



NOW-A-DAYS

Sensitive thieves are greatly perturbed and discouraged this year owing to the fact that parked cars are minus overcoats and good blankets.

Didn't used to be so.

Years ago whenever a farmer grabbed a coat or a spare tire from the solicitor's car the strong arm of the law would get a jolt on its funnybone, go plumb crazy and rush down to the tracks and search every blessed boxcar.

Now-a-days, when a rubber-tramp steals an engine or a fuselage off an a nother car the sheriff orders all the footsore and loose-foot workingmen out of town "this minute."

I presume this is because it is feared that working men, present, might in some way interfere with the activities of thieves. Or, it might be, it is considered that intercourse with such jolly rogues is not, may I say, beneficial to honest men—that is, morally, of course. They seem to desire to keep labor pure and sweet, modest and unsuspecting—forever honest.

It would never, never do, for instance, for labor to find out how much The Sarles merchant made on those farm-engines he sold this fall and how chokingly he protested the handing out of two-bits for breakfast to our noble author.

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These frosty morns may be healthy and all that's claimed for them—and it may be fine exercise to stand outside the cook-car shivering, waiting for five o'clock breakfast. I'm not arguing that it isn't—besides, the dewy grass, later, has a tendency of thawing one's icy feet and makes threshing a highly desirable occupation.

What I'm arguing is that the Society for the Propagation of Kindness to American Animals take into consideration the terrible plight of the Great American Mosquito.

Only the other morn I had the pleasure of visiting the great American manure pile, back of the barn; and, would you believe it, I was horrified to espy there a mosquito, half frozen, struggling to his feet. He came out of the recesses of the manure where, evidently, he had used a vagrant straw or half-digested oat for a blanket—American farm horses having notoriously poor digestion.

Ah! I said. He struggled to his feet only to fall down again—catarrh, probably. He fell and fell only to rise again. Such wonderful persistency I never saw! Such stamina! Such, such strength of will power! I held a match for him, so that he could thaw himself out—and, I was glad to see, would you believe it, that the bug highly appreciated my efforts and actually wanted to kiss me on the back of the neck.

As to the harvest hands, they are well provided for: 12-hour day, 10 pounds of hamburger, 41 1/2 cents per hour and a 1917-model—quilt!

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Lamburger, 41 1/2 cents per hour and a 100 model—quilt!

Therefore, let the S. P. K. A. A. throw their benevolent eye upon the poor struggling mosquito, in compassion and aid him in his heroic battle for supremacy.

As I was going to say, speaking as a traveller of great renown, the depots on our transcontinental railroads are experiencing a rather severe winter this autumn; an atmosphere of great frigidity permeates the very radiations of the various "heatrolas" in the sanctified waiting-rooms. This, I presume, is a conservation measure adopted to guarantee better than 6 per cent every 90 days to the stockholders. . . .

The railroads' consistency cannot be questioned because it will be noted they keep a rosey fire roaring in the agent's office—so's to keep him from freezing to death and carrying with him the secret of the hiding place of the company's funds. He must be kept alive at all hazards.

As to the passengers?

Oh well, what's the difference? What's the difference, they've already bought their tickets, paid for 'em and the company has the money; what's the difference, let 'em freeze! We'll ship 'em home "in the baggage car, ahead." Hooray!

Hush, editor, can you keep a secret? The farmers' along "Jim Hill's right-of-way are using the G. N. stations as cold storage plants for eggs, butter and other liquids—hush, pss't, don't let this go any farther. Pss't!

P. S.—One of the better "harvest fields" is the iron-range in Minnesota; and the copper-country in Michigan is another one. Ford's plant, in Detroit, is mentioned favorably as an ideal location for shocking and threshing.

You see, harvesting is a form of mental-abberation, more so than physical contortion.

It has been stated and reiterated that a man who drinks canned-heat is crazy; however untrue that may be, it is now firmly established in the minds of present year harvest hands that there is no doubt as to the insanity of those who came to North Dakota to help the farmers support the bankers and their favorite bootleggers.

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Many and serious exceptions are being taken to "exclusive" hotels—made exclusive by "prices." Needless, too, as can be seen when it is remembered the "select" people gather there assuming that *in such places abides honor among thieves*. . . .

"We hold it demonstrated by experience that foolish and violent speech is less dangerous than the attempt to control it by repressive legislation or bureaucratic restrictions.—Harry F. Ward.