INDIANA PEOPLE IN WESTERN CANADA.

"What Shall We Do? I've Got to Build Granaries."

A letter written to a Canadian government agent from Tipton, Ind., is but one of many similar that are in the hands of the Canadian government agents whose privilege it is to offer one hundred and sixty acres of land free, and low railway fares. But here is a copy of the letter:

"Tipton, Ind., Nov. 28, 1906.

"At your earnest solicitation a party of us from Tipton left May 15 for Western Canada. Our interviews with you and a careful study of your literature led us to expect great things of your country when we should arrive there, and we were not disappointed. We went prepared to make a careful examination of the country and its resources, and we did so. At early dawn the second morning out of Tipton we awoke in a new world. As far as the eye could reach was an apparently limitless expanse of new sown wheat and prairie grasses. The vivid green of the wheat just beginning to stool out, and the inky blackness of the soil contrasted in a way beautiful to see. An hour or two later we steamed into Winnipeg. Here we found a number of surprises. A hundred thousand souls well housed, with every convenience that goes to make a modern, up-to-date city—banks, hotels, newspapers, stores, electric lights, street railways, sewerage, water works, asphalt pavements, everything. With eyes and ears open, we traveled for two thousand miles through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, going out over the Canadian Pacific Railway, via Calgary to Edmonton and returning to Winnipeg over the Canadian Northern Railway. In the meantime we made several side trips and stopped off at a number of points where we made drives into the surrounding country. On every hand were evidences of prosperity. The growing wheat, oats, rye, flax, barley, not little patches, but great fields, many of them a square mile in extent, the three, five and sometimes seven horse teams laying over an inky black ribbon of yellow stubble, generally in furrows straight as gun barrels and at right angles from the roads stretching into the distance, contrasted strangely with our little fields at home. The towns, both large and small, were doubly conspicuous, made so, first by their newness and second by the towering elevators necessary to hold the immense crops of wheat grown in the immediate neighborhood.

"The newness, the thrift, the bustle, the sound of saw and hammer, the tents housing owners of buildings in various stages of completion, the piles of household effects and agricultural implements at the railway stations waiting to be hauled out to the 'Claims,' the occasional steam plow turning its twenty or thirty acres a day, the sod house, the unpainted house of wood, the up-to-date modern residence with large red barn by, all these were seen everywhere we went, an earnest of prosperity and wealth to be. We talked with men and visited their places that four years ago was unbroken prairie. Their houses, barns, implements and live stock were the equal of anything in Tipton County and why not, when they were raising five, ten and twenty, yes in one instance forty thousand bushels of wheat a year. The fact that such large yields of wheat are raised so easily and so surely impressed us very favorably. And when we saw men who four or five years ago commenced there with two or three thousand dollars, and are now as well fixed and making money much easier and many times faster than lots of our acquaintances on Indiana farms fifty years cleared and valued at four times as much, we decided to invest. So we bought in partnership a little over two thousand acres, some of it improved and in wheat.

"Before leaving Indiana, we agreed that if the opportunities were as great as they were represented to be, that we would buy, and own in partnership a body of land, and leave one of our number to look after and operate it. This we accordingly did.

"Just before time to thresh I received a letter from him. 'What shall we do,' said he, 'I've got to build granaries. There's so much wheat that the railways are just swamped. We can't get cars and the elevators are all full. I never saw anything like it.' In reply we wrote 'Good for you. Go ahead and build, your story sounds better than the letters we used to get from our friends in Kansas when they bewailed the fact that the hard wheat had been destroyed by the chinch bugs and the corn by hot winds, and that they must sell the stock for means to live on.' 'Yes, build by all means.' And he did, and our wheat put in by a renter made twenty-seven bushels per acre.

"Very truly yours,

"(Sd) A. G. BURKHART,

"(Sd) J. TRELOAR-TRESIDDER,

"(Sd) WALTER W. MOUNT."

Marriage a Real Lottery Here.

Every year in the Rumai country, in India, a marriage lottery is held, generally in October. The names of all the marriageable girls and of the young men who are tired of bachelor life are written on slips of paper and thrown into separate earth pots. One of each kind is drawn at one time by a local wise man. The youth whose name is drawn out obtains a letter of introduction to the young woman whose name accompanies his, and then all that remains for him to do is to start courtship, with all the ardor of which he is capable. Such fortuitous courtships might not appear at first sight to promise very well for future connubial happiness; but, nevertheless, in the majority of cases, everything turns out very satisfactory.

Reaction.

With a heavy sigh the candidate threw himself on the lounge in the family sitting room.

"Maria," he said, "the election is going against me. I am sure to be defeated."

"Then," spoke his wife, in a cold, metallic voice, "I don't get the fine new bonnet you were going to buy me if you were elected."

"By George!" he exclaimed, brightening up. "I hadn't thought of that!"

FLASHES OF FUN

"Is he out of danger?" "No. The doctor still attends him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Would you get married if you were me?" "I don't believe I could—if I were you."—Houston Post.

Wise—Now, he's got what I call "horse sense." Ascum—How, for instance? Wise—He never gets on one.—Philadelphia Press.

He—I always have my evening dinners served a la carte. She—From one of those night lunch wagons, I suppose.—Chicago Daily News.

"Mabel accepts more rings from men than any girl I know." "I don't understand." "She's a telephone operator."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Do you see any great future for Panama?" "Certainly. Look at the great excursion resort it has already become."—Washington Star.

Whyte—So you went to that specialist for your rheumatism. Did he give you relief? Browne—He relieved me of ten dollars.—Somerville Journal.

"I admires a man," said Uncle Eben, "dat keeps hopin' fob de best. But I doesn't like to see him sit down n' call it a day's work."—Washington Star.

"Do you consider a chauffeur worth two hundred dollars a month?" "Well, the last one I had ran away with my wife, and you knew my wife, old man."—Life.

A woman in northern Missouri has sued an editor because, in writing the obituary of her husband, he stated "He has gone to a happier home."—Kansas City Post.

Patience—Don't you admire her hair? Patrice—Indeed, I do! I always admired it. In fact, I came near buying it before she did.—Yonkers Statesman.

St. Peter—What makes you so busy? Recording Angel—Taking the names of New Yorkers who are still insisting that they have no taxable property.—Harper's Bazar.

Hyker—You don't seem to be worrying any about your failure in business. Pyker—Oh, no; that's one of the things I have turned over to my creditors.—Chicago Daily News.

Myer—There goes the widow Naggs. They say she drove her husband to an untimely grave. Gyer—Well, that isn't so bad. She might have made him walk there.—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. 'Iggs—Is your program full up, Miss 'Awkins? Miss 'Awkins (under a slight misapprehension)—Not much it ain't. I've 'ad nothin' to eat since I've been 'ere. What time's supper?—Pick-Me-Up.

He—Oh, please, Mlle. Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand. She (coyly)—Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that? "Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont."—Nos Loisirs.

Benedick—That luminous paint is a splendid invention. Singleton—What do you use it for? Benedick—We paint the baby's face so we can give him a drink in the night without lighting the gas.—Chicago Chronicle.

He (after the refusal)—Had I been rich, perhaps your answer would have been quite different. She—Perhaps. He—But poverty is no crime. She—Oh, yes, it is—and the punishment is hard labor.—Illustrated Bits.

"My daughter is positively delighted with her new piano," said Mrs. Nexdore; "she's quite familiar, you know, with all the classic composers——" "Familiar?" exclaimed Mrs. Peppery, "why she's positively flippant."—Philadelphia Press.

The Gentleman Farmer (anxiously)—What in the world, Uncle Totterly, do you suppose is the matter with my hens? Why, this morning I found six of them lying on their backs, cold and stiff, with their feet sticking up in the air. The Ancient Man (after a suitable season of cogitation)—Yer hens is dead, Mr. Cittily.—Puck.

The Twins.

The Harmon twins looked so much alike as babies that their parents could scarcely tell them apart. As they grew older it became evident that to Grandmother Harmon at least the twins were a unit.

"You were asking me how much the twins weigh," said Grandmother Harmon to a neighbor. "When I went out that afternoon I put one of them on the scales at the grocery, and found they weigh just twenty-six pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the same?" inquired the neighbor, and Grandmother Harmon looked quite impatient.

"The twins?" she said. "Of course; why not?"

The neighbor had no reason to give, but she rebelled a few days later when in answer to her inquiry Grandmother Harmon said:

"Where are the twins? Oh, they got a cinder in one of their eyes, and their mother has taken them down to the oculist's to have it removed, they were fussing so over it."

The "Professors."

A bandmaster tells of an incident that occurred during a country festival in the Southwest. The advent of the famous band had been awaited with intense interest by the natives, and when the musicians arrived they were quickly surrounded by a surging crowd which hemmed them in so that it was difficult for them to play their concert.

The bandmaster appealed to one of the "committee" to keep the crowd back, saying that unless his men had more room they could not play. The committeeman shook the musician's hand warmly; then turning to the assembled multitude, he bawled out:

"Say! You-uns step back and give the purfessor's purfessers a chance to play!"

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"De man dat keeps tellin' all he knows," said Uncle Eben, "is li'ble not to git time to find out much wuth tell in'."—Washington Star.

MARY O'MALLEY.

Mary O'Malley lives down in our alley,
Upstairs, in the rear of a flat,
With her father and mother, her sister and brother,
A parrot, two dogs, and a cat.
Her face is a posy, her cheeks are so rosy,
Her mouth is like honey and dew;
Your heart's in a shiver, your lips in a quiver,
When Mary is looking at you.

O me! O my! O Mary O'Malley!
The neighbors all know you're the pride of the alley!
You're fair as a dream, you're peaches and cream,
You're sweeter than clover, a thousand times over!
And would you but marry—you dear little fairy!—
Is it single I'd tarry?
Nay, nary!

The first time I met her—how can I forget her!
She was bringing a basket of clothes;
I looked at her sweetly, she spurned me completely,
And turned up her beautiful nose.
She's cunningly saucy and very criss-crossy
And stubborn, yet once in a while
Your heart gaily dances because her sweet glances
Have wrapped you all up in a smile.

O me! O my! O Mary O'Malley!
Your glance is the light and the life of our alley!
You're better than gold to have and to hold!
Be done with your teasing, your melting and freezing!
O could I possess you I'd feed you and dress you
And love and caress you,
God bless you!

—Nixon Waterman.

Speaking of circumstances altering cases, there was the case of Miss Euphemia Sellox.

You may not remember the name, but it is quite probable that your wife will, if she belongs to a woman's club or society of any sort, or even if she was a reader of the Woman five or six years ago. The Woman is a publication devoted to fashions, fiction, household science, uplift and problems of social etiquette, and Miss Sellox, strangely enough, contributed to the uplift department. Strangely, because her articles mainly "threw the hooks," to use a figurative expression, into the tyrant man and dragged him from the pedestal upon which he had been permitted to pose for ages by reason of the other sex. She also lectured and her iconoclastic eloquence is said to have been largely instrumental in securing the suffrage for the women of Wyoming. From which you will gather that Miss Sellox was not any spring chicken. She was not. That is, she had not been for some time.

"IS OUR VANITY TO BE COMPARED WITH THE VANITY OF MAN?"

She was a good woman, undoubtedly, but hardly a good-looking one, according to common standards of beauty. She was tall, but not divinely so; fair, but with the fairness associated with freckles. Her eyes were blue and her hair golden, but the blueness had a steely quality, emphasized by eyeglasses, and the gold was pale and lusterless and there wasn't any too much of it.

"Lords of creation!" she would observe, with bitter sarcasm. "Let us examine this lordly creature, ladies. So far as our limited minds will enable us, let us analyze him and find a reason if we can for his supremacy. It is treason, of course, but suppose we be a little treasonable, for a change. Do we find the reasons in his superiority of intellect? Let the names of women illustrious in science, in the arts, in all fields of intellectual endeavor, answer that question. We are told that these are exceptional. To a certain extent that is true, but they are numerous enough to demonstrate what woman can achieve when she bursts through the trammels with which the selfishness of man has bound her, and as our liberty is extended, as we emancipate ourselves from our thraldom, more and more we gain eminence in the professions we have adopted. Examine the statistics of coeducational institutions.

"If we are not inferior intellectually, are we so morally? With all his pretension, man has not dared to assert this. Then we are physically inferior. That is to say, we have less of mere brute strength, of muscle and sinew. Therefore, says generous, chivalrous man, we must be kept in abject subjection, caressed or abused according to his whims—and generally abused. Dolls, toys, creatures without souls almost. 'Wives, obey your husbands.' Why? Because they are able to knock you down with a blow of their fist if you don't.

"We are vain, but is our vanity to be compared with the vanity of man? Do we not all of us know that weakness of his, my sisters, and in our weakness take advantage of that knowledge? We are vain and we love to talk. Merciful goodness. If our loquacity approached that of these lords of creation we should indeed have cause to blush with shame.

"Marriage! Slavery—that is what marriage means to woman. Abject slavery. You married women toil day and night, year after year, drudging at menial tasks till your limbs will hardly support you and your nerves are worn to a thread with the trivial cases of the household. Yes, your sphere is the home. Darn your husband's socks, cook his dinners, rear his children, make your year-before-last hats and be happy and contented. Why on earth do you do it? Is it an unreasonable question?"

A misogamist by conviction, a man-hater, it seemed by instinct, Miss Sellox, never missed an opportunity of expressing herelf either by tongue or pen on the subject of woman's servitude.

She had a hard time of it, naturally. The profession of emancipator is not a paying one from a pecuniary point of view. She went here and there over the land, attending conventions, lecturing, organizing and what not, riding in stuffy day coaches, staying at third-rate hotels, patronized, ridiculed, abused, applauded in turn, and with no prospect of anything else before her in life. Not that she would have asked for anything more.

Then a rich relative happened to die and left her a pretty good thumping legacy.

Within a month after that her views became radically changed. She grew tolerant of the monster man. A month later she married him.

If you ask for the reason, I can only reply that it was a very good and sufficient one. I don't know what the man's motives were. He may not have been mercenary. As I have said, Miss Sellox had many excellent qualities. There has to be a first proposal for every woman, however engaging, if you come to that. But the reason was that the man asked her to marry him—and she concluded that she liked him.—Chicago Daily News.

Odd Outfit of a Drummer.

His name is Barnes. Until recently he was a mechanic. Now he is a traveling salesman of distinctly novel variety.

He lives in the prairie section of the middle west, and when gasoline engines began to approach their present practicability decided that they were bound to replace windmills for farm purposes. In this belief he secured an agency for the one he considered best, procured a sample and set it up on an ordinary farm wagon from which he removed the pole.

By a few simple connections he arranged his wagon to steer from inside the body. One shaft, with some sprocket wheels and chain, made all the mechanism necessary in order for the engine to drive his combination at the rate of six miles an hour.

He carries a pump jack and a small assortment of small pulleys so arranged as to be capable of attachments to churns, washing machines and the like. His outfit attracts attention and makes talk, all of which has advertising value, while when he pulls into a farmer's yard he can show his prospective customer just what the machine will do.

As a result he sells more engines than all other agencies in his territory, and as he carries his office in his pocket his territory is limited only by his speed.

Good Tip.

"Gladys told me she was going to bleach her hair."

"What did you say?"

"Keep it dark."—Princeton Tiger.

Be polite to some people, and they will be impudent in return. Fortunately such people are not numerous.

WILL THE OLD FASHIONED WAGON CIRCUS BE REVIVED?

The old-time wagon show, "like our fathers used to see," is to come back. Let the trumpets blare and the bagpipes skirl!

There are many causes for this. One is, that while men may come and men may go, like Tennyson's brook, the wagon show will go on forever. But the main reason is to be found in the action of law-makers, grave and serious, at the various state capitals and at Washington.

The wagon show thrived like the proverbial green bay tree and was then supplanted by the railroad show. Jumbo was no longer called on to hoist the wagon out of the gully into which it had sunk while en route across country. The boys of the vicinity no longer found their opportunity, astride rail fences in the uncertain light of the morning, when the circus straggled into town, and vied with each other for opportunity to carry liquid refreshment to the elephant. Railroad competition surely and by no means slowly proved too fierce. Great circuses could be moved hundreds of miles while the old-time show was laboriously creaking along muddy roads, where the King drag was a thing unknown.

But there is a movement toward a revival of the wagon show. Excessive freight rates, the scarcity of rolling stock and the legislation, by states and nation, against the granting of rebates or making any concessions to circuses or theatrical companies, no matter how many people and animals and paraphernalia are transported, are responsible. The managers of circuses can no longer obtain concessions that make profitable long jumps from one city to another. The margin of profit in a great show is necessarily close and uncertain; heart-holding acts are high-priced, competition is strong.

No less an aggregation of circus talent, with millions of dollars at stake, than Barnum & Bailey's, is considering this matter. It is proposed to abandon railroads for motor coaches and vans, to quit the regular steel rails of the steam roads for the wagon roads over which the countryman drives to the city with his produce. In huge motor vans and cars, such as those now used by large concerns to move freight to depots and warehouses, it is proposed to move the show from city to city.

Smaller shows would undoubtedly follow suit. The old-style wagon show may flourish as it did two decades ago. Many of the wagons will be propelled by machinery, cunningly contrived, and hidden away in their interior. But there will be plenty of shows which, from necessity or by reasons of economy, will depend on horses, as of yore.

There is no more interesting institution in the world than a circus, from the lieutenant general in command to the humblest stake driver in the rear rank of the privates. The picturesqueness of a show, particularly a wagon show, does not end behind the scenes, though the bareback riders and the acrobats, the contortionists and the wild animal trainers mingle in ordinary clothes, talk ordinary topics, such as the weather, the size of the day's attendance, the latest bit of international scandal. Outfitting a circus is just about as small a job as getting an army ready to go to Cuba at a day's notice, and not die of starvation or be killed because of inexperience the first day out.

If anybody thinks getting an old-styled wagon show ready to quit winter quarters and take to the road is a sinecure, let him buy two or three dozen head of horses, train an elephant, a few camels, give a monkey daily practice in looping the loop strapped in a toy automobile, show some fifty negroes how to erect a tent so that it will stay erect, manage a side show, a menagerie, two rings and a platform and hire a few cooks into the bargain. And the hiring of the cooks is not the slightest part of the task, by any means. Imagine hiring one to cook for 125 men and women, hungry and peevish, three good, big meals a day, with the kitchen in a new place every day!

After all, an old-styled wagon show is no small affair. Take, say, thirty-five wagons, for instance. They hold as much circus paraphernalia as fifteen railroad cars. One is apt to think of a wagon show as a small affair, of one ring, a dozen performers, a half dozen or so horses. That was the wagon show of yesterday, while the railroad show flourished, but now that the return movement has begun there are wagon shows—and wagon shows.

There is a routine about the day's work that is as well preserved as though the show were an army moving on an enemy.

At 6 o'clock in the evening, two hours before the evening performance is to begin, the cook house is dismantled, four horses are hitched to it, and with a rattle and bang, the cooks in their white caps and aprons vociferously shouting out some last message and the pans hanging against the side of the wagon, while the aroma of coffee and bacon greets the nostrils, the cook tent disappears down the road toward the town of the next day's stopping. The cook tent reaches its destination early in the night—twenty to twenty-five miles is the average daily jump of a wagon show—and it is all put in readiness for the serving of early breakfast the next morning.

At 8 o'clock the performance in the big tent begins, and the crowds which have stood open-mouthed before the cages in the menagerie tent rush to their seats to see the big show. Immediately the work of demolishing the menagerie tent is begun. The animals are fed, then the sides are put on their cages, the horses are hitched up, four to each den or cage, and across country, accompanied by a route finder, the menagerie, making up the first main section of the show, starts in the wake of the cookhouse.

This route finder is an important personage in the circus; it is his business to scout ahead, ascertain the best roads, and by laying laths down at the intersections and divergencies disclose the route to the wagons that follow him.

The menagerie section comes up to the cook tent some time during the night and camps until morning.

At 12 o'clock, as a rule, the baggage train takes up its start. The big show is over, the tent has been struck, the stakes have been pulled, the paraphernalia has been packed in wagons, the people have gone to bed, but while they sleep, with a merry, ringing chorus of "Yo-heave-o, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha," and so on, with the name of the home of every roustabout sung in a long drawn out chant, the circus has been torn down and packed up ready for transportation.

Midnight strikes in the city, and the man who saw the circus dreams of the queen in pink tights and the fairy in glittering spangles, but the wagons creak across country and the roustabouts snatch what little sleep they can as the wagons topple back and forth and the horses pull and plunge.

In the meantime, what of the spangled fairy and the pink-tighted queen, to say nothing of the musicians and the men performers of the sawdust rings?

They are sleeping the sleep of the just in the best hotels the town affords. That is one reason why the average circus performers would rather travel with a wagon show than a railroad show. After the night performance of a railroad show, he or she must wend their weary way to the train, hunt for it in an interminable tangle of tracks, and seek what repose they can in crowded bunks as the car is switched around or pounds over the rails. But in the big wagon show, the performers go to hotels, get a good night's rest in a bed and sleep soundly until the next morning.

At 5:30 o'clock the musicians and performers are routed out of bed; at 6 o'clock they have breakfast at the hotel, and a half hour later the third section of the show takes up its journey, the band wagon in the lead, and busses, carrying the musicians and performers, in the van. This third section usually strikes the town of the day's performance at 9 or 10 o'clock. At 12:30 comes the parade, at 2 o'clock the afternoon performance, at 8 o'clock the evening performance, at 11 o'clock bed, and so on, day after day, week after week, until the season is ended. Such is life in the wagon show.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MADE MIRTH AND TROUBLE.

Some Amusing Incidents Over Designing the First Dollar.

Documents in the Congressional library at Washington show that when the establishment of a mint was under discussion in Washington's time there were some amusing debates in Congress concerning the devices the coins should bear. There is one account of a squabble over the design for the silver dollar.

It appears that a member of the house from a southern State bitterly opposed the choice of the eagle on account of its being the "king of birds" and hence neither suitable nor proper to represent a nation whose institutions and interests were wholly inimical to monarchial forms of government.

Judge Tatcher in reply had playfully suggested that perhaps a goose might suit the gentleman, as it was rather a humble and republican bird and would also be serviceable in other respects, as the goslings would answer to place upon the dimes.

This reply created considerable merriment and the irate southerner, considering the humorous rejoinder as an insult, sent a challenge to Judge Thatcher, who promptly declined it. The bearer, rather astonished, asked: "Will you be branded as a coward?"

"Certainly, if he pleases," replied Thatcher. "I always was one and he knew it or he would never have risked a challenge."

The affair caused much mirth, but was finally adjusted, cordial relations being restored, the irritable southerner concluding there was nothing to be gained in fighting one who fired nothing but jokes.

The Aleutian Islands.

The Aleutian islands were so called from the river Olutora, in Kamchatka. The people living at the mouth of this stream were called Alutorsky, and a modification of the name was given to the islands.

METHOD OF CURING FEVER AMONG BEDOUINS.

SAND AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE.

Bedouins that wander in the desert have many rough and uncouth ways, but perhaps the most unique of these is the way they doctor fever patients. They have a rough and ready method of attempting to cure fever caused by the wounds they have inflicted on those they have captured for sale as slaves. Ice baths being out of the question, the patients are buried up to their necks in sand in the hope that the cool soil will allay the raging fever. The victims remain buried for several days until, indeed, it is said they are either killed or cured. Statistics obtained by those who have investigated the matter say that fully 80 per cent of the prisoners succumb to the treatment. The use of medicines is almost unknown among the tribesmen who inhabit the deserts.