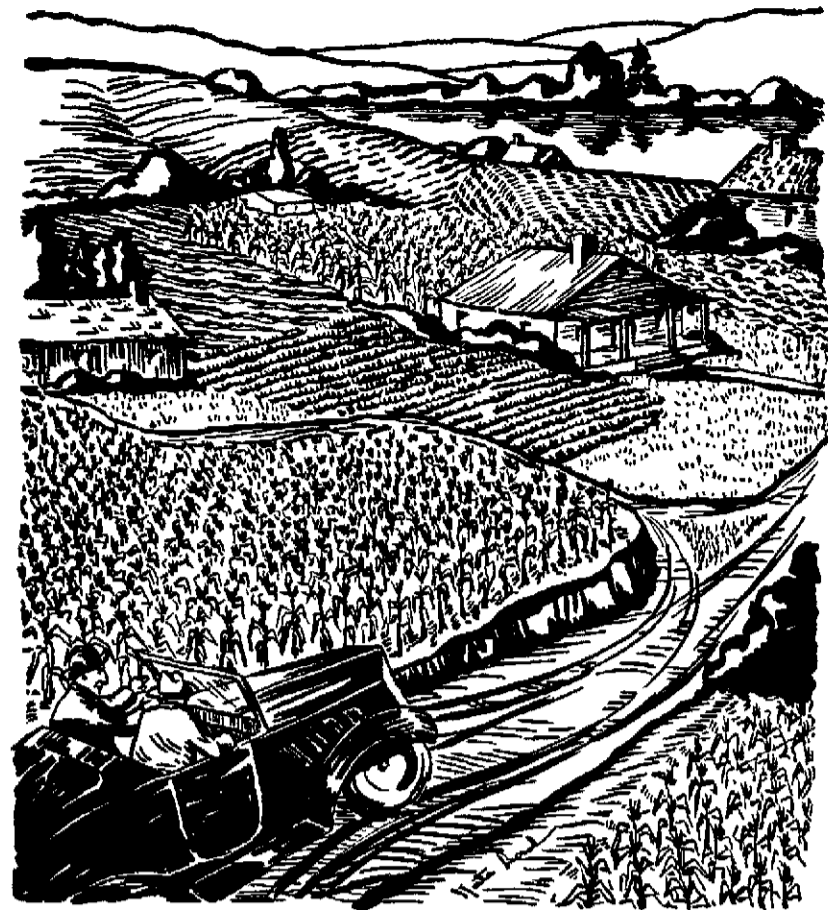


MEN OF EARTH

By Russell Lord



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From Lansing, the seat of the Michigan State university, we drove something over 250 miles northwest, straight up across the cut-over country, first on concrete, then on gravel, then on sand-tracks winding arbitrarily three ways at once around tree stumps and conquering armies of sand pine. "This is the heart of the Paul Bunyan country," said the professor, and recounted legends. Our scientific photographer, jolting around in the back seat among his apparatus, grunted somberly. Not for him was the charm of the Bunyan saga or the high arched windwreath beauty of that day. The roads grew worse and worse and the way was long, yet it was for some reason one of those days that you remember long afterwards with a sense of peace.

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"All the big lake boats burned wood then. They would put in here at this island for wood or when there was a big blow. It was livelier here then. I have seen thirty, maybe forty, wood-burners and schooners, all lit up at night, down by the point. And we had big lumber camps here then, sawing wood for the boats to burn.

"My father thought maybe lumbering like this would pay him more than being a sailor. He quit the lakes and made a big enough space here to build a cabin on. There where the barn is now. I was born there in 1873.

"But then all the boats began to burn coal. They didn't come any more to our island. We had to clear more land and farm it so as to eat. We cleared those twenty acres, the two of us, before he died. I must have been about Louie's age then.

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"Louie and I are going to Chicago and see our rye win this December. This year we are going even if we have to go over two weeks ahead of time to the train. The first year we showed, I went by myself. The lake got kicking. I had to wait nine days over on the mainland before I could get back.

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"This seed business has made a big difference. It used to be when it came fall and the work was over, you didn't have anything to do but hunt. But now we'll be busy right up to Christmas, nearly, picking out the peck of seed we show at Chicago.

"It's a lot of work. We run ten bushels of our best over our screen and then take needles and go over it grain by grain. Father picks for size, and I watch the color. It's hard on the eyes. Two or three hours of it at a time is all you want. But when the cup comes in, you're glad you did it. You feel like you amount to something.

"I don't know. We got a better business here now than I guess we could get anywhere else. But we're too far off from schools and like that. If I was ever to get married and, you know, have children, I'd like for them to be able to get to a high school. And I don't believe very many other people'll come here; I mean to stay.

"I tell him"—Louie lowered his voice a little and gestured with his head backwards toward his father—"maybe we ought to go over and farm on the mainland. But you heard him. He says he couldn't live anywhere else. And as long as he stays here, I'll stay; that part's sure."

We paid our taxi and unloaded. George Hutzler came out of the cottage, and approached. He was a spare, sinewy German of about fifty, with a drooping mustache, and a pensive way of looking at where you were standing just as if you weren't there.

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He turned and started walking with long strides. We trailed him. We saw the rye and took photographs. The professor examined the work carefully and found it good. He expressed himself as amazed and gratified at the success of the Hutzlers with some experimental hand-crosses, and at the precision of their records as to every plant in their big head-row Rosen rye breeding plot. "We try to farm right," said George Hutzler. From then on, things began to go better. He went on:

"Some others here on the island have done all right too. My brother-in-law, Irvin Beck, beat us for international sweepstakes one year. And Mrs. Johnson, down by the shore, grows the best red kidney seed beans in the state. There is some talk now about our all taking a new sweet clover the college has, and keeping it pure. We have to do things all together at the same time. We all let our cattle run in the woods and then have a round-up, with rifles. It costs too much money to charter a boat by yourself."

Back at the cottage—as clean as the cabin of a yacht, with three guns over the kitchen door and the frame of a sewing machine, no longer used, displaying "box social" boxes in the parlor—we saw Louie's typewriter, the only one on the island. He uses it to acknowledge seed orders, and so on. "We got a regular business going here now," said his father. "How you like these cakes? Lucky you didn't come last week or you'd got some of Louie's. One of us tends the horses; the other fellow takes the house that week. Two hours a day is plenty for housekeeping—meals, dishes, scrubbing and all . . . Louie, get the gentleman some more cakes and fill them glasses up again."

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"See?" said Louie, showing us. "George & Louis Hutzler, South Manitou Island, Mich. Three years out of the past five. If we win it again this fall, it's ours to keep."

"If you don't mind," said the professor, "a half-glass for me, this time."

"We don't pour half-glasses on this island," said the elder Hutzler. "Fill 'em up, Louie. Fill 'em up!"

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World Population Put at Around 2,000,000,000

How many people inhabit the earth?

In our own country as well as the leading ones periodical censuses are taken which give the exact figures every so often and by comparing these with previous ones it is easy for the mathematical sharps to figure out really reliable estimates of the population in between times.

But among the uncivilized tribes in various parts of the world no count is possible, and for the black races of Africa and some of the yellow ones of China and Central Asia relatively little information is available. Nevertheless, after gathering together all information possible the statistical institute of the League of Nations in 1930 estimated the world population at approximately 2,000,000,000 human beings, and that is the generally accepted figure for the world at large.

It is recognized that the world population is steadily increasing but in the absence of actual figures few are brave enough to hazard a guess as to the rate. Prof. E. M. East of Harvard university, however, has ventured to estimate the annual increase at a little more than 18,000,000 or about 50,000 a day.

Concerning this subject Prof. A. N. Carr-Saunders of Liverpool university, England, a recognized world authority on the subject, issued an estimate last year for use by the Encyclopedia Britannica in which he declared the world now inhabited by more than 2,025,000,000 persons and furthermore, they are steadily increasing at the rate of 20,000,000 per year.

He credits Asia, the largest continent, with the greatest number of people—some 1,071,000,000 (not counting Russia)—or a little more than half the world population. Europe, which ranks fifth in the size of continents, is given second place as to population with a total of 382,000,000 (excluding Russia). Russia alone is granted about 164,000,000 while all of Africa, white and black, has but 148,000,000 and North America around 135,000,000, of which about 127,000,000 are United Statesians. He credits South America with 85,000,000; Central America 35,000,000 and Australia and Oceania

with a combined 10,000,000 to make up his estimated total.

One finding is particularly surprising to most in view of the fact that Germany, Italy and a few other countries offer substantial endowments for newly married couples and a bonus for each child born. This is that the population in Russia seems to be increasing faster than anywhere else on earth—the increase being estimated at about 4,000,000 a year, or 2 per cent.

One per cent annual increase is considered the average, and even the Japs, regarded heretofore as the most rapidly increasing race, increase but little faster than the normal rate.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Vessels Put Together Like Children's Blocks

In more than 10,000 separate parts and packed in crates, an admiralty designed river gunboat was recently shipped from Southampton to Shanghai in a liner.

Originally the vessel was completed at a Southampton shipyard, the work of building taking eight months. It was then dismantled and the various parts were made into 260 packages, the largest of which was over 20 feet long and weighed about three tons.

It is expected that the vessel will be completely assembled three months from the date of the delivery at Shanghai.

Vessels are occasionally shipped overseas in parts because it is not always expedient to send them long distances under their own power. Not long ago a twin-screw passen-

ger steamer constructed in England was shipped in pieces to Lake Albert Nyanza, Africa. It had a dead weight tonnage of 280.—London Answers.

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