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William Preston Davies

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THAT REMINDS ME—W. P. D.

FLYING RECORDS ARE BEING BROKEN EVERY FEW DAYS, BUT WHEN WE THINK A RECORD Has BEEN BROKEN SOMEONE DIGS UP A HIGH OR LOW FIGURE THAT HAS NOT BEEN SURPASSED. ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR SIMPSON, WHO KEEPS THE RECORDS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA, MINUS 44 DEGREES WAS RECORDED IN MANHATTAN, REGISTERED AT VARIOUS ARMY POSTS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

"THE RUSSIAN HAS RAISED NO WHEAT AND NOT A SHEAF OF WHEAT Has BEEN RAISED IN THIRTEEN YEARS ON THE 3200 ACRES FOR WHICH MR. McNARY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR. EVERY ACRE HAS A THREE-YEAR ROTATION, EACH REQUIRING A DIFFERENT METHOD OF FLOODED PLANTING, AND MR. McNARY SAYS WEEDS CANNOT GROW WHERE THEY NEVER HAVE MORE THAN ONE YEAR TO GET SET.

"AMONG OTHER THINGS MR. McNARY HAS CREATED MANY LABOR-SAVING DEVICES; THE ONE THAT INTERESTS ME MOST WAS HIS ROLLING SCHEME OF UNLOADING Hay AT THE BARN. ONE MAN CAN UNLOAD THE LARGEST LOAD OF Hay IN FOUR MINUTES WITHOUT AN ASSISTANT.

"THERE IS AN ADAPTIVE NET IN THE Hay WAGON AND WHEN THE LOAD REACHES THE BARN THE MAN HOISTS THE ROPE INTO THE RING ON THE NET, PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE LOAD ROLLS INTO THE LOFT AND IT GOES WHERE IT IS ARRANGED TO HAVE IT GO.

"THERE WAS MORE EDUCATION AND ENJOYMENT IN RIDING WITH MR. McNARY FOR TWO HOURS AROUND AND OVER THE BEST STOCK FARMS I EVER SAW, GOING INTO THE BEST CATTLE BARN, AMONG THE BEST SWINE AND SHEEP I EVER SAW, THAN IN ANY MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES I EVER VISITED.

"DIRT FARMERS ARE AGRICULTURISTS WHERE McNARY'S WORD IS LAW.

DR. E. A. WINSHIP IS WELL KNOWN TO MANY NORTH DAKOTA PEOPLE. HE IS A RESIDENT OF BOSTON.

"THIS IS A WOVELD COUNTRY AND ONE WHO HAS KNOWN EVERY PART OF IT INTIMATELY IS LIKELY TO DISCOVER INTERESTING PEOPLE. STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM TO MANY OF THEM, THERE IS A TONY EIGHT STATES, AND A RECENT DISCOVERY IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING I HAVE MADE IN MY FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF LIFE.

"J. W. McNary is the scientific farmer manager of a group of farms totaling thirty-two hundred acres. Two brothers inherited this track of land and made it a profitable business by putting the management in the hands of Mr. McNary. His farms in various sizes, mostly in quarter-square mile and half-square mile farms.

"I recently rode for two hours around and through all of these WOVELD farms. It was on this trip that Mr. McNary made me acquainted with the experience of an interesting Russian. An American farmer had half-square mile farms, but he failed utterly, and the mortgagee sold it at auction.

"Mr. McNary and his backers bid it in and established a young Russian, with wife and baby boy, thereon. The object of Mr. McNary was to see if it were possible for a man who was willing to own a farm by his own exertions, and how long it would take a man to become the owner of a good farm in North Dakota.

"This Russian was a farm hand and Mr. McNary financed him as he took charge of this half-acre farm. The man had no capital, but Mr. McNary helped him to get farm machines and tool equipment. He also helped him to get a few Holstein and Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire and Cotswold sheep, Hampshire hogs, turkeys, geese and other poultry.

"THE RUSSIAN WORKED HARD, BUILT A GOOD HOME, AND HANDED HIS TACK TO THE FARMERS. In four years the Russian has as much of each variety of livestock as the half-square-mile farm can maintain. He has paid Mr. McNary every dollar advanced, owns all livestock, owes no man a dollar except for the 320 acres of farm land, which is worth twice as much as he will pay for it and in three years he is likely to pay off his mortgage. It is not two years since Mr. McNary made me acquainted with this young Russian. He is the most interesting of the forty-eight states, and a recent discovery is one of the most interesting I have ever made in my forty-four years of life.

"IT WAS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO GRAND FORKS last August that Dr. Winship first met Mr. McNary. The Identity of surnames indicated the probability of relationship. Dr. Winship, a native of Maine, and George B. Winship of Maine, and the comparison of ancestry indicated the probability of relationship. Upon his return a few weeks later, Dr. Winship dug into the archives and found a letter passed between the two branches of the family back to a common source away back in the early history of New England.

—W. P. DAVIES.
THAT PART OF CENTRAL park which lies east of Third street was bought by the park commission from the E. P. Gates estate. It had lain idle and unimproved for years, and I was told recently of how it came that the fine trees on the property had so long escaped destruction. It was on account of the fine trees.

E. P. GATES, A REAL ESTATE dealer and investment banker, lived in the house on Fourth street diagonally across from the Deaconess hospital. Mr. Gates owned a dog which he and his family prized highly.

In some way which is not material now the dog's tail was badly mangled in an accident, and Mr. Gates wished to have repairs made and the suffering of the animal relieved. There was no veterinary available, and Mr. Gates was not experienced in such matters. In this dilemma he called on his friend Dr. Engstad, who promptly agreed to do what was necessary. As the conditions called for the use of an anesthetic Dr. Engstad called in an expert assistant in the person of Dr. Rutledge, who administered chloroform while Dr. Engstad performed the necessary surgical work. The operation was successful, and the patient survived and prospered.

MR. GATES WAS GREATLY pleased that his pet had been brought successfully through this critical situation, and he asked Dr. Engstad for his bill. The doctor said that his profession did not include the treatment of domestic animals, and that he had acted purely in a social capacity. However, he said that inasmuch as Mr. Gates felt that he had received a favor, he, Dr. Engstad, would request from him a promise. On being asked to explain further the doctor said:

"You own several acres of land down there on the river bank, and on it is some fine timber. The river banks are being stripped of timber, and soon there will be not much left. Some day that timber will be prized. I would like you to promise me that you will not sell that property to anyone who will cut off the timber."

MR. GATES MADE THE PROMISE, and kept it, hence when the Grand Forks park commission was created and it began the purchase of park property, the Gates property remained a miniature forest, with some of the finest timber along the river. One of the trees there, a mammoth cottonwood, attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt when he visited Grand Forks. The tree, whose trunk is more than six feet in diameter, stands by the lower drive, quite close to the river, and Roosevelt admired it greatly.

I HAVE RECEIVED ANOTHER puzzle from one correspondent and from another suggestion of variations of the coconut problem which ought to hold the mathematicians for a while.

W. P. DAVIES.
THE WORKING OF PUZZLES such as have appeared lately in this column has a fascination for a great many persons. And the task is approached from two different standpoints, the desire to find the answer, no matter by what means, and the desire to know just why the answer is as it is. Those in the first class are likely to approach the problem experimentally, applying to it first one set of facts and then another until one is found which fits. Thus the answer may be found by accident, and when it is once found, interest in the subject ceases. Those in the other class are less concerned with the answer than with the means of finding it.

A SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION of all this is found in the two methods which may be used to find the age of Ann. As the problem is stated it would be easy to test all the numbers, say from 12 upward, until the right one is found. That would take only a few minutes. But those in the second class are not satisfied with this. They see that the same kind of conditions could be applied to numbers of any size, so large that solution by experiment would be impossible. They desire, not merely the answer to that particular question, but a principle which can be applied to all questions involving similar conditions, regardless of the size of numbers, and which will certainly and necessarily bring the right result.

WILLIAM JAMES SIDIS, THE precocious youth who entered Harvard at the age of 11, made short work of his mathematics. He refused to work more than one or two problems of the same class. "Why should I waste my time?" he asked. "I know the principle."

The answers to the questions are immaterial. Working them out will not make me understand the principle any better because I understand it perfectly now. It is better for me to proceed to the next principle." That represents the extreme of the logical type of mind, which may or may not be good to have. Young Sidis seems not to have achieved anything very remarkable in life.

H. E. YOUUMANS, WHO PLANS bridges and things for the Great Northern railway, writes as follows:

"I have been reading your 'That Reminds Me' column with considerable interest and of course noticed the catch problems which have been given space in that column of late. I have one to offer which I will give herewith which may be of a little interest.

"Tony and Angelo, fruit merchants, have stands on opposite sides of the street, each having a stock of thirty oranges. Tony sells his at the rate of three for one cent while Angelo offers his at the rate of two for one cent. It is plainly evident that Tony has a gross income on his sales of ten cents while Angelo has a gross income of fifteen cents, the combined gross income of the competitors being twenty-five cents. Due to high rental, keen competition and other evils which beset competitive merchants they agree to merge and pool their stocks having a combined stock of sixty oranges. They also agree to sell at the rate of five for two cents. Formerly they were selling at the rate of three for one cent and two for one cent. A simple arithmetical computation divulges that under the rates at which the combined interests sell their stock they have a gross income of 24 cents.

"Perhaps some of your readers can tell us what becomes of the odd cent."

Readers are invited to hunt for the odd cent.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT MR. Bryan's recollection of Mr. Johnson's discussion of freight rates in relation to wheat prices is quite accurate. My own recollection of what Mr. Johnson told me is also quite clear. As was formerly stated in this column, Mr. Johnson was incorrectly represented to have said that 30 cents was an adequate price for wheat. He never said anything of the sort. What he did say to me was that in a certain year one of his fields had yielded so well that the wheat on that field has cost him less than 30 cents a bushel. It was that statement, made to a reporter in the railway station in St. Paul, that was distorted.

The statement about this being a billion dollar country was made originally by Speaker Reed, and was repeated by practically every Republican speaker, doubtless including Mr. Johnson.

Q. O. Dokken, of Reynolds contributes an arithmetical solution of the Ann problem, which has already been solved by several others. While the forms of solution vary the substance is about like this:

Mary is 24. Ann was half her age, or 12. At that time Mary was Ann's present age. Half the difference between 12 and 24, is the number of years by which Mary's age exceeds Ann's. Therefore Ann is 18.

J. E. DEAREY SENDS IN THE figures on the cloth problem. I think this will prove interesting to several readers who like figures. As was stated when the problem was presented, the results figure out in decimals, three or four of which are close enough for practical purposes. Mr. Dearey has worked it out to seven. Probably if one worked long enough he would wind up with a repeater, but it might take years of figures to do it. My patience becomes exhausted at the end of four decimals or less.

Mr. Dearey also submits this:

Three men are carrying a railroad tie 8 feet in length. One of them has hold at one end. How far from the other end must the other two place a stick with which to carry it to make the weight equal for all three? That looks very simple. Just try it and see how simple it is.

—W. P. Davies.
THE PEOPLE OF SANTO DOMINGO are very largely black or mixed, although the black strain there is not nearly as pronounced as in Haiti, just across the mountains. They are primitive in their lives and industries, and in the interior most of the dwellings are of the filthiest character. Few buildings of the peasantry are capable of withstanding a great storm, and the present hurricane has undoubtedly obliterated hundreds of them. For the present there will be great distress, but in such a society and such a climate, things are quickly restored to a state as good as that which existed before. Having been accustomed to little the people are not conscious of the need for much.

ROAD BUILDING IS QUITE a matter of experiment. Some facts concerning it have become thoroughly established, as, for instance, that an improperly drained roadbed will not stand up under traffic. As to wearing surfaces, the road builders are still feeling their way.

LAST YEAR THE PROVINCE of Manitoba began work on the surfacing of the Winnipeg-Emerson highway. The road had been well graded, and apparently well drained, several years before. It had also received an unusually heavy coating of gravel, which had been well worked into the clay. The treatment begun last year was that of putting on a finishing coat of oil-treated gravel. The oil was thoroughly worked into the gravel before spreading. The mixture was then spread evenly and rolled down with heavy rollers and finished with a top coating of oil or tar and very fine gravel or coarse sand. The coating of oiled gravel is two or three inches thick. The result was equal in appearance and driving qualities to the best asphalt pavement. The work was finished last year for some miles south from Winnipeg. That section, therefore, has been in use for about a year. But in spite of its fine appearance and apparent durability, it has been necessary already to begin the work of patching. This is not due to wear, but to the crushing of the surface under traffic.

PRESUMABLY THE MANITOBA authorities have satisfied themselves that when such repairs are made in defective spots the result will be a surface which will stand up under heavy traffic, for they are now continuing the work in the same manner, and the surfacing has reached a point only about 25 miles from the boundary. Our own road builders will do well to watch the Manitoba construction and note its results.

TWO MORE ANSWERS to the cloth problem have been received. They are from J. R. Clark of Grand Forks and Miss M. Helen Bee of Petersburg. Both are correct to within very minor decimals. Miss Bee says she used ten sheets of paper, an inch of pencil and two hours of time in working out the problem, and Mr. Clark thinks he would be a millionaire if he were paid a reasonable price per minute for his work.

W. P. DAVIES.
THAT REMINDS ME—W.P.D.

SOME OF US WERE DISCUSSING the subject of counterfeiting the other day, and I was reminded of the story of Jim the Penman as told to me a few years ago by Colonel Frank White, who was treasurer of the United States.

* * *

COLONEL WHITE HAD IN his desk in the treasury building in Washington a $50 bill which was kept in a little glass case so that it might not be injured in handling. He passed it over to me and asked me if I could see anything the matter with it. My experience with $50 bills has been limited, so that my examination was not that of an expert. However, I examined the bill as carefully as possible and pronounced it all right, so far as I was able to discover.

* * *

COLONEL WHITE THEN HAD me examine the bill under a strong reading glass, and pointed out certain defects in it. In one place there were a number of short parallel lines, very fine and close together. Two of these were not quite parallel, as they should have been. In another place there was a slight defect in the tail of a figure. Several other defects of like character were pointed out, not one of them being of such a character as to attract the attention of anyone but an expert making a critical examination.

* * *

I WAS TOLD THAT THIS BILL had been made by hand with pen and ink and brush by a person who operated for a long time without detection and who became known as "Jim the Penman" long before his identity was known. Not many such bills were found, but occasionally one would make its appearance, all of $50 denomina-

AFTER THE MAN WAS ARRESTED it was learned that his home was on a little farm in New Jersey, where he lived with his wife and daughter. Officials went to the house and searched it. In a locked upper room were found the materials with which Jim had worked. There was a small stock of blank paper, a collection of pens and brushes and inks and dyes of all sorts and shades. With these Jim had laboriously worked out the intricate designs necessary to produce the semblance of a genuine bill. The product was really a work of art. Jim said that he had made about four of those bills each month.

* * *

I EXPRESSED SURPRISE that a man capable of performing such remarkable work could be satisfied to work so long and so hard for a paltry $200 a month. "Well," said Colonel White, "it's true there wasn't much in it but look at all the fun he had."

* * *

JIM'S WIFE PROFESSED complete ignorance of her husband's occupation, and I gathered that the officials believed that she told the truth. She said that her husband had always kept that room locked, and had charged the members of the family that no one should enter it under any circumstances. He said that he was at work on an important invention which would make them all rich.

* * *

JIM SERVED 11 YEARS IN prison, and was a model of good behavior. On being released he was warned that he must be on his good behavior, and that he would be watched, so that if another bill resembling those which he had made should ever appear he would immediately be arrested. He declared that he was done with counterfeiting for ever.

* * *

AFTER SOME MONTHS A $5 bill appeared, executed in Jim's manner. Jim was arrested and protested innocence. The officials would not listen. They said they knew his work too well, and that he might as well confess. He said finally that while he had not made the $5 bill, he knew who had made it. It was made, he said, by his daughter. The daughter, then a young woman, was interviewed and confessed. She said that she had never intended to take up counterfeiting, but she had inherited or acquired much of her father's skill with pen and brush.

For years she had wished to know if she could make a bill as good as those her father had made, and at last she had yielded to the temptation and tried it. Artistically the experiment was a success.

* * *

THE GIRL WAS NOT ARRESTED, but information was lodged against her and held in abeyance, so that in case of further suspicion proceedings could be instituted under the old charge. No further counterfeiting from that family came to light. It was an interesting story, and I suppose Colonel White's successor has in his custody that $50 bill, a memento of one of the most curious cases in the history of counterfeiting.

—W. P. DAVIES.
 That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A RECENT ISSUE OF THE Journal-Observer, which has been published at Redfield, S. D., each week for fifty years, contains an article on "Pioneering," by Mrs. Hattie M. Palmer Wilson, who has taught school in Spink county, S. D., and at New Wishek, N. D., since 1883. Mrs. Wilson's story is written in the third person, but there is evidence to indicate that it is a relation of her own experiences. The reader will have little difficulty in seeing in the name "Noslow" which she applies to her characters a transposition of the surname "Nolish" which she applies to herself.

Some excerpts from Mrs. Wilson's interesting narration follow:

"THE FIRST SUMMER Noslow's neighbors were sixteen miles away on the Northwest, five miles on the East, and twenty on the South. Mrs. Noslow did not see a woman's face for six weeks at a time. In the fall Mr. Noslow was away from home working with a threshing crew, and Mrs. Noslow and two babies were alone for eight weeks. The Noslowis organized a Sunday school which met in a deserted cabin on the school grounds, and helped in the farm, milked cows, raised poultry summers. One summer she made four hundred dollars by teaching vocal music two evenings a week, and helping on the farm.

"FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS Mrs. Noslow taught school winters, and helped on the farm, milked cows, raised poultry summers. One summer she made fourteen hundred dollars of butter. One winter she drove twenty-five hundred miles, going and returning from school of fifty-two miles per grade, besides teaching vocal music two evenings a week, and a class in instrumental music on Saturdays. With her husband's and little girl's (now nine and ten years of age) help she did all of the house work, and sometimes washed the clothes for ten and twelve months in a year. One year there were twenty-four graduates from the one hundred and fifty pupils. Nine of these were Mrs. Noslow's. She taught fourteen years in the home district. Twice she was nominated for county superintendent. She made no campaign as she was planning on leaving the state. But put in two hundred votes ahead of the ticket.

"IN THE YEARS 1886 AND 1887 Mrs. Noslow was teaching seven miles from home. She drove to school until a heavy snow fell and drifted to a height of ten and fifteen feet. Then her husband built a cabin on the school grounds, and leaving baby Edna (now three years old) with papa, she and Peri boarded themselves from Monday until Friday night. One Friday Mr. Noslow failed to come after them, and Mrs. Noslow became alarmed, for he had never failed her, so the two started to walk home. Two of her pupils lived a mile from the school. This was the only house for five miles on the way home. The parents of these pupils had fresh meat and they insisted that the teacher take some home, so, wrapping some in a paper the teacher took it and started out. Not a track, but the track of wolves. Darkness came, and the teacher decided soon after four o'clock in December. Onward these two plunged through the drifts, with the wolves that had caught the scent of the fresh meat, following and howling. There were five wolves at one time not ten rods behind.

"ON REACHING HOME they found no light, and hurrying into the house, baby Edna called out, "Is that you mama? I'm in bed, papa is away sick." Lighting a lamp, Mrs. Noslow found her husband and another sitting close by the stove, the fire dying out, and he in a semi-conscious condition. As her husband stooped to kiss him, he said, "Thank God you have come." These were the last rational words he spoke for many days.

Mrs. Noslow only removing his boots got him to bed, and putting the babies beside him, covered them with bed clothes, and forgetting her fatigue took a lantern and coal pail and went to the barn and coal bin. On opening the barn door, twenty head of stock began calling for food and water; they had had none since Wednesday night. Hastily filling the mangers with hay, she went to the coal where there were only half ton of coal and found it empty. Grabbing an axe she demolished the coal bin, then with one pail and one barrel of water from the coal bin filled the pails and drew twenty-five pails of water from a well forty feet deep and carried it to the thirsty animals.

"A LONG CONTINUED drought had made the prairie grass like tinder. One season the prairie burned over in May, July, and November. One Sunday at the end of a fearful blizzard raged until four in the afternoon. Mrs. Noslow could not get a track from home working with her husband, so she kept the "old oaken bucket" busy until she had again satisfied the thirsty animals, cutting and bringing in wood, but her loved ones. Every time she left the house she would lift up her heart in prayer, that she might reach the barn or well in safety, for she could see neither from the house.

"WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDED she hitched one of the horses to a sled, and went five miles for coal and help. Kind neighbors responded. The next day was Sunday, and there were no trains. The doctor twenty miles away could not get there until Monday. Eight long weeks passed before Mr. Noslow was convalescent and Mrs. Noslow could resume her school duties. Then with one horse hitched to a sled, and she armed with a shovel, she would shovel a road to school.

"MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the terrible blizzard of January 12, 1888, when many lives were sacrificed, teachers and pupils found dead, others losing limbs. One woman was found dead within twelve feet of her door. One week after the storm, a baby body, mutilated by the wolves, was found within forty rods of the Noslow home. Eastern papers were denouncing our Dakotas, saying it was only fit for the Indian and buffalo; when the next March a Du Pont engineer was traveling through the city of New York, killing more people than were killed in the whole Dakota territory. Senator Conkling received his death blow that day.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN interesting letter from a gentleman who says that he is in regular communication with ex-Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding and many prominent New Yorkers, including Carnegie, Harriman, Gary, Choate, Pulitzer, and many eminent scientists and astronomers. He writes: "If there is any other well known man now in spirit life that you desire to hear from, I will send for him."

That seems like a fair offer. It certainly would be interesting to talk with some of the persons whom he mentions, if one could be assured that when they come in answer to call they will talk sense. That other world must be a queer place. Most of the persons whom the gentleman mentions have been understood to be not especially easy of access while on this earth. For instance, I never tried telephoning to one of them direct. I rather think that if I had done so I should have had some difficulty in making connection. If I had been fortunate enough to reach the tenth assistant under secretary I should probably have been required to state my business, and if I had no particular business to state the conversation would have ended quite abruptly. But now I am invited just to name my man and he will be produced.

"* * *

IF THOSE WHO GO BEYOND have nothing more interesting to do than answer calls made by obscure and inquisitive persons and answer foolish questions I can see that a lot of us are going to have a mighty dull time, and I prefer to stay where I am as long as possible. Those people over there don't even seem able to excuse themselves by sending word that they are in conference.

MANY WEEKS AGO I WROTE something about the gold hunters who went from this part of the country into the far Northwest after the great Klondike gold strike. Among other things I mentioned a party organized at Bathgate by J. D. Trenholme. I have just received the following letter from George M. Esterly of Waldo, Oregon, who was a member of that party:

"My sister, Mrs. Oscar J. Sorlie of Buxton sent me a copy of the Grand Forks Herald of June 27th, and asked me whether I could answer some of the questions relative to the Trenholme-Bathgate-Klondike party, referred to in your column 'That Reminds Me.'"

"The party was organized by J. D. Trenholme and myself, and consisted of the following: J. D. Trenholme, G. M. Esterly, William Birch, Sid Birch, Matt Probst, John Probst, George Lithgow, K. J. McLean, George Carl, all of Bathgate, N. D.

"Later on the following were included in the party: K. J. Elkjor, George Williamson, Mrs. George Williamson, William Mitchell, John Maloney, E. Torrence, John Bertrand, * * *"

"THE OUTFIT CONSISTED OF supplies and provisions for a period of two years for the above party; nineteen mules, two horses, thirty-seven dogs, sleds, etc., a complete portable sawmill, repairs and new parts for the Yukon river steamer 'Pelly,' formerly known as the 'New Racket,' and which we had purchased from Dr. Wills and Captain Constantin, of the N. W. M. P. We also took in a complete electric light plant for Dawson.

"THE PARTY LEFT BATH- gate Monday, February 21st, 1898, arrived in Vancouver, B. C., February 26th, left Vancouver March 4th on the S. S. Islander and arrived in Skagway, Alaska, March 9th, 1898. We arrived in Dawson, Y. T., July 10th, 1898. In your article you state that Mr. Trenholme did not accompany the expedition. This is a mistake, as 'Dick,' as we knew him, was with the outfit from start to finish.

"* * *

"A LETTER OF THIS KIND IS a good deal like painting a house. You start out to cover up a few spots that look 'interesting,' and the next question is where to 'stop'; and if somebody does not head you off you will end up by painting the whole house.

"J. D. TRENHOLME DIED IN Seattle a few years ago. Mrs. Trenholme and the family have a home there. Of the first of the party, K. J. McLean is the only one that I know anything about. I have not heard anything from him for three or four years. At that time he was married and living in Seattle."

"* * *

"MR. ESTERLY APPEARS TO have continued in the mining business as the imprint on his stationery reads Geo. M. Esterly, Llano de Oro Mines, Waldo, Oregon. The only trouble with his letter is that he stopped writing too soon. He must know a lot of things that would be interesting to those who read this column.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A FEW DAYS AGO I PUBLISHED an inquiry from a correspondent who wished to learn the truth of the report that on the gate of the Hoover farm in California there is a sign reading “No White Help Wanted.”

I received within a day or two a marked copy of the magazine “Time,” containing a statement from the editor that no such sign was used, but wishing to obtain official information I applied for it. I have just received the following from Lawrence Richey, secretary to the president:

Referring to your letter of September 2nd with its enclosed clipping, I send you herewith copies of an exchange of telegrams I have had with the manager of the Hoover farm in California.

The enclosures from Mr. Richey read as follows:

April 23, 1930.

L. W. Symmes,
Hoover Farm
Wasco, California.

There has been circulated throughout the country a statement that there is a sign on the gate of the Hoover farms that no white help is employed. Also the claim is made that only Filipinos and Mexicans are employed. I would like to know the facts.

—Lawrence Richey,
Secretary to the President.

Lawrence Richey,
Secretary to the President,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Wire just received. Statement absolutely false. No sign of any kind has been posted since I assumed management. Regular crew all Americans except some Mexican irrigators, who have been on ranch for number years. Statement apparently same one circulated during nineteen twenty-eight election campaign.

—L. W. Symmes.

* * *

THAT, ONE WOULD SUPPOSE, should dispose quite effectively of the sign story. However, the yarn seems to have been circulated during the campaign two years ago, although I never ran across it, and it has cropped up again this year. Probably it will continue to appear from time to time, perhaps in a new dress, for when a lie is once well started no amount of truth-telling puts it completely out of business.

* * *

COLUMNIST SIBLEY, IN THE Chicago Journal of Commerce, makes this record of fact, with accompanying comment:

Two men robbed a bank and stole an automobile. In a day they were caught with their loot, arraigned in court, confessed the crime, sentenced to six years in a penitentiary and were on their way to it. It happened in Ontario, Canada. Perhaps it could not happen in the average American city. Anyhow, the bar association might tell us why. That was a very satisfactory bit of work, but Mr. Sibley has overlooked what has happened at least once on this side of the line. For instance: Two men robbed a North Dakota bank one forenoon; were captured in a thicket that afternoon after a chase of 200 miles; spent that night in the county jail; next morning were arraigned in court, confessed and were sentenced to long prison terms; and spent the second night after the crime in the state penitentiary 300 miles away. That happened in North Dakota under existing laws and without any need for advice or assistance from the bar association.

* * *

MR. McINTYRE—FOURTH column to the right—quotes this as the frankest want ad that he has seen in a long time:

I have been discharged from 16 jobs in 10 months, but believe I am worth $22 a week. That reminds me of an ad which...
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IT IS ALWAYS PLEASANT TO receive a letter from Geo. B. Winship, and a brief letter which I have just received from him gives such happy expression to his present state of mind and such an encouraging description of his physical condition that I am sure there are many of his old friends who will be glad to read it. The letter follows:

"I have taken a long vacation, in the matter of letter writing. I am now showing signs of an improved physical condition. Last year was a hard one on me. Griefs bunched their hits and batted me all over the field, as it were. What with the nervous shock following the death of Mrs. Winship, and later the bath-tub accident which laid me up several months and filled my system full of rheumatic pains, I had other troubles of a minor nature, tending to make me a helpless old 'stiff.'"

* * *

"FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I could not dress myself, couldn't lace my shoes or reach my back collar button, and if I ambled about the back yard a short time, and walked a block or two, I was so fatigued that I could drop down and go to sleep. But I feel much better now, and have hopes of an early 'come-back.' One phase of my experience the past six months I am thankful for, and that is that I have been in a fine mental and spiritual state. Hope never left me and at times I really enjoyed the situation!

"At this time I am in good fettle, have gained nine pounds, eat with a relish, and sleep soundly. My legs keep weak though, and strength returns slowly. Both my shoulders were out of commission from neuritis, and even pounding the typewriter was painful and laborious.

"I take sun baths every day. Have a secluded place in the garden, where I spend half an hour, clothed only in my hat and spectacles. My skin is as brown as an Indian's. I hope to absorb enough oxygen to last me all winter.

"I am favored by having excellent care and companionship. Mrs. Kandelin, my housekeeper and nurse, is a cultured Swedish woman. She has literary and musical talent, and time does not drag in our house. Besides the qualifications mentioned, Mrs. Kandelin is an excellent car driver, and is now qualifying as a typist. Soon now, I won't have anything to do but lick the postage stamp."

* * *

"I NOTE ON MY DESK VARIOUS memos concerning North Dakota people, which I expected to use months ago in a letter to the Herald. When I get a little more peppy I'll dictate some of it to Mrs. Kandelin.

"Barbara is with us much of her time. She lives twenty miles, in the country, and is infatuated with rural life. She continues to be a little girl, sweet, amiable and intelligent. She gives me much joy."

* * *

I RECEIVED OCCASIONAL INQUIRIES for Mr. Winship's address. I think I have published it least once, but for the benefit of those who may not have it, it is 3980 Georgia St., San Diego, Calif. And Mr. Winship is always glad to hear from old friends.

* * *

THE PUZZLE BUSINESS HAS fallen off somewhat of late. I haven't received an answer to a puzzle for several days. I have the method, or at least a method of solution, of the cloth problem all ready to spring, but if there are any who are still figuring on it, I wish to give them a little longer time.

One new one came in the other day.

A rope hangs over a pulley. A ten pound monkey grabs one end of the rope and starts to climb. A ten pound weight is fastened to the other end of the rope. What happens?

* * *

I HAVE JUST TAKEN ONE OF those Red river boat rides about which I wrote earlier in the season, and again I recommend it strongly to those who like a quiet evening and beautiful scenery.

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I wrote at some length of the airplane flight made by Arch Hoxsey at Grand Forks on July 9, 1910. It was the first flight ever made in North Dakota, and, so far as I know, the first to be made anywhere between the Twin Cities and the Pacific coast. It is interesting to think of what has been developed in aviation in the intervening 20 years.

Twenty years ago flying was such a novelty that its possibility was regarded with incredulity by many otherwise well informed persons, and, novel as it was, the uncertainties surrounding it were so great that great doubt existed as to the wisdom of presenting it even for purposes of entertainment. In 1910 Fred L. Goodman was president of the Grand Forks Fair association, and some of those who were associated with him as directors confess that they had little faith in a flying stunt as a fair attraction. They were quite convinced that flying had actually been done, but the success of a flight seemed to be largely accidental. It was taken for granted that if Hoxsey were engaged he would try to fly, but things were so likely to go wrong and to prevent the flight. Then there would be a disappointed crowd and an unfavorable reaction. Goodman was convinced, however, that the attraction would be a good thing, and the other directors at length yielded to his persuasive eloquence. Hoxsey, came, flew, and became the hero of the hour.

* * *

TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED, and on Sunday Grand Forks will be visited by a fleet of planes which are making a journey of several thousand miles, making jumps of hundreds of miles and covering vast areas in the United States and Canada. Some of the pilots of those planes have flown over oceans and crossed the continent between breakfast and dinner. They are engaged in promoting air travel as a regular means of travel, and they have already assisted in establishing mail routes and commercial lines which link the principal cities of the country. Grand Forks, where the first northwestern flight was made, is the only stopping place for this tour in all this great area. The city has played its own part in the development of aviation. It has acquired and equipped an airport which is praised by all the airmen who have visited it. The city has been made a port of entry for aircraft. Passenger planes operating between Winnipeg and Minneapolis make regular stops here, and arrangements are now under way for the installation of regular air mail service through this city. Hoxsey's flight seems to have been just yesterday, but what a lot of things have happened since!

By the road between here and Fargo is a sign which reads: "Care Free—Those whose estates are handled by us." There is a suggestion in that which is interesting, and which may be impressive.

ONE OF MY CORRESPONDENTS who worked out the coconut problem has been amusing himself by experimenting with variations of the original problem. He suggests the provision that upon the successive thefts there be 4, 3, 3, 1 and 0 coconuts left for the monkey, and that upon the final division there be 1 coconut left for the monkey. The question will then be, as before, as to the number of coconuts in the original pile. The correspondent has worked this out algebraically, but is curious to know if the formula which I have some time ago can be applied to this, or if the problem can be worked out in any other way by arithmetic.

As to the formula which I gave, I have not had time to test it. It may not work. One of these days I shall try it out. In the meantime the question is open for discussion.

W. P. DAVIES.
 NEWS OF THE DEATH OF Miss Lulu Belle Cavalier at her home at Pembina will carry the minds of many of the older residents back to the early days when the railroads had not reached this territory and settlers came in a much more primitive manner than is customary now.

IN DEERENCE TO WHAT appears to be the prevailing custom I am using a different spelling of the Cavalier name from that used by its owners, or at least by the man who first made the name familiar in the Northwest. Miss Cavalier's father always spelled his name "Cavileer." Of course the word is not usually spelled that way, and the names of the city and county which were named in honor of Pembina's first settler have been spelled in the conventional way. I have no idea where or how the other spelling originated, but there is a theory that one has a right to spell and pronounce his own name in his own way. The Earl of Derby, on being quizzed with reference to the practice of pronouncing his name "Darby," said that the name had been pronounced that way in his family for several hundred years, and he saw no reason to change the family custom.

CHARLES CAVALIER—TO use the standard form—was a man of strong character, well informed and keenly intelligent. For many years he was the chief representative of law and order in a vast territory which had practically no stable population. Everything was shifting and transitory. There were constant opportunities for irregularities, and there were many who yielded to the temptations of a rough and ready life. Charles Cavalier was honest, sturdy and dependable, and the leadership with which his own character invested him was universally respected. The daughter who had just passed away was a native of the Red river valley and spent practically her whole life within it. She was a child when the river was the highway of the whole Northwest and the traffic in furs was the principal commerce of the region. As a young woman she saw the flatboat succeed by the steamboat, and she waited years for the whistle of the first locomotive. And her later years were passed in the same locality in a settled society with advantages of which she could not have dreamed in her youth.

LEXANDER WOOLCOTT, one of the country's best known dramatic critics, also criticizes other forms of literature. He has been considering detective stories, and I was particularly glad to read this in one of his articles:

"I mentioned the few really good detective stories ever produced in the English language. Of course, I was not thinking of the many excellent short stories produced in this form; I was thinking rather of full-length detective stories. In my time I have come upon three good ones. One was Trent's Last Case by E. C. Bentley. Another was The Red House Mystery, written by A. A. Milne. The third—do I have to name the as yet unequalled forerunner of them all?—was first published in 1868. I mean The Moonstone by Wilkie Collins.

"Even as I hold up that masterpiece as a mark for our more literate authors to shoot at, I should admit, perhaps, that the confection of such a mystery is more of a black art than it looks. One could gather as much from all the failures to equal The Moonstone. You may remember what happened to Charles Dickens when the fascination of his friend Collins' book goaded him into trying to write one like it. He died in the attempt."

LIKE SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE whom I know, I like a good detective story. I have read some that I thought were very good—up to a certain point—and then they began to scatter. Naturally, I have read some that were abominable.

I never read "Trent's Last Case" or "The Red House Mystery." But I have read "The Moonstone," and I have always considered it the best of its class within my knowledge. I am greatly pleased to find that judgment confirmed by such an authority as Mr. Woolcott.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MENTION OF THE CAVALIER family of Pembina started a train of thought which led naturally to the very early history of Pembina and to a search for some facts relating to it. Pembina figures in the reports of Alexander Henry and in the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company almost from the beginning of the history of that company. The first attempt at permanent agricultural settlement, however, was not made until the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Selkirk settlement was established. The following facts relating to that settlement and subsequent events relating to Pembina and its vicinity have been culled chiefly from Colonel Lounsberry's "Record," which contains much valuable historical material.

* * *

IN 1811, THOMAS DOUGLAS, earl of Selkirk, having obtained control of the Hudson's Bay interests so far as to enable him to do so, secured a tract of 116,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Fort Garry on which he established a colony of 200 evicted Scotch settlers from the lands of the duchess of Sutherland. These settlers arrived by way of Hudson's Bay in 1812, but the original colony was of short duration. There was bitter warfare between the Hudson's Bay company and the Northwest company. About 150 of the new settlers were induced to desert the colony and the remaining 50, being threatened by Northwest partisans, moved to Pembina.

* * *

THIS LITTLE SETTLEMENT was increased three years later by the arrival of 150 Highlanders, and it was attacks on these that led to the Seven Oaks massacre. Alexander Murray, grandfather of Mrs. Charles Cavalier, was one of the leaders of the group. Mrs. Cavalier has said of him that although removed so far from his old home he was a regular subscriber to the London Times. Supplies for the colonists came from England about October of each year by way of Hudson's Bay, being landed at York Factory. With the shipment came Mr. Murray's copies of the London Times for the past year. These papers were kept carefully, and each day Mr. Murray would read the number for the corresponding date of the previous year. He had his daily paper regularly, and the fact that it was a year old did not trouble him.

THE NEW SETTLERS BUILT churches and established schools. For some reason which does not appear, although they had been Presbyterians in Scotland, on the banks of the Red river they became Episcopalians. They had windmills for grinding grain, spun their own wool, wove their own cloth, and made their own clothes. In addition to supplies received by way of Hudson's Bay, some goods came from the south by way of the Red river. Three hundred sheep were brought from Prairie du Chien, and Lord Selkirk brought a number of cattle from Scotland. All but 15 of the sheep were killed by arrow grass, but from the remaining 15 large herd were developed.

* * *

IN 1843 NORMAN W. K. KITTSON established a trading post at Pembina, and an immense trade was carried on between St. Paul and Fort Garry and the far Northwest, with Pembina one of the important posts en route. Fifteen hundred carts have made the trip in one year. Parties in search of the Franklin expedition passed through Pembina going and coming.

* * *

THE FIRST CUSTOMS OFFICE in the territory was established in 1851 with Charles Cavalier as customs officer. Mr. Cavalier was later postmaster at Pembina, and for several years he acted as correspondent for the Smithsonian Institution. The first land office in the valley was established at Cavalier in 1870, and the first entry was made by Charles Cavalier. Joseph Rolette made a filing at about the same time and he received the first patent for land in North Dakota. In December, 1870, Judson LaMoure made the first pre-emption entry in the territory, and before the close of that year 28 entries had been made.

* * *

IT IS STATED THAT UP TO December, 1870, not a bushel of grain of any kind had been produced in North Dakota for export, and the only grain produced even for local consumption was on a few acres around Pembina. Mr. LaMoure at one time gave his recollection of the acreage under cultivation at that time. The list ran: Charles Bottineau, 10 acres; Charles Grant, 5 to 8 acres; Austin Gingras, 20 to 25 acres; John Dole, 2 or 3 acres. All of this was at Pembina. Two or three acres were under cultivation at Abercrombie. With the exception of small garden patches this represented the cultivated acreage of what is now North Dakota at the beginning of 1870.

—W. P. DAVIES.
I wonder how many of those who read this column ever heard of the song "Old Shady" or its author, Blakely Durant. At one time both were rather well known.

Blakely Durant was a negro resident of Grand Forks who was proud of the fact that during the Civil war he had been the personal servant of General Sherman. Forty years ago he occupied rooms on the upper floor of the old building on the site now occupied by the Young building, just across the street from The Herald. At that time he was quite an old man and for some time he had not been engaged in any active work. He was an intelligent old chap, and was full of war reminiscences in which, quite naturally, General Sherman figured quite prominently. I am unable to give dates, but I have heard that on the occasion of a visit which he made to Grand Forks General Sherman looked up his old servant and spent some time swapping war yarns with him.

The song "Old Shady," was composed by Blakely Durant, and I have heard him sing parts of it in a powerful baritone, but I remember nothing of either the words or the tune. A paragraph in an old Herald says that on July 12, 1891, Durant presented to Willis A. Gorman Post, G. A. R., a fine picture of Sherman, and that the picture was accepted on behalf of the post by Commander O'Neale, who was then in charge of the post.

The song was made-to-order, too beautifully performed, too glorified dime novel—and I partook freely of dime novels in my youth, and enjoyed them—in which hero and heroine were too neatly made-to-order, too beautifully perfect for any use.

In the picture, which was a marvelous example of grouping and photography, the features to which I took exception in the book were greatly exaggerated. Some of the secondary characters were splendidly done, but the hero, instead of being a real member of a plains caravan, was obviously an actor all through the piece. So it was with the heroine. Maybe it had to be so. I don't know. I never made a motion picture.

W. P. Davies
AT THE OPENING OF THE fall term at the University of North Dakota it may be interesting to both students and some of the recent faculty members to read some of the comment made on University activities in former years. I find in Colonel Lounsberry's "Record" for November, 1895, an article on the state University from which the following is taken:

"NO ONE PRESENT AT THE opening of the twelfth annual session of our State University would imagine that this is an institution that current rumor had announced is about to close its gates forever. If adversity develops strength, it certainly seems to work that way as regards the University, for on the opening day the enrollment was just 50 per cent higher than that on any corresponding day of former years. About one hundred and fifty students are in attendance now, while further applications by letters indicate an attendance during the coming months of over two hundred."

"THE FIRST THOUGHT OF A visitor present at the chapel exercises when all the students are assembled might naturally be, how many of the young men and women now enjoying the advantages of the higher education would per force have succumbed to circumstances and smothered the longing for a broad and liberal culture had the University closed its doors? The next thought would have been a feeling of congratulation that such an eventuality had not arisen, that the state has been saved from a grave misfortune and a great disgrace. A glance toward the platform would show all the old faculty, with two exceptions, present in their well known places, a fact that insures in spite of financial difficulties a maintenance of the high standard of instruction of former years. Of the two absent, Professor Bechdolt resigned during the period of uncertainty last spring, to accept the chair of history in the state university of Washington, while Professor Rygh has been secured by the academy at Mount Horeb, Wis. The work of these two has been distributed among the other members of the teaching force, who are heroically filling up the gap, besides contributing a portion of their salaries toward the maintenance fund.

"A MOST ENCOURAGING FEATURE of this year's enrollment is the generally higher standard of attainment found in the students first entering. While the number admitted, as at first mentioned, is fully one-half greater than at the same period of former years, the number of those entering the lowest preparatory class is far smaller. Among the students admitted to the college classes, Carleton, Hamline and Albert Lea sent representatives, while a graduate of the St. Cloud normal school is among the entries into the senior normal class.

"THE SYSTEM OF EXAMINATIONS by which the high schools of the state are affiliated with the University is now beginning to show gratifying results, an unusual number of high school students having entered the freshman class. The increase, indeed, by the entrance of new students into all the college classes, is a gratifying departure from the experience of former years, when newly admitted students invariably began at the bottom. The present graduating class is the largest in the history of the institution, numbering at present about twenty. Another gratifying fact is the large area now supplying students, of whom some came this year from counties hitherto unrepresented, while at the same time other counties send larger numbers than before."

ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THE same number of the "Record" is a picture of the university graduating class of 1889, not the earliest, but a very early one. There were eight members in the class, Irene Mares, Frances M. Allen, C. S. deGroat, May Travis, Cora E. Smith, Genevieve Arnold, B. E. Ingwoldson and Marie A. Teel.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I SEE THAT WE ARE TO have a new dance. Persons interested in the promotion of dancing have been away in South Africa, and there they have discovered among the Zulus which they think will just fill the bill.

* * *

I HAVE NEVER TAKEN MUCH stock in the opinion which has been held by many worthy people that dancing is a wicked pastime. I have known some very nice people who danced, and whose morals seemed to be none the worse for it. But it seems that when we want a new dance we travel away off into the wilderness and borrow one from the savages. This new one we are getting from Africa. Some others are said to have been picked up in places where savage practices have been accentuated by contact with civilization. The tango, as I remember, was said to have come from Argentine by way of some of the waterfront resorts. I don’t think I ever heard where the Charleston came from. There was the black bottom, which seems to have had a shady origin. Some of the older dances, while seemingly not of savag origin, were roundly denounced by good people at the time of their introduction. Byron was not particularly squeamish in such matters, but in his poem “The Waltz,” he expressed what was probably in his time the popular estimate of a dance which has long since been regarded as tame and old-fashioned. I suppose the same sort of strictures were applied to the Polka, which nobody dances any more, and the schottische, which was danced to the tune of “Green Grow the Rushes, O,” and which I have had an awful time spelling.

* * *

I HAVE JUST LISTENED TO A minstrel show—or part of it—over the radio. Some of it was quite well done. The sound of the band in the parade brought back visions of the minstrels dressed for street appearance in long frock coats and top hats and carrying canes, a spectacle which was considered quite essential to the production of a real minstrel show. It was easy to imagine the stage filled with black-face performers, all of them, from the interlocutor to Bones and Tambo attired in long strictly conventional lines. The jokes, most of them, were the same old jokes, even those which had a little raw edge on them. And I thought of Primrose and Dockstader, the Pringles, Hi Henry, West, Haverly, Field, and others who entertained Grand Forks audiences some thirty years ago. In the above named companies all the performers were white. There were companies of colored minstrels, but they were less popular. The general impression was that the imitation was better than the original.

* * *

I SEE THAT WALKER WHITE- side is bringing out a new play, one of the oriental type to which he appears to have devoted his entire attention for a good many years. Whiteside was a very popular actor with Grand Forks audiences, and his visits here extended over a long period. He came to Grand Forks first as a youth in Cora Tanner’s company in 1885, six years before the Metropolitan was built. I think the company played then in the Gotzian hall. In 1899 Whiteside appeared in Grand Forks for the first time at the head of his own company in “The Red Cockade,” a romantic drama. He was a frequent visitor for several years, and in addition to romantic plays he gave masterly interpretations of Shylock, Handel and Lear. He then took up a series of oriental plays, some of which were written for him, and all of which were characterized by Magnificence in stage settings. He seems to have settled down to this latest phase of his art. I liked him best in Shylock.

W. P. DAVIES.
I have mentioned the story that became current about M. N. Johnson attributing to him the statement that thirty cents was a sufficient price for wheat and the version of the story which he gave to me, namely, that in 1895 he had raised on one field a crop so large that the cost of the threshed grain to him was actually less than thirty cents a bushel. I have just come across another estimate of wheat costs which may be interesting. The estimate was made in the same crop year, 1895, by J. S. Sinclair, earl of Caithness, owner of the Berridale farm in Nelson county, to Colonel Lounsberry, who published it in his Record for October, 1895. The figures given are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Plowing, per acre</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seed per acre, 1/4 bushels</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seeding</td>
<td>.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twine</td>
<td>.24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cutting and shocking</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Threshing and marketing 30 bushels per acre</td>
<td>$6.14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Those prices seem ridiculous now, but according to my recollection they were not far out of the way then. Harvest labor commanded about $2.00 per day and other things were in proportion. No allowance is made in the above estimate for rent of land, interest and depreciation, but these items would not amount to much per bushel on a 30-bushel crop, and such crops were quite common in that year.

In a quiet way J. S. Sinclair was a celebrity. I believe he was the state's only earl, but he put on no airs because of that fact. A cultured, courteous gentleman, he came to Nelson county from Scotland in 1885 and started what is still known as the Berridale farm, named after a locality near the owner's home in Scotland. He bought land from the original settlers until he owned more than 3,000 acres. He built good buildings, and in addition to raising grain he devoted attention to the breeding of fine horses and to dairying. In a fire he lost a barn with 30 head of horses. At one time the farm maintained 55 dairy cows, from which butter was made in a creamery building on the farm in which a gasoline engine was used for power. This was quite a novelty in those days. The Berridale butter was made into two and five-pound packages and shipped to Montana points.

Mr. Sinclair had no title when he settled in Nelson county, but a few years later the death of a relative invested him with the title Earl of Caithness. The title dates back to the very early days of Scottish history, and at one time estates of considerable value accompanied it. So far as Mr. Sinclair was concerned, however, the honor was a barren one, for a good many years before the estates had become alienated from the title through some operation of the inheritance laws. The earl kept his knowledge of his dignity to himself until the fact leaked out from other sources. Throughout his life he remained plain Mr. Sinclair, and whenever reference was made to his title he sought opportunity to change the subject. Mr. Sinclair and A. C. Mather of Grand Forks were bosom friends, Scots to the core in their love of the associations of the old home land, but honorable gentlemen and splendid citizens.

An amusing story was told by another Nelson county resident, the late A. M. Toftthagen, of Lakota, of an experience on one of his numerous tours abroad. Mr. Toftthagen had visited Egypt on that trip, and, ascending the Nile had visited Cairo, the Tombs of the Kings, the pyramids and the sphinx, and had observed the ways of the peasantry along the rich river bottoms. Returning by way of Constantinople he was pestered by guides offering their services. He was alone, but in order to check the importunities of the would-be guides he told them that he was a member of a party, therefore he did not need a guide. One man was not satisfied with generalities, and asked what party. "Republican party," promptly responded Mr. Toftthagen. The guide was stumped. Shaking his head he said, "Cook
That Reminds Me—W.P.L.

SOME ONE ASKED ME RECENTLY if it were true that during the typhoid epidemic of many years ago 600 persons died of the disease in Grand Forks. It is not true. Neither is it true, though I have heard the statement made many times that during that epidemic deaths were so numerous that undertakers and grave diggers could not properly prepare the bodies for burial, and that each night sleighs made the rounds of the city, bodies being dumped promiscuously into the sleighs and hauled off to the cemetery where they were all cast into one great pit. I have heard that story told several times by persons who were convinced that it was true.

* * *

THE TYPHOID EPIDEMIC occurred in the winter of 1893-94. At that time Grand Forks had a population of about 5,000. Water for the use of the city was taken direct from the mouth of the Red Lake river and was pumped into the mains without treatment of any kind. During the winter typhoid developed, and before it could be checked it had spread throughout the city. In all there were about 1,200 cases, resulting in about 100 deaths. That was serious enough. The system of city mains did not extend into the outlying districts, and there were numerous families who took their supply of water from shallow wells bored on the premises. As this was all virgin territory there was practically no soil contamination, and the well water, though unpleasantly hard, and in some cases so bitter as to be undrinkable, was quite safe from the bacterial standpoint.

* * *

WITH 1,200 CASES OF TYPHOID in the city, and with a population of only about 5,000, among whom were many families unaffected because they did not use city water, it appears that more than one-fourth of all the persons living in the area supplied by city water contracted the disease. In other words in that area the average was more than one person to each family. When one thinks it over that was quite a case of sickness which does not need to be exaggerated in order to appear pretty serious. While not every family even in the water-served district was affected there were other families in which every member was ill. Hospitals were improvised in homes, halls and all sorts of places. Doctors worked night and day and some of them succumbed from exhaustion. People in every occupation and every station in life volunteered as nurses, and still there were not enough nurses to supply the need. Gradually the disease yielded to the remedial and preventive measures adopted. Many families were in mourning for their dead, and there were few in which the disease had not left its results in debilitation, loss of time, disruption of business or greatly increased expense.

* * *

IN VIEW OF RECENT DISCUSSIONS of the water situation in Grand Forks it is interesting to recall the discussions of 35 years ago. Typhoid was not as well understood, even by the medical profession, then as it is now, but suspicion was at once directed to the city water. Analysis revealed an alarming condition of pollution. All the evidence pointed directly to the source of the trouble, and in addition to the local facts it was found that because of certain sewer conditions in Crookston a large quantity of sewage had found its way into the river in one mass, the usual dilution had therefore not taken place and aeration was impossible because the river was covered with thick ice. In spite of all this many persons refused to believe that the water had anything to do with the trouble, and when it was proposed that a filter be installed there were loud protests against what was described as an unwarranted and useless expense.

* * *

IN A SIMILAR WAY THE ADDITION of the softening plant was opposed, and the treatment of the filtered water with chlorine is still believed by many persons to be detrimental to health and destructive of water piped and boilers, notwithstanding the fact that the chlorine treatment is used in all the principal cities of the country this treatment having the endorsement of all sanitary authorities as the most effective that can be employed under the conditions which prevail in most cities.

W. P. DAVIES.
THE TALKING PICTURE OF today has its excellent points, and it serves as a substitute for what is called the legitimate stage, but it is decidedly different, and there are many of us who are not convinced that the picture can ever fully take the place of the drama in which the actors appear before us in actual flesh and blood form.

Nothing is needed to convince older people of the accuracy of the statements which I have made, but some of my younger readers may be in doubt. Reference to some of the plays and players shown on the Grand Forks stage may convince them.

* * *

THE STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN theatre has become a dim tradition. The building was promoted by local business men, lovers of the theater, and was opened in 1891 by Emma Abbott with the opera “Martha.” That served as an appropriate introduction to the line of fine performances to follow. We had Richard Mansfield in tragedy and John Drew in comedy. Mojeska gave us a wonderful interpretation of Lady Macbeth and Nazimova of Mary Stuart. The Bostonians, then the most famous light opera company on the road, delighted us with “Robin Hood.” “Madame Butterfly” was given by a company fresh from Broadway, Frederick Warde gave us “Virginius” and several other excellent plays. Louis James was here in half-a-dozen plays. George Dameral, a Grand Forks boy, starred all over the continent in “The Merry Widow,” and greeted his home town folks from the local stage as he appeared in that play. Radio listeners still hear the music of “The Prince of Pilsen” and enjoy it. That play, with the original cast, was one of our attractions. DeWolfe Hopper made his appearance here and responded to the inevitable demand for “Casey at the Bat.” Oscar W. Figman was a frequent visitor in “The Mikado” and other comic operas. George Ade’s “Sultan of Sulu” was one of the topnotchers, and Walker Whiteside whom I mentioned the other day, gave us a whole string of fine plays. We had a long list of farce comedies by Charles W. Hoyt and George H. Broadhurst, who was the first manager of the Metropolitan. We had all the popular down east plays, “Human Hearts,” “Shore Acres,” “The Old Homestead,” and others of their type, and such great plays as “Alabama,” “Shenandoah,” and “Arizona.” “In Old Kentucky” was a prime favorite, as were the homely plays brought by good old Dan Sully. In one week the Wilbur Opera company, an excellent company, though not...
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A LONDON DISPATCH TELLS us that David Lloyd George has had his hair bobbed. That will confuse the cartoonists, for much has been made of the stocky little Welshman's flowing locks. They have been as useful in that way as were Roosevelt's teeth and spectacles. The public became so familiar with those Rooseveltian features that any sort of figure, topped off with a set of teeth and a pair of glasses was accepted as a caricature of Roosevelt.

* * *

THAT REMINDS ME OF A story told of William E. Gladstone. The famous British statesman habitually wore a standing collar with long points. That became recognized as typical of him, and the collar was used and exaggerated in almost all the Gladstone cartoons. One cartoonist had a special love for that collar, and in some of his drawings Gladstone was indicated by little more than a couple of zigzag lines representing the two points of an enormous collar. It happened that the cartoonist had never met Gladstone until his cartoons had become almost as famous as Gladstone himself, when he was invited to a small dinner at which the statesman was to be the guest of honor. The cartoonist was presented in the course, and on looking over the subject of his sketches he was astonished and dismayed to see Gladstone wearing a turn-down collar. Gladstone did not often give evidence of a strong sense of humor, but on that occasion he had sensed the opportunity for a joke at the expense of the cartoonist.

* * *

IF A MAN WAS BORN IN THE year 70 B.C., in what year does the 200th anniversary of his birth occur? That seems to be about as easy as some of the little mathematical problems on which readers of this column have been exercising their wits. Seventy from 2000 leaves 1930, which seems to be the correct answer. They have been figuring it that way in Italy, and have been celebrating the poet's anniversary this year. Now comes a Vatican astronomer with the statement that they are wrong, and it seems that he is right. There is no zero year in the calendar. We pass directly from the year 1, B.C., to the year 1, A.D. The poet's 70th anniversary would be in the year 1, A.D., and not in the year 0, as there is no such year, and the 200th anniversary would come in 1931. That is the way the astronomer has it figured out. Will the Italians now have to celebrate all over again next year, or will they consider that this year's celebrations suffice?

THE CLOTH PROBLEM, to which several answers have been received, may be approached from anyone of several different angles. Any method other than one involving higher mathematics will require experiment. What appears to be the most convenient method is about as follows:

* * *

CALL THE FIVE WOMEN A, B, C, D, and E. A receives an unknown price for her cloth, and each of the others receives $1.00 per yard more than her predecessor. All but A, therefore, receive more than $1.00 per yard. As the average price of all the cloth is $1.00, A must receive less than that price, and it is clear that she must sell much more cloth than any of the others. B receives more than $1.00 and less than $2.00 per yard, C more than $2.00 and less than $3.00, D more than $3.00 and less than $4.00, and E more than $4.00 and less than $5.00. These several persons will therefore sell respectively less than 100, 50, 33 1-3 and 25 yards and more than 50, 33 1-3, 25 and 20 yards. Together the four will sell less than 208 1-3 yards and more than 128 1-3 yards. Subtracting these maximum and minimum sums from the total of 500 yards we find that A must sell more than 291 2-3 yards and less than 371 2-3 yards. She receives, therefore, more than 26 plus cents and less than 34 plus cents per yard. This narrows the field for experiment to about 7 cents. The mean is a little over 30 cents, which on trial is found to be too small, and 31 cents is found to be too large. On a few divisions we reach the figure $3.06 plus a string of negligible decimals, which is the price per yard received by A, the other prices being increased progressively by one dollar. The yards sold, up to three decimals, are 326.605, 76.559, 43.361, 30, 246 and 23.222. These figures give the required totals within very minute fractions. W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE JUST COME ACROSS an item concerning Hoxsey's famous airplane flights here in 1910 which I must pass on before I forget it. It comes from Fred L. Goodman, who was president of the local fair association at that time.

THERE WAS IN GRAND Forks during the fair period an old gentleman named Kendrick, who was visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. L. Woods. Mr. Kendrick was about 80 years old, and for many years he had sailed the seven seas and had many interesting adventures. It had been announced that on one of his flights Hoxsey would take a passenger into the air with him. There were several candidates for the honor; most of them being eliminated by their weight. The field was presently limited to Frank Kent and Jos. Bell DeRemer, both of suitable avoirdupois. Kent was chosen and made the flight.

BEFORE THIS DECISION WAS announced Mr. Kendrick interviewed President Goodman and expressed a great desire to take the flight. He said:

"I have had a great many experiences and have traveled by almost every kind of conveyance, and I would dearly like to fly just once. I will gladly pay $50 for the privilege. I think I ought to be given a chance in preference to a younger man. There is a great deal of risk in flying, and something may happen. If a young man should be killed it would be too bad. He may leave a wife and children who are dependent on him. He should be saved for years of usefulness. I am an old man. I have enjoyed life and have no need to live longer. If I should be killed it would make little difference to anyone. See if you can't fix it."

Goodman informed Kent of the offer, but Kent was all set to go, and having made the gesture it would not have looked well for him to retire, so up he went, and Mr. Kendrick did not fly, at that time, at any rate.

I HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING letter from a correspondent who has taken great interest in some of the puzzles in this column:

THE REVISED COCOANUT problem as published in your column of September 13th varies slightly from what I intended. This is of no consequences except that the answer I gave for it will not apply. The answer to the problem as printed is 8364.

THE CLOTH PROBLEM IS A good one, although an unfortunate choice of figures results in awkward fractional answers. This could have been avoided, for instance, by letting 5 women sell 563 yards for $787.50, each receiving $157.50, and other conditions of the problem remaining as before.

It is true that this cloth problem, expressed in terms of one unknown, results in a 5th degree equation. So far as I am concerned, that is incapable of direct solution. However, the prices per yard for the last sale can be determined by inspection, within about ten cents; and a correct set of answers can then be found very readily by cut and try. That this procedure is defensible needs no further argument than that many believe that 3rd and 4th degree equations are most easily solved by trial.

THE VALUE OF THIS PROBLEM lies not only in the recreation it affords those who may tackle it, but also in the lessons it teaches. On first sight it appears that the average price per yard is $1, and that this is an impossible condition because all the 5 prices are positive figures which vary successively by $1, which would make the least possible average price more than $2.00. The catch is, of course, that the weighted average price per yard is $1, while the arithmetical mean of the 5 prices is something entirely different and amounts to about $2.30. Another thing worth noticing is that there could be five different and complete sets of answers to the problem of this kind, inasmuch as there are 5 roots to the 5th degree equation.
JOHN LIND OF MINNESOTA is gone. He was a man of marked ability, and for years he was a power in the Northwest. The most distinct recollection of him that I have is of a stop which he made in Grand Forks after the close of the Philippine war. At that time he was governor of Minnesota. The Thirteenth Minnesota regiment had acquitted itself well in the jungle warfare in the distant islands. The war was over, and the boys were on their way home. They had landed at San Francisco, had received the plaudits of the people there, and had started for St. Paul. The governor and his staff chartered a special train and set out to meet them and escort them home in becoming style. The governor's train arrived at Grand Forks over the Great Northern and the party found telegrams awaiting them saying that the regimental train was not coming this way, as had been understood when the party left St. Paul. The Great Northern authorities had no information concerning the train except that it was not anywhere on their system and that they had received no instructions concerning it. Where it was, and over what road it was coming east they did not know, and, apparently, neither did anybody else.

THE TRAIN WAS HELD HERE for some time while telegrams were dispatched frantically in every direction. A whole regiment, which had found its way through the jungles of Luzon, had vanished, leaving no trace. While the investigation progressed the governor's staff debarked (or debouched?) and marched and countermarched excitedly upon the platform. I never saw so much gold lace per square yard before or since. It would have been an imposing sight if it had not been so funny. The colonels who were all so plumed and spurred and laced were in private life, I have no doubt, regular fellows who, in civilian attire, would have taken the whole affair as a huge joke and joined in the laughter, but it is a little hard for a man to take a joke when he is addressed up like a May fete and on parade. He feels a sense of conflict between the joke and his dignity. That was the unhappiest looking governor's staff that I ever laid eyes on.

IT DEVELOPED THAT THE Minnesota regiment was coming west by one of the Southern roads, and the governor's train was reversed and started back for St. Paul. I think the regiment got there first and had to wait to be properly welcomed in an official way.

JOHN LIND AND KNUTE NELSON were in congress together as Republican representatives from Minnesota. Both broke with the party on the tariff and voted against the McKinley tariff bill. Nelson, however, retained his Republican affiliation in respect to other matters, and later distinguished himself as United States senator from his state. Lind took the other road, adopted the free silver doctrine and allied himself with the Democratic party and was elected governor as a Democrat.

A CORRESPONDENT IN DISCUSSING the cloth problem, which has kept several of my friends figuring, remarks that the use of inspection in solving a problem is permissible. Mathematics is usually considered an exact science, and the mathematician likes to reach his conclusions in a direct and positive way. But as a matter of fact, inspection and experiment enter into practically all our handling of numbers. In long division the selection of the right digit in the dividend often requires a little experimentation, while in the extraction of square and cube roots experiment is a common and very necessary procedure. In many of the operations which we consider exact our process is that of trial and error. We guess at one number as being about right, try that and find it a little too large or too small, and then try the next.

J. S. HARDIN OF NORTHWOOD offers this as the nearest approach to a stanza of the song "Old Shady:"

Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! I can't wait any longer.
Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! I'm gwine home.
Way over there in the old Can-a-da.
I've got a wife and she got a baby.
Won't they laugh when they see Old Shady.
Coming, Ya! a! Coming; I'm gwine home.

The words seem to resemble those that old Blakely Durant used to sing. Can anyone else check up on it?

—W. F. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MY GOOD FRIEND FRED Roble of the Granville Herald, accepts—evidently with some reservations—the statement of the manager of resident Hoover's ranch in California with reference to the "No White Help Wanted" sign which was reported to be displayed at the gate of the Hoover farm. The manager, it may be remembered, said that no sign of any kind was in use about the premises.

Editor Roble gets my original guess somewhat twisted when he writes:

"Mr. Davies in his 'That Reminds Me' column expressed doubt that President Hoover would even countenance the thought of employing other than 'white labor' on the California ranch."

* * *

I RISE TO REMARK THAT I expressed no opinion as to what sort of labor Mr. Hoover might employ or have employed. It merely seemed to me improbable that either the president or anyone holding a responsible position in his employ would exhibit publicly a sign definitely excluding white labor.

Friend Roble attributes what he thought I wrote to my faith in human nature. I confess to a fairly large share of such faith. Such experience as I have had has convinced me that most men try to be fairly decent. Occasionally one seems to make a poor job of it, and I suppose that none of us would scale quite 100 per cent. But the average seems to be not so very bad. That is a comfortable philosophy, anyway.

* * *

MY DOUBT CONCERNING the accuracy of that sign story, however, was not based on faith in human nature. I did not need to go that far. I merely assumed that Mr. Hoover and his responsible employees possess ordinary human intelligence. With that assumption conceded the sign story became exceedingly improbable.

Mr. Hoover occupies the most important political position in this country. It is quite probable that he will wish to continue in that position for another term. He is the head of a great party, and he desires the success of the candidates of his party at this and succeeding elections. The realization of these very natural desires depends on the support of a vast army of American voters to whom such a sign as has been described would be as a slap in the face. It seemed reasonable to suppose that no one in authority in his establishment would commit the rank stupidity of displaying such a sign. It was conceivable that at times there might be displayed a sign indicating that no help of any kind was needed, but "No White Labor Wanted" was unthinkable just on the basis of plain common sense. It was not necessary to draw on faith.

* * *

READING ABOUT THE ANNUAL G. A. R. encampment a short time ago reminded me of the late Colonel W. H. Brown, first mayor of Grand Forks and for many years one of the main stays of the G. A. R. organization in this city. Colonel Brown was an enthusiastic attendant at national Grand Army gatherings. He was a Civil war veteran, and he enjoyed meeting his comrades-in-arms and exchanging with them reminiscences of camp and battlefield. He seldom missed one of the national encampments. If others from North Dakota could attend there was a merry party. If no others could go the colonel went alone.

* * *

IT HAPPENED THAT AT ONE of the national encampments held in a distant eastern city Colonel Brown was the only representative of North Dakota, and he had the state's position in the parade all to himself. He was assigned a position following the Maryland detachment. The Marylanders learned that a colored regiment was placed immediately ahead of them, a condition which was decidedly distasteful to everyone from Maryland. Colonel Brown became acquainted with the difficulty through some Maryland friends, and he had a bright idea. He told the Maryland men that if they could have North Dakota (himself) placed just ahead of them he would be glad to take that position. The arrangement satisfied the color scruples, and it was so arranged.

THE PARADE STARTED with everybody in position and the column in close formation. As the movement got under way the Marylanders dropped gradually until they were separated from the colonel by about 20 paces. The colonel had meanwhile dropped back until he was 20 paces behind the colored regiment. The result was that the colonel had 20 paces of clear space for himself as the representative of North Dakota. He wore a picturesque costume decorated with little sheaves of North Dakota wheat, and at intervals he would entertain spectators with a few dance steps. Occasionally a marshal would ride up and order the column closed up, but as soon as he was out of the way the gap would appear again with North Dakota in the middle of it. On that occasion North Dakota probably attracted more attention than any other state in the union.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MISS CLARA BOW APPEARS to be a remarkably innocent and unsophisticated young person. According to her own statement she went into a gambling place without suspecting its true character and then played with some little tokens whose value she did not understand. When informed that she had lost, she gave the house four checks which she signed, and told the gambling people to fill them out with the amounts necessary to cover her losses. Just like that! What child-like innocence, and what supreme confidence in people! Like any inexperienced girl from Ojai or Skowhegan, she was blamed and shocked when she learned that the checks had been filled out for $13,000, and stopped payment on them. What simple-minded girl would have done otherwise? Miss Bow stands on her dignity and integrity, as a person should. She says that she always pays her honest debts, which is handsomer of her. She will pay the gamblers whatever she rightfully owes them, provided they can collect it in court. What could be fairer?

* * *

GAMBLING IS A FASCINATING pastime, but it always costs somebody money. One gambles in order to get the other fellow's money. That is the way they did it in East Grand Forks when the town was young and each of the principal saloons had its gambling annex. I have seen quite a lot of gambling done there, sometimes for quite large stakes. As a rule the transactions were for cash. Chips were paid for on the spot and were redeemed in cash when the game was over. Checks of persons much less eminent than the modern movie star were accepted without question. I do not recall a case in which payment was stopped on any such check, though there may have been such cases. Stoppage of payment would have been decidedly unpopular. The assumption was that when one went in to gamble he expected to collect if he won and to pay if he lost. For one to enjoy the fun of the game and the chance of winning and then to weep if he lost would have excluded one from respectable gambling circles. Of course ours was a primitive society, much less sophisticated than they have in Hollywood.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN READING about bathtubs. Practically every modern hotel today has a bath for every room and cleanliness has become such a fetish in America that many modern homes are built with a bath for each bedroom. Yet it is only 100 years ago that Andrew Jackson had a crude tin bathtub removed from the White House so that the pioneers who had elected him would not be offended by this evidence of dandified living and condemn him as undemocratic.

* * *

THE WHITE HOUSE TUB, ONE of the first vessels in America definitely built for bathing, was simply an oversized washtub to which water had to be carried, and was installed by Mrs. Madison about 1810. It was not until 1842 that a wealthy resident of Cincinnati bowed over his neighbors by installing a stationary bathtub with plumbing, such as we know today. It was the first of its kind in America.

The fact is that the practice of bathing has waxed and waned throughout history. From a simple hygienic measure it has been carried to the point of vice. And for long periods it has been discarded entirely.

* * *

THE GREAT MOGUL WHO founded his empire in India 1,300 years before Christ considered public baths as important as colleges in developing civilization, and he created them on a great scale. Egyptians practiced bathing regularly even before that era, and in Greece Lycurgus made himself famous as the first advocate of the cold bath when he forced his army of Spartans to plunge into the river each morning, the soldiers rubbing and pounding each other with wet sand in place of soap.

* * *

BUT IN ROME BATHING WAS carried to such an extent that it contributed to the downfall of the empire. Immense marble bathing palaces were erected, and citizens were known to spend six or eight hours a day lolling in hot water, being rubbed with scented oils and resting on steam tables. When Attila and his Huns arrived they found a decadent people, so softened by indulgence and luxury that they were unable to defend their capital.

* * *

THE REACTION FROM THE Roman period carried civilization to the other extreme. The early Christians denounced bathing along with the other luxuries of their predecessors and the race passed into an age of filth and pestilence which affected all classes. Isabella of Spain, it is reported, took but two baths in all of her life, and even 150 years ago there was but one bathroom in all of the miles of palace which housed Catherine the Great of Russia.

* * *

THE FIRST BATHTUB TO come to my attention was of zinc, built into a wooden box-like structure. Cold rainwater for it—rainwater was pumped directly into it from an outdoor cistern by means of a little iron pitcher pump. If we wanted warm water we had to heat it on the kitchen stove. That tub was a part of the equipment of a pretty good house back East about 50 years ago, and I suppose it was as good as anything in that town at that time. I have seen tubs like that in Grand Forks, and it is possible there are still a few of them left.

Who had the first bathtub in Grand Forks? Does anyone know?

—W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

SITTING IN THE CORRIDOR of the city hall the other day some of us got to talking of the former mayors of the city whose portraits adorn the walls. As each mayor's picture is added the room has become quite a portrait gallery. While the city is still young, death has taken its toll of the officials, and of the entire list of men who have occupied the chief executive's chair, there are left only Geo. E. DuIs, M. F. Murphy, J. A. Dinnie, H. J. O'Keefe and the present mayor, J. L. Hulteng.

ONE OF THE EARLY MAYORS was Alexander Griggs, who came here in the very early days as a steamboat captain and a business associate of James J. Hill. Captain Griggs was tall, broad-shouldered, and of erect and dignified carriage, as became a ship captain. Afloat he was the embodiment of authority, and ashore he was a stickler for the proprieties, insisting on the town being kept quiet, peaceful and orderly. In the corridor gossip mentioned above it was told of Captain Griggs that during his administration as mayor while walking on Third street he noticed a group of men across the street on DeMers avenue corner talking rather loudly and somewhat profanely. "Now, now!" he remarked to his companion. "That won't do," Thereupon he crossed the street and accosted the loafers, who were particularly tough and hard-boiled in appearance. "Here, boys," he said, "you'll have to ease up. We can't have this kind of talk right on the public street where women are passing all the time." One of the crowd, a mammoth and very ugly specimen, took a step forward, stuck out his jaw and said "What the hell is it to you?" The captain was astounded. Such an attitude of insubordination was unheard of.

He exploded in a sentence full of asterisks and exclamation points. The offender blinked and gasped. "I'll show you what business it is of mine," continued the captain, "you blank, blank, double-blank unmentionable." And he poured forth a torrent of steamboat language in a voice which could have been heard for blocks. It was the worst language those fellows had ever heard, and the loudest. Cowed and horrified they sunk away and the captain, unruffled, resumed his walk, having maintained peace and order and all the proprieties.

THEN THERE WAS "JAKE" Eshelman, another steamboat man, who had sailed the river as a deck hand under Captain Griggs. Eshelman was of medium height and rather slight build. Wrestling with river freight had prevented his accumulation of excess weight, but had developed muscles that were tough as steel and hard as nails. He had a mild voice and quiet manner which sometimes caused strangers to make mistakes about him. During his term as mayor, driving one day with a friend in a high side-bar buggy he approached the corner of Fifth and Bruce. On that corner was the livery stable which was demolished years later to make room for the Masonic temple. A small crown lounged about in front of the stable, while a large and unpleasant person paraded up and down shouting that he could lick anybody in Grand Forks, or anywhere else, and would like to do it. Eshelman stopped the team and handing the reins to his companion said, "Just hold the team a minute. I want to speak to that fellow." He stepped across to where the braggart was and said something to him. Immediately there was a whirl of moving bodies, and in a moment the challenger lay prone on the ground, where he remained for some time. Eshelman returned to the buggy, got in, took the reins and said, "That's all. Thanks. Giddap!"

COLONEL BROWN, THE CITY'S first mayor, ran a hardware store. He also had a homestead, somewhere in the vicinity of Fisher, as nearly as can be recalled. Word was brought to him one day that some man had squatted on his claim—"jumped" it. The colonel got into action at once. Without announcing his purpose further than to say that he would go over and "see about it," assembled a shotgun and a quantity of cartridges and started for the homestead. Friends who had overheard his preparations were afraid that something serious might result and tried to dissuade him. The colonel was calm, but determined. He was going to see about it, and that was all. His friends delayed him as much as possible, and while they were doing so one of their number mounted a horse and set off at a gallop for the homestead. The claim jumper was advised to make himself scarce, which he did, and when the colonel arrived there was no one in sight to dispute his title.

W. P. DAVIES.
THAT REMINDS ME—W.P.D.

ONE OF MY VALUED CORRESPONDENTS SUGGESTS THAT I WRITE OF FASHIONS, FASHIONS IN SKIRTS, PETTICOATS AND BATHING SUITS, AS THEY ARE NOW AND AS THEY WERE IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO. THAT STRIKES ME AS A GOOD IDEA, ESPECIALLY THE PART ABOUT BATHING SUITS. IN ORDER THAT THE SUBJECT MAY BE ATTACKED IN PROPER SEQUENCE I WILL BEGIN WITH THE TIME WHEN THERE WERE NO BATHING SUITS, AT LEAST, NONE OF WHICH I HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE.

IN THOSE DAYS, WHEN I WAS A SMALL BOY, BATHING WAS DIFFERENT FROM WHAT IT HAS BECOME. BATHING WAS DONE IN A WOODEN WASHTUB IN THE KITCHEN. IT WAS STRICTLY AN INDOOR SPORT. NOW THEY BATH IN A ROOM ALL DOLLED UP FOR THE PURPOSE, OR IN THE OCEAN, OR IN THE RIVER, OR ANYWHERE. THERE IS NO PRIVACY ABOUT IT WHATEVER. WE BATHED INDOORS AND WENT TO THE RIVER TO SWIM. IN THE SUMMER WE MIGHT GO SWIMMING THREE OR FOUR TIMES A DAY, BUT BATHING WAS RESERVED FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

OUR RIVER RAN RIGHT ALONG THE FOOT OF THE SCHOOL YARD, WITH ONLY A COUNTRY ROAD BETWEEN. ON THE RIVER WERE FOUR OR FIVE CLUMSY ROWBOATS WHICH BELONGED TO NOBODY IN PARTICULAR, AND DURING THE NOON HOUR OUR LITTLE GANG OF BOYS WOULD CROSS THE RIVER IN ONE OF THOSE BOATS, PEEL OFF WHAT FEW CLOTHES WE WORE IN HOT WEATHER AND GO SWIMMING. WE CONSIDERED THAT THE PROPRIETIES WERE SUFFICIENTLY OBSERVED BY CROSSING THE RIVER.


THAT SETTLED IT. DRIVEN FROM PLACE TO PLACE, WE REFUSED TO RETREAT FARTHER. IF THOSE PESKY GIRLS WANTED TO WATCH US SWIM THEY COULD WATCH AND BE HANGED. THEREAFTER WE PAID NO ATTENTION TO THEM, AND, QUITE NATURALLY, AFTER TWO OR THREE DAYS THEY PAID NO FURTHER ATTENTION TO US. THERE WAS NO FUN IN THE CHASE IF THE QUARRY REFUSED TO RUN. THE GIRLS RETURNED TO THEIR DOLLS AND THEIR SKIPPING ROPES, AND WE MEN HAD THE RIVER TO OURSELVES. BUT WE USED THE RIVER FOR SWIMMING, NOT BATHING.

J. R. C., WHO HAS ANSWERED SEVERAL OF THE PROBLEMS GIVEN IN THIS COLUMN, WRITES:

"TO THOSE WHO FIND THE COCONUTS, CLOTH PROBLEMS, ETC., TOO HARD SLEDGING, HERE IS ONE IN SIMPLE ARITHMETIC, DESIGNED AS A RESTFUL DIVERSION. IT IS AN 'ANIMAL CRACKER' THAT A COLLEGE MATE USED TO BE PULLING OFF—SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE THE (JOINTOWN) FLOOD—JUST REVISED, ENLARGED, AND EMBELLISHED A LITTLE TO KEEP UP WITH TWENTIETH-CENTURY PROGRESS.

"IF A HEN AND A HALF, LAYS AN EGG AND A HALF, IN A DAY AND A HALF, HOW MANY EGGS WILL SIX HENS LAY IN A MONTH AND A HALF—FIGURING 4 WEEKS TO THE MONTH, IF THEY ALL GO ON STRIKE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AND ALSO OBSERVE EVERY SABBATH, AS A DAY OF REST?"

AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND, WRITING OF BLAKELY DURANT'S SONG, "OLD SHADY," SAYS THAT E. SOUTHARD, CIVIL WAR VETERAN OF GRAFTON, N. D., USED TO SING IT: SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

"I GOT A WIFE AND I GOT A BABY
LIVING DOWN IN OLD CANADY
WON'T THEY LAUGH WHEN THEY SEE
OLD SHADY."