

GROUNDS OF THE University of North Dakota are rather more beautiful than the grounds of , our own university. Principally because it is apparent that much more attention has been given to landscaping and caring for the lawns, trees and shrubbery. This is of great credit to the North Dakotans, in that their summer season is much shorter than ours, and the work of developing beautiful grounds is the more difficult on that account. There are rather more buildings than here. As might be expected they are much better equipped along some lines, and not so well fixed in others. South Dakota is much better fixed with gymnasium and auditorium buildings. North Dakota has much finer class room buildings. In laboratory facilities and particularly quarters for the medical school, the institutions are about on a par.

That Reminds Me—

A FEW WEEKS AGO I HAD A Republican, which is published at visiting his sister, Mrs. H. E. Fren Republican is, I believe, the old which I have just received is No. 2 in either state that is 70 years c is not old enough for that. But 1 years. The present number con based on impressions gained by M on a drive through Northern N herewith as I think they will be I

"AT GRAND FORKS WE HAD Lions club in honor of the 80th b were at least 200 guests present a should have warmed his heart for had come to America in the early part of North Dakota tributa worker, historian and author, he s Grand Forks in a way given to b still keeps office hours, and goe many lines.

"MINNESOTA RESTAURANT and hotel proprietors overlook a great chance in not making the most of catering to the appetites of I, fish hungry tourists. At every opportunity we ordered fish. Sometimes it was not available. At Grand Forks we paid a long price for an order of pike, and they brought on a small bony piece of the tail of a pickerel. At Brainerd we found pike, but the price was long, the order was short, and it was poorly cooked. We decided that the only way a stranger could get a real fish feed was to each and cook the fish himself. At Rainy River, Ontario, we found some white fish, beautifully cooked. But the prize fish meal of the trip was a breakfast of black bass, prepared and served by Mrs. M. W. Davidson at the delightful Davidson summer home near Alexandria. In the state of 10,000 lakes, reputed to be full of fish, real fish dinners at reasonable prices should be available everywhere. But we failed to find it so.

"ONE'S MAIN IMPRESSION IN riding through Northeastern Minnesota is of the crime which was committed against society in the logging off Of that vast empire. The country was robbed of its timber. Lumber barons made fortunes, and left a tangled wilderness of stumps and slashings. This has grown over with a morass of jack pine, stunted cedar and underbrush, which has little commercial value. Hundreds of square miles are almost impenetrable. The work of clearing the land is enormous, and the soil is so poor it is of little value agriculturally. Some steps have been taken toward reforestation, but little has yet been accomplished. This country was logged off before Roosevelt's conservation program was inaugurated. Some forest lands in the eastern part of the state north of Lake Superior have been saved, and there is some virgin -timber in Itasca state park. Elsewhere there is nothing but a beautiful and worthless wilderness.

"SPEAKING OF LIQUOR, WE landed on Canadian soil on the evening of July 1—to find out that that is the date of Dominion Day, the Canadian Fourth of July. There had been a ball game and celebration during the- day. In the evening beer and a bowery dance was the order of the entertainment, with emphasis on the beer. It has been many years since I had seen such a drunken orgy. Drunks were everywhere, noisy, quarrelsome, or happy as the case might be. I have never been friendly to prohibition but almost changed my mind after that night. This beer was being illegally, but openly sold, in the barroom of the hotel. The government handles good liquor through dispensaries. Government liquor may not be drunk in any public place. It must be taken home. And the price is high. I heard the argument advanced that the weakness of the system was in the high price, which made the business of bootlegging very profitable. And that the situation would I be controlled if the government would give up its idea of making a big profit from its liquor sales. Bootleggers would voluntarily retire from business if it should become impossible to make a long profit. I was told too, that the drunkenness shown on that night, was an incident of the national celebration, and was not at all the usual thing. In justice to the people of Rainy River, it should be added that most of the celebrators were from the American side of the river. I was told in Fort Francis, where several large beer gardens flourish, that they were supported almost entirely by people from the American side. The average Canadian uses liquor moderately and in his borne."

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IN GOING- OVER THE Effects of his father, the late F. A. Brown, Joe Brown discovered some records of the old Grand Forks Baseball association which may revive memories among the few persons left who followed local baseball in the eighties. There are a passbook showing the condition of the association's account with the Citizens National in 1887 bank and a number of orders and returned checks showing payments made to various persons for various purposes.

THE ASSOCIATION HAD AS its officers J. Walker Smith, president, George B. Clifford, vice president, E. J. Lander, secretary, and F. A. Brown, treasurer. W. L. Wilder served as manager of the team. The business seems to have been conducted in a systematic manner. An order on the treasurer was made for each, payment by the president or vice president and secretary, and the treasurer then issued his check for the amount. In looking over the pass book I noticed that in several cases the monthly balance was represented in red figures, but if I interpret the entries correctly the association closed the year with \$981.00 to its credit. What claims there may have been outstanding I do not know.

SEVERAL CHECKS FOR SOME hundreds of dollars each were made to McNicol & McAdam "on account of contract, which I suppose was for the building of grandstand, bleachers, etc. Dan Yorkey and Joseph Noah, seem to have been the principal umpires, as there are several checks to them for umpiring. I have been unable to figure out the basis of their compensation. In one case, a check was made to Yorkey for \$ 10 for umpiring "The Larimore and Ardoch games this day." That looks like a rate of \$5 a game, but another check for \$9.50 is for umpiring two Fargo games, which looks as if there may have been a percentage basis. The Cadet band of the U. N. D., of course—was paid \$20 for playing in a parade. There is a check for \$70.50 to C. P. Walker on account of guarantee of Fargo games. Con Walker was at that time one of the firm of Walker Bros. & Hardy, job printers, of Fargo. He was a baseball enthusiast, and he was also interested in the theatre. Some years later he took over the lease of the Metropolitan theater at Grand Forks and later bought the property, which he operated for several years. He went to Winnipeg and built the Walker theater there and he maintained a stock company which toured the western Canadian provinces. Another check is to W. S. Russell for \$7.00 for laying out the baseball grounds. W. S. Russell was for several years city engineer of Grand Forks. He installed one of the big pumps now in use in the city water system and planned and supervised the building of the city's original sand filter out of which the present mechanical filter was developed. He moved to Dickinson to take charge of the brick plant there, and I believe he is still in charge of that enterprise.

MANY OF THE CHECKS ARE to players for salary. Among the names which appear are William Bray, Van, R. Brown, Frank J. Kelly, R. Jones, Alex Cardno, James Lawrence, James Allen, Robert Cox, Charles O'Neil, W. B. Mansell, M. P. Conway and W. C. Prescott. I have tried to get a line on players' salaries from the entries, but this is difficult, as payments seem to have been made in irregular amounts and at irregular times, presumably as the association had money and the players had to have it. From such examination of the entries as I have I been able to make, however, I conclude that salaries may have ranged from \$50 to \$70 a month. It is quite certain that none of the players drew anything like Babe Ruth's salary.

I FIND THAT SEVERAL OF the checks on account of players' salaries were drawn in favor of local business men, clothing merchants, shoe dealers, hotel men, and so forth, from which I conclude that when the men could not get cash they used their credit at the local business places and the business men collected from the association when they could. Baseball is by no means the only business in which it has been found convenient to employ this method. I have used it myself, in the dim, dead days beyond recall.

Most of the men figured in that baseball organization are gone. Of the, officers whom I have named, E. J. Lander is the only one remaining in Grand Forks. George B. Clifford is in Minneapolis. The others have gone the way of all flesh. Of the players named, all are gone from this territory, so far as I know, and I do not know the whereabouts of a single one. Perhaps some reader may be better informed. — W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.R.D.

THIS GENERATION SEEMS to be dropping the parade habit. We still have parades, but we take them less seriously than we did. The circus parade has disappeared entirely, and with it has gone much of the glamour which attached to the circus. As an example of efficient organization and performing skill the modern circus far surpasses the circus of earlier days, and the circus people doubtless find it to their financial advantage to dispense with the parade or they would not do it. But from the standpoint of the onlooker one of the great attractions of the circus is gone, and probably gone forever. Fifty years hence grandfathers will tell their grandchildren of the marvelous parades which they saw in their youth, the gaily painted wagons, the fluttering flags, the twelve-horse teams, the blaring bands, the allegorical floats, the wonders of the animal world, and all the rest of it, and the youngsters will find it difficult to fit the picture into the sophisticated machine age in which they live.

HOMECOMING DAY AT THE University of North Dakota provides now about our only large parade. Usually it is a very good one, but it is in a special class and is of a character possible only in a college town. The Preparedness day parade at the beginning of the World war was a mammoth one, but it, too, was of a special type, being not only a spectacle, but a demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm. I think the most beautiful parade ever held in Grand Forks was the flower parade in July, 1899. Secret preparations for the parade had been in progress for weeks. The choicest products of local flower gardens were culled for the event. Carriages were cleaned up, harness cleaned and polished and horses curried and brushed until their coats were like satin. Floats of all sizes and designs were built and many of the city's fairest daughters posed in picturesque attitudes. The weather on the day of the parade was ideal, just warm enough, and not too warm, and the long line of carriages, with masses of flowers woven artistically into the ensemble, was a sight worth seeing.

EVERY PROPERLY Organized parade needs a marshal, whose duty it is theoretically, to see that all the arrangements are carried out smoothly, but whose real function it is to ride at the head of the procession and lend dignity to the affair. The most impressive figure that I ever saw at the head of parades was the man who marshaled the parades in my home town as far back as I can remember. He was a magnificent fellow, about 40 years of age, six feet tall, with a massive frame, handsome features, and heavy moustache and imperial, a la Napoleon III. His carriage was erect, but easy, and he sat on his big black horse like a centaur. Mounted on that horse, rigged out in a gold-laced uniform, booted and spurred, he gave to a parade just the right touch. He had the air of a military chieftain, a statesman and a captain of industry all rolled into one. In private life he was a tinner who ran a little one-man shop and had a hard struggle to make ends meet. He was a quiet, diffident fellow who never seemed to get the hang of running a business, but everybody liked him, and everybody admired him —when he was on horseback. I suppose he had been picked as permanent marshal of the day because he was the handsomest man in town. Modest as he was, he had his hours of glory.

HOT WEATHER NATURALLY suggests thoughts of ice, and I have been wondering why it was that the people in my neighborhood back east, who had all the opportunities in the world, never seemed to think of putting up ice. I lived in a populous farming district through which ran a river of considerable size. Ice formed every winter at least a foot thick and often much thicker. There were small sawmills here and there where sawdust could be had for the hauling. Yet so far as I know not a single farmer in that vicinity owned an icehouse or made any attempt to put up ice for summer use. They had plenty of horse power and lots of time, and ice would have made a vast difference in the comfort of living, but nobody thought of it. The only ice that was ever put up there within my knowledge was put up by the village storekeeper for whom I worked. He had no ice house, nor did he go to the trouble of building one. A few loads of ice was piled on the barn floor and covered with sawdust, and it was all gone long before summer was over. I wonder why.
—W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME.

A PLEASANT, STOCKY, WELL dressed gentleman just stepped into the room I had not seen him for thirty-three years. I would have recognized him in a moment had he not sent in his card. He was Professor John H. Austin, bacteriologist. Professor Austin wears becomingly the title which he earned in the University of Chicago Medical college, Chicago, "but I suppose that to his old friends in Grand Forks he is just "John." Instead of the dark, slender, dapper young man of 36 years ago, now, in his 69th year, gray, portly, with a small Vandyke beard, he is one of the most prosperous business men in the city. He is on his way west, finishing a long drive with his youngest son, a medical student in the University of Chicago, from California to the Atlantic coast and visited points of interest from Virginia capes to Boston, returning by way of Niagara Falls and then to Grand Forks. In Wisconsin they stopped at the old family homestead and which John and his brother and sisters were born is still standing. Of the three springs on the old farm one had dried up, but the other two are running as of yore. From Grand Forks they leave for Manitoba, taking with them John's brother William of Crookston, and two sisters, Mrs. Thos. Steedsman of Larimore and Mrs. Amy Flynn of Birtle, Man. The party will go to Binscarth, Man., where at the home of another sister, Mrs. Jas. Crearer, they will hold the family's first reunion in 43 years.

PROFESSOR AUSTIN SAYS that the two cities which impressed him as the most beautiful which they visited on the entire trip are Boston and Rochester, N. Y. Washington, D. C. Aside from the official buildings, was a disappointment, especially because of the dilapidated appearance of Pennsylvania avenue. At mention of Chicago he held up his hands in horror. At Cicero, the suburb which has figured extensively in the public press, they drove at several places on the sidewalks to avoid the deep ruts in the streets.

JOHN AUSTIN OPERATED the second barber shop in Grand Forks. He began experimenting with scalp lotions and developed a dandruff remedy which caught on quickly, and which John's forceful and original methods of promotion made very popular. He moved from Grand Forks to Minneapolis and did business there on a large scale. Chicago was his next headquarters, and there he took a course in Rush Medical and extended his output. He told me that in a suit involving proprietary names in which he became involved, and which lasted eight years, the record in Judge Landis' court showed that in two years he had spent \$200,000 in advertising. Striking out for the Pacific coast he located in Los Angeles, where he has been for the past 15 years, and where he has a business which covers the entire coast.

NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF old 'times were recalled during our visit. There was an adventure at a fire in which John, at the steering end of one fire truck, was caught between his own outfit and the one ahead and squashed flat. That little episode sent him to the hospital for several weeks. At another fire he was one of those who attempted ineffectually to rescue the skeleton of Dr. Wheeler's Northfield bank robber, but which perished in the flames. This reminded John of a visit during the present tour to the old home of Jesse James in Missouri, where the bandit was shot by Bob Ford. The room in which the shooting was done is kept in its original condition, with the bed in the same place, the picture on the wall, and the blood stain on the floor. Sightseers are admitted for the small fee of 15 cents a head.

Three months ago Professor Austin visited San Diego and called on Geo. B. Winship and found him hale and active and apparently fully recovered from the rheumatic lameness which had troubled him for some time.

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MERLE BIRMINGHAM, OF Stanchfield, Minn., has not yet made much progress with the coconut problem, but submits the-following:

"Although I have forked on the problem and am sure that there was only one monkey, I have not yet learned the correct number of nuts.

"That reminds me of the greatest problems that was ever unloaded on a long-suffering public by a columnist, namely, 'How old is Ann?'

"My memory is that it was in 1903 that a man writing under the pen name 'Perkin Warbeck' wrote in the Newark Evening News of his effort to determine the age of one of whom he had little knowledge except that her name was Ann. The question that he passed off to his readers was

Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

"In 1907 the Scrap Book, which was then published by Frank A. Munsey, contained a resume of the efforts made to ascertain the age of that girl, and stating that at one time 3,000 newspapers were devoting to the subject anywhere from a stickful to a page in each issue. An extra mail carrier was detailed to Perkin Warbeck's mail the crew of the U. S. S. Cincinnati cabled the Newark paper from Chinese waters to tell them the age of Ann to prevent a riot on shipboard; and a professor of mathematics at Columbia university had his class search ancient history in an endeavor to learn the origin of such an example."

THE CORRESPONDENT GOES on to say that there is no known method in mathematics by which the problem can be worked out, yet, it, is extremely simple. The answer accompanies the letter, but for reasons of state I am not giving the answer just now. There are those who will dispute the statement that the problem cannot be solved by any known rule of mathematics, and who will be prepared to reduce it to a very simple and easy formula, as certain in operation as the multiplication table.

I have mentioned this letter to a few of my friends, and have been somewhat surprised to find that the problem is new to several of them. Some are familiar with the question "How old is Ann?" but do not know what it is about. Republication may set some small part of a new generation to figuring on it. I have always regarded the "Ann" problem, as the best mathematical puzzle ever propounded. It contains but a few elements, and those are easy to grasp. The form in which it is stated gives all the facts without an unnecessary word. It can be solved by a very brief and simple arithmetical process. And its terms are so confusing that attention is diverted at every step from the real and necessary process of solution.

WITH REFERENCE TO THE coconut problem, it should be said that there is no question as to the number of monkeys. There is only one monkey, and he is merely a lay figure whose sole function as stated in the problem, is to receive five left-over coconuts, one at a time. The only problem is: How many coconuts were there in the original pile?

WHILE I AM ON THE Subject of puzzles I recall the "15" puzzle of about 1880, which was the most famous of the block puzzles, but which is now about for gotten. A puzzle of somewhat similar type was quite popular two or three years ago, but it soon passed I out. This later puzzle consisted of a number of square and oblong blocks in a little cardboard box. One space being vacant gave an opportunity to shift the blocks and the puzzle was to arrange the blocks according to a given pattern. The "15" puzzle involved the same idea, but the blocks were all of one size and shape. The box had room for 16 little square blocks, in four rows of four each. There were 15 of these blocks, with one vacant space. The blocks were arranged in consecutive order, beginning at the upper left hand corner, except that the last two were transposed, No. 15 coming before No. 14. The puzzle was to move the blocks so as to bring these two numbers into their proper order. Those little boxes of blocks were to be found everywhere, in the homes, on trains, on street cars and even in hotel dining rooms, for many hotels had them placed on the tables for the entertainment of guests while waiting for their orders. A current rumor, which may or may not have been true, was that the "15" puzzle was invented by an elderly preacher for the entertainment of his children and that he made an immense fortune from its sale. I bet half a dollar on it once, and lost, so I have reason to remember it.—W. P. DAVIES,

THAT REMINDS ME OF Grover Cleveland. During one of his presidential terms lieutenant had committed some offense, not very grave, but in the opinion of the sufficiently grave to warrant a reprimand. It was accordingly decreed that he be the commander - in - chief. He was brought into the august presence, accompanied by dignitaries whose presence the occasion demanded. The president looked at the severely and said, "Lieutenant Blank, it is the order of the court that you be reprimanded."

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

COMMENTING ON MY Remarks the other day about the failure of the farmers in my neighborhood years ago to put up ice for summer use a friend suggests that they had no need for ice because they had cool cellars and almost ice-cold spring houses in which milk and other perishables were kept. Well, some of them had, and some of them hadn't. There were some wonderful springs which were used for cooling as well as for drinking purposes. I recall one particularly fine spring whose water flowed from between two seams of rock on a north hillside. It was enclosed in a little building of stone, with smooth, thick walls, and overhead spread the branches of a great maple. The water from the spring, almost icy, flowed through a deep trough, then down a gutter into the creek near by. Shelves along the walls held pans of milk and crocks of butter. The room was always cold, even in the hottest weather, and the people who owned it got along very well without ice. There were some excellent cellars, too. Some of the better farm houses were built on hillsides, one half of the lower storm being used for kitchen and living purposes, while the rear half, on the same level, occupied an excavation in the side of the hill. Such cellars usually made good storage places.

BUT SUCH FINE, COOL Storage places were exceptional. Not all the farms had suitable hillsides, and not all the farm houses were well built. There were no central heating- plants, and no full basements as we know them. The farm cellar was apt to be a mere hole in the ground, damp, stuffy and inconvenient of access. I remember some of the better ones because they impressed me by their unusualness. On most of the farms taking care of milk in summer was one of the hardest tasks of the farmer's wife. The cream separator had not been invented, and even the deep-setting milk can had not come into general use. I never saw one in my boyhood. Milk was set in large shallow pans, sometimes of tin, but quite often of heavy earthenware, and in the absence of a cool storage room it soured in a few hours. Butter made from such cream would be like oil unless the cream were first chilled by being set in cold water. And flies the world was full of them, and they were accepted as necessary annoyances, for nobody knew how to get rid of them. The deep milk can, in which the milk was cooled by being hung down the well, was a godsend to many an overworked woman.

LACK OF ICE MEANT THAT many of the things for which ice is now commonly used were impossible luxuries. The fever patient knew nothing of the taste of ice water or the comfort of an ice pack on an aching head. There was ice cream in the cities, for there they had ice, but we on the farms knew nothing of it. I remember well my first taste of ice cream and how surprised I was to find that the stuff was cold. As a matter of fact, even where ice cream could be had it was regarded not as a food, but as a rather dangerous luxury, almost unfit for children, and out of the question for invalids. The physician who would prescribe a spoonful of ice cream for the patient just able to take a little nourishment would have been considered insane.

In those "good old days" there were many pleasant things and many that were picturesque, but this newer generation has been relieved of many discomforts which were considered necessary in the scheme of life and provided with many good things of which their predecessors knew nothing.

ONE OF THE LABOR Members of the British House of Commons was reprimanded the other day by the speaker for unbecoming conduct. On the floor of the house he had said that many of the members were guilty of drunkenness. Immediately the demand was made that he name the intemperate members and present his evidence, which he refused to do. Thereupon in an atmosphere of great tension a resolution that he be reprimanded was adopted by an almost unanimous vote. Reprimanding a member of parliament is serious business over there. The speaker donned his official three-cornered hat and addressed the culprit in a brief speech, setting forth the enormity of the offense and the shock which his conduct had given the house. The offender at first seemed inclined to take the affair lightly, but the force of tradition was too strong for him, and at the close of the ordeal he retired, the picture of humiliation and dejection.

That Reminds Me—W.RD.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO wishes to be known as Pinafore writes: "I enjoy your column very much, but I have enjoyed it particularly the last few days when you have introduced those brain ticklers. The 'Ann' problem is exceedingly simple. I worked it by simple algebra." The correct algebraic solution is then given, but I am not telling anybody about it because others may still be working at it.

For those whose algebra has become rusty the assurance may be given, that the problem can be solved by simple arithmetic.

PINAFORE'S LETTER Continues, giving two other problems, at least one of which is old: "This brings to mind that favorite puzzle with which N. B. Knapp, of the Central High school faculty, used to tempt his pupils in an algebra class: "A two-volume set of books stands in order on a library shelf. Both are of equal thickness. Each cover in each book is 1-4 of an inch thick, while the pages inside the covers total two inches in thickness in each book. A bookworm is crawling through the set. He travels at the rate of an inch a minute through the inner pages, but when he comes to the covers his progress is slower, and he can go only 1-2 inch a minute. How long will it take him to go from Page 1 of the first volume to the last page of the second volume?"

"EQUALLY INTERESTING IS the famous "moron test," which is supposed to be the standard test given to determine whether you are a moron or not. I believe one version of it appeared in The Herald about four months ago in the 'New York Day' column: "Suppose you were given a five gallon jar and a three gallon jar and sent to, a spring to bring back an even four gallons of water. How would you do it?"

"Does anyone know some good puzzle books containing puzzles not too hard, and yet fascinating?"

Solutions to the above problems are given, but are withheld in order that interested persons may exercise their own ingenuity. Answers to any of them will be acknowledged, as received.

NOBODY HAS YET COME forward with a solution to the coconut problem-. It is much more complicated than any of the others, but it can be worked out.

SOME OF THE FEED Experts predict a shortage of lard because of the partial failure of the corn crop. Because of the scarcity and high price of corn we are told that large quantities of wheat will be used in feeding hogs and cattle. Wheat is more of a muscle-building than a fat-producing food, and those who raise hogs of the heavy lard type demand corn for feed. Southern, Ontario in my youthful days produced large quantities of corn, although the corn belt did not extend very far north. Corn was used very largely in feeding for beef and pork, but there was a strong preference for field peas. The pea crop was one of the great staples of that section. Possibly it is yet. The theory of many farmers was that the fat resulting from feeding corn was of a yellowish tinge and was soft and oily, while that produced from peas was clear white and firm. I don't know whether there is anything in that notion or not. One of our farmers had a theory of his own which he applied in his own feeding, and which he declared worked out perfectly. He fed ground peas for fat and ground oats for muscle. One week his hogs were fed largely on peas and the next week largely on oats. In this way, he said, he built up the alternate streaks of fat and lean which are considered so desirable. Again, I do not undertake to pass on the theory, but my Canadian friend was satisfied with the results of his practice.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED why more field peas are not grown in the Northwest. The crop has some very decided advantages. As I remember it the pea crop is the first of field crops to mature if planted early. It was harvested ahead of winter wheat, and sometimes pea fields were plowed for the next crop before the harvesting of winter wheat began. This distributed farm labor over a longer period than otherwise. Ground on which peas had been grown was left mellow, almost like summer fallow. Our people in those days knew nothing about soil bacteriology, but they had found that for some reason a crop of peas was good for the soil. Modern science tells us of the influences of the legumes in filling the soil with nitrogen-collecting bacteria. It has seemed to me that in this territory a crop of wheat should do well following a crop of peas.

W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A T O W N E H SUBSCRIBER wishes to know the amount of the national debt at the close of the war and at the present time, also if the United States owes money to any foreign countries.

The total indebtedness of the United States on August 31, 1910, when it reached its highest point, was \$26,594,267,878. Ten years later, August 1, 1929, the indebtedness had been reduced to \$16,805,433,171. During the past year the reduction amounted to about \$700,000,000, but I have not the exact figures on this. This indebtedness includes all the outstanding obligations of the United States, among them being Panama Canal bonds of about \$125,000,000 and greenbacks, \$346,000,000. Against the latter there is a credit of \$156,000,000 in gold reserve. During the 10-year period, 1919-1929, interest payments of the United States were decreased 41 percent. The United States owes no money to any foreign nation except as small balances may be due in the course of current trade and as foreign governments may have acquired United States bonds by purchase in the open market. In some cases foreign governments indebted to the United States have made their payments, when due, in United States bonds purchased in the market. Under certain market conditions a saving in exchange can be effected in this way. This plan could not be utilized now, as all United States securities sell at a premium,

GEORGE FEINSTEIN, 1118 First avenue North, Grand Forks, sends a correct algebraic solution of the "Ann" puzzle. He is unable to tell how long it took him to work it out as his clock has no second hand. He uses X to Ann's age. A former correspondent had X representing the difference between Ann's age and Mary's. Either method produces the correct result. However, one does not need to know algebra to ascertain how old Ann is.

Mr. Feinstein offers the following, which he says was used in an intelligence test at the University: Brothers and sisters have I none But that man's father is my father's son. Who is "That man?" That brings back the days when most of the population of the village gathered in the store to spend the evening, and I have heard fierce arguments over it before the University of North Dakota was founded.

I HAVE BEEN PROMISED several solutions to the coconut puzzle, but none has yet reached the office. I have been told that several persons are figuring industriously on it. One of the curious facts about the coconut problem is that I have no means of knowing whether or not Ben Ames Williams, who propounded it, knew that it could be solved. He did not furnish either answer or method of solution. I wrote him, giving the answer, and expressing curiosity as to whether he had intended a problem which could or could not be solved. In a very pleasant letter he acknowledged the correctness of my answer, but OR the, other point he was noncommittal.

TWO OF MY FRIENDS WERE discussing grain speculation a little while ago. Wheat at that time was about 90 cents in Chicago. Said one: "If I had the price I'd buy wheat and make a big profit. Just look at the price, 90 cents in Chicago. It's bound to go up."

The other answered: "If you had had the price last year you wouldn't have 90 cents today to buy wheat with. You were talking just the same way when wheat was a dollar and a quarter. You'd have bought then and lost your money. Wheat's low now, but it can always go a little lower or a little higher, and if you buy on margin and the price drops a cent or two even for a day you must put up more money or be wiped out. After that it may go to ten dollars a bushel and it won't do you any good."

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE FIRST CORRECT Solution of the coconut problem comes from L. J. Zimmer, 1324 Fourth avenue north, Grand Forks. His answer is not published at this time because I wish others to have a chance to figure on it. Mr. Zimmer gives the correct number of coconuts, but does not indicate his method of solution. Perhaps he has discovered by this time that an infinite number of correct answers is possible. While Mr. Zimmer's answer complies with all the conditions stated in the problem, there are three numbers smaller than the one which he submits, any one of which would be correct. Above his number the list reaches into infinity.

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE asked for the smallest possible correct answer, which the author of the problem, Ben Ames Williams did not do. For the convenience of some who have expressed interest in the problem, but who have missed the issue in which it was published, it is repeated herewith, with the request for the smallest possible correct answer:

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

Answers will be acknowledged as received, and the best form of solution submitted, if not too long, will be published at a later date.

ABOUT THIS TIME THIRTY years ago Grand Forks was preparing to deal with an invasion of American territory by Canadian troops under arms. There had been a similar invasion the year I before, the first occasion on which I armed men under the British flag had entered upon American soil since the war of 1812. On these two later occasions the invaders, though uniformed and armed, and with all appropriate military accompaniment, came on a mission of peace, and instead of being resisted with gun and bayonet, they were heartily welcomed by both military organizations and civilians. The occasion was the second, annual visit of Winnipeg's 90th Rifles to Grand Forks, and it was a great day for everybody.

THE VISITORS CAME OVER the Great Northern on two special trains, and were met at Grafton by a welcoming committee of Grand Forks men. Incidentally the welcoming party came dangerously near being stranded at Grafton, for through some misunderstanding- the first Winnipeg special ran right through Grafton without stop, and the Grand Forks men just stood on the platform and watched it go by. I remember it well, for I was there. The second section was stopped, however, and we reached Grand Forks while the crowd was milling around the yard just after the unloading of the first train, so nobody knew the difference. In The Herald file I find that there were in that committee Aldermen Wineman, Collins and Lynch, C. H. Opsahl, D. McDonald, A. C. Mather and W. B. Wood. Of those only Wineman and Opsahl are still with us.

THE DAY WAS MARKED BY military drills, sports and general fraternizing, and wound up with a grand ball at the Hotel Dacotah. One young Winnipeg chap whom I had got to know slightly asked me soon after the arrival of the party if I knew where he could find Mayor Wilson of Winnipeg. I didn't. It was pretty hard to know where anybody was in that crowd. My friend explained that on the way down he had sat in a little game of poker and been cleaned out, and here he was, at the beginning of a perfectly good day, without a dollar. He wanted to get Mayor Wilson to endorse a check for him. I took him in to J. Walker Smith, who fixed him out, and the sun shone brightly again. W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE JUST COME ACROSS the famous little essay on "Grass" by Senator John James Ingalls of Kansas. During his lifetime Senator Ingalls was one of the best known men in American public. He was born in the east, in Massachusetts, I believe, but he grew up in and with Kansas. He studied and practiced law, went into politics, became a member of the state legislature, tried for the United States senate and was defeated, was elected and served two terms and was defeated again when the wave of populism swept the West. He devoted the rest of his years to speaking and writing, and died in 1900. He was a brilliant speaker, keen and epigrammatic, and a master of the art of drawing beautiful word pictures. His sonnet "Opportunity," beginning: Master of human destiny am I, is often quoted. The essay on "Grass" follows:

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions in May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass, and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent has made and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, scarred with the ruts of the cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare or the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes its throne, from which it has been expelled but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year famine would depopulate the world.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL LINES may be found, I suppose in thousands of scrapbooks. Like other classics they are now almost forgotten. But if there are any among the readers of this column who have not read them, I am sure they will be welcomed and prized.

COUNTY AGENT W. R. PAGE of Grand Forks county has given some practical advice to farmers for the putting up of ice when streams and lakes are distant. He recommends the digging of a hole seven feet deep and as large in area as may be required, and in cold weather pumping in about a foot of water. When that freezes solid another foot is pumped in, and so on, until the excavation is filled. A covering of straw, and over that a rough board shed, will insure supply of ice through the season.

THE LATE CONGRESSMAN Johnson had another plan which he employed on his farm at Petersburg. He enclosed a space about 12 feet square with a low wall of snow which he wet down and allowed to freeze. He then pumped this space full of water, then raised his wall a foot or so, and again filled it. He continued this until he had a mass of ice six or seven feet high. He then built a shed around and over his ice, leaving a space of a foot between its walls and the ice. This space he packed with straw and straw was thrown over the ice itself.

I FOLLOWED STILL ANOTHER plan. I had an unused well twelve feet deep, curbed with boards. In the winter I left the cover off the wall until quite a quantity of snow had drifted in. I tramped and packed the snow down as well as possible and let it freeze solid, then filled in more snow until the well was full. I would have ice in that well until frost came in the fall. One trouble with all such plans is, of course, that a large mass of ice cannot be handled and it cannot be cut without great labor and waste. But it is useful for many cooling purposes, and one or other of these plans can be used on any farm.

W. P. DA VIES.

J. H. BAILEY, MANAGER OF the Bailey Lumber company at Akeley, Minn., sends in not only a correct answer to the coconut problem, but the smallest possible number that will serve the purpose. Mr. Bailey writes:

"This answer fills the bill nicely and there is a possibility that some smaller one may also serve. My 'system' for finding the answer was all my own and seems to have no rime or reason, as far as I can see. I can assure Mr. Bailey that he is not alone in having approached this problem without rime or reason. I suggest that Mr. Bailey, having found the minimum number, continue his investigations until he discovers a method by which any of the other possible numbers may be found. It is really very simple when one once gets the hang of it.

J. E. DEAREY, 609 NORTH Seventh street, Grand Forks, has also solved the problem correctly and gives the lowest possible number. Like Mr. Bailey, he has been able to find no definite rule to apply, but has arrived at the answer; by inspection.

GEORGE FEINSTEIN, 1118 First avenue North, Grand Forks, writes:

"The solution is a very simple algebraic process until the last step. Here are seventeen possible answers. Seventeen more equally correct answers can be supplied if you' want them, all from the same little equation." The numbers which Mr. Feinstein submits range all the way from 21,246 to 974,371. Unfortunately, not one of them so far as I have checked them. If the process described in the problem is applied to the first of these numbers it is found that when the fifth sailor comes to commit his act of larceny he finds a pile of 8,700 coconuts, and on dividing it into five equal piles he has none left over. There must be one for the monkey, and then after all the thefts have been committed, the remaining pile must be exactly divisible by 5. As Mr. Feinstein's numbers appear to have a regular sequence I assume that he has understood that the monkey was to receive only four coconuts. He must have five, one after each theft. I should like to have Mr. Feinstein apply his formula to the problem on this basis and send me his form of solution.

N. B. KNAPP, OF THE GRAND Forks High school, writes:

"I seem to have been away when you started something in the way of mathematics but I want to come in even if I am late.

"Some people have given me your problem "How Old Was Ann" but the copy I have is different from the way you gave it apparently. This is the way I have it.

"The combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann.

"Here is a somewhat similar problem which is a little easier: "If I am twice as old as you were when I was as old as you are and if the sum of our ages when you are old as I am will be 63 years how old are we now?"

"Here is one that Arnold Aaserude from out near Mekinock sprung on me last winter:

"If a man drives a car up a hill at 15 miles per hour and the hill is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length. He immediately turns around and drives down to his starting point. How fast will he have to go back in order to average 30 miles per hour for the trip up the hill and back.

"I have just gotten the copy of your coconut problem and hope to be able to solve it."

Mr. Knapp also offers a little puzzle in algebra, which will be held in reserve for a time, as I am afraid that many of my readers may be as rusty on algebra as I am.

A MR. HUNTLY OF SARLES, solves the three-gallon and five-gallon jar puzzle correctly, and submits that ancient one about the man with the fox, the goose and the basket of corn. The man had to cross a stream in a canoe in which he could carry but one of his charges at a time. For obvious reason he could not leave the fox with the goose or the goose with the corn. How did he get them across? W. P. DAVIES.

I INQUIRED ONE DAY

IF anyone knew what had become of some of the old baseball players who played in the first Grand Forks league team and who have long since dropped out of sight, J. O. Gunn recalls one of them, Ike Cardno, at one time a famous catcher. Mr. Gunn does not know whether or not Ike is still living, but he met him by chance in Winnipeg eight or nine years ago, and although he had not seen him for perhaps twenty years, he recognized him by a peculiar twang which marked his speech. Mr. Gunn knew the Cardno family when they were neighbors of his family near Pilot Mound, Manitoba. The father and the older sons had homesteaded there and

could conceive of no finer job than to stand all day on that platform cracking a long whip at 16 horses and yelling "Giddap!" I tried it later and found that that job like most others, had its drawbacks. There was another power outfit which, while not very common, was considerably used. That was the treadmill. This consisted of a sharply inclined platform of narrow planks mounted on endless chains which passed over sprocket wheels. The weight of horses standing on the platform caused it to move and the horses kept it in motion by

JUST AS I SUPPOSED, George Feinstein, who submitted answers to the coconut problem, had misunderstood the terms of the problem. He now sends in the correct answer together with a well worked out form of solution which I shall keep on file. Mr. Feinstein uses an algebraic formula in his solution, which is all right, but the problem can be solved with less labor and with absolute certainty by

days, once inquired of a young man living in the vicinity concerning the history of the church. The young man said that he did not know when it was built, but that his grandfather had told him that the church was there when he arrived in that country as a young man.

Some years before the railroad was built north Mr. Whitcomb shipped a threshing rig by boat from Fisher's Landing to Winnipeg, and he understood that this was the first threshing rig to be taken into Manitoba. It was a horse power outfit of course, as steam threshers, if in existence, had not come into general use.

[HAVE VERY DISTINCT
Recollections of the
horsepower threshing rig. The

That Reminds Me

MERLE BIRMINGHAM, W
column with other communications,
Minnesota. The column had revived

"I still read your column "That Reminds Me," but will have to discontinue
recreation unless you decide to omit your various tests as to whether a man is

"I spent two sleepless nights trying to figure out how to bring back exactly f
from the spring, and I was on the verge of having the tinner make up two contain
size for me to experiment with when the problem finally solved itself.

"However, if you decide to give your readers some more of the same, you can
problems in the set of books called The Book of Wonders."

W. P. DA VIES.

"GLANCING AT THE CALENDAR I was reminded of my first trip to the Grand Forks country.
In 1898 I was 16 years of age and living at Woodville, Wisconsin. Working that summer for
\$13.00 a month I was attracted by the prospect of \$2.00 per day in the Dakota harvest fields.
Through the good offices of Herb Beatty, who was tractor engineer for Mr. Wilcox of Gilby, I
engaged with Mr. H. B. Eastman who lived between Gilby and Inkster, as I now remember. At that
time Mr. Eastman's son Dan and daughter—Florence, if I remember correctly—were on the
farm with him, and another son, Abe, owned a farm about a mile north of his father's farm.

"MUIR BROTHERS WERE farmers and threshers in that community, and Sam Sampson was their
engineer. They had a new Buffalo-Pitts rig that fall, and, if I am not mistaken, that was the first
self feeder in that district. An event I recall was the fuel straw pile caught fire and when
Sam backed the tractor to enable him to run it forward his clothing caught on fire. The fire was
soon extinguished and Sam placed on a blanket and saturated with cylinder oil.

"GILBY AT THAT TIME HAD a thriving lodge of Independent! Order of Good Templars, and that
was the first time I heard them referred to as "I Often Get Tight." No, that is not a Scotch story.

"THAT WAS THE TIME WE could get a ticket from Minneapolis or St. Paul to any
part of either of the Dakotas for \$5.00, and the trip was made in emigrant cars, commonly
called "double deck cattle cars." I drove a bundle team and slept under my wagon. We
were not called until 3:00 A. M. I would feed, water and harness my team, go back to sleep
until breakfast at 4:00 A. M. and we would go to the field at 4:30 A. M. Yes, we earned
our \$2.00 a day.

"DRINKING WATER WAS then a scarce article in that community, and some wells 200
feet deep were either dry or contained water unfit for human consumption. That was long
before the days of Prohibition and the time when we would drink "anything." Many farmers
put up ice from Forest River and used that for their summer drinking water.

"A FAVORITE PASTIME was standing atop a separator with a field glass and counting
threshing rigs. There were those who claimed they could see 45 rigs from one spot, but they
were North Dakota residents. I was from Wisconsin so my eyesight was not good enough to see
that many. Speaking of seeing things some thresher hands made frequent trips to East Grand
Forks and what they saw on those trips and after their return to their rigs was a plenty.

"LAYING ALL JOKING ASIDE, the trees did not then obstruct the vision. Now the trees on the
tree claims and around buildings have changed the scenery. In fact there is more timber there at this
time than is to be found in some districts where God planted the forests.

"I HAVE NOT STOPPED TO visit in that community since that fall of 1898 but have often
wondered where those old timers are now.

"BEFORE REACHING Grand Forks on that trip on August 8th (it may have been the 9th or 10th)
the locomotive of the train on which I was riding struck and killed two horses, and you can believe
me or not but that iron horse was a terrible sight when it came to rest at the Grand Forks station."

RETURNING TO OUR Coconuts, Miss Minna L. Harm of East Grand Forks, sends in her
answer, which is correct. She says she worked the problem by algebra, but is not quite sure
that she has found the lowest possible number. She has.

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS OF Arvilla, also sends in the correct and lowest possible answer.
Like several other correspondents he has used in part the method of trial and error, which
is perfectly good mathematics, although it is not required in this case.

DR. E. H. CRARY OF CANDO, found the water jar problem sufficiently absorbing to deprive
him of sleep, but he got it at last. He writes:

THE BEQUEST OF DR. H. W. Whitcomb for information concerning the building of the old Kildonan church just north of Winnipeg resulted in bringing to the doctor clippings from the Winnipeg Free Press presenting articles on Winnipeg's early history by Miss Mary L. Kennedy, of whom the Free Press says:

"Miss Mary L. Kennedy is a daughter of one of the most famous Red river families. Her father, Captain William Kennedy, of St. Andrews, led one of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Miss Kennedy herself was a pupil in the school taught by Miss Matilda Davis in the late sixties and early seventies near Lower Fort Garry, of which the stout old dormitory still stands."

MISS KENNEDY'S ARTICLES mention the Kildonan church only incidentally, and the exact date of the building is not given. It is inferred from the context, however, that the church was built about 1848 or 1849. We are told also that a Presbyterian parish school was opened in Kildonan in 1849 and was supported by voluntary contribution. A quoted paragraph concerning this school reads:

The first teacher, John Inkster, a former pupil of Mr. Macallum, began teaching in a dwelling house. Later a log structure was erected, which served until 1864, when, under the supervision of Rev. James Nisbet, a stone schoolhouse was built. The roll of early teachers includes Inkster, McBeth, Ross, Harper, Poison, Matheson, Adam and Hector, Whimster and Munroe. At a time when 50 cents a day was considered a fair wage for a farm hand, a yearly salary of \$65 for a teacher was not considered inadequate. Desks were fixed in a row around the wall for writing. The pupils faced toward the middle of the room for recitations, the benches having no backs. Bibles were the reading books, and the Shorter Catechism was taught. Much attention was devoted to penmanship and spelling. The older pupils studied Euclid, History of England and Lindley Murray. Advanced education was more fully given by Dr. Whimster in 1869, the Rev. Dr. Black giving instruction in classics and mathematics.

Manitoba college was founded upon this school in 1871 with 171 students at the outset.

EVIDENTLY A LOT OF People are figuring out puzzles these days, as answers continue to pour in. A Crookston correspondent who writes on Elks' stationery, but who has forgotten to sign his name, gives the correct answer to the coconut problem, together with a well worked out form of arithmetical solution. I wish he would give me his name and address.

Miss M. Helen Bee, of Inkster, gives the correct answer to the coconut problem, which she says she found in 35 minutes. She also gives the correct age of Ann. George Feinstein, who has already disposed of the coconuts, gives algebraic solutions to Mr. Knapp's two age problems and also solves the car problem without any algebra at all. Paul Cohen, 603 Cherry street, sees clear through the car problem and tells me about it, and J. E. Deary, answering the fox and goose and jar, problems, submits the following, which ought to be good for an argument;

A man about to die had 17 horses, and, not being fond of his three sons, made his will in such a way that, as he supposed, the horses could be divided. To the eldest he bequeathed one-half, to the second, one-third, and to the youngest, one-ninth.

The administrator added one of his own horses to the lot, made the division, and took his own horse 'back. Just how did it work out?

THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF the horses was a mean cuss, and it is to be hoped that, wherever he is, he knows that his scheme didn't work.

There is no particular hurry about giving the answers to the questions that have been submitted, as it is evident that people are still figuring on them, and I want everybody to have a chance without looking at the answers. However, I must start in soon cleaning up the earlier ones, as I am accumulating a collection of figures which will call for the services of a certified accountant if it grows much bigger, —W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me-W.P.D.

THE WORLD IS NO Stranger to drouth. There are spots on the earth's surface upon which rain scarcely ever falls, and other large areas which because of deficient rainfall are desert. And almost everywhere, even where rain is normally most abundant, sometimes it fails, and thirst is followed by hunger, because the very roots of life are withered. In all literature the need for water is recognized, and rain is idealized as the medium by means of which blessings are showered on the world. In a very ancient chronicle we are told how the sins of a wicked king were punished by the withholding of rain.

And Elijah said unto Ahab:

"As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

And he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan, and the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while that the brook dried up because there had been no rain in the land. And after many days the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, "Go, show thyself to Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth." And Elijah said unto Ahab: "Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain." And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, "Go up now, look toward the sea." And he went up and I looked, and said, "There is nothing." And he said, "Go again seven times." And it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." And he said, "Go up, say unto Ahab: 'Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.'" And it came to pass in the meanwhile that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.

I HAVE OMITTED PARTS OF the text concerning related incidents. No one knows who wrote I the story, and there is some question as to whether the writer was recording history alone or was mingling history, tradition and parable. But whoever the writer was, and whatever his purpose, he knew the country of which he wrote and its dependence on regular and abundant rain. He has told his story with dramatic force, and it is easy to perceive in the background of his picture the parched fields, "shriveled vegetation, failing springs, dying cattle and suffering people. And during the past few weeks there have been in this country millions of I people who could appreciate something of the feeling of the prophet' on the mountain top, his face hidden because he did not dare to look, and of the joy with which he welcomed his servant's report of a little cloud arising out of the sea, "like a man's hand."

IT IS A THRILLING STORY, full of human interest, and I think that not even the best modern writers have done anything much better.

The Noblesville, Indiana, Ledger, which is read by President Thomas F. Kane, of the University of North Dakota, because it is his old home town paper, runs a "Fifty Years Ago" department in which are recounted some of the happenings of earlier times. One item in a recent number is to the effect that the national debt of the United States was \$1,936,596,241, and that there had been paid on the original debt \$830,000,000. That was the Civil war debt, which had reached the colossal figure of close to three billion dollars. In the fifteen years following the war total payments on principal had amounted to \$830,000,000. The World war built up for us a national debt of \$24,000,000,000, almost ten times the Civil war debt, and we are paying off almost as much in a single year as our predecessors paid off in fifteen years.

O. H. HALSTENSON OF PILOT, N. D., sends in the answer to the fox-and-geese puzzle and submits this one: Three men and their wives wish to cross a river. The boat in which they must cross can carry only two persons at a time. Because of jealousy no woman is permitted to be on either side the river with another man unless her husband also is present. How did get across?

W. P. DA VIES

That Reminds Me—W.RD.

DR. JOHN CREWE OF Rochester, Minn., who has been visiting his son, Jack Crewe, managing editor of The Herald, is an old resident of the Red river valley, his family having moved into this section in the early eighties. At different times the family lived near Crookston, in the vicinity of Euclid, and at Cummings, N. D. During his visit here Dr. Crewe drove to Buxton to call on Budd Reeve, an old and valued friend. Driving to Grand Forks he recognized a few miles east of Crookston a house built more than fifty years ago by an uncle. Dr. Crewe attended the University of North Dakota when President Sprague was at the head of that institution and shared with several other youths the dormitory quarters on the upper floor of "Old Main." Some of his reminiscences indicate that the students of that time must have made life a burden for Mrs. Sprague, who served as matron of the institution, and sometimes President Sprague found it necessary to intercede with his irate spouse in behalf of the unruly students. Like the state university the Agricultural college at Fargo was then in its infancy, and Dr. Crewe, who also attended that institution, assisted Dr. E. F. Ladd, later president of the college and still later United States senator, in the work of installing the equipment for the first chemical laboratory at the college.

IT WAS DURING HIS Residence at Cummings that the young man became acquainted with Dr. James Grassick, and it was Dr. Grassick who induced him to take up the study of medicine. At the recent celebration here of Dr. Grassick's 80th birthday anniversary one of the numerous messages of congratulation and appreciation was from Dr. John Crewe of Rochester.

WITH THE CURRENT ISSUE the Cavalier County Republican of Langdon, begins its forty-second year of publication. It has grown in those years from a little four-page sheet, hand set and printed on a shamm hand press, to a real newspaper, with machine-set type, printed on a modern power press and employing eight people. During recent years weekly newspapers of the better class have made wonderful progress in the character of their product and the condition of their business and Mark Forkner has in his Republican one of the best of the state's weeklies.

MRS. J. E. STEVENS OF Devils Lake writes:

"I have been very much interested in your column, not only for the puzzles, but for the historical notes, which are very interesting to old settlers. I am sending an arithmetical problem which I could never quite understand. Perhaps you may be able to solve it. My father taught it to me many years ago and he could never give the reason for the result. It is called 'casting out the 9's' a method of proving addition."

IT IS SO LONG SINCE I HAVE heard of casting out the 9's that I had forgotten all about it, and it took some time for me to remember how it was done. I suppose that few of the newer generation ever heard of it. Many years ago it was used quite frequently for checking the accuracy of addition, but that was before the days of adding machines. The method is a little difficult to describe, but it runs like this:

Add, in the usual manner, as many columns of figures as desired, writing down the sum as usual. Then, beginning with the upper left hand digit add across to the right until the sum equals or exceeds 9. Then subtract, or "cast out" the 9. Add the remainder, if any, to the next digit and continue until another 9 is reached, when it is cast out. The process is carried on from the end of one line to the beginning of the next, and so on to the end. Write down the remainder if any. Then apply the same process to the sum of the columns. The two remainders' should be alike. Thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1\ 2\ 4\ 5 \\ 3\ 6\ 0\ 8 \\ 7\ 2\ 2\ 5 \end{array}$$
$$1\ 2\ 0\ 7\ 8$$

Now, 1 plus 2 plus 4 plus 5 equals 12. Subtract or cast out 9 and the remainder is 3. Then 3 plus 3 plus equals 12; cast out 9 and the remainder is 3; 3 plus 0 plus 8 is 11; cast out 9, remainder! is 2; 2 plus 7 is 9; no remainder; 2 plus 2 plus 5 is 9. Final remainder 0. Now proceed the same way with the 0um; 1 plus 2 plus 7, is 10; cast out 9 and the remainder is 1; 1 plus 8 is 9. Remainder 0.

Mrs. Stevens is not the only person who has found it difficult to understand why this process works out as it does, I am not sure that I can give an intelligible explanation of it, but back of it all I understand the primary reason to be the fact that human beings have ten fingers and thumbs rather than some other number. I'll see if I can frame up a more precise- statement that can be understood. W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MRS. MAX KANNOVSKI, Having read an article in the adjoining editorial column on the invasion of Manchuria and Mongolia by rats from Siberia, furnishes additional information on the strange migrations of small animals. She writes concerning the lemmings of Norway:

"A RECENT ARTICLE IN THE National Geographic on Norway mentions these little animals. Living in the mountains of Northern Scandinavia, their numbers eventually outrun the food supply. Hence their migration seaward, over mountains, across rivers, until at last they reach the end of land and plunge into the ocean, not to swim away, but to drown. Nature has provided them with an instinct which tends to preserve the balance between food supply and population.

"A N O T H E R INTERESTING story of the sea comes from William Beebe. In the Sargasso sea one of his chief exploring places, are hatched two forms of eels. During the first year of their lives they swim slowly north in a body until they reach the latitude of Bermuda. Separating there, one stream goes westward to the fresh water streams from Florida to Canada, from which, a year or more before their parent eels emerged. The other stream, offspring of European eels, turns eastward and after about three years reaches the mouths of rivers from Spain to Norway, where the parent eels lived before them. After a dozen years or more spent in fresh water streams they suddenly turn ocean-ward, across thousands of miles of open sea to lay their eggs in the 'Sargasso sea, a voyage from which no eel ever returns. There is a story as amazing as it is inexplicable."

ANOTHER INTERESTING Migration is that of salmon. The habits of these fish have been care-fully observed for years, and thousands of the fish have been tagged, so that fairly accurate records of their movements could be made. From these records investigators have been convinced that after spending in some cases as long as seven years in the open ocean, often traveling thousands of miles from home, salmon return to spawn in the headwaters of the stream in which they were hatched, each fish finding its way with unerring instinct to its own birthplace. It has been said that when once a stream has been depopulated of salmon it will never be restocked except by the artificial planting of spawn, as no salmon, returning to fresh water to spawn, will ascend any but its own home stream. I believe that later investigation casts some doubt on the invariableness of this rule, but the general rule, I think, is accepted. We have in this case the remarkable fact of a fish, entering the ocean as a minnow, growing to maturity during years spent in the open ocean, amid its tides and currents, finding its way back to the particular river or creek in which it emerged from the egg.

O. KARINIEMI OF LAWTON, submits a correct answer, although not the lowest, to the Coconut problem. There is a rather odd coincidence in the fact that while unlimited millions of numbers above the lowest could be divided as stated in the problem, Mr. Kariniemi found the same number that was found by L. J. Zimmer of Grand Forks many days ago.

MY OLD FRIEND, "T. O." of 508 Chestnut, finds time to work puzzles when he is not building houses. He sends in the answer to the second "Ann" problem, also those concerning the car drive and the fox and goose. J. R. Clark and Normand Peterson, both of Grand Forks, have seen the point in the horse problem, and the latter sends in the following four questions, which are really not puzzles, but questions in straight arithmetic:

1—Provided that the circumference of a car's front tires be 7 feet and that of the rear tires 8 feet, how far had the car gone when the front wheels had made 51 more revolutions than the rear wheels?__

2~I have two herds of sheep. If I take one sheep from one of the herds and put it in the other herds, both herds will be equal. If I take one sheep from the smaller herd and place it in the larger, the latter will have twice as many as the former. How many sheep in each herd?

3—In crossing a river 400 feet wide a boat drifts 300 feet. How far did it go ?

4—At the extreme end of a log having a length of 5 feet and a circumference of 1 foot an ant was crawling when a boy started to roll the log in an effort to shake the ant off. By running toward the other end the ant managed to stay on top of the log in spite of the rolling. After having rolled the log around 12 complete revolutions, the boy became tired and quit. The ant had just reached the other end of the log. How far did he travel? W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE ANSWER TO THE Coconut problem has been found by various correspondents, some of whom have used algebra in their solutions, some arithmetic, and some, apparently, just plain experiment. Experiment enters into all the solutions offered except that from a Crookston correspondent who neglected to send in his name.

MR. FEINSTEIN, WHO Employed algebra in his solution, uses X to represent the original number and N the number received by each sailor on the final division. Typographical limitations make the algebraic statement difficult, but the process may be indicated as follows:

Four-fifths of X minus 1, or $\frac{4X}{5} - 1$ equals the number left 5 by the first sailor. Continuing the division according to the terms of the problem it is found that N or each man's share on the final division is one-fifth of the fraction $1024X$ minus 8404 divided by 3125, or in decimal form, $.065536X$ minus $.537356$.

Selecting a multiplier, digit by digit, which will eliminate this remainder it is found that the required value of X is 3121, which is the original number of coconuts.

FRED E. LEVI, who writes from the Ingham sanatorium at Lansing, Mich., reaches the same result by a similar method, but he approaches the problem from the other end.

THE CROOKSTON Correspondent finds that the number taken away in the first theft must be the fourth power of 5 or a multiple of such number. From this he finds the original number to be if 3121. He also finds that successive; correct numbers may be found by multiplying 625 by any of the numbers in the series 6, 11, 16, 21, etc., and using the result as a fresh basis of computation. He just misses the fact that it is the original number that governs the remainder and not the remainder that governs the original number. His method is very well worked out.

WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE simplest and most direct solution is this: Because the first division of the pile by 5 leaves a remainder of 1 the original number is 1 greater than a multiple of 5. The number taken by sailor and monkey together is one-fifth of the next higher multiple of 5, which is 4 greater than the original number. Each pile remaining after each theft is 4 less than four-fifths of the next higher multiple of 5. The pile remaining after all the thefts are completed is 4 less than four-fifths of four-fifths of four-fifths of four-fifths of four-fifths of the original number plus 4. The smallest number of which four-fifths can be taken successively five times without remainder is the fifth power of 5, which is 3125. This base number is 4 greater than the required number, which is 3121. The number remaining for the final division is the fifth power of 4, less 4, or 1020. Using the fifth power of 5, or 3125, as a base, all the other possible answers can be found by multiplying that number by any number in the series 6, 11, 16, etc., and subtracting 4 from the product. Thus: 3125 times 6 is 18,750. 18,750 minus 4 is 18,746, which is the number next in order above 3121.

THIS LITTLE PROBLEM seems to have provided entertainment to a large number of people, and it has been very interesting to observe the various methods of approach. An Arvilla correspondent who signs herself "Dumb Dora" has solved the mystery in the horse problem. Such problems are solved quite easily in quiet and solitude, but to get their full value one needs to spring them in the barber shop or at the sewing bee. W. P. DAVIES.

SOME TWENTY-FIVE OR thirty years ago Ezra Kendall appeared in Grand Forks for several seasons in plays which might be described as of the "Down East" type in a mid-west setting and without the Yankee twang. They were not great plays, nor was Kendall a great actor, but there was something homely about the plays that made them interesting, and Kendall had a quiet humor that was very effective. One scene in one of those plays comes back to me during every prolonged spell of dry weather.

THE PLAY WAS "WEATHER-beaten Benson." The story is that Benson, represented by Kendall, a middle-aged Ohio or Indiana farmer and trader, has gone to Kansas to look that new country over and has become enthusiastic over its possibilities. He buys all the land that he can buy with his small capital, returns home, and paints such glowing pictures of the West that his friends and neighbors are induced to try their fortunes there. A Kansas colony is formed with Benson as its general director. He guides the caravan to the new territory and assists the colonists in establishing themselves. Crops are planted, and there is excellent promise of good returns until dry weather sets in. Weeks pass without rain, and in the stage settings everything has a parched appearance. Grass for the cattle is scant. Wagon wheels shrink and fall apart, and ruin faces the colonists. Benson has been optimistic and has assured his people that rain will come. But as the days pass he finds it more and more difficult to keep up the flagging spirits of his friends. Discouragement generates anger, and poor Benson is held responsible for the misfortunes of the colony. Matters approach a crisis, and it is apparent that without rain the colony will be reduced to starvation, and Benson faces both the loss of his own property and the hatred of those whom he has sought to benefit.

THE SCENE IN WHICH THE climax comes is the very picture of drouth, and both the people and their surroundings have a shriveled appearance. Benson is in danger of being mobbed, but just at the critical moment the skies darken, lightning flashed, thunder crashes, and down comes the rain, straight down, in a great flood. In the play the water was no illusion, for real water came down from overhead in great streams and was caught in a waterproof canvas on the stage. The scene, represents a farm yard, and as the rain comes the people scurry for shelter—all but Benson. His old frame straightens up under the touch of the refreshing drops. He takes deep breaths of the moist air. He stretches forth his arms to get the full benefit of the flood, and, seeing on the ground a rusty pan which has become filled, he picks it up, feels the water with his hand, and then takes a long drink of it.

It takes a dry time to make one really appreciate what water means.

THERE IS A POEM ON RAIN two lines of which often come to my mind. They are:

All day the low-hung clouds
have dropped Their garnered fullness down. I have lost both the rest of the poem and the author's name. Can any reader identify them

I HAVE A LETTER FROM TH. W. O. Schmidt of Grand Forks on the "Casting Out of the 9's" concerning which Mrs. Stevens of Devils Lake wrote. Mr. Schmidt assumes that the results reached in the sample given are due to the selection of the figures and that similar results can be reached with any other figure. No selection is involved. Any set of numbers, no matters how large, may be taken at random and when the separate digits are added in the manner indicated, first in the quantities to be added, and then in the sum, and the 9's be cast out as directed the remainder in the one case will always equal the remainder in the other. This is true of any other number only in occasional and accidental cases. With 9 it cannot fail. It always works with 9, but it does not always work with any other number.
W. P. DA VIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

SOME OF MY FRIENDS HAVE told me of the trouble that they have had with some of the puzzles which have appeared in this column, not so much in the effort to solve them, but in the effort to let them alone. They are not concerned with either questions or answers, but when once a problem has been tackled they have found it almost impossible to drop it until the solution was reached.

I SUPPOSE THAT IS A Common experience. The unanswered question, whether important or not, intrudes itself at all sorts of inconvenient moments, like Banquo's ghost at Macbeth's banquet table or the head of King Charles, amid the literary labors of Dickens's Mr. Dick. Mark Twain had that experience with street car tickets. Somewhere he found that different colored tickets were given for different fares, and that each ticket had to be punched by the conductor in the passenger's presence. The facts resolved themselves into a jingle which ran in part something like this: "A buff trip slip for a six cent fare, A pink trip slip for a three cent fare. Punch, brothers, punch with care; Punch in the presence of the passengare."

THAT FOOLISH JINGLE SET itself to the rhythm of the car wheels clicking on the rails, to the ticking of the clock to the time of his own footsteps. He could not get rid of the thing. It was with him day and night. He lost sleep and weight and found no relief until, in telling his trouble to a friend he repeated the lines. The burden was immediately lifted from him and the next man started on his way to insanity.

I think that yarn occurs in "Roughing It." It's very good reading for an idle moment.

ANSWERS TO SEVERAL OF the puzzle problems which have appeared in this column are now given as follows:

The age of Ann, as in the original problem, is 18 years. In the second Ann problem Mary is 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old and Ann 16 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the third age problem the two ages are 28 and 21. The car problem is impossible, as all of the time required for making an average speed of 30 miles an hour for the round trip is used in going one way.

There is a twist in the horse problem in that the testator willed only 17-18 of his property instead of 17-17, and the-administrator was therefore enabled to slip something over—which served the old man right.

In the fox-and-geese problem the fox is taken across the stream first, then either the geese or the corn, and the fox is brought back. The other members of the group is taken across and then the man returns for the fox.

The water jar problem may be solved in two ways. One is to fill the five-gallon jar and from it fill the three-gallon jar, leaving two gallons in the larger jar. The smaller jar is then emptied and the two gallons remaining in the other jar is poured into it. The five-gallon jar is then filled. The small jar will hold just one gallon more, and when this is poured in from the five in the other there will be four gallons left. The answer to the car wheel problem is 2,856 feet.

The number of sheep in each herd in the sheep problem is 5 and 7. The boat in the river crossing problem travels 400 feet, the diagonal of a right-angled triangle whose other sides are 300 and 400 feet.

The ant problem is also a question of diagonals. The ant travels 13 feet, the diagonal of a rectangle 5 feet by 12 feet.

J. R. CLARK, WHO ANSWERS the last four questions, notes the fact that as the ant travels in a straight line, his actual distance through space is only 5 feet. That is true, so far as the surrounding topography is concerned. But, as Dr. Einstein insists, everything is relative, and in relation to the object on which he is walking, the ant covers the greater distance. —W. P. PAVIES.

I AM REMINDED BY THE strange disappearance of Van Lear Black, millionaire Baltimore publisher, from his yacht off the New Jersey coast, of a nautical adventure in which Paul Patterson of the Baltimore Sun figured a few years ago. Paul Patterson is president of the company which publishes the Baltimore Sun, one of the papers in which Mr. Black was heavily interested.

THE INCIDENT OCCURRED IN the Caribbean in 1924. The American battle fleet was engaged in maneuvers near its base at Culebra, a little island just off the east coast of Porto Rico. A party of newspaper men were with the fleet to see that everything went properly. Happy Paulson of the Fargo Forum and I were among those present, as was Paul Patterson. There were operations afloat, ashore and in the air, and those who wished were given rides in the seaplanes in service. Many of us availed ourselves of the opportunity and for most of us the experience was delightful. Patterson, however, met with an accident. The plane in which he rode, with a pilot and mechanic, sailed around for some time and when several miles from land it was seen to alight. That was not according to program, and it was evident that something was wrong. Motor boats were dispatched to the scene, and when they arrived the three men were found clinging to the upper works of the plane, which was kept afloat by the pontoons, but much of which was submerged and swept by the waves, which, fortunately, were not large. The three men had donned life preservers and had discarded their shoes so as to be ready for action.

They were in no immediate danger, as the pontoons were buoyant, but they would not have withstood pounding in rough weather, and the sea thereabout contained too many sharks to make a plunge into it a pleasant thing to contemplate.

IN COMMENTING ON THE problem of the casting out of the 9's, submitted by Mrs. Stevens of Devils Lake, I remarked that the explanation of the curiosity is based on the fact that we have ten fingers and thumbs instead of some other number. It will be difficult to make that clear, but I'll do my best. A restatement of the puzzle may help. Let any number of columns of figures be added in the usual way, as in the following example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2\ 4\ 6\ 8 \\ 1\ 3\ 5\ 7 \\ 9\ 7\ 5\ 3 \end{array}$$

13 5 7 S

Now the figures in the added columns from left to right until their sum equals or exceeds 9. The 9 is then eliminated and the remainder, if any, is carried forward and the addition proceeds until another 9 is reached, and so on to the end, when the final remainder, if any, is set down. The same process is repeated with the sum of the quantities. If the addition has been correct the two remainders must be the same.

In the above example 2 plus 4 plus 6 is 12. Drop 9, remainder 3. 3 plus 8 is 11. Drop 9, remainder 2. 2 plus 1 plus 3 plus 5 is 11. Drop 9, remainder 2. 2 plus 7 is 9, no remainder. The next figure is 9, again no remainder. 7 plus 5 is 12, remainder 3. 3 plus 3 is 6, which is the final remainder. Applying the same method to the sum, 1 plus 3 plus 5 is 9. No remainder. 7 plus 8 is 15. Final remainder 6. This checks with the other remainder, as it must if the addition is correct.

This, like many other curiosities of numbers, is based on our use of the decimal system, and the decimal system, according to many authorities, was probably developed from the practice of primitive people of counting with their fingers. Thus, objects up to and including 9 would be represented by separate characters, while when 10, or a "full hand" was reached, a fresh start would be made with the 1 in a different position. When we write the number 12 we mean to designate a quantity of 1 ten and 2 units.

But if our system were based on 9 instead of 10, we should designate a dozen objects by writing 13, that is, one 9 and 3 units. The test in the casting out process depends on the fact that when we subtract from a multiple of 10 all the 9's that can be subtracted, the remainder, if any, must equal the number of nines subtracted. Thus, 10 is 1 nine plus 1. 20 is 2 nines plus 2, and so on.

ALL THIS IS SOMEWHAT hazy, but perhaps Mrs. Stevens may be able to make sense of it. This process was used quite often many years ago in checking the accuracy of addition. It is not infallible, J. however. If the two remainders are not alike, it is certain that something is wrong, but the remainders may be alike and the addition still be wrong. For this reason I much prefer an adding machine in the hands of a competent operator,

W. Po DA VIES,

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A letter, from a friend who, after solving the original coconut problem by the original coconut problem the elimination of remainders experimented with other number combinations of like nature, and in that connection he submits this:

I have just tried these problems by your formula, and it -seems that the first will work out, three men and a monk, 3 to the third power less two equals-25. But in the second case four men and a monk, four to the fourth power equals 256, this less three equals 253, which will not work, that is the number remaining for the last division is 78 which is not divisible by four for the four men; 78 is the fourth power of three less three. I haven't looked at this very long but it seems that I am badly off the track or that the formula does not have universal application.

HIS FIGURES ARE RIGHT, but he has not followed the thing quite far enough. The base number in all such cases is the number of men raised to a- power equal to itself, as, 5 to the 5th power, 4 to the 4th power, etc., depending on the number of men involved. The ratio of nuts given to the monkey to the original number varies with the number of men, or number of divisions made, hence the last remainder left after the base number has been subjected to the routine process is not always exactly divisible by the number of men. If there is a remainder, as in the case of four men, it can be eliminated by in-creasing the base number by some multiple. If the original base yields a remainder of 1, twice the base will give a remainder of 2, three times the base one of 3, and so on until the remainder equals the divisor, which necessarily eliminates it. In the case of four men the first base gives a remainder of 2. Twice the base could t leave a remainder of 3, which will not do. But 3 times the base increases the remainder to four and eliminates it. The process in this case would be:

Base number 256 multiplied by 3 equals 768. Subtract 3 and we have 765, the original number of nuts. The pile left for final division will be the fourth power of 3, or 81, multiplied by 3, giving 243, less 3, equals 240, which is divisible by 4.

I think the formula holds good, although of course complications; can be introduced which will make the problem impossible. Persons who like to play with figures may find amusement in testing it with larger numbers, and with giving the monkey two or more coconuts at a time.

THE CORRESPONDENT springs another, which some readers may remember:

A problem of the same type is as follows: A man went into-a store and bought a- hat for five dollars, giving a twenty dollar bill in payment. The store could not change, but sent the bill across the street to the bank for change, and promptly received twenty dollars in smaller currency. The store delivered to the man the hat and fifteen dollars in change. The man disappeared and was never seen again; but the bank very soon discovered that the twenty dollar bill was counterfeit, returned it to the store with this word and received twenty dollars in good money. Who has lost and .how much? The problem is very easy, but sprung on a group in an automobile or a parlor, it is likely to get two or three incorrect answers and to start an argument before the correct answer is given. The same correspondent offers another problem which is a humdinger, but I haven't room for it today. I think those who have tackled the coconut problem will find it quite as interesting.

—W. P. DAVIES.

MY FRIEND WILLIAM GILES, who homesteaded near Emerado in 1885 and has been a resident of Grand Forks for a good many years, came to North Dakota from Huron county, Ontario. He has reminded me of the logging bees which were once common in the timbered sections of the east. Land had to be cleared of timber to make way for cultivated crops, and vast quantities of fine timber were burned to get it out of the way, as there was no demand for it. The farmer would spend a good share of the winter felling and trimming trees and cutting the trunks up into lengths which could be handled conveniently. Quite often he would announce a logging bee, which all the neighbors would attend, bring their oxen to do the heavy hauling. The scattered logs would be dragged and rolled into great heaps almost like stacks of hay and the smaller growth would be added to make everything ready for the torch. The women of the neighborhood would be busy during the day preparing food, which was consumed in enormous quantities, and the proceedings would be wound up with a dance in the evening.

Almost every neighborhood had one or more fiddlers, but sometimes the demand exceeded the supply. Mr. Giles recalls one of the young men of his neighborhood who filled in when emergencies arose, and who seems to have been an unusually resourceful fellow. He played the flute, and sometimes when a fiddler was not available he would provide the music. Occasionally when he had not brought his flute the fiddler would turn up missing, and on such occasions the flutist would wrench the handle off: a tin dipper, punch a few holes in it, and tootle away very acceptably. I have heard of many curious musical instruments, but that is a new one.

IT IS OFTEN URGED THAT all boys should be taught how to use firearms in order that they may be prepared to deal with lawless characters. I am for training in the use of firearms, but I am not sure how far it would go toward checking banditry. There was a time when men quite generally expected to have to use weapons to protect themselves. Then they learned to use guns, kept in practice, and kept their weapons handy. They had that sort of thing pretty constantly on their minds. Now, in spite of the fact that there seems to be considerable shooting going on, few of us really expect to be shot at or to be called on to do any shooting. It appears likely, therefore, that the average man, even though a good marksman, might have some difficulty in remembering where he put his revolver if he woke up in the middle of the night and found a robber pointing a gun at him.

I don't know how good a marks man my father was, but he kept a revolver in the house. Being questioned on the subject by a friend once he said:

"Certainly I have a revolver. I always keep one in the house. It makes me feel much safer to have I one and to know just where it is."

"But," said the friend, "Aren't you afraid to have such a weapon around where the children might get hold of it?"

"Oh," replied Father, "I always watch out for that. I never have it loaded. In fact, I haven't any cartridges for it. And I keep it in the bottom of a trunk under a lot of clothes. I don't like to run any risks with the children, and another thing, there's no telling when I might get mad and want to shoot somebody. But this way, by the time I dig the revolver out of the trunk, and go to the store and buy some cartridges, and get the thing loaded, I would probably have cooled off."

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT at Brocket sends in a correct answer to the water jar puzzle, and submits another along the same order:

A boy was sent to the river with a 3-pint vessel and a 5-pint vessel to bring back 7 pints of water. How did he do it?

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT question, Robert Johnson of La river without precipitating a row side of the river with another m DAVIES

That Reminds Me— W.P.D.

"LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set but all, Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh Death!"

THOSE LINES HAVE BEEN quoted thousands of times, but they are never more appropriate than when death comes in the midst of youth and strength and vigor, as it has just come to two Grand Forks young men.

Jack Crewe had been a member of The Herald force less than a year. Within that time he had come to be valued by his associates as a fellow worker and loved by them as a friend. He had finished his afternoon work on Wednesday and had gone for a spin in the air with his friend Harold Barnes. Within an hour came the news of the fatal crash, and this life of promise was ended.

Harold Barnes was the son of one of our old and respected families. Many of us had known him since his childhood, through his school years, and into business life. Fascinated by the adventure of flight, he had become proficient in the handling of a plane, and had made numerous successful flights. With him death was instantaneous.

It is needless to say that the profound sympathy of the community goes out to Dr. Crewe, one of the early residents of the state, who only recently visited his son here and revived memories of earlier days, and the members of the Barnes family, who are so sadly bereaved.

A. L. BISHOP, A WINONA, Minn., banker, has been making one of his periodical tours of this section of the Northwest checking up on properties in which his several institutions are interested. Mr. Bishop is a former resident of North Dakota, having been associated for several years with the Beisekers of Fessenden. During his residence at Fessenden he engaged extensively in the farm loan business, and this line was continued after his removal to Winona. His companies, like all others engaged in similar business, came into possession, very much against their will, of large tracts of farm land in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana which they expect to sell as the demand for such lands improves.

MR. BISHOP IS FULLY AWARE of the present depression in agriculture, but he says that whenever he is inclined to take a gloomy view of the situation he recalls his first and only interview with James J. Hill and cheers up. Not long before the death of the great railway builder Mr. Bishop had a business conference, with his son, Li. W. Hill, with whom he was acquainted, and who, after the conference, took him in to call on James J. The office, as those who have visited it will remember, resembled more the headquarters of a livestock man than those of a railway magnate, for the walls were decorated with pictures of the blooded stock in which Mr. Hill was so intensely interested. Mr. Hill talked freely for half an hour, chiefly about agriculture. This was in the early days of the World war, before American participation. Wheat was selling above two dollars, and the outlook was rosy. Nevertheless, Mr. Hill, looking forward, predicted reaction and depression almost exactly as they have occurred. "But," he said, "agriculture will come back, and when it does, the Northwest will come back stronger than ever."

That prediction, says Mr. Bishop, has given him a lot of comfort, for he believes that the same vision which enabled James J. Hill to foresee extravagant speculation and subsequent reaction, was equally clear in its estimate of the still more distant future. Hence, when things look gloomy, he recalls that visit with James J. Hill and cheers up. —W. P. DAVIES.

I AM INDEBTED TO E.C. Grain of Arvilla for a copy of the poem on rain for which I inquired the other day, and to Mrs. E. J. Lander of Grand Forks for the author's name. Mr. Grain sent the poem, clipped from an old Fifth reader of unknown date, but in that publication the poem had been credited simply to Blackwood's Magazine, without the author's name. While I was wondering how to ascertain the authorship Mrs. Lander solved my problem with the information that the verses are by Caroline A. Southey, wife of Robert Southey, poet laureate of Great Britain more than a century ago. The poem, entitled "An April Day," gives an effective picture of a quiet spring rain. The verses follow:

AN APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped Their garnered fullness down; All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped Hill, valley, grove, and town. There has not been a sound today To break the calm of nature, Nor motion, I might almost say, Of life, or living creature; Of waving bough, or warbling bird, Or cattle faintly lowing; I could have half believed I heard The leaves and blossoms growing, I stood to hear—I love it well, The rain's continuous sound: Small drops, but thick and fast they fell, Down straight into the ground. For leafy thickness is not yet Earth's naked breast to screen, Though every dripping branch is set With shoots of tender green. Sure, since I looked at early morn, Those honeysuckle buds Have swelled to double growth; that thorn Hath put forth larger studs. That lilac's cleaving cones- have burst, The milk-white flowers revealing; Even 'now, upon my senses first Methinks their sweets are stealing. The very earth, the steamy air, Is all with fragrance rife; And grace and beauty everywhere Are flushing into life. Down, down they come,—those fruitful stores, Those earth-rejoicing drops! A momentary deluge pours, Then thins, decreases, stops. And ere the dimples on the stream Have circled out of sight, Lo! from the west a parting gleam Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud, Comes down the glittering rain; The farewell of a passing cloud, The fringes of her train.

MRS. SOUTHEY'S LINES WERE written for April and they may perhaps be read most appropriately during a spring rain. But any rain will do, and even in a dry time one can use his imagination.

DR. ROBERT HUTGHINSON of London told the members of the medical profession at the Winnipeg meeting some interesting things about diet. Dr. Hutchinson's views on diet appear to be quite similar, to those of an earlier practitioner who was asked by a patient if he should eat a certain food. "Do you like it?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the patient. "I'm very fond of it." "Does it agree with you?" "Perfectly. It never gives me any trouble at all."

"Then eat it," was the comforting- advice.

Dr. Hutchinson seems to think that the normal person, using common sense in following his tastes, will get a pretty well balanced diet without thinking much about it. And what is life worth if one has to spend very much of it counting calories and vitamins and eating things as a matter of duty?

—W. P. DAVIES.

READERS OF THIS COLUMN who have wrestled, successfully or unsuccessfully, with the coconut problem should sharpen their pencils and provide themselves with plenty of paper, for I have another that will keep them busy. Here it is, just as it was sent in by the friend whom I mentioned the other day:

Five women went to town with 500 yards of cloth which they sold for \$500. The first woman sold her cloth for \$100. The second woman sold her cloth for \$100, but at \$1 less per yard than the first. The third woman sold her cloth for \$100, but at \$1 less per yard than the second. The fourth also sold her cloth for \$100, but at \$1 less per yard than the third. And the fifth in the same way sold her cloth for \$100, but at \$1 less per yard than the fourth. How many yards did each sell and what was price per yard in each case. It is a straightforward problem with no catch. It can be solved with only one unknown; but it involves extracting the fifth root, and unless we had access to certain tables and knew how to use them, the most of us would pass it up.

THE WRITER'S COMMENT on the problem was discouraging. Anything requiring the extraction of the fifth root would probably be too much for most of my readers. It would be very much too much for me. With most of my school companions I used to repeat the bit of doggerel:

Multiplication is vexation; Division is as bad; The rule of three, it puzzles me, And factions drive me mad.

It isn't quite as bad as that, but I when it comes to fifth roots and, fourth dimensions, I am simply not there. The cloth question, however, looked intriguing. I wondered if it might not be possible to solve it without extracting so many roots, and after some examination I am convinced that it can be done. I am broadcasting it, therefore, in order that everyone may have a chance at it. In fairness to those who may be tempted I should say that according to my examination of it the solution uses up more decimals than I have time to deal with, so that the several quantities, prices and yards, do not check with complete accuracy.

A WESTHOPE SUBSCRIBER writes: "I am writing you about a story which has been circulated quite freely, this summer, and the suggestion has been made to write The Herald to verify it. The story is that over the gate to President Hoover's ranch in California there is a sign 'No White Help Wanted.' I should be glad to have information about this."

THE STORY IS QUITE NEW to me, and I have no information on the subject. Offhand, I do not believe it. If the alleged sign read merely "No- Help Wanted," it would be easy to understand the conditions which had made something of the sort necessary. There are persons of all sorts and conditions who have a passion for contact, no matter how remote, with celebrities, and one can readily imagine that those who have charge of the president's farm are besieged -by applicants for jobs from persons whose real desire is not to Work, but to be able to boast that they have been employed by the president of the United States. Some steps might be necessary to shoo such people away. But the reference to white labor particularly does not seem to fit in with any of the known facts or probabilities. ~W. P. DA VIES*