

DOODLEBUG ART, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO PRODUCE RAIN

Sometimes They Hit It and the Rain Saves the
Drought Situation and Farmers' Crops

New York, Aug. 24—They've often prayed for rain in New York just as prayers have been offered in various parts of the country during the past month or so since the drought situation became acute. Also the records show that the so-called doodlebug artists always have been ready to bring their peach sprouts into play whenever there was a scarcity of water. And the truth must be told. Sometimes the doodlebug artists hit it.

According to old-timers, the peach sprout water-locaters were quite common in an earlier day. They weren't known as doodlebug artists because the doodlebug artists asserted that they were backed by science. The peach sprout wielders on the other hand, made no such claims. Some of them, old Charlie Race for instance, had the "divine gift." That is what he called it and members of the church with which he was affiliated looked to him for help in many a predicament in which the church found itself.

All this comes to mind in response to news from Kansas City where a Negro preacher went before the Mayor and asked for a city appropriation to find water for his congregation. The Rev. J. W. Jenkins of the Olive street Baptist Church appeared before Mayor Bruce Smith and spoke as follows:

"You know we've got plenty of city water but what we want is water put under the ground by the Lord. We don't want that water for our baptisms if we can get real water from the ground. So we are calling on our Mayor to help us. We have faith in his ability."

After hearing the preacher's plea, a councilman made a motion that Mayor Smith exercise his "doodlebug powers" calling the situation an emergency.

The results haven't yet been recorded in Kansas City. But there is a record of a Westchester county case where a group of citizens back in 1871 appealed to the authorities to do something about the water shortage which threatened to destroy the crops and cause untold suffering among the residents. Nothing was done officially, but a "peach support artist" by the name of Hollingen is said to have reaped quite a harvest by going about among the farmers of the county and "locating" water wells. In some cases he managed to hit in the right spot and well were dug, and they produced water.

It was in 1899, however, when there was such a water shortage throughout the Hudson Valley that the situation became really acute. The fruit farms of Columbia county were really a sad plight for water and there was none in sight.

One of the largest of these was the McKinstry orchard, about five miles south of the city of Hudson. There were two natural springs on the six hundred or more acres that comprised the orchard and both had gone dry. Here was where Charlie Race's powers were brought into play. Charlie lived in Greenport, a suburb of Hudson. He was a giant of a man. He and his mother lived in a roadside cottage, where the mother dispensed pies that were known far and wide. Charlie made himself useful to fruit growers at apple picking time. The Hudson Valley Fruit Company which had acquired the McKinstry orchard needed water, not only for its orchard but for its Jersey herd which was to be something to show the country.

Charlie Race was engaged to locate the water. The situation was acute. There had been no water shortage for several years and the younger element was on the qui vive when Charlie went into the peach orchard and cut a sprout which he figured would do the work. The idea was to find water as close to the old Victorian mansion as possible. Charlie started out. The forks of the sprout were held firmly in each hand. A gallery of over a hundred followed breathlessly. Every turn of the sprout meant stop. Now and then the fork suddenly turned. But it failed to flop completely. Only when it made a full flop, Charlie explained, was there any "sign." Miles and miles he trudged followed by his gallery. Finally, not twenty feet from

the door of the kitchen, the pointer flopped. It was a solemn occasion. Charlie stopped, cast his eyes to the heaven's and planted a stick at the exact spot indicated by the sprout. Then he "cross-sectioned" it again. The fork went down a third time. "This," he announced, "is the place."

There were cheers. The owners shouted gleefully. Water at last!

The digging process commenced. One hundred and twenty feet, that digging crew went. No water. Perforated pipe was driven another 120 feet. Still no water. "Something wrong," said Charlie, who stuck to the job as an observer despite discouragements.

At the end of about three weeks of digging, there was a hurrah. Mike Donohue, at the bottom of the pit, who had installed a hand pump which he brought into play whenever an auspicious moment arrived, announced that water was forthcoming. Mike's hurrah quickly reached the surface. There were more hurrahs and Mike continued to pump.

Another five minutes of pumping and Mike called up: "I've got a fish." A piscatorial specimen somewhat resembling a sucker came up in a tin cup along with a few drops of water. That was all. Mike continued to pump. Only air came. The well had produced one fish and perhaps a pint of water. The promoters decided to give up. The hole in the ground, up to a few weeks ago, was a receptacle for trash. Then it was filled up with earth and the last chapter was written in the history of Columbia county's great peach sprout well.

HEMING AND SPELLING

Arthur Hemming, the Toronto author, is companionable with every book but the dictionary. His hatred of Daniel Webster's effort goes back to the time when he was striving to turn out his first book "Spirit Lake".

He was at an Atlantic summer resort, staying at the same hotel as Woodrow Wilson and a coterie of famous people. His troubles were not social, however, but came from eight large dictionaries with which he had littered his studio. It seemed that whenever he wanted the spelling of a certain word he couldn't even find it in the dictionary. One afternoon he hunted and fumbled for half an hour, after which he cornered the famous spelled, Willard Metcalf.

"How", he begged Metcalf, 'do you spell the word 'gnaw'?"

Metcalf stared at him a moment, then sensing the humorous turn things were taking, replied: 'How do you spell it?"

At this Mr. Hemming broke into cecendo tones. "How do I spell it?" he roared. "Why I looked for half an hour under N. Then I turned to the K's, and there isn't a word anything like 'knew' in the whole dictionary".

Footlight Highlights

Depicting one of the most colorful and dramatic periods of French history, the reign of Louis XI, Rudolf Friml write in "The Vagabond King", a glorious musical comedy, which has proved one of the high lights of the musical comedy stage of modern times.

This lovely production which first graced the stage with Dennis King singing the role of the rogue, Francois Villon, will be recalled in the music to be presented on the Canadian Radio Commission program, "Footlight Highlights", from the Toronto studios on Sunday, August 26, at 10:00 P. M. E. S. T. Geoffrey Waddington will conduct his orchestra in the Friml music and leading radio soloists will be heard in such favourite numbers as "Song of the Vagabond", "Only a Rose and Some Day".

A CHINESE MOTHER WHO BEATS DIONNE QUINTUPLET RECORD

She Became the Mother of Eight Babies In One
Brood—Is Mother of Forty Children

New York, N.Y., Aug. 24—The Chinese, it is generally admitted, are a strange and wonderful people, and it therefore is not very surprising, in view of their belief that the greatest thing that can happen to a family is the birth of a son, to find them entering the multiple-birth sweepstakes. Dionne quintuplets? Pooh, say the Chinese. Last May the boatman Sam Ting and his wife became the parents of octuplets—seven sons and a daughter.

Of course, the report hasn't been confirmed, but dispatches from Canton say the Chinese press accepts it as veracious, no matter how the foreign devils—jealous, undoubtedly—coff.

Medical science has pretty accurate records of sensational multiple births, but it is far less definite on the equally interesting question of how many children it is possible for a woman to bring into the world during a lifetime. There are records of a woman who is reported to have borne forty children, and this seems to be about the limit. A number of mothers have produced above a score of offspring.

The whole business of deciding whose is the biggest family on record is very complicated, of course. In countries where polygamy is the rule, and the number of wives—and children—a man may have is limited only by his ability to support them—the children of a single father sometimes are counted by the dozen and the score.

A survey of reports of big families which have appeared in the press in recent years, discloses a number of interesting facts, from which the gentler reader may draw his own conclusions and make up his own table of "odds" in the birth sweepstakes, if he cares to.

There is, for instance, Senora Macabea Perez of Ecuador, who is 47 years of age, and is the mother of twenty seven tsrapping children.

And close behind her, is Mrs. Florence Brown of Toronto, Canada, who has borne twenty six children in twenty two years.

M. M. Fernandez and his wife of Mexico recently put in a claim for a world record of some sort by announcing the birth of their twenty-fifth child. Their claim for the record was based on the fact that the children all arrived in the comparatively short space of twenty eight years.

Mrs. Sista Corona, however, is away to a head start in the race to beat this. She was married at 13 and by the time she was 23 years old she had borne thirteen children.

In 1928 the press reported that the Hungarian Government had paid a bonus to the mother of twenty seven children, and Mr. and Mrs. James Speariett of England recently became parents for the twenty fifth time.

A Mrs. Frank Stiles of Crestmont, Pennsylvania, mother of twenty one children, was warned by a judge before whom she appeared to "stop". The warning was not given in any anti-big-family spirit. The Stiles's were simply having difficulty supporting their brood.

John Joshua Beasley of Georgia was the proud father of no less than 40 children. His first wife bore him 24, and his second one, 16.

John T. Nalls, eighty year old Virginia farmer, was the father of 30 by his three wives. The last was born in 1933, and named for President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Ned Wiseman, a Texan, however, bettered the Nalls record for farmers.

He had 33 children by two wives and was hale and hearty at the age of 82.

With the assistance of four wives, Grant Stinson, 63, of Ruleville, Mississippi, became the father of 37 children. There were a set of triplets and four sets of twins in his brood.

Just the other day, Oscar Darling died at his home in Amityville, L. I., at the age of 90. He was the father of 29 children by two wives.

In 1933, an effort was made to discover the mother of the largest number of children in New York City, and two women living in Middle Village, Queens, tied for the honor. Mrs. Joseph Owens, and Mrs. Joseph Gross had families of sixteen children each.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ginn, of Bowman, Georgia, earn a place in the records by being parents of sixteen children, and by solving what must be one of the major problems of such numerous families in an ingenious way. They decided to name the offspring in alphabetic order. They'd christened their first child Brodie before they realized they were in for so many, and, a last reports they had arrived at Ornice, Pascal and Quaver.

These scattered instances of big families, however, must move back to honor the inhabitants of the little town of Palazzolo della Stella, Province of Udine, in Italy. There is probably the world's greatest concentration of big families there.

Three families have sixteen children each; one has fourteen; eight have thirteen; eleven have twelve; twenty-two have eleven; thirty-four have ten; forty-one have nine; fifty-three have eight and fifty-one have seven!

FRAUD!

I feel all hot and bothered,

I know that I've been sold;

I'd like to see the man who said

This summer would be cold!

JEAN DOUGLAS.

Many a woman possesses the rare gift of second sight—but never seems to look twice when she chooses a husband.

COSTA RICA HAS 2 CLIMATE ZONES

Down in Costa Rica, the most southerly of the Central American republics, within an acre of 23,000 square miles, they have two climates, tropical and temperate, states the Canadian National Steamships, whose vessels serve this and the neighboring colony of British Honduras as well as other countries of the Caribbean. There is low-lying country on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides which is hot and humid and where the population is made up mostly of negroes.

Here are the banana and cocoa plantations. The centre section of the republic, however, has a temperate and the people are almost entirely white and of spanish origin. San Jose, the capital of the republic, is over 4,000 feet above sea level. Wealth is more evenly distributed here than is the rule in these countries. The standard of education is relatively very high and the Costa Ricans are very proud of their schools. Agriculture is the principal industry and aside from brewing and shoemaking there are no important manufacturing industries. Although the Costa Ricans grow most of their staple foodstuffs they do not produce any wheat and on that account flour is imported. The United States contributed 52.7 per cent of the total imports during 1932 followed by Germany 11.6 per cent, and the United Kingdom 10.9 per cent. Costa Rica represents one of the best markets among the Latin republics in the point of view of business morality, type of people and freedom from regulations.

"Pleasure-seeking wives of Hollywood" are blamed by a judge for an increase in the divorce rate. That's the curse of prosperity; give people money and they go to the movies and get ideas for self-improvement.

There is nothing as depressing as a cold fried egg unless you count the mosquito net in a cheap resort hotel.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12th—Horse Racing, Judging, etc.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13th—Horse Racing, Judging, etc.

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