

WITH NO DESIRE TO intrude on the domestic affairs of any gentlemen, I feel constrained, nevertheless, to remark that I sympathize with Charlie Chaplin in his desire to keep his children off the stage, at least until they are a little older. He does not object especially to their going on the stage, but he does not want them to go there on somebody else's say-so, before they are old enough to know their own minds, and before they have had a chance to be real children. Occasionally I have seen on the stage or the screen a child wonder whose performance I have enjoyed, but only in a very few cases have I seen one without thinking: "Poor little cuss!"

A PROPERLY ORGANIZED childhood lasts a long time, for, when its actual experiences are over, there remain its recollections and associations to cheer, to stimulate, to warm the heart and stir the emotions. Preferably a large share of child life should be spent in the country, where there are trees and fields, animals and wild flowers, adventure in the wood lot and mystery in the deepening twilight.

ALL CHILDREN CANNOT have the blessed privilege of going to the country school, swimming in the creek and hunting eggs in the hay mow. Those things are reserved for the favored few, and they are getting fewer. But even town children have childhood, of a sort. They can play baseball, and organize alley gangs, and have fights, and collect experiences that will last them a century, if they live that long.

MAKE YOUR INFANT A professional entertainer, and what real childhood can he have? Immediately he is a grown-up, and a grown-up who is cut off from wholesome and natural association with his kind. He must thrill and amuse other people. He becomes familiar with ideas and notions that have no place in child life. He becomes accustomed to the center of the stage and feels out of place elsewhere. Because applause is the reward for achievement he looks for applause at every turn and suffers disappointment if it is not forthcoming. He is denied some of the inestimable privileges of life. Therefore I hope Charlie Chaplin will succeed in keeping his children where for at least a little while they can live their own foolish inconsequential, irresponsible little lives and have a corking time doing it.

WRITING ABOUT CHARLIE Chaplin make one think of the artistic temperament, and all that sort of thing, which brings me to the case of the young lady who won something or other at the Olympic games, and who declared scornfully that she did not look forward to marriage as any part of her career. She declared that there were several things that she just could not abide, and among them she enumerated cooking, sewing, washing dishes, taking care of the baby, and several other domestic items.

I SHOULD NOT BE AT ALL surprised, some ten years hence, to find the lady settled down to a comfortable matronly life, doing the things that she now despises, and actually liking them. Of course it is possible that by that time she will have divorced her fourth husband, having galloped along without becoming acquainted with either kitchen or nursery, in which case, with sources of alimony dried up, she may long for a real home, real friends, and a few real responsibilities. As Mr. Cohan used to warble, "Life's a funny proposition after all."

I HAVE HAD THE ELMS looked over and doctored. Perhaps those that remain can be saved, but some of them were badly riddled. The animal that did the job is described to me as the true elm tree borer, a disagreeable-looking worm half an inch or so long, dirty white, with darkened gnawing apparatus. How such a soft, helpless-looking creature can bore holes in solid wood is beyond me, but it does. I have examined elms in some other localities and find evidences of the presence of the borer in them.

AT THE COST OF SEVERAL dollars for treatment and replacement I have learned that it is wise to have trees carefully examined for infection when they are planted and to keep watch of them thereafter. A stitch in time, so to speak, may keep the borers away.

THEY HAVE GRASSHOPPERS down in South America too. A news dispatch says that the streets of Buenos Aires are covered with dead and dying locust which were swept there from the west and north by Argentina's annual Santa Rosa storm, so called because it almost invariably occurs within a day or two of the annual church holiday of that name on July 30. The insects were swept southward from their hatching ground in the Chaco, the great jungle over which Paraguay and Bolivia are disputing. They encountered a cold rain which destroyed them by the millions.

AS THE SEASONS ARE reversed south of the equator it is now early spring down there, and the invasion of the vicinity of Buenos Aires at the time and the manner stated would correspond roughly to a swarm of hoppers being blown through central Oklahoma from Mexico about the first of March. It is encouraging to know that somewhere nature is killing off hoppers.

HAVING READ THE STORY about Edison and his million pounds sterling published in this column the other day, a friend sends in another version quoted from Bok's "Twice Thirty." The facts as related are practically identical except that the firm is reported to have offered "thirty thousand," meaning pounds, which Edison accepted, thinking that the price quoted was in dollars. When Edison received the amount, five times what he had expected, he wanted to cable that some mistake had occurred, but his friends dissuaded him.

ANOTHER STORY QUOTED from Bok illustrates what a slight conception had of large sums of money. The Western Union offered him \$100,000 for one of his inventions. Edison didn't know what that much money meant. He said, "It's safer with you, give me \$6,000 a year for seventeen years (the term of the patent.) At 6 per cent that would represent a cash payment of about \$63,000.

DR. N.M. WATSON, OF RED Lake Falls, was interested in the tern about the old poem "Twenty Years Ago," and sends in a clipping about the origin of the poem which he has had on file for many ears. The article attributes the poem to A. J. Gault, who died at his home in the little village of Wheatland, Iowa, in 1903. The story of the life of Mr. Gault and if the origin of the poem was told by a son, A. W. Gault, in his paper, the Calamus Record. This is his version:

"A. J. GAULT WAS BORN IN Jackson, Washington county, New York, October 4, 1818. When he was two years old his parents moved to Arlington, Vt., where he resided until he was 25 years old. When not occupied with his studies he spent his time catching speckled trout, roaming over the green capped mountains in search of game and communing with nature in Vermont's green hills. Here, in the midst of nature, ideas came to him which, in after years, he worked into some excellent poetical productions, pronounced by critics to be equal to "Twenty Years Ago." As thoughts came to him he would write them down on a chip, piece of bark or anything that came handy, utterly oblivious to everything else until his task was finished. "Twenty Years Ago" contained no fiction. The old grape-vine swing, the beech tree on which their sweethearts' names were cut, the benches their jack knives had defaced, the speckled trout, the spring, all the incidents of the poem are realities."

THE "TOM" MENTIONED IN the poem is said to have been Mr. Gault's brother, who, away from home for a long time, neglected to answer a letter written to him by the poet. Mr. Gault is said to have written the poem in order to arouse his brother's sentiment for home and induce him to write. Unfortunately the newspaper clipping is torn at this point, and we are not told whether or not the appeal had its effect.

MR. GAULT MOVED TO IOWA in 1855 and during the war printed the Clinton County Advocate at Wheatland. Later he began the publication of the Wheatland Spectator which he published until within two years of his death,

THERE ARE THUS UP date three claimants for the authorship of "Twenty Years Ago," Frances Huston and Will C. Eddy mentioned by correspondents of the New York Times, and A. J. Gault DR. N. M. WATSON, OF RED of Iowa. Are there others?

WEDNESDAY'S ECLIPSE brought to most adults recollections of former eclipses memorable for the character of the phenomenon itself or because of some associated incident. The most peculiar eclipse of my recollection was an eclipse of the moon in which both sun and moon were visible at the same time. Off-hand that would be said to be impossible. A lunar eclipse is caused by the passage of the earth between sun and moon, the moon being then in the shadow cast by the earth, and the moon being only faintly illumined by the light rays which are bent in passing through the earth's atmosphere. Sun, earth and moon being in a straight line, how can an observer on the earth see the sun and moon at the same time?

THE ECLIPSE MENTIONED occurred just at sundown, and, of course, at moonrise. The lower rim of the sun just touched the western horizon and that of the almost extinguished moon the eastern. It seemed that the moon must be receiving the full force of the sun's rays and that it should be shining as usual.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAINED THE apparent impossibility this way: The sun is actually visible after it has sunk below the horizon. Its rays, striking our atmosphere, are bent, just as a straight stick seems to be bent when thrust diagonally into water. This applies also to the moon. Hence, while sun and moon appeared to be above the horizon, and were actually visible from the same point between, both were actually below the horizon.

DOWN IN FARGO THE Other day somebody found a hole in a cinder walk which some people think must have been made by a meteor. The hole is deep, as a stick a dozen feet long failed to reach the bottom. As the hole was discovered after a storm there was an idea that lightning might have caused it, but the meteor theory is also current.

THOSE THINGS DO HIT THE ground occasionally. One was found in a field a few miles west of Grand Forks some years ago. Bill Saul tells of watching them dig up the meteor that fell at Aberdeen a good many years ago. It was a heavy, irregular mass two feet or so long and not quite so wide, in appearance resembling a huge cinder. Bill was riding race horses about that time, and he says he wasn't paying much attention to meteors. He wishes now that he had realized more what a strange visitor it was and had examined it more closely.

ROBERT THOMPSON, 708 North Fifth street, Grand Forks, remembers well the poem "Twenty Years Ago," which he thinks was committed to memory by every boy in the old log school house in eastern Canada which he attended. He also recalls a stanza of another poem entitled "Forty Years Ago," which runs as follows:

Oh, brother John, and don't you think
The world's becoming strange? Since you and I first settled here
There's been an awful change. We never talked about politics,
Nor made a friend a foe, Nor measured men by creeds, John,
Oh, forty years ago.

ANOTHER INQUIRER ASKS the New York Times for information concerning a poem of which one line is quoted as follows: "The graves of the household, they stood in beauty side by side."

UNDOUBTEDLY THE Correspondent had in mind Mrs. He-mans' poem, "The Graves of a Household," which begins:

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one house with glee:
Their graves are severed far and
wide, By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at
night
O'er each fair sleeping brow; She kept each folded flower in
sight: — Where are those dreamers now?

THE POEM GOES ON TO describe the burial of one midst the forest of the west, one at sea, one on the blood red field of Spain and one, "She faded midst Italian flowers, the last of that bright band."

I HAVE A FRAGMENT OF wood whose history, if one could read it, would prove to be most interesting. It came from the farm of Theodore Bye in Bentru township, Grand Forks county, where it was found buried under 28 feet of earth in an excavation for a well. There it has lain through no one knows how many centuries until the auger bit in to it and brought it to the surface.

THREE WELLS WERE BORED by Mr. Bye on his farm, and in each case prehistoric wood was struck at the depth of 28 feet. In each case a vein of quicksand about a foot thick was encountered just before the wood was reached. The wood is no sense petrified, but retains many of the characteristics of the original timber. Rings of growth are quite clearly marked and the form of these and their distance apart indicate that the tree from which the fragment was cut was of considerable size. The wood is only moderately heavy and fairly hard. Cut with a sharp knife it shows a slight metallic sheen, similar to that found in wood from the submerged forest in Stump Lake, although much less marked than in the lake wood. There is a difference too, in that while the lake wood burns with a vari-colored flame of purple and orange, there is scarcely any evidence of this in the wood from the Bye farm. Presumably the latter has been subjected to saturation in a much less concentrated solution of salts than the former,

WHEN DID THOSE TREES grow, and how did they come there? Geologists tell us that the Red river valley was once filled by a great lake—Lake Agassiz and that the soil which forms these level plains is the sediment deposited year after year by its waters, interspersed with rock and gravel left in irregular masses by the great slowly as northward. Before all that, and before the ice cap formed, a forest must have grown at a level some 30 feet below the present surface, to be submerged, frozen, thawed and ultimately packed down by many feet of sand and silt.

WHAT MANNER OF FOREST was it that grew so far below the homes and farms of the valley as it is now? What living creatures roamed through it? Did some of them resemble those of our own kind and race? What was their manner of life? Were they overwhelmed by some unexpected convulsion of nature, or did they move gradually as their environment became inhospitable to them?

MANY SUCH QUESTIONS ARE answered with certainty by the geologist. To many of them the answer has not yet been found, but it is certain that back of the present era of agriculture, back of the fur trader and the voyageur, back of the Indian, back of the ice age and the glacier and the lake, there is a history of teeming life in the Red river valley over whose remains our homes are built, our farms are cultivated and our cities grow. That chip of wood from a prehistoric forest brings to mind Byron's line, written to commemorate a convulsion of another sort:
"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust!"

MENTION IN THIS COLUMN of ant migrations recalls to Mr. Bye one such migration which he witnessed on his farm many years ago. Observing a number of ants traveling in one direction and carrying burdens, he found that the insects were moving in a column one or two rods wide, all apparently headed for the same destination. The movement was traced for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, but neither source nor objective was discovered, as the tangled grass made it difficult to follow the column. The ants were carrying the white egg masses such as are often seen in ant hills and they were evidently breaking up housekeeping in one place to resume operations in some other locality which, for an unknown reason, was preferred. The mystery of all this is in the orderliness with which such a movement is conducted over such great distances by insects which have no other means of locomotion than their own little legs. A man would consider it quite a trick to shoulder sack of flour and march across country with from here to Bemidji, finding his own way through forests and around lakes, but that is about the sort of job that ants undertake.

I WONDER WHAT SORT OF impression is created on the minds of some of the older readers of department of agriculture bulletins when they read some of the department's outpourings on the subject of farm gardens. I am a strong believer in the farm garden, and I realize that many farmers have paid too little attention to this highly important element in farm life. Those who have been negligent need to be informed, advised, and perhaps in some cases prodded. But the farm garden is by no means a recent discovery. It is precisely in treating the garden as something new that certain of the department's publications are to be criticized. There is, of course, no direct statement to the effect that the value of the farm garden has just been discovered, but in many cases the method of treatment is such as to create that impression. Some of the articles that I have read have suggested to me the possibility that they were prepared by young high school students, born and reared in large cities, who had never seen a farm or a garden, but who had reached the conclusion from the perusal of official reports that a garden is something that every farm should have, and pass on that tremendous piece of information to the waiting agricultural population with the air of discoverers of a new principle.

BLESS THEIR YOUNG hearts! Farmers were gardening before they, the discoverers, were born. One does not have to go far back to reach the time when the production of food for the family was one of the first considerations of the farmer, and when the garden played a highly important part in that effort. Where climatic conditions favored the orchard was an important adjunct. Apples, plums, peaches, pears, grapes, cherries, all made their contributions to the family larder. Small fruits were grown in abundance. Currants, raspberries and gooseberries were grown in abundance and were eaten fresh in summer and as preserves in winter.

THEN CAME THE GARDEN proper, and there considerations of climate were of small account, for all the standard vegetables could be grown successfully in any inhabited part of the North American continent. Except in the vicinity of large cities potatoes and cabbage were not grown on any considerable scale for market, for shipping and storage facilities had not been well developed, but every farmer expected to grow enough for his own use, and the surplus, if unsold, went to the cattle and hogs. The variety represented in the farm garden depended on the skill, enterprise and taste of the owner. Sometimes there were found in the garden practically all the garden products suitable to the locality. Sometimes only the main staples were grown. But in every case the normal farm and a good garden which provided the family with a large proportion of its food. Cash receipts from the fields may not have been large, but cash outlay for food was reduced to the minimum.

THIS MAY BE NEWS TO SOME modern writers on farm topics, but it is not news to those who were reared on farms fifty years ago. However if the modern writers can stimulate interest in farm gardens, more power to them.

A FRIEND WHO LIVED IN Aberdeen, S. D., for several years was familiar with the story of the meteor which fell near there some years before he arrived in Aberdeen. It was still a subject of conversation. The meteor fell on the Freeman farm some nine miles from Aberdeen. Mr. Freeman and his son were working in the field one afternoon when they were startled by a rushing sound overhead as of a swiftly moving object, and a short distance from where they were at work the object buried itself in the ground with a loud report. The place was marked and the meteor was exhumed and taken to town. My friend says that it was broken up and fragments of it were sent to various museums.

THAT REMINDS ME OF A story that I read, I think in the Youths Companion, when that was the standard magazine for young people. It told of a shower of meteors and of a grave old scientist engaging a group of boys to hunt for the fragments and bring them to him for 50 cents per fragment.

The boys gathered a number of the pieces and were rewarded as per contract, but when the territory had been pretty thoroughly worked and it took a long time to make a dollar, one of the party stumbled on a whopper. A council was held. The price was 50 cents per meteor, little or big, and here that great mass, weighing pounds and pounds, would bring only half a dollar. It was too bad. Broken up it would bring many dollars. Why not break it up? It was broken into little bits and the boys presented themselves with their treasure. The scientist was pleased to receive so many meteors. But presently he noticed that two of the pieces seemed to belong to each other. He fitted them together. He found others that would fit, and presently he had the whole thing pieced together. The boys looked on trembling. They had been caught in the act. They were trying to collect five dollars when they were entitled to only 50 cents. The scientist looked up. "Boys," he said, "what a pity that meteor exploded. One of that size is so rare that if it had been found intact I would have been glad to pay \$100 for it."

ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE published a few days ago in the Minneapolis Journal, Thomas D. Campbell, formerly of Grand Forks, and widely known as the Montana king, has been engaged by the United States government to harvest the volunteer wheat crop on 40,000 acres of Indian reservation land which he has rented from the government for several years, and on which the rent is in arrears some \$60,000. To many of the younger residents of the state Tom Campbell is but a name, for, although he is still in the prime of life, his active business career, which was begun while he was still a youth, has been conducted in other and distant parts of the country, and his visits to Grand Forks have been few and brief.

TOM IS THE SON OF Thomas Campbell, one of the pioneer farmers of the Red River valley who came from Perth, Ontario, settled on a homestead just south of Grand Forks, and in a long life, characterized by industry and integrity, accumulated a comfortable fortune. Tom was born on the family farm, graduated from the University of North Dakota, finished an engineering course in an eastern college, and for several years was associated with a construction firm on the Pacific coast.

IT WAS DURING THE WORLD war that Tom found an opportunity to launch a project for wheat farming on a magnificent scale which he had long entertained. Our European allies were desperately in need of immense quantities of wheat. Their domestic production had been curtailed, and shipments from Argentina and Australia consumed much time and were subjected to the hazard of enemy attack on the long voyage. The United States government sought by every possible means to curtail domestic consumption of wheat and to stimulate its production.

TOM APPROACHED THE Government with a proposal to rent a large tract of land on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana for the raising of wheat. A satisfactory arrangement was made and a low rental was fixed. Next it was necessary to finance the purchase of machinery and equipment for the vast undertaking. Tom obtained an audience with J. Pierpont Morgan and laid the case before him. Morgan was interested in the project because of its wheat producing possibilities and was impressed by the enthusiasm of his caller and his command of technical detail. He decided to take a chance. Calling together a number of business acquaintances he had Tom expound his plan to them, announced that as a public service he intended to back the scheme and called on his friends for subscriptions. The necessary amount—often stated at \$5,000,000—was subscribed, and the world's biggest wheat farm was under way.

THE METHODS EMPLOYED have often been described. From the first operation to the last everything was mechanized. Great tractors hauled immense plows and seeders, and during harvest the procession of harvesters moved across the landscape like an army brigade. Central headquarters were established where the army of workmen and their families made their homes. The district being in the dry farming area land was plowed one season and cropped the next. Good crops were raised for a few years, and during the period of high prices at a profit.

THERE WERE OCCASIONAL poor crops, and after the war, when the public exigency had passed Morgan and his associates, not being convinced of the soundness of the plan on a permanent basis, retired from the enterprise, the current understanding being that they donated their original investment. Thereafter Tom conducted the business on his own account, organizing a new corporation for that purpose.

LOW WHEAT PRICES During recent years have made the going difficult, and according to the Journal article last year's crop was not harvested at all, being ruined by drouth. This year, says the story, the seed which had fallen to the ground from last year's answer to Tom's arguments in favor and with abundant rain it has produced a fair volunteer crop.

BECAUSE OF ITS CLAIM FOR delinquent rent the crop belongs to the government, or rather to the Indian tribesmen for whom the government acts as agent, and Campbell has been engaged to harvest it with the equipment which he has, being paid at the rate of \$2 per acre. The article estimates that the yield will be some 200 carloads. The writer estimates that the cost of operation will not leave much profit out of the \$2 per acre paid for harvesting and threshing.

TOM CAMPBELL HAS BEEN an enthusiast on the subject of large-scale farming. He has insisted that farming much be done through the application of factory methods, and that it can be conducted successfully on that basis. The failure of the Montana enterprise to carry on as planned will be held by some to prove that the plan is not sound. That is not conclusive. Drouth and low prices have put a good many small farmers out of business, yet there are many small farmers who, under normal conditions, are able to make small farming pay.

PERHAPS THE RIGHT Answer to Tom's arguments in favor as not an industry but a state of furnished by Herbert Hoover, who four years ago described farming as not an industry but a state of living. Anyway, the big farm was a magnificent enterprise, while it lasted.

JUST HOW MUCH OF THE Red river valley contains submerged pre-historic wood nobody knows, but the condition is probably quite general. My mention of the wood found in well excavations on the Bye farm in Bentru township reminded W. R. Vanderhoef of the finding of an oak tree trunk by workmen digging for the big DeMers avenue sewer. That work was done 25 or 30 years ago by P. McDonnell of Duluth who also laid the first pavement in Grand Forks and many blocks of later pavement. It was immediately in front of the Columbia hotel that the oak tree was found some 25 feet deep. Many pieces of the wood were brought to the surface, and Mr. Vanderhoef took some of them to the University where they were examined by Dean Brannon and Dr. Leonard. The wood was unmistakably oak, and fungi attached to it were decided to be identical in character with fungi now frequently found on forest growth.

IT WAS THE OPINION OF the University men that from the depth at which it was found and the facts that are known concerning the great lake which once occupied the valley, the wood was approximately 600,000 years old, this estimate, of course, being subject to variation of several thousand years either way. It was thought probable that the tree had not grown where it was found, but that it had drifted on the lake and, becoming waterlogged, had sunk, to be buried by the accumulated silt of centuries.

OTHER INTERESTING Objects found in that sewer excavation were gypsum geodes. I didn't know what a geode was, but I have learned that it is a nodule, or lump, of mineral, sometimes formed in the hollow space in a rock from the deposit of mineral matter contained in water. Vanderhoef gave me one, which is an irregularly rounded mass the size of a man's fist, heavy and showing signs of crystalline formation.

WORKMEN IN THE SEWER trench were losing a great deal of time by having their picks and shovels sharpened. The foreman suspected that the men were dulling the tools in order to kill time. The men protested that they were striking stones at the bottom of the trench. The foreman said it was impossible, that there were no stones there, and couldn't be. The men produced bushels of the "stones" and convinced him. Those objects had "grown" thousands of years ago to perplex Paddy McDonnell's foreman and to serve as paper weights on the desks of Vanderhoef's friends. The stones are sometimes called potato stones on account of their size and shape.

A FEW DAYS AGO I QUOTED two stanzas from Mrs. Hemans' "The Graves of a Household." In response to a request I am giving the entire poem:

The Graves of a Household They grew in beauty side by side
They filled one home with glee; Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow; She kept each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forest of the west, By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain; He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, soft winds fanned; She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree; Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one mother's knee.

They that with smiles lit up the
happ, And cheered with song the hearth:-
Alas for love! if thou wert all, And naught beyond, O Earth!

IN RESPONSE TO HIS Request for information concerning living members of the crew who came with him on his first steamboat trip down the Red Lake river from Crookston, Fred A. Bill of St. Paul, has received a letter from Mrs. Art Bourassa, 926 North Fourth street, whose father and brother were members of that company. Mr. Bill has permitted me to quote from Mrs. Bourassa's letter, which I do as follows: "My father and my grandfather, Clovis Guerin and B. B. Lariviere and family came down on the same boat on which you traveled sixty years ago. I have often heard my father talk of "Captain Bill." You may recall that Lariviere & Guerin had the first sod store in Grand Forks. Then they moved to Crookston, where they had a fur trading post. They bought furs and traded with the Hudson's Bay company at Winnipeg.

"THEY WERE RAIDED BY the state government, I believe, have written several letters trying to get full details of that deal, as I don't believe it was a square deal The government took away everything my folks had, and being left without money they couldn't fight the case.

MY OLDEST BROTHER, NOW residing in Yakima, Wash., was on the same boat. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, 67 years ago, so you see you are not the only living person who made that trip. You still have company living. Both my parents are dead."

"MY SECOND OLDEST brother was the first white child born in Crookston. If you can remember my mother, Mrs. Guerin, you will recall that she was an excellent musician.

MR. BILL WAS NATURALLY pleased to have this contact with a family some of whose members were even casually associated with him in the old days. He writes that he does not understand how Mr. Guerin came to call him "captain, as at the time of that first steamboat trip he had not attained that title. He was then a clerk on the Dakota.

THE RAID OF WHICH MRS. Bourassa writes is supposed by Mr. Bill to have been in connection with some fur trade controversy, of which there were many in the early days. He knows nothing of the particular incident which Mrs. Bourassa recalls.

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THERE are still others of that steamboat company. If there are Mr. Bill would like to hear from them, and if messages are entrusted to this column I will see that they are forwarded promptly.

IF THIS SEASON IN THE Northwest, from an agricultural standpoint, does not break all records for earliness, it must come very near doing so. Here we are just through the first week in September, and not only are the fields in the vicinity of Grand Forks all cleared, with threshing completed, except for an odd job here and there, but fall plowing is well along, and some farmers have actually completed all the plowing they wish to do this season.

I CAN RECALL NO OTHER season in which this was true at this date. Quite often the cutting of grain has continued until well into September and threshing into October, and in a unusually late season the ground has frozen hard mid-November with scarcely any plowing done. Generally early fall plowing is considered good for the fields, as the weed seeds which are always present have a chance to sprout during the warm fall weather and to be killed by frost.

HOW MANY READERS HAVE ever thought a caging a bobolink being a criminal offense? I am not sure that it is in this state, but it appears to be in Canada. Quite recently officers of the Canadian mounted police at Ottawa seized three of these birds which were held in captivity and released them in one of the national game preserves. These birds come under the provisions of the migratory birds act, and as this is in legislation as between the United States and Canada I suppose the same provisions apply under our federal legislation.

THIS MAKES ME WONDER about the common blackbird, which is migratory, and which in the north is generally welcome, despite the fact that during the gathering season in the fall it is apt to strip considerable portions of late fields of grain. In the south, I understand, these birds are known as rice bird and are commonly killed for food. Of course the southern people who so use them have a distinguished precedent in the case of King Arthur, who is said to be the king for whom the four-and -twenty black-birds were baked in a pie as related in the Mother Goose rhyme.

WHILE IT IS ADMITTED that the automobile can go faster and perhaps hit harder, the Walsh County Record, Rilie Morgan's paper at Grafton, is quite sure that as a spectacular feature it produces nothing that compares with the old-fashioned runaway of the good old days. The Record says:

THE OLD RUNAWAY

"SAY WHAT YOU WILL, TWO autos coming together on the street is not nearly so thrilling as good old-fashioned team of horses running away. Where is the citizen who cannot recall the day he heard shouts in the street and ran to the door to see a cloud of dust and at the far end of the dust cloud a team of horses tearing along in a snake-like path, with a farm wagon balanced on two wheels and its contents flying in all directions? The motor car has given us a lot, but can't provide the thrill that an old-fashioned runaway used to afford. The crash of a lot of metal coming together in a collision isn't exciting. The screams of the injured are not pleasant. But when we had a runaway in the good old days it was different. We knew in the first place that nobody was apt to be hurt, and in the second place we knew the horses would be caught, the wagon uprighted and that everybody would go back to work with something worth while to talk about the balance of the day. The auto robbed us of a real thrill when it made the old-fashioned runaway only a memory."

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of the old runaway, strictly as a spectacle, was that it lasted longer. The automobile smash is over before you know it has started. Everything is quiet and peaceful, then bang! and there is nothing left to do but collect the debris and check up on the killed and wounded. But the runaway! As the Record says: you could see it coming a long way off, watch people dodging it or waving arms and hats in a vain effort to stop it, see it go by, and if the conditions were just right watch it fade into the distance.

NATURALLY ALL THAT reminds me of runaways I have seen the most thrilling of which was when Art Turner's big dray team galloped the length of Third street with a little girl, who, I believe, was Art's daughter Echo, clinging desperately to the high dray seat on which she sat. What started the horses I never knew, but they came pounding down the street, swerving first to one side and then the other to avoid other rigs, while the dray bumped over the rough ground and the frightened child clung to her perch, hair flying wildly in the wind. It seemed certain that the runaway would collide with a post or a wagon, overturning the dray, in which case there was a strong probability that the child would be killed.

NOTHING OF THE SORT Happened. Avoiding all obstacles the team raced through the business section and south on Third street until, being winded by their sprint and the going being heavy, the horses came to a standstill in the soft ground near the Dobmeier brewery. What an adventure for a child! I wonder if she remembers it?

MY OWN WILDEST RUNAWAY adventure was when I drove into a swarm of flying ants. With a small, nimble team and a light spring wagon I was jogging along quietly on a country road when without warning the horses bolted, which they would do on the slightest provocation. Startled by the suddenness of their plunge I wondered what it was all about when I felt something resembling red-hot needles being plunged into my arms, face and neck. The air was full of flying ants and it was their attack that had started the horses off, and I couldn't blame them.

I HAD A WILD RIDE OF A few miles. The horses could run like rabbits, and they did. Controlling them was out of the question, for I was busy with other matters, I just let the horses run while I tried to fight off the vicious little insects. I never, like the apostle Paul, fought beasts at Ephesus, but I have fought bees, and hornets, and a variety of other little creatures that bite or sting. I consider flying nats worse than any of the others.

AFTER A WHILE THE ANTS left us, or we outdistanced them. We kept right side up, and when the horses were rid of their tormentors they were quieted without any difficulty and the journey was resumed in a more sedate manner. What a moving picture that would have made—plunging, galloping, horses, bounding wagon, and driver frantically pawing the air with both hands!

SOME FRIEND OF HARRY Richards told him the other day that the first post office at Grand Forks was in the log house at the corner of Cottonwood street and Second avenue South. Mr. Richards was not here when the first post office was established, having arrived in 1878, but he knows that the Cotton-wood street house was never a post-office. That house, he says, was built by a man named Fish and was never used for any other than residence purposes. The first Grand Forks post office was at the old Nick Hoffman place at the crest of the river bank on Eighth avenue South. Later it was in the Gotzian block, with Don McDonald as postmaster. When I moved to Grand Forks just 40 years ago the postoffice was on Kittson avenue in what is now a part of the Penney store. John P. Bray was postmaster.

AFTER CLEVELAND'S Election in 1892, and upon the expiration of Bray's term, Willis A. Joy was appointed postmaster. Later the postoffice was moved to the old Odd Fellows block, where it remained until the present building was built.

IN REFERRING TO TOM Campbell a few days ago I said he was born on the family farm just south of the city. "South of the city" did not mean then just what it means now. In the early days the Campbell property included much of what is now the city, and Mr. Richards tells me that the Campbell home at the time of Tom's birth was on what is now Reeves Drive, on property which was the home of Judge Corliss for many years and which is now owned by M Norman

DURING THE YEARS THE southward trend of residence growth in Grand Forks has been interesting. Forty years ago there were only a few scattered houses south of what is now Fourth avenue South. When the Roosevelt school was built it stood at the edge of a wheat field, and when threshing was done that first fall the school house was blown full of chaff from the machine. About that time there was nothing west of the school except the Reeder & Stewart slaughter house, and like all slaughter houses in those days it smelled awful. There are more dwellings now south of the South Junior high school than there were school when it was built, school when it was built.

IN THE EARLY DAYS Development in the Riverside park district was started by the Lewis concern and several individuals who built what were for those days palatial residences. "Lord" Thursby had a fine home in that district in the property now owned by H. L. Edwards. A commodious barn housed high-stepping horses and a fine carriage and in his balmy days Thursby entertained on a lavish scale.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF Riverside park was held back for several years because it was separated from the rest of the city by the Walker lumber mill and the adjoining lumber yards which extended back to the Great Northern tracks. Several blocks in that area were occupied by big piles of lumber and it was not altogether a pleasant place to pass at night.

SINCE THE MILL BURNED and the lumber was moved away that break has been removed, and the Riverside district is no longer separated from the rest of the city. It has become in recent years one of the most attractive sections of Grand Forks.

COMPLETION OF THE Pavement between Grand Forks and Bemidji ought to interest some of the old-timers because of the contrast between present facilities for travel and those of the early days of settlement. Doubtless some of the men who travel over that fine highway by automobile traveled the tote road from Crookston to the lumber camps not very many years ago.

THE PRESENT HIGHWAY keeps fairly close to the old winter tote road, which went by way of McIntosh, Fosston, Lengby and Bagley. Hundreds of outfits outfitted at Crookston and from there made the trip to the camps. The Clearwater river was one of the famous logging streams, and it was from that stream that the mills at Crookston and Grand Forks received most of their logs. All winter great loads of logs were dumped on the banks of the stream to await the spring freshet for the drive. The arrival of the drive was always celebrated by a big jollification in which many dollars of the winter's wages were spent in a few days. The lumbering days in that territory are over, and the road carries traffic of a sort vastly different from that of a generation ago.

HAVE WE A SECOND CROP of grasshoppers this year? The existence in certain sections of large numbers of small hoppers indicates this possibility. Golf players at Lincoln park report the presence on the links of myriads of hoppers, apparently only about half grown. Because of the character of the season, unusually hot and dry, it is scarcely possible that these insects are the result of late hatching. Eggs that were destined to hatch must have done so quite early in the season. On the other hand, while it appears that egg-laying on a large scale has been in progress only recently, some hopper eggs were laid in July. It has been suggested that some such early eggs have already hatched, the season being favorable for this, and that the small hoppers now seen represent the second crop of 1933. If this is the case such insects will not reach the egg-laying stage before frost, and if any considerable proportion of eggs have thus hatched prematurely the infestation next year may be much less than has been anticipated.

ABSENCE OF EARLY Killing frost is not always an indication of a long, open fall, for cold weather may set in quite suddenly. But the longer the first frost is postponed the longer is it possible to enjoy the beauty which nature deals out with lavish hand. Early flowering plants, of course, are out of bloom, but the continuous bloomers are at their best and many gardens are riotous with color. Most of this color will be destroyed by the first frost.

EVIDENCE OF THE Persistence of life is found in the condition of lawns and fields since the first heavy rain of a few weeks ago. Pastures had been brown after the blistering heat and continued drouth of July, and it was believed by many that even rain would not help as the grass had been killed. Now the landscape is green with fresh growth. Somewhere in the parched soil the germ of life had been preserved and when the rain descended and soaked the soil the roots began to function and fresh green sprouts appeared. Most grasses do not root deep, but their crowns and tendrils are able to suspend business for a long time and they start up as if nothing had happened.

IN THE FALL OUR PRAIRIE landscape runs strongly to browns, so far as fields are concerned. Then we get the color effect of stubble fields and newly turned earth. But if we lift our eyes a little from the level fields we catch a gorgeous assortment of color the groves and natural timber belts that frame every Red river valley picture. We miss the crimson of the maples and the somber masses of green furnished by the pines, but many of the oaks take on brilliant hues, the Virginia creeper warms up the picture, and cottonwood, poplar and elm give us all the softer browns and yellows.

VIEWED FROM THE LEVEL of the pedestrian or the autoist the stubble field is usually a rather somber yellowish brown. Ordinarily we do not regard it as brilliant. To anyone interested in testing unsuspected color possibilities I recommend an airplane ride some fine afternoon. Seen from ordinary cruising height the stubble field is no longer a mass of brown or yellow, but an intricate mosaic in which the most intense green is one of the outstanding features.

VIEWED HORIZONTALLY the green is not seen, although it is there. It comes from the volunteer growth of weeds or scattered grain that has sprung up since harvest. Close to the ground it is concealed by the stubble, which usually stands well above it. But when viewed from above it is seen in all its variety of color, standing forth in unbelievable brilliance.

THE AIRPLANE HAS BEEN the means of revealing many things that were not otherwise perceptible. The use of planes in the search for submarines during the war is a matter of common knowledge. Submerged only a few inches the submarine became invisible to the observer on shipboard, but the observer in a plane, looking down perpendicularly, could see the dark hull at the depth of many feet.

IN A SIMILAR WAY THERE is revealed to the flyer over tropical waters a brilliance of color which there is on the ocean's floor and of which no hint is given except from aloft. There every imaginable combination of color is found, the gradations being influenced both by the character of the bottom itself and by the depth of water through which it is viewed.

IT IS SOME DISTANCE FROM here to the tropics, but if one hasn't the time or the means to go there he can get just as fine a color show from an airplane ride over any part of the Red river valley. There is no charge to the boys out at the airport for this bit of publicity.

ONE NEVER CAN TELL where or how far a train of associations may lead. Captain Fred A. Bill's letter referring to his trip down the Red river from Crookston sixty years ago, and his inquiry as to others of the same group who may be living brought from Mrs. Art Bourassa of Grand Forks some facts concerning the Guerin family, of which she is a member, among them being that her father and brother made that same trip on the old Dakota. Now comes a letter from Dana Wright, of St. John, giving some interesting bits of early North Dakota history. Mr. Wright's letter follows:

"YOUR RECENT COMMENTJ in 'That Reminds Me,' about the passengers on Captain Bill's boat coming down from Red lake, connects up with some local history in the Turtle Mountain country.

"AFTER LEAVING THE RED river country, B. B. Lariviere and Guerin moved in to Canada and followed the boundary commission trail of 1872, west to the Turtle Mountain region; they located on a small creek which drains the north slope, and settled in some old abandoned building, left by the joint boundary commission. So far I have never been able to ascertain just what year they arrived there, but they seem to have antedated any one else there.

"LARIVIERE STARTED UP A store and traded with the Indians and halfbreeds in that region and it became a well known place to them and also to the white settlers who commenced to locate there in the late seventies and early eighties. These white came in by team from Emerson, Man., along the boundary commission trail at first but when the railroad was pushed West from Winnipeg they could go by train to Brandon and then south.

"LARIVIERE AND PARTY left a name on the creek where their store was, that is still in use. Their establishment and the creek went by the name Wakapa, a Sioux word, meaning river, and one which he evidently brought with him from the Sioux country where he came from to the south and east. It was this Sioux word, out of place here in the Chippewa country that first caught my attention and led to my examining the location and its history. Possibly Lariviere did not care to have his own name used and instead used the Sioux equivalent. At any rate the nearest railway station and school district in that area is still known as Wakapa. It is located on the slope of the Turtle Mountain, on the northeast side about eight miles from the boundary. At present the original site is entirely abandoned but the old cellar holes mark the spot, on the east side of the creek which was the first store and postoffice in the region.

"ABOUT 1879 ANOTHER Commercial enterprise was set up there. Harrison and Williams dragged a steam boiler and machinery over the boundary trail from Emerson and set up a sawmill and later added a stone grist mill. These were in use for a number of years and were of great value to the early settlers. A few fragments of the old French buhr stones are still scattered about the site of the mill.

BITS OF NEWS DRIFTING IN from western Canada from time to time indicate that the prospects for fall shooting of ducks are much better than last year. One dispatch reads:

"DUCK SHOOTING Prospects in western Canada have been greatly improved by a more normal rainfall this summer. About 75 per cent of the North American duck supply is hatched and raised in western Canada each year, and drouth conditions in 1930-31 made severe inroads on the flocks throughout the prairies. Observers, however, report that a good hatch of ducks and other waterfowl took place this year and that wild fowl generally have made good gains throughout the year."

THAT SHOULD MEAN Better shooting in North Dakota, although the effect of the greater number of fowl will be counteracted to some extent by the scarcity of water unless we should have unusually heavy rains in the meantime. One of the benefits incidental to the building of local dams for the impounding of water wherever this is possible would be a more abundant supply of waterfowl and a lot more fun for those who enjoy shooting.

ONCE I WENT BEAR Hunting. I didn't find a bear, but I had a fine time, just the same. Back in Huron county, Ont, it was reported that a bear had been seen in the swamp nearby. Charlie Stubbs and I, who were visiting some of our folks in that neighborhood, determined to get that bear. We were mere youngsters, and neither of us knew anything about hunting bears, but that made no difference. Each of us had a cheap breech-loading shotgun, but no heavy ammunition. We remedied that defect by loading our shells with broken nails and other iron scraps, and forth we went.

WE HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO realize that our first volley might not kill the bear, so we agreed to wait until the bear was quite close, when each was to shoot at the eye nearest him. With the bear blinded we would have plenty of time to reload and finish him off. In supreme confidence that we had made adequate provision for all emergencies we entered the swamp, and through it we tramped more or less all day, hunting for bear tracks. I wonder what we would have done if we had actually found a bear. Probably the bear would have ambled off if we let him alone, and we should have a chance to sneak off in the opposite direction. We might not have had sense enough to do it, for we were only a couple of kids.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS Immediately following the muzzle-loader, when we loaded our own shells and then reloaded them after they had been used. The job had to be done with considerable care, otherwise there would not be proper contact between cap and power and the shell would miss fire. As it is always the biggest fish that gets away, so it was always when one had perfect aim on a prize bird that a shell missed fire. Defective shells provided innumerable alibis.

ACCORDING TO H. V. Williams, of Grafton, who appears to be familiar with the subject, it is not our common blackbird, but our bobolink which becomes the rice bird of the south. Mr. Williams writes: "the rice birds of the south are our bobolinks, and, as you say, are considered very fine eating down there, which no doubt they are. The fall plumage is so vastly different from the breeding plumage that few people would recognize them birds we know." The correction is accepted with thanks. That seems to make it all the more tragic to use these birds for food. Their song is so merry, so liquid and so expressive of abundant life that it seems a heartless thing to kill them.

THESE ARE HOWEVER Other aspects of the case. Birds seem sometimes to change both character and habits with their summer and winter environment. Here the bobolink is an occasional bird, found chiefly in meadows, and having, apparently, no destructive tendencies. In the South, under another name, they appear to colonize, and I have seen references to flocks of rice birds numbering thousands which take heavy toll of grain fields. Under such circumstances it is conceivable that killing them would be considered a good way of removing a nuisance as well as of providing a supply of food.

THIS SEEMING CHANGE OF character is also found in the robin, which is one of our most welcome birds in the North because of its cheerfulness, sociability and apparent amiability. But I have talked with southern people who detest the robin for its quarrelsome, bullying disposition. This tendency may grow with the advance of the season and with relief from domestic cares. I have thought I saw some evidences of it in the robins of my neighborhood quite recently. Sometimes I have had a whole yard full of them at one time, and while numerous other birds have been present the robins have lorded it over all of them except a pair of flickers that paid occasional visits. The robins and flickers seemed to have agreed that there should be a truce between them. They did not fraternize, but they did not molest each other. But other birds, sparrows, goldfinches and a number of others which I could not identify had to move whenever a robin approached. The robins showed much of the quarrelsome disposition which I have been told they display down South.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, OF CON-way, dropped in for a brief visit and to suggest a plan for farm relief which differs from many others that have been proposed. Briefly Mr. Maxwell's idea is that the farmer owes his present plight to the fact that he has refused to restrict his production to a point where his commodities would be enhanced in price by the tariff. It has been impossible, he says, to persuade the farmer to adopt a more sensible course, therefore such a course must be forced on him by legislation.

HE PROPOSES THAT THE federal government take charge of the situation and allot to each farmer his proportionate share of production of staples of which a surplus is ordinarily produced. With production brought within the limits of domestic consumption the tariff would become fully operative. Mr. Maxwell admits the possibility that this may not be possible under the constitution as it stands. In that case, he says, amend the constitution.

MR. MAXWELL HAS Followed with interest the progress of the movement for the completion of the St. Lawrence waterway, for he was born in 1875 at Dickinson's Landing on the bank of the St. Lawrence, which he holds is the finest river in the world, and it is near his birthplace that one of the great power plants incidental to the canalization of that section of the river is to be built.

IT WAS IN 1881 THAT MR. Maxwell came to North Dakota by way of Duluth. He filed on a claim near Conway and he has lived there ever since. During part of that summer he worked on farms west of Fargo. One of his employers was a Norwegian farmer who spoke scarcely any English, who sent him, just a young hired man and a perfect stranger, with a load of 60 bushels of wheat with instructions to sell the wheat and bring back the cash. This was done faithfully, but Mr. Maxwell cannot quite be sure whether it was his own innocent appearance that gave the farmer confidence that he would not sell the wheat and walk off with the money, or whether the farmer himself was so honest and guileless that it did not occur to him that anyone else might be otherwise.

THE HARVEST OF 1881 WAS the earliest that Mr. Maxwell can remember. Most of the grain, he says, was cut when he entered the valley in August, and there has been no similar season in his experience until this year. While the harvest was early, threshing was delayed until late by heavy rains which flooded fields and filled every depression. There were ducks by the million, and Mr. Maxwell declares that one could shut his eyes and shoot in any direction and bring them down.

FALL-HATCHED Grasshoppers, whose presence in the fields and meadows has attracted much attention, are familiar to entomologists. A statement concerning them made by one of the agricultural college faculty was published in The Herald on Saturday. Another, somewhat more extended, is furnished by County Agent William R. Page, of Grand Forks. It is taken from a report by Norman Criddle, of the Dominion of Canada department of agriculture and reads as follows: "There are several kinds of grasshoppers which hatch from eggs in late summer and which winter in a partly grown form. These may be found as soon as the thawing of the snow exposes the ground. They can be recognized at this time by their large size and by noting that the wing pads are turned upwards. Indeed, most of these grasshoppers will be flying before the really important ones have hatched. The commonest of these early species are the spring clear-winged grasshopper, the northern spring grasshopper, and the coral-legged grasshopper. These are the grasshoppers which usually give rise to the erroneous reports that eggs of the more injurious species are hatching in the autumn, or that they have done so abnormally early in the spring. The spring clear-winged grasshopper in particular has frequently been mistaken for the common clear-winged grasshopper which rarely begins to hatch before the middle of May. Occasionally these insects may do a certain amount of damage to fall wheat or rye but as a rule their activities are insignificant."

MR. PAGE ADDS: "MANY OF these fall hatched grasshoppers were noticed last year and Louis Novotny, living north of Grand Forks, early last spring brought in a grasshopper nymph in the first stage which he found while digging a drainage ditch through snow and mud. On May 3, J. P. Hemmingsen, McCanna, brought in a nearly full grown grasshopper of which he reported finding several in the vicinity of Shawnee. These, no doubt, were a few of the late summer or fall hatched hoppers which lived through the winter."

ANOTHER PEST WHICH IS making trouble for the farmers of this territory is leafy spurge, concerning which several articles have been published recently. This plant, although quite common in some other localities, is entirely new to me, and I was glad to find on my desk several samples left by John Von Ruden, one of the substantial farmers of southern Grand Forks county, with some information concerning its habits of growth.

THE PLANTS LEFT BY MR. Von Ruden bear a strong general resemblance to alfalfa, being of branching habit, with small leaves. Each main root stalk bears buds which provide for underground growth. Mr. Von Ruden says that the main roots sometimes extend four or five feet into the soil. It is different from some other weeds in that domestic animals will not eat it, and even grasshoppers shun it. It is propagated by means of both seeds and roots, and because of its deep root growth it is difficult to eradicate. Plowing is apt to spread it, as the plow cuts off bits of root and wherever a root with a single bud attached is left it is pretty certain to start a new plant. One method employed for killing out small patches is to cover the ground heavily with straw, a treatment which smothers the growth without spreading embryo plants. Where the infestation is on a large scale there seems to be nothing for it but black summer fallow, and in that case a dry season should help by preventing fresh growth from getting started.

ONE WEED WHICH WAS considered about the worst pest of all in my boyhood in the East, but which does not thrive as well here, although it is present, is the Canadian thistle. Thrifty farmers were obliged to wage continual warfare against that plant, for their land was continually being seeded with seed blown from foul fields. Persistent cultivation seemed to be the only thing that had any effect on it.

THERE ARE IN THIS Territory numerous patches of Canadian thistles, but for some reason they do not seem to spread. I have known small patches of them to produce their prickly leaves and small purple blossoms year after year but still the patches did not increase perceptibly in size and fields near by were not affected. Most of the Canadian thistles which I have seen in this country have been in or around timber, and I have wondered if, in spite of the vigor and persistence of the plant in the East it may not be able to withstand the severe freezing of our winters and is found chiefly where trees and shrubs cause a heavy accumulation of snow.

ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO I heard Rev. W. Hamilton Spence, then pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Grand Forks, preach a sermon which might be called a sermon on poor relief, although it was more than just that. It dealt not alone with the problem of relieving the immediate necessities of the destitute, but with human relations' in general, and with the attitude of those who enjoy the comforts of life toward those who are less fortunate. Mr. Spence was a scholar, a thinker and an eloquent speaker. In that sermon he spoke with deep sympathy of those on whom fortune has not smiled, and asked for charitable judgment of those who have missed the cultural opportunities which others have enjoyed. To many of them he applied the stanza of Gray's "Elegy," which he quoted:

But knowledge to their eyes her
ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did
never unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble
rage
And froze the genial currents of the soul.

IT WAS SUMMER, AND THE speaker told how he had been mowing his lawn, and how, while he was doing so, a man roughly dressed passed by, looked hesitatingly at him and passed on. Then said the preacher, "I thought 'what right have I to be doing this work for myself when perhaps that man needs the job. To me it means nothing as a means of saving money. To him it may mean food and lodging."

IT WAS IN THAT SPIRIT that the sermon was preached. It was a powerful appeal for sympathetic consideration of the unfortunate and for the giving of thought to the problem of relieving distress, of which there was much at that time. Discussion of the problems which are now before us recalled that sermon to me and also brought to my mind forcibly the fact that there was at that time a condition of acute and widespread distress which affected not only the United States but the whole world.

BANKS WERE FAILING, Factories closing and business houses suspending. Men were walking the streets of every city seeking work and failing to find it. Farm mortgages were being foreclosed and in many parts of the country there were strikes and riots on a scale unequalled since that time. It was to this condition that Mr. Spence called attention, and it was for the people who suffered acutely from it that he appealed for sympathy and understanding.

DR. SPENCE, AS HE afterward became, left Grand Forks to take the presidency of Knox college at Galesburg, Ill., a position which he held for years. For several years after moving from Grand Forks he spent at least a part of each vacation here visiting old friends and shooting prairie chickens, a sport of which he was very fond. In addition to being a scholar he was a smoker, a fact which shocked some Grand Forks people, and which was made an issue when he was being considered for the Knox college presidency. The college authorities, however, concluded that a little tobacco might do the institution no harm.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, IT appears, had hinges attached to his teeth. In an address before the American Dental association at Buffalo recently Dr. Walter J. Pryor told his audience that the Father of His Country had a set of false teeth which were hinged between the upper and lower plates by a strong spring which occasionally opened wide and left the president with his mouth agape and unable to close it.

WHEN HE CROSSED THE Delaware he held carefully clamped in his mouth a set of teeth made by Paul Revere. He had to be careful or they dropped out. These teeth were so unsatisfactory that a Dr. Greenwood in New York City made him a set carved out of hippopotamus teeth. They were set in a wrought gold base and were so uncomfortable that the President complained to the maker. He was advised to soak them each night in port wine.

DR. PRYOR SAID THE OUT-thrust jaw of Washington in some of his portraits could be attributed to the cumbersome false teeth. The Father of His Country practiced dentistry on his slaves and, Dr. Pryor said, was especially adept at extraction.

THOSE HINGED TEETH made me think of a yarn written a good many years ago by Ellis Parker Butler, which I thought as funny, although it never was as famous as "Pigs Is Pigs." The hero of the story was a mechanical genius who had a habit of inventing things. He had it figured out that the muscular exertion required in chewing food entailed the loss of much energy, so he invented and made a set of false teeth which were self-operating, being operated by a spring which required winding up only occasionally. Equipped with these he could have his chewing done for him without any effort on his parts. There were numerous disadvantages with those teeth. The inventor kept them in a glass of water over night in order to ease his mouth, and once, when he reached or them in the dark, they bit his finger, inflicting a painful wound. At another time the teeth were knocked off the dresser and fell on the floor, where they began to chew, and before their owner could recapture them they had gnawed zig-zag furrows back and forth the whole length and breadth of a good carpet.

I NEVER BELIEVED ALL OF that, but it appeared in print, therefore there may have been something in it.

MENTION OF THE OLD LOG house on Cottonwood street has started some conversation, and I find that several Grand Forks residents have supposed that the old house was once a postoffice. I have a letter from Mrs. Helen Foubert, 209 Oak street, which should set the matter at rest. Mrs. Foubert writes: "Quite a few people are under the impression that the log house on the corner of Cottonwood and Second avenue was the first Grand Forks postoffice. According to Israel Foubert Sr., 629 Fourth avenue South, who helped build the log house in 1880, the facts are as follows:

"THE HOUSE' BELONGED TO Mr. Foubert's brother John, and was used as a residence. Austin Fish, who was their brother-in-law, had a frame house in the middle of the block known as the "Dakota" when he ran a boarding house. This place was sold to the late E. Cartier, my brother-in-law, who tore it down and built the house now on the lot for his own home. Those houses were always residences. Mr. Foubert says the first postoffice he remembers was at the Nick Hoffman place.

"WE ENJOY YOUR 'THAT Reminds Me' column very much, and it helps to brighten many an evening because if someone remarks "W. P. D. says so and so" it brings other things to mind and usually starts an argument. Long may you continue to write it."

MANY THANKS FOR THE original information and for the note of appreciation. It takes a good many piffling paragraphs to keep a column full, and sometimes I wonder if some inconsequential observation will ever be read. Of ten I am surprised to find that a reminiscence or other observation which scarcely seems likely to interest anyone has "started an argument," as Mrs. Foubert says and perhaps has uncovered a whole mine of odds and ends, some of them of real interest.

THIS HAS BEEN TRUE Especially of bits of old verse which have been quoted here occasionally. Some of those lines have reminded readers of their own school days, of the trials and tribulations experienced in committing similar passages, and of pleasant episodes on early school life. In that respect I think the old country school filled a place which the modern city school does not fill. There were fewer children in a place, and they knew each other better. In the one-room school each child became more or less familiar with what went on in other classes. Sometimes the youngster was rebuked for inattention to his own work, but in some way he was soaking in a lot of things that remained with him. I am not arguing that the old school was better. Generally it was not. But it was different, and in spots it had its decidedly attractive features.

THOUGHT OF THE OLD school days brings to mind a sort of exercise of which I never hear nowadays, namely, "concert" reading. One of my teachers, a red-whiskered man named A. T. Watson, prided himself on his ability as a teacher of reading, and I think he devoted more attention to that subject than to all others combined. One of his favorite exercises was to have all the members of a class read passages in unison. I suppose that is not the best way to teach reading, but it had the merit of giving the diffident pupil courage to raise his voice when he would not have dared to do so otherwise. I suppose that concert reading was pretty mechanical, but Watson got remarkable results from it in time, rhythm, and all that sort of thing.

WATSON WAS A FIRM Believer in the propriety and efficacy of corporal punishment, and he showed his faith by his works. He was not considered an extremist in this respect, but he could not be accused of spoiling the child by reluctance to use the rod. Once, at a tea meeting down in the village, which had no connection with the school, Dune Milloy and Henry King, two well-grown lads—almost young men, poured molasses in Watson's hat, with just such results as might be expected. Next morning when school was called, Watson called the two culprits before him and mentioned the matter. They were argumentative and insisted that their act was, performed out of school and away from school premises and maintained that he had no jurisdiction. That was not the word used, but that was the general idea. Watson dismissed the demurrer with a gesture. "Take off your coats," he said. For a moment it looked as there would be refusal and resistance. Each of the boys was almost as big as the teacher. But official position and considerations of law and order prevailed. Reluctantly the coats were doffed, and what a dusting those lads got! The teacher's weapon was a tough hickory whipstock, and it was pretty well worn out on those two backs. There was not a whimper from the lads, and I never learned that any bad feeling grew out of the incident other than the physical discomfort from welts and ridges.

NOT LONG SINCE I HEARD the phrase "Ye Olde Gift Shoppe" read with the first word pronounced as if the "Y" were sounded as is our modern "Y." The "Y" in old English was a character similar to, but also, somewhat different from our modern "Y" in form and quite different in use. The character was known as 'thorn' and was given both the hard and soft sounds of our "th." The old English 'Ye,' therefore, is pronounced "The." Another source of confusion is the form in which the letter "s" often appeared in English books published, for instance, along in the 17th century, and in some cases much later. It is often said that our forefathers used the same form for "s" and "f." The error is pardonable, but it is an error, nevertheless. If one will examine one of those early books carefully he will find that while there is close resemblance between the letters, the "f" has the horizontal bar running clear across the perpendicular stroke and appearing on both sides while the "s" has the horizontal stroke on one side of the perpendicular—I think the left side.

THE SCRIPT "S" WAS ALSO used in the long form, but it was not an "f." It was made with two loops, one above and the other below the line. The upper loop was made like the loop of the Spencerian "1" or the upper loop of "f," but the lower loop, instead of being like that of the "f" was reversed, and the form of the letter suggests that it was from this double loop that the Spencerian capital "S" was derived. There are old people even now who use the long "s" in writing. I think there was a rule against using two long "s's" where the doubling of the letter is called for. The custom, especially at the end of the word, was to use the long form for the first of the two letters and the short form for the other.

AN OLD FAMILY BIBLE, over which I pored in childhood for the pictures and the curious text, used the long "s" and there I learned to distinguish quickly between the "s" and the "f."

REPEATING "TONGUE-twisters" was once a favorite form of parlor entertainment, and many of us remember "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickling peppers"; "Six thick thistle sticks," and "She sells sea shells." We have no parlors now, and no parlor games, but there is no law against tongue-twisters. Here is a phrase which I found in a newspaper headline: "State salary slashes studied." Say it fast and a great many times.

SOME TIME AGO I Commented on a story which I think originated in Georgia to the effect that a deputy sheriff had found the image of a murderer in the eye of his dead victim, and on the strength of that discovery had obtained a confession. Reference was made to the belief that such a picture could be taken as an exploded superstition, demonstrated to be scientifically impossible.

ALL RIGHT. NOW HERE IS a dispatch from Stratford, which says:
"Clearly outlined on the back of the eyes of a New Hamburg man is the crescent of the sun as he gazed upon it without dark glasses for about two hours during the almost total eclipse here on August 31. His case is like those of two other young men also being treated by Mr. F. J. Foster, a specialist.
"The crescent appears on the macula of the eyes of the afflicted, who suffer from loss of "central vision." That is, in a test using five letters in a row they could not see the middle letter, but could read those on each side of it. Dr. Forster said that the impairment of vision was only temporary and that complete recovery was expected."

I FIND NO INCONSISTENCY between that story and the verdict of science that the eye cannot take and preserve a photograph of a murderer while the owner of the eye is being killed. In the Stratford case there was long exposure to dazzling light so powerful as to affect vision. That might reasonably be expected to leave an impression for which nature never prepared the human eye. Under the conditions of a murder the eye is functioning normally, and it does not retain the impressions which it receives any more than the mirror retains the picture of the object which it reflects after the object has been removed.

REACHING THE OFFICE ONE day about two jumps after George Dryburgh of Arvilla had left, I found awaiting me a box of as fine apples as I have ever seen which were grown on Mr. Dryburgh's farm. A note with them described them as Transcendents, a variety of apple with which I have not been familiar, although everyone knows the Transcendent crab apple. In general appearance these apples resemble the Wealthies which are now on the market, but Mr. Dryburgh's apples are much larger than anything I see in the stores. The specimens given me average close to four inches in diameter, which is a big apple, no matter in what locality it is grown. The fruit is of fine flavor, thoroughly ripe, and excellent for either eating raw or cooking.

I AM SORRY I MISSED MR. Dryburgh, as if I had seen him I might have got a real story about his experience in raising those apples. Perhaps I shall be able to get that at some other time.

MR. DRYBURGH, WHO HAS lived near Arvilla for a great many years, is known far and wide for his dahlias. I spent some time at his place a couple of years ago and was amazed at his intimate knowledge of those noble flowers. There were acres of them, and I don't know how many thousand plants, but their owner seemed to know them all by their first and middle names, their origin and idiosyncrasies. I don't know how profitable Mr. Dryburgh finds his dahlia plantation, but any man who loves flowers as he does must get a lot of fun out of it.

I HAVE HAD NO Experience in growing apples in this territory, but I have seen many fine little orchards which have given abundant satisfaction. I am told that the varieties most suitable for our climate are the early ripening ones, such as we used to call fall apples back east, rather than the hard winter varieties. That seems sensible, as our season is materially shorter than in what is usually known as apple territory.

I HAVE ALSO BEEN TOLD that apples do best with us if grown within a shelter belt of timber, as this not only protects them from the chill which comes down from the north, but prevents them from being whipped severely by the wind. One difficulty sometimes encountered is that of having blossoms destroyed by late spring frosts. If blooming can be retarded there is better assurance of a crop. A few years ago I heard of an apple grower in central Minnesota who adopted a novel plan to hold his apple blossoms back. There had been unseasonably warm weather, and he was afraid that the trees would burst into bloom before their time and that the bloom would then be destroyed by frost. He lived close to a small lake, and from that he hauled loads and loads of ice which he piled around the roots of his trees. That had the desired effect, and his crop was saved.

NATURALLY, MENTION OF apples sends my thoughts back to old Ontario, which is in the real apple belt of this continent. That belt extends through New York, Ontario and Michigan and takes in a little territory in nearby states. That area has always been noted for its fine-flavored apples. Our earliest apple—in my own section—was a yellowish apple which we knew only as a harvest apple. There were several harvest apples, so called, but I never knew their official names, if they had any. They were good for eating raw, but were not good cookers.

NEXT CAME A WIDE Variety of early fall apples, pippins, and so forth, which were usually large, juicy, excellent cookers, but which would not keep well through the winter. Then there were the winter apples, Greenings, russets, and a host of others, which improved with age and were at their best in the spring.

OCCASIONALLY NOW I SEE A box of western snow apples, which in appearance resemble the snow apples of my boyhood. Those were an intense red, with flesh of an equally intense white. They were good for eating and baking, but didn't cook up well in pies. The Tallman sweet was also good for eating and baking, but not for general cooking. As a general market apple it had little value.

THE EAST LOST ITS APPLE market to the west because of pure negligence. Orchards were neglected. Modern methods of grading and packing were not adopted. Efficient marketing systems were not developed. Western growers took advantage of their opportunities and when the eastern people woke up their market was gone. I understand they are now making a vigorous effort to regain it, and with some show of success.

"TURKEY RED: A NOVEL OF the Frontier," -is the title of a western story by Blanche Gilchrist Wood, just published by D. Appleton and company, New York. The author, we are told, is a descendant of the earliest settlers in Massachusetts and Virginia, and during her first year out of college herself filed a claim on the last frontier in Dakota. She has traveled widely, and among her experiences was that running a "proving - up" newspaper in a western border town. She is a member of the committee which selects the O. Henry prize stories every year.

WITH THIS BACKGROUND OF experience the author has accumulated valuable material relating to the settlement of the plains states and her present book deals with the evolution of one little settlement, supposedly in the Little Missouri country in what is now North Dakota from the days of the sod shanty to those of the railroad and its accompanying conveniences.

WE ARE NOT TOLD HOW long the author lived on the claim on which she filed as a girl just out of college, but it is apparent that her perspective differs materially from that of the early settlers whose lives she undertakes to portray. These creatures of her imagination carried with them a pioneering self-consciousness which I think, was not often found among homesteaders. Continually through the book they speak of themselves as pioneers, and of the territory which they inhabit as the frontier whereas the real homesteader, pioneer though he was, seldom thought of his status as such or gave much thought to frontiers.

THE CHARACTERS IN "Turkey Red" enveloped themselves in an atmosphere such as that with which the life of fifty years ago has been invested by many of those of today who never knew its experiences, or who, having known them, have forgotten the relationships in which those experiences were combined. The pioneers were actually making history, but they were not aware of it. Their lives were lived as simply, as naturally and, as casually as were the lives— sometimes less strenuous, of those who continued to live on eastern farms and in eastern cities.

THE BOOK CONTAINS stirring descriptions of frontier episodes, of prairie fires, blizzards, and of the tribulations which often beset the settler. These descriptions are accurate enough in themselves, but they are presented in a manner which gives them undue prominence and which impair the picture as a faithful delineation of pioneer life.

THERE ARE PLEASANT Passages and homely scenes, with some good bits of character drawing. The story which runs through the book is a simple one, and it is free from the scenes of riot and bloodshed which are sometimes considered essential to the western novel.

IF THE PEOPLE OF OHIO are not all supplied with coonskin coats it will not be because the state government is not doing all in its power to increase the number of raccoons in the state. The state has just taken possession of what is described as the largest coon ranch in the world, situated at Milan, Ohio. The tract contains 25 acres, and the first unit of the ranch, which will be operated from hunters' license fees has 510 pens, with capacity for 750 animals. Eventually the ranch will accommodate 3,000 breeding animals, which are expected to produce from 8,000 to 12,000 young each year. The baby coons will be distributed throughout the counties of the state, liberated there, and left to take their chances with hunters. The idea is that by means of this distribution and the application of hunting restrictions, the animals may multiply sufficiently to restock the state.

THE RACCOON IS FOUND throughout a vast extent of territory. It was often found in the timber belts of the Red river valley in the early days, but it is seldom seen here now. Back east coon hunting was one of the standard sports. The hunting was done preferably with dogs, and a good coon dog was a valuable possession.

COONS ARE EASILY Domesticated if taken young. They become great pets and great nuisances because of their mischievous habits. They are so intelligent that they can tell to a dot the things that nobody wishes them to do, and their perversity is so great that they will invariably do just those things. In these matters they resemble people whom all of us have known, and whom it is not necessary to mention.

SOME OF US WERE TALKING about weather past and present, and one of the group wondered what had become of those northwest winds which brought soaking rains that lasted three or four days at a stretch. Nobody knew. But some of the party remembered them well, and associated them particularly with the threshing season. Perhaps those rainy periods were not more common at threshing time than at other seasons, but when they did occur when the fields were full of shocked grain the fact would be likely to make a lasting impression, while other rains might be forgotten.

IN ONE CASE THAT IS called a threshing rig pulled onto a farm one evening with its usual complement of men. Next morning it rained. It rained all day, and the next, and the next—not a cloudburst or a tempest, but a chilly downpour, broken occasionally by an appearance of clearing, only to be resumed again, soak, soak, soak. It didn't rain steadily for three weeks, but it rained enough and at suitable intervals to hold up threshing for three weeks and during all those weeks that farmer had a threshing crew to feed.

HE WAS UNDER NO Obligation to do this, but if he had no1 done so the men would have left and it would have been necessary to collect- another crew before threshing could be got under way That was not always an easy thing to do, and the attempt might involve days of delay. Hence it was usually considered better policy to feed idle men during a rainy spell than to let them go.

THRESHING CUSTOMS Varied with locality and period. In the very early days much of the grain was stacked, each farmer using his own force for that purpose. The plan had the advantage that some of the ground was cleared early, and in case of bad weather the farmer could start his fall plowing. It had the disadvantage of being slow, although in the long run the farmer who stacked might be as far ahead as if he changed work all over the neighborhood, a was necessary in shock threshing Also, grain came out of the stack in better condition than if it had stood out in the shock through period of bad weather.

THRESHING PRICES VARIED, but for a long time the basis of "3 and 5" was quite customary. that meant three cents a bushel or oats, and I think for barley, and five cents for wheat. At those prices the farmer provided all the help except the separator and engine crew. If the threshing were done from the stack there would be required about four pitchers, a band cutter, a man and earn for bucking straw and enough earns to haul away the threshed grain. If the grain were threshed from the shock there would be I needed eight, ten or twelve teams n the field, with a supply of field pitchers, and a couple of spike pitchers. If the owner of the threshing machine furnished the entire crew, men and teams, except those for hauling threshed grain, the prices charged were about double those charged if the farmer furnished his own crew.

IN THE EARLY DAYS NOT many threshers carried teams to take grain from the shock. The farmer was responsible for this, and as only the large farmers had sufficient equipment of their own for this purpose the ancient and familiar plan of exchanging work was followed. In all cases the farmer fed all the men who traveled with the machine and provided them with such sleeping accommodations as were within his means. Anything did for sleeping quarters, a barn loft, an empty shed, or a straw stack. With enough straw for a bed and a blanket for covering one could be quite comfortable.

AN IMPORTANT SAVING IN labor was effected when the type of hay racks was changed. Fifty years ago practically every rack consisted essentially of a flat platform extending over the wagon wheels, with a sort of ladder in front upon which to hang the lines, to aid in mounting the load, and as anchorage for the long binder pole which was used to fasten down a load of hay which was to be hauled any considerable distance. There were few, if any racks with side boards or end boards. On the flat rack the load had to be built with some care or it would slip off. Accordingly, in hauling shocks the driver remained on his load and built it up as the bundles were pitched to him by a pitcher on the ground. Gradually there came into use racks such as are now used, with both ends and all four corners built up. That eliminated the extra pitcher. Each teamster drove his own team from shock to shock without mounting the load, and pitched on his load himself. Loads thus built were somewhat smaller, but the extra man was eliminated.

I HAVE RECEIVED SAMPLES from the crop of walnuts grown on the tree in my neighbor Arnason's yard. They are full size and quite ripe. The tree has yielded a good crop this year, as it has done for several years past. It was planted at about the same time with the box elders along the same street, and while not quite as large as those, it is of almost equal height and is in every way a desirable tree. There are other black walnut trees in the city, and I have learned of several in other parts of the state. The black walnut is one of the finest northern trees, and the only reason why we have not more of them is that more of them have not been planted. This, in turn, is due, I suppose, to the belief that we are too far north for walnuts, just as we were once supposed to be too far north for corn.

AT HIS LILAC HEDGE FARM, among many interesting things, J. D. Bacon has several horse chestnut trees which are yielding liberally of their smooth-mahogany-like nuts. Down in Ohio they call them buckeyes, hence the state's nickname. Across the lake in Ontario that name was seldom used, but the trees were numerous as shade trees along city streets. I never came across them in the woods in Ontario, although they may have grown as regular forest trees in some sections. The trees make a handsome showing. The nuts are not edible, although I know of no harm that they can do one if he can stand the taste. Carrying a horse chestnut in one's pocket was believed by many of the older people to ward off rheumatism. Certainly it did not harm, and probably it did as much good as many of the other remedies that were prescribed.

A NEWS NOTE FROM SOME paper recently told of the probability of the revival of chestnut— real chestnut—growing in America. Most of the chestnut trees that flourished sixty or seventy years ago were ruined by a blight for which no means of control was found in time to stay its ravages. I did not gather from the news article whether means of controlling blight have been perfected or resistant strains have been developed. Anyway the chestnut will be welcomed if it is brought back on a large scale.

CHESTNUTS ALWAYS RECALL to me one particular bit of eastern forest. The soil was sandy, just the sort that chestnuts appear to love, and crowning a little knoll, and sheltered by the growth of larger forest trees were perhaps twenty or thirty chestnut trees. There, on a warm fall day after a good nip of frost, a small boy could find joy in its supreme form. Imagine an afternoon with not a breath of wind stirring, with the forest decked out in all its gorgeous color, with the earth bearing the first layer of its carpet of leaves and with other leaves floating idly down as their fastenings, loosened by the frost gave way, with squirrels chattering and scampering back and forth as they gathered their winter's store of food, and with chestnuts dropping, chuck, chuck among the leaves as the burrs which contained them sprang open after frost and sun had done their work. A fellow could lie on his back among the leaves, and look, and listen, and just drink in happiness.

JUST NOW THE NORTHERN forests are fairly aglow with color. About twenty miles north of Bemidji I have seen as fine a show of maple and red-leaved oak color as I have seen anywhere. I haven't seen it this year, but it ought to be just right at this present moment. Around Detroit Lakes there are some maples carrying great arches of scarlet and crimson clear across the road. But one need not travel that far to see fine forest coloring.

WITHIN THE BRIEF SPACE of an hour and without going more than a dozen miles from Grand Forks one can see a panorama of color such as Titian or Turner never succeeded in putting on canvas. Out on Minnesota Point, in the space between the Red and Red Lake rivers, one is surrounded by great masses of all the colors with which nature decks her plant growth, for there enough of the native forest has been left to provide warmth of color and attractiveness of form no matter in which direction the observer looks. There is no daylight hour in which the picture is not beautiful, but to me the most attractive time is late afternoon, when the borders of timber belts become translucent and the sun touches with fire the exposed edges of foliage.

IF ONE SAW SUCH A SIGHT in Europe he would treasure it as a precious memory. Here it can be seen in a few minutes, and as often as one pleases, at the expenditure of ten cents for gas.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED from Jack Hosmer of Dunseith some tattered fragments of a copy of the Ulster County Gazette of January 4, 1800. j The Ulster County Gazette was published at Kingston, N. Y., and was an influential paper in the early days of the republic. Mr. Hosmer sends me his copy because of the use in its articles of the long "s" concerning which something appeared in this column a few days ago Mr. Hosmer writes that he fails to see any difference between the "s's" and "fs" as used in that issue. I have examined the copy with some care, and I find that the same character was used for both letters, which is contrary to the custom when the long "s" was commonly used. I have just got hold of a copy of "The Business Printer," a little magazine devoted to the fine art of printing, and in that there are given reproductions of eighteenth century printing in which the long "s," which is often confused with "f" was regularly used.

I MENTIONED THE OTHER day that whereas the "f" has a crossbar running clear across, the bar on the old "s" appeared only on one side, and as I remembered it the short bar appeared on the left side of the letter. An inspection of samples of the printing of John Baskerville, a great printer of the middle of the eighteenth century, confirms this.

BASKERVILLE WAS NOT only a famous printer but a famous designer of type, and one of the type faces now in common use is named for him. In a page of Baskerville's type faces in the magazine both the long and the short forms of the letter "s" are given, and readers familiar with old books will remember that both forms were used in the same printing. The two forms were not used indiscriminately, however.

FROM INSPECTION OF THE samples before me it appears that certain rules were quite closely followed. The long "s" never appears as a final letter or as a capital. It is used as an initial letter and at other positions in a work except as a final letter, and I have found no instance in which this; rule is varied.

IN ITALIC PRINTING THE same custom is followed, but in that form there is no bar across the "s." Both letters extend below the line.

IN SOME OLD written early in the last century, from which I expect to publish some" excerpts one of these days, both forms of the "s" are used, but rather indiscriminately except that where there is a final "s" the short form is always used.

IN THE MAGAZINE SKETCH of Baskerville reference is made to his love of fine clothing and other display, in which connection there is told a story of another printer, "Lord" Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Mass., who seems to have been an odd character. In a book which he printed he omitted all punctuation, arranging at the end a group of punctuation marks which the reader was instructed to place as he wished.

THAT REMINDS ME OF Tracy Bangs, who once gave me his rule for punctuation. "I just I write straight ahead," he said, "until I get out of breath; then I make a dash and start over again." And Tracy can usually make one understand what he means, when he writes, as well as when he speaks.

RETURNING TO MR. Hosmer's old paper, congress had been officially informed of the death of Washington, and on the fragments of the paper which are preserved are portions of addresses in honor of the first president, messages of condolence addressed to President Adams, and the response by that official.

IT IS RATHER INTERESTING just at this time to look over the advertisements which appeared in that old paper. Of ordinary commercial announcements there are not many, most of the notices appearing being "legals." By far the greater proportion of these are signed by Sheriff Peter Ten Broeck giving notice of proceedings against debtors and the seizure and sale of their "goods, chattels, lands and tenements." From one advertisement of which only a part remains it appears that John Schoonmaker, Jn. offers for sale an inexhaustible quantity of wood, also a "stout, healthy, active NEGRO WENCH."

IN AN ADDRESS TO THE president the senate lamented that "the arts and calumnies of designing men have excited open rebellion a second time in the state of Pennsylvania, and thereby compelled the employment of a military force to aid the civil authority in the execution of the laws." "We rejoice," continued the address, "that your vigilance, energy and well-timed exertions have crushed so daring opposition and prevented the spreading of such treasonable combinations."

THINGS ARE SOMEWHAT different today.