded of the case of River Falls, Wis., where there was controversy, and of a rather unusual character. Usually when there is conflict between township and village over the question of incorporation, it is the village people who wish to incorporate and the rural residents who oppose that step, desiring to have village taxation available for township use. At River Falls the reverse condition existed. The town became quite a populous place long before it was incorporated. Its population greatly outnumbered that of the rest of the township, and the townspeople were always able to elect the officers and control taxes and distribution of money. The farmers alleged that they were being taxed for street and other local improvements in the village, and they demanded that the village people organize and go oil by themselves. The villagers were well satisfied with things as they were, and for several years the controversy went on, the township trying to kick the village out, and the village insisting on staying in, I never heard of any other case of exactly that kind.

ONE OF THE OLD SETTLERS in the Red river valley who is still living and active is P. A. McClernan. I have induced Mr. McClernan to tell me of some of his experience in pioneer days, and here, in substance, is what he said:

"IN THE SPRING OF 1881 WE shipped horses, wagons, sleighs and feed to Grand Forks, the end of the road for the Park region. We loaded part of the feed and wagons on sleighs and drove as far as Christiania, where the going was so bad we unloaded the wagons and drove onto the Park, four miles east from what is now Grafton. On April 19th we drove back with the sleighs as far as Christiania, and found, that the river road had been abandoned and a new road broken on the old stage line, that the sun had shot through to the ground and destroyed the sleighing, although there was deep snow along the sides. We changed the boxes to the wagons, and on the 20th drove in the Forks, loaded on our two loads of oats and drove back to Christiania, where we changed again to the sleighs, and on the morning of the 21st started back with the sleighs loaded for the Park. The snow was to the grass tops all over the prairie, and the stage road, along which we drove, was piled several feet high, at least away above the level of the surrounding country. Somewhere near the old Gus Williams place we met a sleight with 8 men, they ran right up to us and shouted clear the road for the United States mail. Brother was ahead and didn't stop to argue with them, said it would be impossible to turn with the load on, but if they would just wait a few minutes he would unload, turn out and let them pass, supposing they really had the right of way, and to show his good faith he got down off his load, took off his great coat and actually started to unload. It didn't take the passengers long to see the joke so they jumped off held the mail sleigh on the upper side and around they went, and away we went for home. The other teams we met were traveling light and gave us the road. On the 22nd of April a warm wind came up from the south, and with a bright sun shine it took just about two days to turn all that snow into water. There were no roads, no ditches at that time and the water found its way slowly, into the ground, to the low places and into the air, and by May 15th we were able to begin seeding the small fields we had broken the previous year.

"ON APRIL 4th IN 1882, WE crossed the Mississippi at Brainard, Minn., with a long line of horses. The ice was beginning to rot, but it held. That night we came to Glyndon, coming by way of Crookston, but found there had been a wreck on the road, and were switched to Fargo, and north. The country from Fargo, for many miles lay in water and snow to the bottom of the rails and the train crawled slowly along, somewhere south from the Forks there was only great fields of snow. On the evening of April 6th we started for Grafton at 6 o'clock in the evening and arrived in Grafton, by train, at sope time after twelve midnight—Peter Dieter of Oakwood, Wabasha county, Minn. wap on the train, and made the remark: "Next time I come this way I come on a hand car, and we go when I say, not when they say,"

"On the 8th and 9th of April it rained hard for nearly all of those two days, and again the bright sun and warm wind turned the whole mass to water. It had no ready outlet. The north wind I blew it south for long distances, and the south wind blew it back till finally it dried up and the plowed fields were put under cultivation, The limit for seeding wheat in those days was June 10th although it was sometimes sown later,

"On the 19th of May that year the wind blew a gale, and in the evening the snow began falling thick and fast and continued a blinding storm all day the 20th and well into the 21st., which was Sunday. The land lay under a deep blanket of snow, although the grass was several inches high. "On the 22nd I rode horse back down to the Park River postoffice andr on the edges of the water ponds between the snow bank and the water, the mosquitoes rose up in swarms, on tho sunny side of the-horse. Fiction has no chance against the truin,"

I WAS PARTICULARLY Interested in Mr. McClernan's reference to the May storm in 1882, for it was that storm to which referred in a previous article in this column. While Mr. McClernan was wading through snow down here in the valley I was blowing my fingers to keep them warm in a tent away out where they afterwards built the city of Sykeston. Out there, too, there was a good growth of grass before the snow. I don't remember encountering mosquitoes and snow drifts at the same time, but it is quite probable, and I will say that during that summer we had the most luxuriant crop of mosquitoes that I have even seen. On more than one juggy afternoon our surveying crew had to quit work on account of these pests. Chainmen and stake driver could get along, because it made- no differences how much they waved their arms, but when a transit man has his eye to the telescope and a swarm of voracious animals lights on his face and neck, it is not in human nature to keep stil. At a distance the slapping of mosquitoes was mistaken for regular signals, and it tangled everybody up.

I am willing to believe Mr. Me. McClernan mosquito story if ho will believe mine, which is a fair offer.

—W. P. DA VIES.