

THE OTHER DAY I HEARD A man talking something like this:
"Yes, my crop is pretty fair this year, BUT nothing like it ought to be. The grain is a good sample, BUT there's no price for it. I'll have plenty of feed, BUT grasshoppers got a lot of my flax. The hoppers didn't do much in my grain crops, BUT wait until next year; the soil will be full of eggs and they will hatch out by billions in the spring. The rains have helped the pastures, BUT there isn't enough water in the soil and the wells are bound to go dry before spring.

I LISTENED QUITE A WHILE. There were partial admissions that some conditions were not quite as bad as they might be, and then, as if to correct each admission, there was a "BUT" in large capitals, introducing a note of gloom. It was utterly depressing, and it took me some time to shake off the effect.

A FEW DAYS LATER I stopped for gas at the little village of Letellier, one of those French villages over in Manitoba not far north of the border. I asked the oil man, "How are crops around here?"

"NOT TOO BAD" WAS THE reply. Of course the crop isn't up to what it has been in real good years, BUT it's pretty fair at "How are the yields?" I asked. "Oh, around here wheat's running about 20 bushels. Of course the price is low, BUT the grain is fine, most of it running No. 2 and quite a bit No. 1. Most years it has been about No. 3. It isn't a picnic, BUT the high grade helps a little to make up for the low price." "Any trouble with grasshoppers?" "Some. BUT it's mostly in spots. There are places where the hoppers have cleaned things up pretty well, BUT such places are generally small. The hoppers are scattered round pretty much all over, BUT taking the province as a whole they haven't done a great deal of damage."

"Have you had much rain?" "Not as much as we would have liked, BUT still there has been enough to keep things growing and there's plenty of feed."

"Have you heard much about the western part of the province?"

"I'm afraid it isn't very good out there. It's been pretty dry, and they tell me that parts of Saskatchewan are pretty hard hit. There are sections of Alberta, I'm told, where they have had plenty of rain and things are looking pretty good. It's going to be tough for a good many, BUT nobody's going to starve. Altogether there's plenty to eat, and by dividing up a little we'll make it go round. We may have to tighten up a bit, BUT there's a better year coming, and most of us will live to see it."

THAT CONVERSATION DIDN'T put a cent in my pocket, BUT some way I felt a lot better for it.

DR. J. E. ENGSTAD CONCURS in my suggestion that an inscription or inscriptions should be provided for the mill stones near the band stand in Central park. He suggests further that an inscription should be placed on the cannon that is now mounted in the park. These relics are interesting if something of their history is known, otherwise they have little value.

AS A MATTER OF FACT THE Park commission did take steps to have an inscription prepared for the mill stones shortly after they were installed in their present position which was about 20 years ago. Either by formal resignation or by common consent it was decided by the board of that day to have such inscription made, but other matters were more pressing and the matter was postponed and then forgotten. The necessary inscriptions for both stones and cannon could be provided at very little cost and the objects would thereby be given an interest which in their present form they do not possess.

WHATEVER DIFFERENCE OF opinion may have existed as to the abundance or scarcity, of wild fowl and the desirability of shortening the hunting season has been decided in favor of the shorter season. The president has issued his proclamation- restricting the open season this year to 30 days, and like action is expected to be taken by the Canadian authorities. This step is considered necessary because of the diminished number of birds due to drouth conditions.

W. P. DAVIES.

Pembina's airport is to be formally dedicated on Monday, and the event brings to mind in a rather striking way some of the changes which have taken place within a very brief time. Pembina has been an important station on the route traveled by dog team, fur traders batteau, ox cart river steamer, horse-drawn stage and railroad. It is now on a through route for automobiles and is visited daily by air planes which travel as far in an hour as the early settlers were able to cover in a week. While the earlier forms of transportation began more than a century ago, the complete change from the most primitive to the most modern methods has taken place within the space of a single active lifetime. There are men now living who in the ordinary course of their business visited Pembina frequently by dog sled and ox cart as their usual means of transportation.

PEMBINA HAS THE Distinction of having been the site of the first permanent settlement in North Dakota, the first county seat of the first organized county in the state and the first postoffice. The first land filings in what is now North Dakota were made on land in the immediate vicinity of Pembina. The first organized commerce was carried on there through the several fur trading posts which were established at that point, and, so far as I have been able to learn, the first agricultural work done by white men within the area of our present state was done at Pembina.

THE STORY OF THAT BIT OF "farming" is quite interesting. Alexander Henry, a representative of the Northwest Fur company, established a trading post at Pembina in 1801, and when he had things fairly settled he set about the task of raising vegetables with which to vary the diet of wild meat and wild fruit which had been the only foods obtainable. Under date of October 17, 1803, there appears this entry:

SNOW. I TOOK MY Vegetables up—300 large heads of cabbage, eight bushels of carrots, 16 bushels of onions, 10 bushels of turnips, some beets, parsnips, etc."
"October 20—I took in my potatoes, 420 bushels, the produce of seven bushels, exclusive of the quantity -we have roasted since our arrival, and what the Indians have stolen, which must have been at least 200 bushels more. I measured an onion, 22 inches in circumference, a carrot 18 inches long, and, at the thick end, 14 inches in circumference; a turnip with its leaves weighed 25 pounds and the leaves alone weighed 15 pounds. The common weight is from nine to 12 pounds without the leaves."

THE NEXT YEAR THE Farming operations were expanded and the list of crops was still more varied. Henry has this entry under date of October 22, 1804:

"THE MEN HAD GATHERED the following crops: 1,000 bushels of potatoes, produce of 21 bushels, 40 bushels turnips, 25 bushels cucumbers, two bushels melons, five bushels squashes, 10 bushels Indian corn, 200 large heads cabbage, 300 small and Savoy cabbages."

IN THESE DAYS IT IS OFTEN considered quite an achievement to grow melons of any kind in this latitude, and it has been only in recent years that corn has been grown in North Dakota on a considerable scale. Both crops have often been considered as belonging to more southern regions. Yet a good deal more than a century ago Alexander Henry was growing both melons and corn in Pembina, right on the 49th parallel. No mention is made of wheat, now the state's chief grain crop.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL, 1821 THAT the first wheat of which we have record was grown in North Dakota. Early in 1820 settlers from the Selkirk colony went to Prairie du Chicn. Wisconsin, the nearest farming settlement, for a supply of seed wheat. They obtained 200 bushels with which they started for Pembina. Delayed by ice on Lake Pepin and by the portage from Big Stone Lake to Lake Traverse, which was made by placing their boats on rollers and dragging them about two miles across the prairie, the return trip took three months and the party reached Pembina too late for seeding that year.

UP TO 1870 ONLY ONE Homestead entry had been made on land in North Dakota, that of Charles Cavalier at Pembina. In 1870-71 27 other entries had been made, all on land around Pembina, the only area of the state then surveyed. Filings had to be made at Vermillion, the nearest land office, 400 miles away. No crops had been grown anywhere in the state except in small garden patches, and not a bushel of wheat had been grown except for local consumption.

THOSE WHO PARTICIPATE in the dedication of Pembina's airport on Monday will be helping to erect a monument to 60 years of progress as remarkable in its way as anything that the world has seen. —W. P. DAVIES.

MY FRIEND, FORMER Senator Henry Hale of Devils Lake, like many of the rest of us, has a niche in his memory for the preservation of bits of nonsense. For many years he has carried in that storehouse a version of the whangdoodle quotation of which something has been said before.

"IN THE early seventies, writes Senator Hale, "there was published in San Francisco a yearly advertising almanac advertising 'Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, a Purely Vegetable Compound; Containing no Alcohol,' a most abminable concoction, that would drive you to drink if you tasted it. In the almanac was a stump speech in which the statement 'He shall gnaw a file and shall flee into the land of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first born' was repeated about four times in half a column of similar stuff."

THAT MAKES THE Quotation about 60 years old, at any rate, and it must be as long ago that I first heard it. Senator Hale also sheds some light on the woodbine twining in a version which I had not seen before.

"JIM FISK, FAMOUS STOCK broker and trader," he writes, "who was shot by Stokes in a New York hotel, was called before a legislative committee to give testimony as to some doings on the stock exchange. This related to Black Friday, as I remember. When Fisk was asked what had become of something he replied 'It has gone where the woodbine twineth.' When he was asked where that was he said 'I have noticed that it is up the spout.'"

BISHOP CANNON MAY MAKE a similar reply when Senator Nye's committee presses for information as to what became of that campaign fund—that is, if the bishop condescends to make any reply at all.

BERT COLEMAN, WHO DOES his best to keep straight the affairs of the Northern Pacific at Grand Forks, was interested in the account published in this column some time ago of the football game at Grand Forks between a local team and one from Fergus Falls. He sent a clipping of the article to his friend E. H. Barnard, of Fergus Falls, who recognizes several of the names of the Fergus Falls players. He writes that the Barnard who played in that game was not a relative of his, but was a shoe dealer who has moved away. Of some of the others Mr. Barnard writes:

"Ralph Burnham and John or Joseph Shellman are now in St. Paul, one practicing medicine and the other medicine or surgery Healey is now an attorney out West, I think in Spokane or some town near there. Scribner afterward went to the University, took up law, and I think he is now in the northern part of the state. Lyn-don Brandenburg is connected with the Legion or the board in St. Paul which handles compensation for disabled ex-service men. Curtiss went to Los Angeles, and if I am not mistaken died several years ago. Jensen went to Minneapolis, and I think he is connected with one of the city departments. I do not know what became of Wick. Rawson, who is mentioned in the article, has a sister here who recently gave readings in the Federated church. I am secretary of the Historical society and am always interested in matters of this kind."

Mr. Barnard himself conducts a mortuary establishment which seems to be unusually well equipped.

CAVALIER STAGED ITS Get-together affair on September 2 There were games and speeches and a special feature was the barbecued meat which was served free to all comers. I ate barbecued meat a good many years ago at the monster celebration which was held at Cavalier after Cavalier had won the county seat of Pembina county away from the city of Pembina. That was a sight worth going a good many miles to see.

I ATTENDED THE Celebration, but when I saw that there was to be barbecued ox on the bill of fare I didn't think much of it. I had tasted barbecued meat several times. Sometimes it was burned, sometimes it was raw, and quite often it was mixed with the cinders and ashes into which it had fallen. Therefore I didn't expect to eat much of that ox.

I WAS PLEASANTLY Disappointed. On the river bank in the little city part of the people had built an enormous back oven into which a small iron car could be rolled on a little track. Iron doors closed the oven up tight. In that oven a roaring fire had been kept going for many hours until the place must have resembled the furnace into which Daniel and his companions were cast. Then the carcass of a fat steer, beautifully dressed, was placed on the car in an enormous sheet iron pan, together with a couple of hogs for good measure, and the car was rolled into the oven and the door was closed. Occasionally the door was opened and the car withdrawn to permit the basting of the meat with the rich gravy in the pan and the roasting was resumed. I don't remember how many hours the process required, but when it was over that meat was done to a turn, a rich brown on the outside and thoroughly cooked right to the center.

It is interesting to me to know that Cavalier has again had a similar feast to which the public was invited.

W. P. DAVIES.

MAYOR WALKER OF NEW York was scheduled to broadcast an address from Paris on the evening of September 1, and arrangements were made for a hook-up on this side so that the address might be heard through out the United States. For all I know the address was delivered, but I didn't try to get it. Mayor Walker is notorious for failure to keep engagements on time. He thinks nothing of agreeing to meet people at a certain time and place, and then either ignoring the engagement altogether or drifting around hours late. He kept a committee of Austrian dignitaries waiting for three hours the other day. The surprising thing is that he gets away with it. After consuming other people's time and wearing out their patience he will deliver himself of a wise-crack or two and they seem to like it. Perhaps it is because nobody takes him seriously or cares whether he gets there or not.

THE USE OF RADIO HAS caused considerable attention to be given to the subject of accent. The radio speaker addresses a widely distributed audience, and it is desirable that his hearers should understand what he says. Inevitably, however, the accent which he uses "is different from that of many of his listeners, and these are apt to consider his speech "queer." In speech as in many other things most of us share the feeling of the old fellow who said to his wife "Everybody's queer but thee and me, Maggie, and sometimes thou'rt a bit queer thyself."

WHO SHALL SAY WHAT IS the correct manner in which to use English words? Among the English themselves the dropping of h's is very common, though by no means universal. At least 90 per cent of the alleged imitation English dialect that one hears resembles nothing in England or anywhere else. The idea of some of the imitators appears to be that if they misuse a sufficient number of h's the result will be English as it is spoken all over England.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE small area of their island, the English have about as many dialects and accents as have Americans, which is going some. The Cockney has a dialect wholly different from the Yorkshireman, and the latter has as much difficulty in understanding a native of Somerset as the Maine Yankee has in understanding the man from Texas. There are districts in England where the rule seems to be to omit the h wherever it is printed, as in the jockey's statement that "It isn't the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses' oofs; it's the 'ammering, ammering, 'ammering on the 'ard 'ighway." But there are other districts in which this tendency is scarcely noticeable. That there is another tendency which has been burlesqued in the reading attributed to a parish rector: "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw."

WE MAY SMILE AT THESE things, but if we should listen to a conversation which included a Vermont farmer, a Georgia cracker, a Tennessee mountaineer, a Texan, a Missourian and a man from Thionteenth street, N'Yawk, we should cease to wonder why the ancients didn't complete the tower of Babel.

NOR ARE ACCENTS AND other peculiarities of pronunciation confined to the uneducated. Calvin Coolidge says "fahmin," quite distinctly. Theodore Roosevelt talked of "Hahvahd" and the "pahty." President Hoover says "government," when the word as printed contains another n. And I have heard cultured speakers from the south whose language would scarcely be intelligible to a northern audience.

OCCASIONALLY I HAVE heard the statement that the southerners imitate the negro dialect, a statement which would be likely to provoke a fight if made in certain contrary, that the negro has unconsciously combined what remains of his African inheritance with what he has heard from the white folks around him. I was shocked once in Haiti to hear a coal black negro speak with a pronounced English accent. He was a native of Bahama who somehow had drifted west. All of his surroundings were English, and the English accent was the only one he knew.

INTERCOMMUNICATION makes for the smoothing out of these differences, but forms of speech are rather deeply rooted, and I suppose it will be long time before we all speak alike. As to who is right in the various differences which prevail, who shall say. We accuse the New Englanders and the southerners of slurring their r's. They accuse us of making them sound like a stick dragged along a picket fence. Perhaps they are as nearly right as we are. —W. P. DAVIES.

THE SUMMER MONTHS ARE notoriously the least satisfactory of the year for radio reception, large because of the frequency and severity of electrical disturbances throughout the country. In a way it is fortunate that the poorer radio months of the year are in summer, because then most people rely less on radio than in cold weather when there is less in the way of outdoor activity. Presently most of us will be tuning in quite early in the evening, and we shall be sensitive to whatever interference there is. I understand that a delegation will wait on the city commission on Wednesday to see what steps may be taken to protect the many hundreds of radio listeners in the city from needless and avoidable interference. The idea appeals to me as a good one.

THUNDER STORMS AND auroras, are, at present, at least, beyond our control. We must take them as they come and make the best of the situation when they disturb us. But there are many kinds of local interference which can be avoided with a little care. Much of the local disturbance that is noticed is caused by domestic electrical equipment. Not all of this can be avoided, but very much of it is due to equipment that is out of order.

ORDINARILY A STEADY Current of electricity within the radio field causes no trouble. An irregular or intermittent current may send its influence many blocks. A motor, as of a vacuum cleaner or an oil burner, if it runs steadily, is inoffensive, but if its bearings and brushes are worn, so that there is constant interruption of the current, the interference will put every radio for blocks out of commission.

LAST WINTER OUR Neighborhood was almost deafened at times by the crashing of interference which, for a time, no one could locate. Ultimately it was found that the interference came from the flashing lights on a Christmas tree, which causes a bang with every flash. An electric heating pad, if not properly regulated, may be an annoyance to a whole neighborhood. Then there is trouble from loose wires and connections indoors and out, and from a multitude of other things which only electricians understand.

MANY CITIES HAVE Ordinances regulating these matters. Radio has become such an important factor in the lives of our families that measures for the prevention of avoidable interference seem decidedly in place. Some things may come within the realm of official prohibition. Obviously one should be permitted deliberately to annoy the public by creating unnecessary disturbance when he knows how to avoid it. In most cases, however, stern measures will not be necessary. Many causes of interference would gladly be corrected if they were understood. There is a large field for educational work and co-operation, and I hope that the city commission may be able to take appropriate steps in this direction.

WE ARE GETTING BACK TO the days of barter. Wheat is being traded for coal, for theater admissions, and even for college courses, and other commodities are being traded in like manner without the use of dollars and cents. One is reminded of the days of the fur traders, of which we read, when from here up to the Arctic there was practically no such thing as money, yet on the whole an immense commerce was carried on.

AT MANY OF THE TRADING; posts the beaver skins was the unit of exchange, and often it was quite fictitious. The beaver skin was the most valuable of all the smaller pelts, and so universally was its value understood that in trades with the Indians prices of all sorts of commodities were stated in terms of beaver, whether there happened to be any beaver in sight or not. It took so many rat skins to be worth a "beaver," and all other hides were valued in similar terms. When the Indian's miscellaneous catch had been inspected he was credited with so many "beaver," and he then proceeded to trade, being debited so many "beaver" for each purchase until his credit was exhausted.

THE WRITER WHO, TO MY mind, has best depicted that system of barter, with all its picturesque accompaniments, is H. M. Ballantyne, who spent several years in the Northwest as an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company, and whose books for boys fascinated me many years ago. —W. P. DAVIES.

AN ARTICLE ON RAILWAY land grants by Geo. R. Martin, executive vice president of the Great Northern railway, recalls a phase of railway building in the United States which has quite disappeared, and concerning which there is more or less confusion of thought. Most of the large railways of the country at one time or other received considerable grants of land from the government, and many of the smaller ones were given substantial cash bonuses by the cities which they touched, and the counties through which they passed.

THE PRACTICE OF Subsidizing railways by grants of land or money created an opportunity for shysters who were interested in the subsidies, but not at all in the building of the roads. It was the practice of these latter gentry to organize companies, issue prospectuses, sell stock, possess themselves by hook or crook of some portion of the bonus to be given, and then vanish, leaving local communities holding the bag. Few of the older northwestern communities escaped some experience of this kind.

SOMEWHAT OVER HALF A century ago a considerable part of southern Minnesota was wrought up over the question of redeeming bonds which had been issued by counties and townships to raise funds with which to finance the building of new railroads. Much of the money so raised had been paid to promoters, who had thereupon disappeared, and the projected roads had not been built. There was strong sentiment in favor of repudiating such bonds. But many of the bonds were held by persons who had bought them in good faith and who were in no way responsible for the frauds which had been committed or the financial difficulties which promoters had encountered. On this account it was maintained that repudiation of the bonds would be a breach of faith of which self-respecting American communities could not be guilty. Redemption or repudiation of the bonds became a political issue, and it was fought out with vigor and enthusiasm.

AT THAT TIME GEO. B. WINSHIP, who later established the Grand Forks Herald, was operating a little weekly paper at Georgetown, Minnesota. He took the position that the bonds represented an honest debt which must be met. Young Halvor Steenerson, who afterward established himself at Crookston and served for many years as congressman, took a like position. Both men campaigned vigorously for redemption and their efforts contributed materially to the winning of the subsequent election, the redemption of the bonds and the safeguarding of Minnesota's credit. In the contacts made during that campaign a friendship was established between Winship and Steenerson which lasted until the latter's death.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC was one of the great railroads to receive a large land grant. Altogether it received something over 32 million acres, which seems like a lot of land. There have been criticisms of what has been termed the reckless giving away of public lands to railway builders. The fact is overlooked that without railroads the land was useless. For years the government had been offering its western lands to settlers at \$1.25 per acre, with practically no takers. Practically speaking its vast domain was an uninhabited and unproductive desert.

IN ORDER TO MAKE Possible the settlement of the new country it was decided to offer inducement to persons able to finance the building of railroads. The practice generally followed was to grant to the railroad alternate sections for a specified distance on each side of its right of way, the government retaining the other sections. The government then doubled the price of its lands within that belt. After much tribulation the roads were built and much of the land, which had been considered worthless, and which was actually unproductive, was settled. During the process the Northern Pacific passed twice through bankruptcy, and some of the other roads had similar experience.

THE GREAT NORTHERN, A such, received no land grant. Its predecessor, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, and earlier organizations out of which it grew received grants in Minnesota amounting to 3,300,000 acres. A considerable part of the Red river valley on the Minnesota side was within that land grant.

W. P. DAVIES.

THE NEGRO PLAY "THE Green Pastures," recently closed a run of 600 performances with no sign of a lessening of interest on the part of the public. The play is an unusual one, giving, from the viewpoint of the dramatist, the illiterate southern negro's interpretation of familiar Old Testament stories, and daringly presenting on the stage the God of Israel so delineated as to harmonize with the rest of the conception. Described on paper such a play seems to be grotesque, extravagant, and bordering on the offensive. As staged it is said to be the very reverse of these things. It is described as reverent and impressive, and, while it is full of humor, there is complete absence of coarseness, and the humor brings into relief the impressiveness of the untrained intelligence seeking an explanation of the mysteries of the universe and placing its own interpretation on things beyond its understanding.

I HAVE WONDERED, WHEN I have read of the great crowds attending performances of "The Green Pastures," to what extent curiosity has played a part in the attendance. The subject matter of the play, and its treatment, are unusual enough to provoke curiosity. The Deity is rarely seen in person on the stage, and even the plantation conception of God would be something to see. But mere curiosity would soon be satisfied, and people who went only to be amused would conclude that they had seen funnier things and would pass the information on to their neighbors. The fact that crowds continued to attend indicates that there was a very large and very real appreciation of the spirit of the play.

WHEN I SAW THE PICTURE-play, "Hallelujah," in which only colored actors appeared, I was disappointed, not with the play, but with the size of the audience. I saw the piece on its closing night in town. I was told that on the "opening night the theater had been crowded, but that attendance had fallen off until on the last night more than half the seats in the house were empty.

I WAS GIVEN AN Explanation which may or may not have been correct. It was that on the opening night a lot of people had attended expecting to see just a "coon show," chuck full of slapstick comedy. From the slap-stick standpoint the piece was a disappointment. There were suggestions of plantation frolics, but only suggestions, sufficient to provide a setting for the display of human emotion, gripping at times in its intensity and for the delineation of a character at once strong and weak, amiable and relentless in its ferocity. That play survived the defection of those who sought only something funny, and "The Green Pastures" seems to have been equally fortunate.

I HAVE BEEN READING about another gang shooting in New York. Again the gangsters shot wildly up and down the street, missing entirely the rival gangster at whom they were shooting, fortunately, also, missing a crowd of children playing on the street, but inflicting a bullet wound on the wrist of a girl who stood in a doorway and had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings.

IN RECENT YEARS SOME OF us have felt that Chicago was scarcely a safe place to visit. Every few days somebody was bumped off, and machine guns popped quite too promiscuously for the comfort of a nervous stranger. But, on the whole, it seems that Chicago is a safer place for a quiet person than New York. Those Chicago gunmen seem to be better marksmen and to have better control. They appear to have definite ideas as to what they are after, and a large measure of efficiency in getting it. When they want to shoot a man they just shoot him, and make a thorough job of it. They don't shoot innocent bystanders, children or adults, and the stranger who has not interfered in their business seems to run no risk in visiting the city.

IN NEW YORK IT IS Different. The shooters there are erratic. They may have their eyes on a given individual, but their guns point just where it may happen. Hence, nobody is safe. I believe that those fellows are full of hop, and it is a disgrace to let men in that condition do any shooting at all.

—W. P. DAVIES.

AUGUST 29 WAS OBSERVED as the anniversary of the discovery by Michael Faraday that an electric current could be induced or developed in one wire by a current in another. The British statesman whose attention was directed to the discovery admitted that it was interesting. "But of what use is it?" he asked. "Perhaps," replied Faraday, "some day you may be able to tax it." That apparently insignificant discovery has been the basis of giant industries which yield their hundreds of millions of dollars in public taxes each year, which give employment to vast armies of men, and which revolutionized the commerce and industry of the world. Every electric motor in the world is based in Faraday's discovery, and from the main line invention has branched out in every direction.

WHILE THE MAIN PRINCIPLE on which the electric motor is based was discovered a century ago, the first half of that century was largely one of experimentation without any perceptible effect on industry. For instance, so far as I know, there was not an electric street car in existence in the early eighties. During those early years I visited Chicago, and most of the street transportation of that city was then by means of horse cars, Cable cars — steam-propelled — ran on State street and one or two other streets, but all the rest of the service was by means of horses.

THE CABLE CARS WERE operated by an endless cable which ran just under the street for the entire length of the system. At the power station the cable ran round an enormous drum. From each car went a "grip" which passed through a slot in the pavement and which could be tightened or loosened on the cable as desired. The loss of power by friction on this system was tremendous, and it was soon abandoned in favor of the new-fangled electric car.

I THINK THE TWIN CITIES never used the cable system. In St. Paul an extra horse was kept in service at each of the steep hills, and when a car approached, upward bound, Dobbin would be hooked on to boost the load up the hill.

THE NORTHWEST BECAME interested in city transportation. Street car service was hard on horses' feet. Many horses otherwise sound had feet which would not stand continuous pounding on hard pavement, and such horses soon became lame and unfit for that service. Thousands of them were sold for other work, and many were shipped to the Northwest where land was being broken on a magnificent scale. Such horses could be bought for very little money, and many of them gave excellent service on the easier footing of the fields. Some of the big farms had such horses shipped up by the carload. As I remember it the old Keystone farm west of Euclid was a large purchaser of street car horses.

FARADAY'S DISCOVERY HAS played an important part in the distribution of power and of industries. Before the electric motor power had to be used wherever it was generated. Water power was useless except right at the spot where the water went over the wheel, and except for electrical development much of the water power which now supplies power for innumerable factories and light for millions of homes would have remained unused indefinitely.

STEAM POWER WAS MORE elastic, as a steam plant could be established wherever water and fuel could be obtained, but the possibility of subdividing steam power was very limited. I remember few large plants in Chicago where space was rented and power furnished for small industries, each machine, of whatever type, being connected by a belt with a long shaft which ran the length of the building. Thus a score or a hundred little industries might be housed in one building, all deriving power from the same steam plant. Today this grouping is not necessary. The small manufacturer can tap the electric wire that runs past his place, wherever it may be, and can have his little shop in his own back yard if he finds that convenient.

QUITE OFTEN I TRY TO Recall just what it was like in the days which I and those of my own age can remember well, when there were no telephones, no electric lights, no electric power of any kind, and none of the very modern devices which could not exist without the electric motor. I can remember the time quite well, but it isn't possible for me to recreate the old atmosphere. We can't quite go back. — w. p. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAD OCCASION TO STOP in Grafton about 9 o'clock on Saturday evening. Entering the town from the north I had to drive cautiously, for the main street was lined on both sides with cars parked as close together as they could stand, and there was barely room in the center of the street for the very consider a ble traffic to move. I looked in vain for a place to park on the main street, and the cross streets, as I pass on etas, as I passed them one after another, were equally crowded. Driving around the block I found a vacant place on a back street, and it was the only vacant spot that I saw.

THE SIDEWALKS WERE about as crowded as the parking places, and the stores, most of which were open, appeared to be thronged with customers. In the one store which I entered, a combination grocery and meat market, the clerks were busy and many persons were waiting to make purchases. I said to the proprietor, "You seem to have quite a lot of people in town tonight."

"Yes," he said, "there seems to be quite a crowd."

"Anything special going on?"

"No, nothing unusual. Just about the usual Saturday night crowd."

DRIVING AWAY SOME OP US tried to estimate the number of cars parked on the streets. The guesses ran all the way from 500 to 1,000. Anyway, the town was full of them, and every car had its complement of passengers. That means a lot of people. And they all appeared to be well dressed, cheerful, and to be buying goods in fairly liberal quantities.

W ALSH C O U N T Y IS A mighty good county. It has an unusually large proportion of good farm land, and it has produced some wonderful crops. This year it has suffered from unfavorable weather conditions, more than the counties in the southern end of the valley, and somewhat less, perhaps, than the neighboring county of Pembina. But whatever the economic conditions there is no visible evidence of depression when one drives through the county seat on a Saturday evening.

PERSON DRIVING ACROSS the international boundary like to know just where the line is. Those driving to Winnipeg by way of Grand Forks and Highway 81 have "he line conveniently designated "or them by means of a concrete pillar which stands close by the roadside a few rods south of the new customs and immigration substation north of Pembina. That pillar may be mistaken for one of the official government markers which were planted many years ago by the two governments along the 49th parallel. The pillar is really one erected a year or two ago by Lions clubs, and it bears the Lions' emblem. Though standing exactly on the line, it is not official marker,

WEST OF THE LIONS PILLAR, and just across the railway track, is a pasture fence which runs due east and west, and which is exactly on the line. A few hundred feet west of the road, and in the line of the fence is what appears to be a fence post considerably taller than the others. That is an iron post bearing the inscription "Oct, 20, 1818." The post is one of the official iron markers which have been placed one mile apart by the joint action of the two governments to mark the international boundary.

THE DATE IS THAT OF THE second of two treaties in pursuance of which for more than a century these two nations have existed side by side, without a fortification! to guard or a soldier to patrol the boundary or an armed vessel on the lakes save such as are necessary for police purposes. The first of these treaties is that limiting armament on the Great Lakes. That treaty, signed April 28-29; 1817, provides that each of the two nations shall maintain on the Great Lakes not more than the following armament: On Lake Ontario, one vessel of not to exceed 100 tons, carrying one 18-inch cannon; on the upper lakes two such vessels, similarly armed, and on Lake Champlain one such vessel with like armament. It is provided that "all other armed vessels on these lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and that no other vessels of war shall be there built or owned." It is further provided that each nation shall so operate its own craft as not to interfere with the legitimate operation of the vessels of its neighbor. The treaty of 1818 establishes the 49th parallel as the international boundary between the Lake of the Woods and the Stony (Rocky) mountains.

—W. P. DAVIES.

A FRIEND RECENTLY Reported having run across a stray paragraph relating to the family name of John Philip Sousa, the great band leader, and asked me what I knew about it. The substance of the paragraph, as reported, is that the given and family names of the musician have the initials S. O., standing for what I do not know and that during his early travels with his band he had used on his baggage those initials, followed by U. S. A., standing for "United States Army." The combination made the name "Sousa," which was adopted.

I REMEMBER WRITING something about this some time ago. From Sousa himself I had the story that such a story was invented by a rival musician and used quite extensively many years ago. Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren) was a warm friend of Sousa and resented the story. As a means of counteracting it without dignifying it by direct reply he arranged a meeting in Liverpool in Sousa's honor, and at that meeting he had the mayor of Liverpool present to Sousa a handsomely bound copy of a book written by a distinguished Portuguese, de Sousa, one of the bandmaster's ancestors.

Who's Who says that Sousa was born in Washington, D. C., in 1854, and that his parents were Antonio and Elizabeth (Trinkhaus) Sousa.

IN LOOKING FOR THE treaties limiting armament on the Great Lakes and establishing the international boundary I ran across the fact, new to -me, that Great Britain once made a substantial payment to the United States on account of slaves owned by American citizens who had been removed by the British from American territory during the war of 1812.

THE TREATY OF PEACE PROVIDED that all territory which had been seized during the war by either party should be returned to the original owners and that no "buildings or other property should be destroyed or removed. On that there was complete agreement. In addition the United States claimed compensation for slaves removed. Of these there were a considerable number. Upon the occupation of certain American territory by the British many of the slaves had welcomed the opportunity to escape and they had been given shelter and transportation on British ships. Great Britain was not ready to agree to the payment of compensation, and it was mutually agreed to submit the matter to arbitration and abide by the result.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA WAS chosen as arbitrator, and after the facts had been examined and a report made by a committee of experts the czar rendered his decision that Great Britain should not be held liable for the value of slaves who had been removed during the actual progress of military operations, but should pay for those who had been removed subsequently. The amount assessed was \$1,204,000, which was to be paid to the owners of the slaves as their claims should be presented and verified.

ANENT GRASSHOPPERS Charles Hooper writes from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho:

"WHY IS IT THAT IN INDIA where all forms of life are sacred, and where they do not, I believe, wage war of extermination against insects, as we do, insect plagues do not seem to occur? If it be actually a fact that in India they are not troubled by hordes of grasshoppers, corn borers, boll-weevils, army worms, cut worms, wire worms, apple worms, potato bugs, etc., etc., I fancy that the reason is that in India the balance of nature is not disturbed as we disturb it. There the birds and animals and 'varmint' that feed upon insects and their eggs are not destroyed, so nature maintains the balance of life. Here in our country man steps in with his 'scientific' knowledge, and thinking that he has power of life and death in his feeble hands, decides to destroy this creature, and to let that creature live. The result is an upheaval in nature. Nature retaliates by turning her vast floods of life upon the puny, presumptuous men who defy her.

INSTEAD OF GROWING wheat which grasshoppers destroy (apparently too much wheat is grown in the world, anyway), the Northwest might become the turkey district of the world by raising vast flocks of turkeys to feed upon the grasshoppers. Turn useless grasshoppers into succulent turkey meat." —W. P. DAVIES.

ARE GRASSHOPPERS Injurious to chickens? In view of the well understood habits of poultry the theory that chickens on a North Dakota farm were killed by eating grasshoppers seems to demand further investigation. That they had been feeding on grasshoppers is equally well established, for undigested hoppers and parts of hoppers were found within the viscera on examination. Among the fragments were numerous grasshopper legs, and it is reported that punctures were found in the entrails of the chickens, The conclusion is reached that the intestines of the birds were perforated by the sharp spikes which are found on the legs of the grasshoppers. The further conclusion is reached that chickens should be kept away from grasshopper diet.

WITHOUT QUESTIONING ANY of the statements of fact made I am inclined, to doubt the conclusions reached. Chickens, like other domestic fowl, are omnivorous. They may like some things better than others, but they will eat anything. Having no teeth they must improvise a method of grinding their food, and this they do by swallowing quantities of coarse grit, sand, gravel, bits of glass, almost anything that is hard, and the sharper the better. The bird's stomach is essentially a hollow muscle, and a very powerful one, and all macerated by being rolled and crushed with this gritty material. It is almost inconceivable that small, spiny objects, even if indigestible, would escape being blunted and rendered harmless in this process.

WE HAVE ALSO THE FACT that chickens and turkeys have been I feeding freely on grasshoppers ever since the state was settled, for there has been no years in which there was not a fair supply of hoppers. If the diet had been injurious, surely the fact would have been discovered years ago. And this year; when grasshoppers have been more plentiful than ever, the birds have consumed thousands of bushels of the insects. Yet there has been no noticeable mortality in the poultry flocks. It is at least a fair presumption that the trouble in the single case reported was due to some other cause.

HERE IS A HEADLINE FROM the New York Times which had me guessing:

Custom Guards Blind Flier With Gas And Seize Liquor Plane From Canada.

I couldn't see any reason why custom should guard a blind flier with gas, or with anything else. It didn't seem reasonable. Not until I read the article did I discover what the headline meant. It all depends on how it hits you the first time. Try it.

THREE EMINENT Scientists have reported to the American Chemical Society at its meeting in Buffalo their discovery that pure alcohol, the kind that there is in real whiskey, is a constituent part of normal human tissues. In numerous experiments conducted on human beings and lower animals, the experimenters having satisfied themselves that the subjects had never partaken of beverage alcohol it was found that alcohol was contained in varying proportions in the brain, the liver and the blood. The highest proportion of alcohol was found in human tissues, the next in those of the dog, and among the three groups, the lowest in pigs. In other words, the higher the subject in the order of development and intelligence, the higher the proportion of alcohol.

WE MAY EXPECT TO HAVE this report made the subject of spirited controversy between wets and dries, the wets maintaining that when nature itself implants alcohol as a necessary ingredient in living tissues, it is impious to attempt to keep people from replenishing the supply by taking an occasional drink; and the dries stoutly insisting that inasmuch as nature, in unknown ways, provides the tissues with their needed supply of alcohol, that arrangement should not be disturbed by indulgence in spirituous potations. There is material here for a very pretty fight, and it comes at an opportune time, when all the other arguments on the subject seem to have been exhausted. W. P. DAVIES.

I HAVE JUST HEARD another version of the name "Sousa" which was given to a friend of mine by William Sousa, nephew of John Philip Sousa, the great bandmaster. According to this informant the family name of his grandfather, Antonio, was just plain plebeian "So." Migrating to the United States Antonio observed the initials U. S. A., which he learned were the initials of the United States. Expecting to become a citizen of the new country and wishing to indicate his loyalty, he appended to his own name the other letters which in time became incorporated in the name itself.

MY INFORMANT ADMITS that this story may have to be taken with a grain of salt, because "Bill" Sousa was a good deal of a joker and was given to telling tall stories. He was a musician in the Marine band when his uncle was director of that organization and developing it into the wonderful band which it became.

BILL, SO MY FRIEND TELLS me, had no reverence for either uncles or grandfathers, and when sufficiently mellowed to become confidential he was apt to give his intimates to understand that it was really he and not his distinguished uncle who was chiefly responsible for the Marine band and the famous marches.

OF HIS REMARKABLE Versatility I have been assured. He was a man of fine physique and remarkable endurance. His specialty was with the cymbals. He said that he blew them. It was said of him that he was the only man on the band who could march from Washington to Arlington and back beating the cymbals and holding them throughout the march in the correct position about level with his head. Other men started out bravely but returned dragging the cymbals about knee high, but Bill came in as fresh at the finish as at the start.

WHILE HE EXCELLED AS A cymbalist he could play anything and when the solo cornetist, trombonist or clarinetist failed to show up Bill stepped into the gap and nobody knew the difference.

WITH STRICT IMPARTIALITY I am giving Bill's version of the family name to set against his uncles. But I am inclined to think Bill was spoofing. It is a matter of record that Sousa was an honored family name in Portugal as far back as the sixteenth century, and one of its members the Britannica gives an extended account.

HE WAS LUIZ DE SOUSA, A Portuguese monk and prose writer who was born in 1555 and died in 1682. Don Luiz had an adventurous youth, serving for several years in the army of his country. He was captured by Moorish pirates, and while in captivity met Cervantes, the famous author of "Don Quixote." In early life he married, retired from the army and devoted himself to literary work. He is understood to have visited America, although this seems to be not quite certain. In later life he and his wife, prompted by motives of piety, agreed to separate, and he entered the Dominican order while she took the vows of a sisterhood. Luiz devoted his later years to the writing of religious works, some of which were held in great esteem.

SO MUCH FOR FAMILY names and possible family connections. In consulting "Who's Who" for notes about John Philip Sousa I was surprised to find there no mention of "El Capitan," a Sousa opera which has been quite popular. Mention is made of some of his famous marches and also other works, but notwithstanding the fact that "El Capitan" won great favor when it was first staged, and that its music is now frequently played in radio programs, it is omitted from the brief list of works given in the little biography which must have been authorized by Sousa himself. One explanation which has been suggested is that "El Capitan" was published shortly before the Spanish-American war, and that its theme and title being Spanish, it was not considered prudent to feature it too strongly during the outpouring of sentiment during that war. But the war has long been over, and there seems to be no reason why a composer at this day should hesitate to allow himself the author of a work so notable, even though it may have been unpopular for a brief period years ago.

W. P. DA VIES.

I HAVE NO HESITATION IN saying that there is no man known to the people of North Dakota more sincerely respected and warmly beloved than George B. Winship, who founded the Grand Forks Herald more than half a century ago and who was a potent influence in the affairs of the state for more than a generation. Many of the younger residents of the states know him only by name, but to hundreds of older men and woman he was friend, counselor and companion, at once an inspiration and a stabilizing influence.

THE REASON FOR THESE remarks at this time is that Mr. Winship is about to have a birthday. On September 28 he will be 84 years of age, and it is suggested that those of his friends who become aware of that fact observe the occasion by writing him letters which will reach him at that time. One of Mr. Winship's marked characteristics is his warm regard for people. Doubtless that is why so many people have a warm regard for him. His happiest recollections are of people whom he has met, and his greatest treasures are the friendships he has formed. He loves to maintain contact with his friends, in person if possible, and if not in person, by correspondence. In recent years physical infirmities have interfered with his letter writing, but not with his pleasure in receiving letters. No form of birthday celebration could give him greater satisfaction than to receive a great shower of letters from old friends.

MR. WINSHIP IS A DILIGENT reader of The Herald, but an effort is being made to prevent him from receiving advance notice of this plot by interrupting the circulation of this issue of the paper so as to make his morning and evening copies turn up missing. That effort, like many other laudable efforts, may fail, in which case no great harm will be done. The main thing is that Mr. Winship shall receive cordial messages from his friends. His address is 3980 Georgia St., San Diego, California.

GUISEPPE CREATORE WAS A familiar figure on the concert platform a good many years ago, and he made several tours of the northwest, playing to large audiences in Grand Forks. Most of us then lost sight of him, but he still wields the baton as vigorously and eccentrically as of yore, according to a press agent's story which has just reached me. The article says that Creatore is now about to begin his fourth decade of concerts before the American public. Creatore is a native of Naples and he was brought to America thirty years ago by Oscar Hammerstein after he won fame as a fourteen year old boy by conducting one of his native city's great orchestras. In evidence of the fact that he is the same old Creatore whom we knew years ago I quote from the press article:

"THE FIRE AND FURY OF Creatore's rehearsals are the daily astonishment of audiences at the broadcasting studios. Beginning calmly, he starts his musicians with little suggestion of what is to come. A brass comes out with less emphasis than the conduction expects. He glares, he points, he criticizes thunderously. He exhorts, stamps, his hair falls over his face; lifting against the air he attempts to bring up the melody to the proper point; his gestures grow violent, grow desperate, he wrings his hands, he destroys his shirt.

"AFTERWARD, IN THE dressing room, he cools off slowly. At last he is serene enough to light a cigar- he smoked fourteen of them daily, and 'without them I couldn't do anything; without them I would never grow calm,' he says - he puffs it, content spreads over his face. His musicians know that it is safe to speak to him now."

THAT LISTENS LIKE OLD times. When I read I was a little suspicious of that cigar part. I fully expected to see that Creatore found some certain named brand of cigar more soothing and calming than any other, and I was ready with the blue pencil or to write a note telling them to do business with Joe Pearson, the advertising manager. But the objectionable matter not there. And if this can be construed as advertising for Creatore, I know it will be all right with Pearson for the sake of old times.

THE PHRASE "BLAZING A trail" has been in quite common; use for many years. Of late it has I been used frequently in connection with aviation. The Lindbergh's, we have often been told, blazed a trail across the northern part of the continent. Hawks and Doolittle blazed several trails from ocean to ocean. Those who use the expression know what they mean by it, and to those who hear it doubtless conveys the meaning that is intended. But I suppose it is rarely used with a thought of its original meaning.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, IT IS impossible to blaze a trail through the air or across a plain or a body of water. For one thing, there can be no trail in the air or on the water, for a trail is a marked course, with visible evidence that someone has passed. We may have a trail across an open plain, for there a path is possible, but even such a trail cannot be blazed, for there can be no blazing where there are no trees.

THE BLAZING OF TRAILS Belongs strictly to a timbered country. Hunters, trappers, warriors and others who wished to leave information of their course to those who followed adopted various ways of marking the paths which they had followed, the method employed depending on the character of the country. A record might be left in the form of an overturned rock, a mound of stone or earth, a buffalo skull left in a peculiar position or a fragment of cloth tied to a bush. By means of such signs those who followed were able to follow a trail unerringly.

IN THE DENSE TIMBER another method became almost universal. Trees along the route were "blazed," that is, a bit of bark was sliced off the trunk of an occasional tree with an ax or tomahawk. Such marks could be made quickly by the traveler through the woods. One pass at a tree standing out prominently along the course and the trick was done. The sharp tool removed the outer bark of the tree and left exposed the white inner surface, and this, because of its contrasting color, could be seen for a long distance.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE NOT many of the old blazes left. In earlier days even after the old timber paths had been abandoned or developed into wagon roads, many of the old blazes could still be seen. Grayed and weathered, the marks had become merged in color with their surroundings, but still remained reminders of the Indian passing through the forest, the hunter marking the path by which he could return to recover his kill, the logger routing a way for his teams or the sugar-maker Establishing a trail for his daily collection of sap.

THE WORD "BLAZE" IS Also used familiarly in another sense, but with a different connection to describe the white mark on the face of an animal, and it is doubtless because of this that it became used to describe the white mark left on a tree by slicing off the outer bark. The dictionaries trace the words to a common root with the blaze made by a fire.

MOST OF US HAVE SEEN deaf mutes talk with their fingers, and have observed with interest the swiftness with which they convey their meaning to each other. A friend has described a quarrel between two deaf mutes in a city street car as a most remarkable experience. The two quarrelers were young men who entered the car with expressions on their faces which indicated that they had "a mad on each other." Seated, they begin to work the mad off. One would nudge the other with his elbow to attract his attention, and then, with flying fingers would say obviously the meanest things that he could think up. The other would respond in like manner. They both would look out of the window, scowling. Presently one would think of something that he had omitted and he would nudge his neighbor and make his fingers fly again while the "listener" would watch his signals with every evidence of anger. Nobody else in the car could understand what words were being used, but everyone could tell by the facial expressions and the emphasis put into the motions that a violent quarrel was in progress. On the whole, that might not be a bad way to have brawls conducted.

A NEWS PARAGRAPH TELLS of the reform school professor who gave a couple of boy inmates the keys to his car in order that they might clean the car. The boys promptly got into the car and drove off. They may have misunderstood the instructions, thinking that instead of being told to "clean it," they had been told to "beat it." —W. P. DAVIES.

I ACKNOWLEDGE WITH thanks receipt of a copy of "The Real Thing," a little book of verse published in 1901 by Budd Reeve, of Buxton, who sends with the book the following letter: "In looking over The Herald of the 13th inst. I saw 'Thirty Years Ago' in Grand Forks that Budd Reeve, with 'The Real Thing' was there. 'That Reminds Me' of a drouth we had in the year 1900 — and those who never experienced a drouth know but little of what one is. I let out 32 as fine Berkshire hogs as ever grew to save their lives if they could, and I don't know of but one that survived. She overtook me one winter night as I returned from town and acted just as though the drouth was a put up job on my I part to make trouble and starve helpless animals to death. I took her into the barnyard and talked to her.

"THE REAL THING' IS AN interview with a hungry sow. It was gotten up by an emergency call. Every straw stack was eaten to the ground. The older the straw the more tender it seemed to be, and that was eaten first.

"BUFFALO GRASS IS THE only kind that can't be killed out. It is just as nutritious dry as green. I had five young animals running out on the prairie. I told the store- keeper to sell them and give me credit for them. As time went on he informed me that he could not sell them at all. Finally he said he had found a customer and had given me credit for them. I asked 'How much?' He said 'Twenty-eight dollars for the whole bunch.'

"ONLY FOR CALAMITY MAN would sleep forever. It is a great awakener and soul developer. I thought I would be ashamed of having written 'The Real Thing' and looked into it with great misgiving. But there is one thing about it of which I am not ashamed. I doubt if today I could do any better. Leave out all thought of 'laming' and literary merit, I did not curl up and lie down and turn beggar. I slung something together and went out and offered it for sale to keep the pot boiling, and if I do say it myself, I kept the pot boiling and got a new start with what J. D. Bacon called the poetical sow when I sold¹ him a carload of hogs that I had raised from her.

"SPIRIT IS THE RULING Power back of life. Lie down and whine and think you are dead, and you are dead.

"I HAVE MAILED YOU A copy of 'The Real Thing.' It is out of print now, but it fits present conditions just as well, if not better, than it did 30 years ago. I have a few copies left—I don't know how many. Every copy is worth more than any football ticket ever sold.

THE TIME HAS COME TO turn our attention to getting out of the hole instead of getting deeper into it. The right spirit will bring everything right. If those going around talking about lost civilization and the fall of all nations could have their faces slapped and their mouths shut up until they could see and know what they are talking about it would be the best thing to help the world and all humanity.

"AFTER BEING HIT BY A drouth I did not curl up and whine. I made the knockout the foundation of a new start worth more to me today than anything else. The all-important thing is to keep going, and it is the business of everyone to try and keep trying and never stop as long as there is a breath of left."

SO, IN HIS OWN RUGGED, picturesque style, this man of almost 90 years of age, delivers his message of courage and cheer. In his long life he has never known material wealth. He has known hard labor and dire privation. He has been crippled and bedridden. But he has been rich in the possession of an unconquerable will, and he has accumulated an estate which no misfortune can impair, a property which he shares gladly with others in cheering words and stimulating example.

—W. P. DAVIES.

I WONDER HOW MANY PEOPLE there are who have heard that “whang-doodle” quotation but who never saw it in print until it was used in this column. J.G. Haney is one of them. He writes that he often heard his father use it, and the version which he heard is the one which was familiar to me. Mr. Haney also sends a clipping from the Glasgow, Mont. Courier carrying, under a Reno, Nevada date line the story of how a little sack of flour, now enshrined in the Nevada state historical society’s museum, became the means of raising \$ 273,000 for war relief during the closing years of the Civil war.

INTEREST IN POLITICS RAN high in Austin, Nev., early in 1864, runs the story, for Nevada then was the Union’s youngest state, admitted to give Lincoln a majority in the senate. Even local issues had a national bearing. R. C. Gridley, an Austin merchant, and Dr. H.S. Herrick, physician, made a freak bet on the local election; the loser to carry a 20 pound sack of flour to Clifton, an adjoining camp.

GRIDLEY LOST. ACCOMPANIED by an impressive procession of hilarious town officials, and amidst a din created by screaming whistles, cheering miners, and a band playing “Old John Brown,” Gridley carried the sack of flour to Clifton. In a Clifton saloon, the ceremonies confessing defeat were performed and the sack given to Herrick.

THE CELEBRATION WAS resumed upon return to Austin. A platform was erected to carry the hosts of speakers. Herrick, burdened with the flour, suggested that it be auctioned off for some worthy cause.

GRIDLEY, IN A SPEECH, offered \$200 for the sack, the money to go to the Sanitary Train. The idea caught the fancy of the miners, an auctioneer was chosen, and in a few minutes, the sack of flour sold for \$350. The purchaser gave it back, and it was re-auctioned, with the men forming combinations and pools to outbid the others.

OTHER MINING CAMPS heard of the sack of flour, and wanted a chance to bid for it. Gridley, Dr. Herrick and other Austin citizens gave them their chance- in due time. But they worked sales psychology that must be reckoned with even in these days. Disdainfully ignoring certain rival camps, through which they paraded with the flour sack to auction it off, they succeeded in working up a pitch of rivalry which resulted in many of the camps practically doubling their expected quota.

FAME OF THE AUSTIN Sanitary Train flour now was wide-spread. Gridley had to transport it to San Francisco, Sacramento and a few other California towns to quiet clamor for it. Then, he and the sack of flour went on a tour of eastern cities, where the bidding was spirited too.

SHORTLY AFTER THE CLOSE of the Civil War, Gridley returned to Austin, with sack of flour. Since that Election Day in 1854, it had raised over \$273,000 for sick and disabled soldiers. Gridley, however, was broken in health and his business was not prospering. He had paid all his own expenses when traveling.

SOON AFTER THIS, HE moved to Stockton, Calif., where he died. A California town is named in his honor. The Grand Army of the Republic erected a monument to him in 1870. His daughter, Mrs. Josephine Gridley Wood, gave the famous sack of flour to the Nevada Historical Society in 1914.

IT REMAINS AS A PATRIOTIC factor that raised money for relief before the Red Cross was born, and that effectively broke down unionist and secessionist sentiment which existed in isolated, wartime Nevada.

I MENTIONED THE OTHER day what seemed to be a strange omission in the failure of “El Capitan” to receive mention in the biography of John Philip Sousa I “Who’s Who.” I was surprised at another omission which came to my attention the other day in reading the New York Times book review a review of a recently published life of Giuseppe Verdi. The reviewer summarizes the history of the composer as given in the book and mentions several of his more important works, among them “Rigoletto,” but no mention is made of “Il Trovatore.” My musical knowledge is so very sketchy that I began to wonder if Verdi actually did write “Il Trovatore.” I found beyond any doubt that he did. To me the omission seemed like failure to mention the fall of Jericho in the review of the life of Joshua.

THERE IS A CERTAIN Fascination about an old newspaper. It brings to mind things that have been forgotten and recreates conditions that have vanished. If the paper is a little country weekly it contains intimate personal references which are interesting, although the individuals named may be utter strangers. If it is a metropolitan daily its content is more general, but it is none the less interesting, because it suggests the great changes that have taken place, not only in the course of events, but in our way of regarding them.

THE NEW YORK TIMES HAS just celebrated its eighty-first anniversary. Its first issue was published September 18, 1851, and in observance of the anniversary the paper has just published a facsimile of the first page of that issue, together with summaries of the history of the Times and of the eventful period spanned by its existence.

THE TIMES WAS Established by Henry J. Raymond and George Jones, the former serving as editor until his death and the latter at first as business manager, and, upon the death of Raymond, also an editor. To the modern reader the first issue presents a strange appearance. Mechanically it is a six-column sheet, the columns a little wider than is now customary, with type so small and so condensed as to be almost unreadable. The largest head on the page adorns the top of the first column, and it is about two inches deep. All the other heads are confined to a single line of small capitals.

ABOUT FOUR OF THE SIX columns are devoted to foreign news, the rest to brief New York city items and an account of a fugitive slave riot in Pennsylvania. At that time there was no Atlantic cable, and all news from across the water came by mail. The reader is informed that

THE ROYAL MAIL Steamer Europa arrived at Boston yesterday morning at about 6 o'clock. Her mails were sent on by the New Haven railroad train, which left at 8 o'clock and reached here at an early hour last evening.

By this arrival we have received our regular English and French files, with correspondence, circulars, etc., to Saturday, September 6—, the Europa's day of sailing.

The news by this arrival has considerable interest, though it is not of startling importance.

THE BRITISH BUDGET OF news consists of two lines telling of the queen's visit to Scotland, five lines telling of attendance and receipts at the Crystal Palace exhibition, about four inches telling of Irish political disturbances and emigration, and a full column giving comments of British yachtsmen and newspapers on the triumph of the America in the inter-national yacht race which had just been sailed.

KOSBUTH HAD BEEN Imprisoned for his revolutionary efforts and the Austrian government was excited over expressions British and American sympathy for the Hungarian patriot.

FRANCE, AT THAT TIME A republic, had yet to pass through; the period of the second Empire and the Franco-Prussian war. The Prince de Joinville was being discussed as a probable candidate for the presidency against Louis Napoleon.

ITALY WAS STILL A GROUP of almost unrelated little kingdoms and the papal states recognized the temporal sovereignty of the pope.

IN THE UNITED STATES THE fugitive slave law was being evaded and defied by citizens who were determined that, law or no law, they would not assist in restoring human beings to bondage, but would assist them on their way to freedom if they could. A riot in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, had occurred over the attempt of Maryland owners and authorities to recapture slaves that had crossed the Pennsylvania line.

THE NEW YORK STEWS GIV-en is mostly inconsequential, and much of it is written in the half-jocose style which characterized the country weeklies of the same period.

THE TIMES SOON BECAME a real power. Its most famous single achievement was its exposure of the crimes of the Tweed ring, an exposure which resulted in the breaking up of the combination, and the imprisonment and ever lasting disgrace of Tweed. It was during that fight that George Jones was offered \$5,000,000 to suspend publication of his paper and leave the country. Jones was not built that way, and he kept up the fight. —W. P. DAVIUS.

THIS HAS BEEN A FREAK year in the matter of weather as well as in several other ways. It has been marked in its section by excessive heat and excessive drouth, and vegetation is behaving itself in freakish ways, E.J. Moulton, who farmed for many years a few miles northwest of Thompson, reports that his lilacs are now blooming for the second time this year. He has a lilac hedge some six or seven years old, and the shrubs have bloomed well for several years. Last spring they blossomed profusely, and during the summer the foliage has appeared to be in its usual summer condition, giving no evidence of having suffered from drouth. Now there is a new crop of blossoms, with the cluster rather small, but with the individual flowerets large and well developed. This second blooming of lilacs is new to Mr. Moulton, as it is to me.

THE SEASON HAS WROUGHT curious things with some other flowers. In some cases growers of zinnias have found that blooms which had apparently become mature and were turning brown have taken on new life and are putting out fresh, brilliantly colored petals from the center of the old blossoms. The result is a series of two-story blossoms, partly withered below and with upper sections fresh and gay.

WHILE THIS SECOND Blossoming of lilacs and annuals is rare, I think the second blossoming of fruit trees is by no means uncommon. I remember an apple tree in our orchard that was covered with blooms when frost came one fall, and there have been many similar cases. I can recall, also, that the unusual performance of that apple tree was the subject of some anxiety in the neighborhood, for it was regarded as a portent of something unknown, and signs were serious things.

I SUPPOSE THE FEELING among our people with regard to such things was a survival of the awe with which primitive man regarded all the operations of nature. He understood none of those operations, but there were some to which he had become accustomed, and concerning which he had no fear. It was of the regular order that the sun should rise and set and the seasons change, and so long as there was no interruption of the usual program all was well. But when the unusual occurred, when the sun was darkened by an eclipse, when the Aurora sent its mysterious flashes across the sky, when trees blossomed out of season, there was read the foreshadowing of war, or pestilence or other calamity.

SUCH MANIFESTATIONS, SO far as I know, were not regarded as malignant in themselves, or due to malignant influences. They seem to have been interpreted as warnings by divine power, to be interpreted by the studious and faithful in order that threatened evil might be avoided.

OF A DIFFERENT CLASS were the eccentricities of domestic animals. A staid and industrious old horse might develop suddenly a frisky disposition or begin to balk occasionally. The best cow in the herd might refuse to give down her milk. The family dog might return from an excursion into the woods with every appearance of fright. Then, look out for witches!

I DO NOT MEAN THAT THE people in our neighborhood would have declared positively that they believed in witches. Rather, they resembled the old lady who didn't believe in ghosts, but was afraid of them, just the same. They had inherited the tradition of witchcraft, and it wasn't quite worn out. With many of them there was a sort of background of belief that such things might be so, and there were strange tales, some of them ancient, and some quite recent, of mysterious happenings for which witchcraft appeared to furnish the only explanation.

WE SMILE AT THE Credulity of the savage. We are shocked when we read of the panic in the public mind which led to alleged witches to be burned at the stake. We may not realize how much the influence of such beliefs has been projected into quite recent times, and how, even yet, there still crop out little superstitions, such as belief in lucky and unlucky days and numbers, and a multitude of other such things which many ordinarily intelligent people take quite seriously. —W. P. DAVIES.

LARIMORE'S FIFTIETH Anniversary celebration has brought to mind a great many things, one of which is the visit of the World's Fair commissioners to North Dakota in 1893, of which mention has been made in the news articles relating to the recent celebration. The group which came to view the harvest fields of the Red river valley on that occasion was a notable one, all of the larger nations of the world being represented, and several of the smaller ones: The commissioners and accompanying newspaper men and officials traveled by special train and reached Grand Forks shortly after noon on August 28 and were taken sightseeing during the afternoon. Threshing was in progress on the farms of John Dinnie and Thomas Campbell, and the operations there were watched with interest. In the evening there was a banquet in honor of the guests, with Mayor L. B. Richardson presiding. Rev. E. J. Conaty, one of the city's finest orators, delivered the address of welcome, and the remainder of the program was devoted to short speeches by the visitors, some of them in very broken English.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY the party visited Larimore and were taken to the Elk Valley farm where they saw 47 binders cutting grain at the rate of about 700 acres a day. N. G. Larimore and his sons, Clay, Jamieson and Walter, were on hand to explain the details to the visitors, many of whom had never seen a binder in action. Dinner was served in big tents erected for that purpose, and the chronicler of the event says that for the first time in the history of the world 300 prairie chickens were simultaneously devoured by 200 guests in 17 languages. O. H. Phillips was mayor of Larimore at the time and he did the honors at the speaking program.

N. G. LARIMORE 1&AVE SOME information about methods and cost of farming. Based on his experience of several years he estimated the cost of growing wheat at \$4.00 to \$5.00 per acre, and he figured that a yield of 15 bushels per acre sold at 40 cents a bushel would pay interest on land value of \$15.00 per acre. Cash wheat in Minneapolis was 56 cents.

ONE OF THE GUESTS WHO spoke at the Larimore meeting was Mr. Appleby, inventor of the Appleby knotter, which was the basis of all the knotting devices which have since been used on harvesting machines. That invention was as revolutionary in its way as the invention of the reaper itself, for it dispensed with human labor in the binding as well as in the cutting of grain. Mr. Appleby gave a brief account of his invention, which he had worked out when he was 18 years old.

LEAVING LARIMORE THE commissioners visited Hillsboro and the Grandin farm and made a short stop at Fargo, which was then in process of rebuilding after its disastrous fire of some weeks earlier.

THE P A R T Y W A S IN charge of William E. Curtis, a newspaper man who had visited every corner of the globe, had been assistant to James G. Blaine in that statesman's efforts to bring about cordial relations with Latin America, and whose handling of his party was a marvelous exhibition of executive ability. All of the official commissioners were new to American ways, and several of them spoke no English. Nevertheless Curtis managed them with ease and without confusion. If a drive were being arranged he had his people sorted out and loaded into carriages in a few minutes, and despite the tendency of some of them to wander off, he never lost one.

MAJOR CURTIS — I DON'T know how he came by that title— served for many years as correspondent of the Chicago Record when that paper was owned by H. H. Kohlsaat. He went everywhere and interviewed monarchs, statesmen and captains of industry. No matter in what part of the world he might be, his daily letter never failed to appear. While it was often necessary for him to leave an advance supply while he was; on his travels, his regular custom was to write every day. He made many lecture tours, but he did not permit his lecture engagements to interfere with his writing. When making a lecture engagement he would inform the committee of arrangements that during his visit he would be at the committee's disposal for whatever dinners or other entertainment might be desired, but he specified that at some time during the visit he must have two hours with his secretary, during which he would neither see nor be seen by anyone else. That period was for the dictation of the daily letter and other correspondence. He was able to concentrate on that work at any time of the day.

—W. P. DAVIES.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES: Take him all in all we shall not look upon him like again. "This, or something very similar, was said of President Garfield at his funeral. Can you place it for me, and have I quoted it correctly?"

The quotation as given is not quite correct. The, original occurs in Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2, and reads:

He was a man, take him for all
in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. Hamlet, of course, is speaking of his father.

The quotation may have been used at Garfield's funeral. I have no access to any of the addresses delivered on that occasion. I thought it might have been used by James G. Blaine in his eulogy on Garfield delivered at the memorial exercises later on, but I do not find it there. The memorial address, however, closes with a passage the beauty of whose sentiment has always appealed to me although I could not recall the words. Speaking of Garfield's closing days his old friend said:

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break-and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

I AM GLAD THAT MY friend's inquiry about the quotation from Hamlet caused me to re-read that beautiful passage from one of the world's great orators.

O. J. BARNES HAS SHOWN me a letter that he received a few days ago from E. C. Carruth, a former Grand Forks man whom everyone knew as "Jud." Mr. Carruth published the Grand Forks Plaindealer along in the nineties and then moved to Havre, Mont., where he is now engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He has two daughters, one a university junior and the other just finishing high school. Concerning crops and business conditions Mr. Carruth writes:

"CONDITIONS OUT IN THIS country, particularly Hill county, where Havre is, are not as bad as they might be. There are plenty of farmers who can get along with their garden truck and enough wheat to take care of their flour and also enough to carry over their barnyard stock. The stockmen will be compelled to sell off some of their cattle or sheep, but can retain the breeding stock, so they won't lose out entirely. There is considerable hay in the way of late-sown grain, and the range is not in very bad shape on account of late summer rains which brought the range grass on so that it we don't have too much heavy snow the range cattle will get through."

"WE ARE ALL WELL," writes Mr. Carruth, "but, like everyone else, awfully hard up." With his customary optimism and he adds "We know that things are going to take an up turn some time and we will be in a position to come back with the rest of the people."

W. P. DAVIES

MAHATMA GANDHI IS A world figure of absorbing interest. Most of us know him, in so far as we know him at all, through the press dispatches which deal with his public appearances and activities. We have little opportunity to know anything of the estimate placed on him either by informed natives of India or by western people who live in India, close to the common people. A letter just received by Mrs. H. C. Rowland from her sister, a missionary at Schillong, India, gives some intimate pictures of life in India as it is. The following is an excerpt:

"ISN'T IT TOO BAD OF Gandhi and the congress to play with things as they are doing? The governor was speaking last night of a big haul of bombs and explosives seized by the police on entering into Cawnpore where the Viceroy was about to visit. The visit has been canceled. The murdering of officials is becoming a cult, and those executed for murder are extolled as martyrs. Poor Gandhi has let loose a spirit of hatred and violence which he can't curb. All officials are guarded by police and their houses watched, Sentinels are all around the government house. A man with a bomb was arrested on his way to Schillong just before the Viceroy's visit here in January. I wish Gandhi would go to the Round Table conference. The change of air and environment would do him good."

THIS WAS WRITTEN, OF course, some time before Gandhi's departure for London, and during the time while he was undecided as to whether or not he would attend the conference.

T. R. CHAMBERS OF Hamilton, N. D., writes that he reads this column regularly. He has learned from it that he and I are old neighbors, at least to the extent of having been born in Canada. Mr. Chambers will be 74 years of age on October 26, and he has been a resident of Pembina county for 52 years. He learned the carpenter trade in his youth, and the first money that he earned in the United States was for work on the Frank Merrick store in Pembina, in July, 1879. At that time both Pembina and Grand Forks were seaports, so to speak, and neither of them had a railroad. Mr. Chambers filed a pre-emption right near Pembina in June, 1879, and farmed for many years. For some time he has lived in Hamilton, but he does not feel that he has retired, for he still finds occasional occupation at his old trade. He writes:

"I HAVE WATCHED WITH pride and aided by my taxes for 50 years the strides our county has made by way of development. The Interstate bridge at Pembina, the more recent one over the Pembina river at Pembina, the state highway, a part of which was at one time a trackless slough—these and numberless others

—are some changes time has brought.

What wonders God by man hath wrought!"

WHAT IS THE FINEST LINE in all poetry? Not many persons would dare to say. Certainly no persons would agree. There is one line, however, written by John Keats, which Rossetti said he considered the finest that Keats ever wrote, and "one of the finest" in all poetry. It is:

"There is a budding morrow in midnight."

THAT LINE OCCURS IN Keats' sonnet to Homer. The context is needed to bring out the meaning and beauty of the passage: "Aye on the shores of darkness

there is light,

And the precipices show untrodden green, There is a budding morrow in midnight,

There is a triple sight in blindness keen."

ONE THINKS OF THE BLIND, U old bard who saw clearly things that were denied to the vision of other men. One thinks of the blind astronomer of the present day who, without physical vision, traces stars in their courses and looks out upon the majesty of the universe. Perhaps there are those unlearned in commerce and industry and finance who are able to discern the "budding morrow in midnight" more clearly than some of their wiser and more accomplished brethren.

W. P. DAVIES.

NOT LONG AGO I QUOTED IN connection with something or other the sentence "It isn't the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses' 'oofs; it's the 'ammering, 'ammering, 'am-mering, 'ammer-ing on the 'ard 'ighway." An inquirer in the New York Times Book Review has heard something of the same sort, and asks the origin of "It ain't the 'urdling of the 'edges that 'urts the 'orses' 'oofs; it's the 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway." One version seems to be about as good as the other. They are manifestly derived from the same source, and probably no one will ever know what that source is or was. I suppose that some humorist many years ago invented a bit of nonsense to illustrate the English misuse of the letter "h," and other humorists expanded and revamped the thing until it reached its present form, or forms. There are thousands of such sayings that cannot be said to have any particular authorship. They are folk lore, of a sort.

IN LOOKING FOR Something in a Herald file of 1893 I came across several things for which I was not looking, but which interested me, nevertheless. One announcement was a forcible reminder that there were pinchy times back in '93. It was the joint announcement of all the coal dealers in Grand Forks that thereafter coal would be sold only for cash. The notice was published September 13. It was explained that this step was taken because of the stringency in the money market and the notice was signed by L. Freeman & Co., Stephen Collins, W. H. Higham, G. H. Elliott and J. C. Garner. I think that not one of the men named is now living.

IN THOSE DAYS GRAND Forks probably burned more wood than coal, although good anthracite coal was only about \$9.00 a ton, with the soft coals proportionately low in price. There was what appeared to be an inexhaustible supply of wood over in northern Minnesota. It was worth less than nothing on the ground, for settlers were eager to rid their land of it in order that they might grow field crops. Laid down anywhere the wood sold for just about the cost of cutting, hauling and freight.

THERE WAS ALSO A LARGE local supply of wood. All along the Red river there was an abundance of excellent hardwood, oak, ash, ironwood and hackberry, with no end of elm, cottonwood and other soft woods. Settlers along the river I hauled in thousands of cords of this wood every winter, using the river as a highway when the ice was strong enough to bear a team. The wood market was on Bruce avenue, right by the present tire shop, and on a busy day that block would be filled with loads of wood awaiting purchasers.

THE WOOD MARKET WAS like all other public markets, great trading place. Some of the wood sellers were as shrewd as any Yankee horse trader, and some of the prospective buyers had also cut their eye teeth. I have read of the dickering and haggling that goes on in Oriental markets over every sale, but I don't see how the procedure in a Constantinople market could well be more long drawn out, more animated or more shrewdly conducted than the buying and selling of wood on Bruce avenue back in the nineties. There was always a lot of good humored chaffing, with frequent flashes of real wit, and for persons not otherwise engaged the wood market was a favorite place for entertainment.

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND demand governed the price of wood, as, sooner or later, it is I bound to govern the price of everything. In cold weather the demand was lively, and, if blizzards blocked the roads, the supply was scant. It did not matter that there were millions of cords in the woods. The quantity of wood on the spot was what governed. In normal conditions hardwood sold for about \$4.00 a cord; soft wood for \$2.50 to \$3.00. Cold, stormy weather sent prices up and moderate weather made for a dull market. A shrewd buyer could often pick up a load at a sinfully low price along toward evening when some luckless fellow, having been unable to make a sale, was anxious to get home. The question then was not what the wood was worth, but how far the man had to go and how badly he wanted to get home. Taking advantage of another's necessities that way may seem heartless, but many of the buyers had to make their dollars go as far as possible, because they had few of them.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS when everything was cheap. Some way or other, times have seemed to be a lot better when things were not so cheap.

W. P. DAVIES.