

FIRST JOBBING HOUSE

Henry Truelsen Thinks He is Entitled to Be
Called Duluth's First Wholesale
Merchant.

He Relates Some Reminiscences of Early Life
In the Zenith City and the Peo-
ple Then Here.

Election of the First Mayor and the Murder
of Northrop By a Gang On
That Day.

The story of the inception and evolution of Duluth is old, yet ever new. Those who, with their own hands, wrought portions of the history, and with their own eyes beheld the resistless and inevitable effects of time and circumstances, like the aged warrior, love to hear the old, old stories. Those who have since appeared upon the scene consider that a full knowledge of the past not only of the deepest interest, but an invaluable guide to the future with all its great triumphs and half realized possibilities.

First, in the shady portion of the 50's came the "fish eaters," who were the John the Baptists of civilization at the head of the lakes. In some respects, John the Baptist was in better shape, for he had garments, of soft camel's hair to wear, and succulent locust pods and delicious wild honey to eat. The "fish-eaters" were strangers to white flour but not strangers to garments of buckskin, and as for their daily food only too many times were they compelled to fall back upon the members of the funny tribe captured by hook or crook in the chilly waters of Gitche Gumee.

The dark days of the rebellion came and went. The days of reconstruction drew on apace and in the declining days of the '60's the "fish-eaters" were steadily reinforced by those who were to hasten the miracle of the consummation of the prince of cities—Duluth.

Alderman Cox lays claim to having started the first successful manufacturing enterprise in this city. The story was told some months ago in The Herald's columns. The man who holds undisputed claim to having established the first wholesale house in Duluth is Henry Truelsen, president of the board of public works. While in a reminiscent mood recently, he spoke somewhat at length of his pioneer days. With his consent The Herald has reproduced his modest tale.

"Twenty-four years ago the 8th of next May," said Mr. Truelsen, "I first saw Duluth. The charter of the St. Paul & Duluth railway required that road, when extended, to stop in Minnesota at Lake Superior on this side of the bay. Full operations for the extension from White Bear were under way and there was much excitement in the northern part of the United States over the importance to which Duluth would rise in consequence.

"I had been keeping books for my brother at Eagle River, Mich., before I decided to cast my lot here. Superior was quite lively then and as there was as yet no hotel in Duluth, all new comers were compelled to stop at the city across the bay. I first landed in Duluth at Peyton & Kimball's dock. Capt. Thompson, who now lives at Washburn, was then running a small ferry across the bay. There was a small sawmill on Connor's Point on the other side, while on this side, the houses were few and the only population a few 'fish eaters' and a sprinkling of halfbreeds. Superior street was a county road that had just been cut through. The forest on the hillside ran right down to it and when a new settler wished to erect his cabin, he was compelled to clear away the forest where now stand huge brick blocks and magnificent homes. The street was very rolling, up and down, like billows on the sea. Its present comparatively level condition is due to filling in the hollows.

"On Minnesota Point there were not over ten houses. Commodore Saxon lived there and Dr. Foster was running his newly born paper, 'The Minnesotan,' in a small shack in the place. Among others who were here at the time, I remember Clinton Markell and J. D. Ray. Portland division had less than half a dozen houses and but little of the city was then laid out. Oneota, to the west, had possibly seventy-five people.

"As I said, I got here in 1869. I wanted to go into business but could find no building to rent. If I erected one, my capital was so limited I would have none left with which to purchase a stock and run a business, so I hired out. My first work was mixing mortar for Peterson & Tucker. I followed that all summer, and in the fall of '69 worked on a gravel train on Rice's Point. It finally fell to my lot to boss the gang that laid the rails on the St. Paul & Duluth railway into Duluth. In January, 1870, I helped blast rock and build the breakwater at the old elevator at the East End. All the business then was east of Second avenue east. Portland was the center. When the ship canal was built, Lake avenue was the favored spot.

"After I got through with my job blasting rock, I formed a partnership with Mike Pastoret in the grocery and saloon business. I attended to the former and he to the latter, the firm being Pastoret & Truelsen. In the fall of '71 I bought him out, abolished the saloon and pushed the grocery business. At that time Duluth was a stranger to traveling men. Our goods were purchased from traders who came up from Detroit. They carried quite an assortment, aside from fruit, butter, eggs and provisions, and

anything they did not have, took orders and delivered the goods the next trip. When they reached port we local dealers in Duluth would strike for the landing, sing out, 'Well, what have you got today?' and then nearly tear them to pieces in our efforts to see who would get the first chance at the produce. The principal traders of that kind were Hi Holmes, 'Big' Holmes and George Smith, who now travels for a Detroit cigar house, and whom, by the way, I accidentally met on the street one day this week. Hi Holmes is up at Portage and I don't know what became of his brother.

"My grocery business prospered and from time to time I increased my line of goods, adding clothing and then boots and shoes. From the time I struck Du-

luth until the panic in 1873 times and trade were good. After that the town dwindled down from 5000 to 2500 people. Many failures resulted, credits were sent glimmering, men with corner lots were not considered good for a sack of flour—in fact the man who could control a sack of flour was king in those days. About 1879, things started up again and gradually improved. I built up a large wholesale trade, supplied all the lumbermen and in seasons of depression carried men who now are independent financially of times and circumstances. I think no one will deny the statement that I was the pioneer wholesaler of Duluth.

"In those early days we were wonderfully happy and contented. Every man lived simply and within his income. All were acquainted and there were no elaborate amusements. Once in awhile there would be a social gathering, a little dance, some music and things of that kind. The churches soon came. When I got here there was one little school house in Portland. In that was held the election by which Duluth's first mayor was chosen. J. B. Culver was the man honored and a man worthy of honor he was, too.

"I will remember that day by this scar on my cheek and the fact that murder was committed. There had been working on the railroad a gang of men called the 'murderous 300,' and tearers they were. They had been sent out from the slums of Philadelphia. They all came into town election day. Trouble resulted and the gang got after a man named Northrop. He ran into a butcher shop at First avenue east and Superior street and slipped out the back door to get to his house at the corner of Second avenue east and Second street. The butcher came to the door and stood off the gang with a long knife. It was soon found that Northrop had escaped. The roughs started after him and met his brother coming down the hill. A dispute followed in which the brother was stabbed, his death following in a few hours.

"I was standing on the shop steps under a wooden awning. I thought the gang had passed and looked out after it. A member of it came along and hit me under the eye with a stone, of which this scar you see is the result. A friend led me down to the water and washed off the blood which saved me from being taken for

one of the toughs.

"Several of that gang were indicted and sent up. One who went to the penitentiary was the son of the mayor of Philadelphia, who had gone to the dogs and then drifted west with the scum of the streets. He afterwards was pardoned through the efforts of those in high positions.

"In 1879, I erected my large store on Lake avenue. An offer of a lot free was made me if I would locate on Superior street. I laughed at it and built on the avenue. Today the Superior street lot is worth \$60,000, but there was nothing then to indicate such a future. That was another case showing that man's foresight is not as good as his hindsight."

JOHN GOUZE, ELY OLD TIMER DIES

AFTER AN ILLNESS OF OVER A YEAR'S DURATION, JOHN GOUZE, AN OLD RESIDENT OF THIS CITY DIED YESTERDAY MORNING.

Death claimed another old time resident of this city yesterday morning when John Gouze, who has resided here for the past thirty-five years, died after an illness of a year of dropsy.

John Gouze came to this country from Europe and was among the early settlers here. He was born in Jugo-Slavia sixty years ago. The first years in Ely, he was an employe of the mining company. Later he entered into business and was one



of the charter members and organizers of the South Slavonic Catholic Union in which society he held the position of Treasurer for many years. For the past two years he was connected with the Fourth Commissioner road crew under Commissioner Fay.

The funeral will take place tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon. Surviving him are four daughters and one son. All were at his bedside when the end came. The son is John Gouze, a resident here, and the daughters are Mrs. Mason Alt and Mrs. Jack Hewett of Los Angeles, California, and Misses Margaret and Amelia Gouze of this city.

During Mr. Gouze's residence in this city he has been prominent in civic and political affairs. For several years he held the position of Alderman of Ely, a member of the Ely Fire Department and has held other responsible positions in the city.

The sorrowing family have the sympathy of a host of friends in their bereavement.

CUBAN HIGHWAY TO

MRS. GOUZE DIES

OLD RESIDENT OF THE CITY
PASSES MONDAY MORNING.

Mrs. John Gouze died Monday morning after an illness dating back several years. She was a sufferer with dropsy and has been under the care of physicians for the past three years during which time she has been near death many times.

Mrs. Gouze was born in Austria 46 years ago. She was married in this city to Mr. Gouze and has resided here for the past 27 years. Her husband and six children, five girls and one boy, survive her. The children are Mrs. Marko Bluth of this city, Mrs. David M. Schwartz of Duluth and Jane, Margaret, Amelia and Johnny of this city and at home with their father. She also leaves three sisters, Mrs. Geo. Klobuchar of Calumet, Mich., Mrs. Gozvoda of Laurium, Mich., Mrs. Frank Mihelich of Aurora.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon from the Catholic church, Rev. Father Mihelcic officiating. The funeral was largely attended and the floral offerings were many and beautiful. Those from out of the city who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mihelich of Aurora, Mrs. S. Bozich of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gouze of Chisholm and Mr. and Mrs. J. Matkovich of Virginia.

The bereaved family have the sympathy of a host of friends in their loss of wife and mother.

Pioneer Duluth Resident Dies

Louis Christensen, a former city alderman, restaurant owner and retired mail carrier who had resided in Duluth for three quarters of a century, died at his home at 4718 West Fourth street yesterday at the age of 78.

A native of Denmark, Mr. Christensen was brought to Duluth at the age of 3 years and had resided here since.

From 1902 until his retirement in 1932, Mr. Christensen was a mail carrier. Prior to that time he had served as an alderman under the old municipal form of government in Duluth, and before taking public office he had been associated with John W. Miller, then operator of a chain of restaurants in Duluth and vicinity and the founder of the present Miller cafeteria here.

Mr. Christensen was a member of a municipal committee which determined the location of the intake pipes in Lake Superior from whence comes Duluth's supply of water.

He was a life member of Palestine lodge, AF&AM; Duluth chapter 59, Royal Arch Masons; Euclid chapter 56, Order of Eastern Star; the International Order of Foresters and the Letter Carriers' association. Until his retirement he had been active in civic and fraternal affairs.

Surviving him are his widow, Magdalena; two daughters, Miss Leona and Mrs. George Loyear of Duluth; two sons, Sgt. Wesley Christensen of Camp Carson, Colo., and Louis H. of Milwaukee; a sister, Mrs. Petra Stauff of Toledo, and two grandchildren.



LOUIS CHRISTENSON.

Longtime Resident Dies at 96



*Mrs. Magdalena
Christensen*

Mrs. Magdalena Christensen, 96, who is believed to have resided in Duluth longer than any other resident, died Monday at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Aage Kaas, 4402 Pitt St.

She had been a Duluth resident since 1869, arriving here at the age of six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Truelson. Her father was Duluth's mayor from 1896 to 1900. He was instrumental in bringing the Duluth water system under municipal control and establishing the Lakewood Pumping Station.

Her husband, Louis, a Duluth mailman, died in 1943. Mrs. Christensen was born in Eagle River, Mich.

She was a member of the Lakeside Presbyterian Church, a charter member of the Euclid Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star and a member of the Letter Carriers' Auxiliary. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Irma Loyear and Mrs. Aage Kaas, both of Duluth; two sons, Wesley, Duluth, and Louis, Port Richey, Fla.; 15 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

November 27, 1912.

CHRISTENSEN FUNERAL TODAY

Woman, 88 Years of Age, Came
to Duluth With Her Hus-
band in 1870.

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Christensen, 88 years old, pioneer resident of Duluth, who died Sunday at Chicago while visiting relatives, will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence of her son, Louis Christensen, 520 North Sixtieth avenue West. Interment will be in the Scandinavian cemetery.

Mrs. Christensen came to Duluth with her husband in 1870. He died a few years ago. She leaves the one son, with whom she has been making her home for some years, and five daughters. The latter are: Mrs. P. E. Stauff of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. R. Johnson of Chicago; Miss Alvina Christensen of Chicago; Miss Emma Christensen - of Oakland, Cal., and Miss Johanna Christensen of Toledo, Ohio.

Christensen Funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Christensen, 88 years old, pioneer resident of Duluth, who died Sunday evening while visiting her children at Chicago, was here at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the residence of her son, Louis Christensen, 520 North Sixtieth

MRS. MARY CHRISTENSEN DIES IN CHICAGO

While visiting her children at Chicago, Mrs. Mary M. Christensen, 88 years old, one of the pioneer residents of West Duluth, died suddenly Sunday evening from a paralytic stroke. The body was brought to Duluth this morning.

Mrs. Christensen came to Duluth with her husband in 1870, the latter dying here several years ago. She is survived by the following children: Louis Christensen of 520 North Sixtieth avenue west; Mrs. P. E. Stauff,



MRS. MARY CHRISTENSEN.

Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. R. Johnson, Chicago; Miss Alvina Christensen, Chicago; Miss Emma Christensen, Oakland, Cal., and Miss Johanna Christensen, Toledo. For the past few years she made her home with her son in West Duluth.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the residence of her son, Louis Christensen, 520 North Sixtieth avenue west. Interment will be at the Scandinavian cemetery.

PIONEER IS DEAD AT DULUTH HOME

Mrs. Mary Grams, 86, who came to Duluth 65 years ago and resided here since, died this morning in her home, 32 West Ninth street.

She came to Duluth in 1872, a score of years before railroads were built into Duluth and before the community became incorporated.

She was a member of St. Mary's Star of the Sea church. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Louis Kusnierek and Anna Grams; one son, Frank Grams, all of Duluth, and three grandchildren.

Gnesen Pioneer Dies on Birthday

The first white settler in the township of Gnesen, Martin Lepak, died this morning on his 94th birthday at his home, route 4, box 497. He left more than 100 descendants.

Born in Poland, he came to the United States in 1869 and settled in Gnesen in 1870. In 1872 he was married. His wife died 21 years ago. He was a member of St. Joseph Catholic church of Gnesen.

He is survived by four sons, Anton, William and Joseph, all of Gnesen, and John of Oklahoma City, Okla.; four daughters, Mrs. Steve Dunaiski, Duluth; Mrs. Mary LaBud, Cloquet; Mrs. Joseph Guzek, Fertile, and Mrs. Stall Rozek, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 55 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

DULUTH DEATHS

MUSOLF, PIONEER AND JAY COOKE'S FRIEND, IS DEAD

Martin Musolf, aged 87, one of Duluth's earliest pioneers and a friend of Jay Cooke in the Northwest's early days, died last night at his home, 2856 Wicklow street, after a four weeks' illness.

Mr. Musolf came to Duluth in 1853, by stage-coach from Hinckley, Minn., in company with the late Judge Ensign, with whom he remained warm friends through their many years' residence in Duluth. He met and became a personal friend of Jay Cooke after his arrival in Duluth.

Mr. Musolf was engaged in the construction of the first railroad from St. Paul to Duluth, the old St. Paul & Duluth road. For many years he was a molder at the Clyde Iron Works and was still employed by that company as gate tender until his final illness began four weeks ago. He was pensioned as gate tender a few years ago after advancing age made it impossible for him to continue as a molder.

Born Nov. 11, 1842, in Posen, Poland, Mr. Musolf came to America when a young man. He was a member of the Polish alliance. Four years ago he and Mrs. Musolf, who survives him, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Besides his widow, he is survived by: Sons, Peter, S. E., Roman, Duluth; Col. Joseph J. Musolf, Fond du Lac, Wis., and Thomas Musolf, Seattle, Wash.; daughters, Mrs. Judith Dietrich, Mrs. M. Jamrock and Mrs. Clifford Nys, Duluth; Mrs. Mac Malender, Moorhead, Minn., and Mrs. Walter Dewey, Minneapolis.

The body is at Grady mortuary. Funeral services will be at 9 a. m. Saturday from Sts. Peter and Paul Polish Catholic church, Twenty-fourth avenue west and Fifth street, with interment in Calvary cemetery.

HENRY, JR., EXPOSED.

Mayor's Son Was Married Six Weeks Ago.

There was an exposure at the city hall yesterday. It transpired that Henry Truelsen, Jr., the mayor's private secretary, has been deceiving his friends and leading a double life for weeks. Alderman Trevillion is the one who was instrumental in tearing the mask from the dissimulating official and holding him up to the world in his true colors. The story of the expose is this: The official in question yesterday slipped into Alderman Trevillion's store and, taking the clerk around behind a barrel of fish, asked him, in muffled tones, to send some butter, eggs, flour and several varieties of soap to No. 320 Sixteenth avenue southeast. Having delivered his order, Henry stole out of the back door and left the place by way of the alley. The clerk entered the order in the book and the alderman saw it. He scratched his head.

"320 Sixteenth avenue southeast—the mayor doesn't live there," he said to himself. Then a suspicion crossed his mind. "Give me 26—2 rings," he called to central.

The voice from the mayor's office the alderman thought he recognized as belonging to Henry, junior. It happened, however, to be the mayor's.

"Are you married?" ejaculated Trevillion.

"Why, I believe not," responded the mayor, starting at the inquiry.

The alderman recognized the mayor's voice now, and explained. As the mayor hung up the transmitter, a change passed rapidly over his face.

"Ha," he groaned, as he tottered to his luxurious private office, "my boy married—the taint is indeed in the blood—it seems to run in the family."

Just then Henry entered the neat little office he calls his own. His eyes danced with good nature and high spirits. Could it be possible those orbs concealed a dark secret behind them?

"Henry," called the mayor sternly.

"Yes, father," answered the young man, passing with a light tread into the mayor's office.

"Sit down, my boy, I want to talk with you," said the mayor, his stern expression softening, as his son entered the room.

Henry blanched as he sank into the recesses of a wooden seated chair.

"Henry," said the mayor, leaning forward and placing his hand on the folded ones of the young man, gazing, meanwhile, into his eyes, "they say you are married."

Henry trembled violently. In his agitation he crushed beyond the possibility of repair a cigar that nestled in his vest pocket.

"Father," said he, "I cannot tell a lie. I've done it," and he buried in his hands all of his face that would go in.

An affecting scene followed, during which the truth came out. Henry confessed that he was married in Ashland some six weeks ago. He promised, however, never to do it again, and the mayor extended his forgiveness.

The bride was Miss Elizabeth Morehouse, of this city. The young folks have established themselves at the number mentioned, and congratulations are in order.