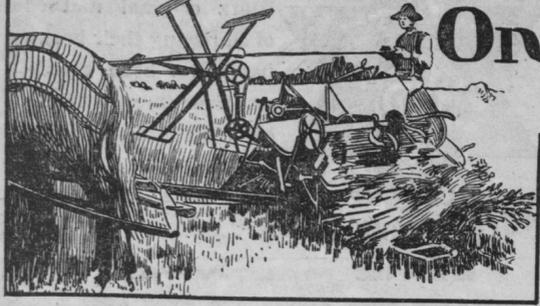


SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1901.

The Road With "Jackie" In Harvest Time



When the farmers of the wide, flat North Dakota prairie looked out over the harvest...

Helpless the sturdy granger stood in the waist high grain and looked in vain for aid...

While North Dakota was still calling, a mighty army had already set its face toward the golden fields...

A Great Industrial Army. It is a curious and motley crowd of men that has poured into the great northwest...

South Dakota sends some, especially this year when the crops are poor. Stricken Kansas has sent many...

Where They Came From. There are fourteen in the picture on this page, but no two of them hailed from the same place...

How They Travel. Many of those who rode out to North Dakota on the harvest excursion tickets have in years past "beat" their way out...

He Lost a Sure Thing. At Leeds the inevitable band of men who had habit to sell were recounting their experiences on the road...

Capital Versus Labor. The idle population was in a sore mood on that day when I was one of them. Now there was work to be done around Neche, too...

"Hoboes" Not All Vicious. While village marshals view the hobo with undisguised suspicion, yet many of the class are honest laborers...

Pot Gangers Aren't "Tramps." That there is both a distinction and a difference between the professional tramps and the wandering element known generally throughout North Dakota as "hoboes" should be borne in mind...

Tramp tourists, the majority in fact, were honest workmen, and were sober and industrious and full of them could well afford to pay the full fare out had they desired.

Several distinct varieties of the professional tramp are recognized by those familiar with the ilk and the varieties are highly interesting providing the observations are carried on at long range.

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Another variety is known to the railroad men and ranchers who come in contact with the class as "blanket stiffs." They will sleep anywhere, but are so licentious of their health and invariably "pack" a dinky, worn blanket or a tattered, dirty quilt which they wrap around their persons whether they be in a freight car, under the snow fences or in a straw stack.

The Devils Lake "Pot Gang." A typical "camp" may be seen at this time in August at Devils Lake. It is located east of town, not far from the big cities where labor is wont to assemble and it was carried to the most distant hamlet and farm by telegraph, and newspaper, by letter and by word of mouth.

While North Dakota was still calling, a mighty army had already set its face toward the golden fields. Help was on the way. From the far north, where the fields had not yet donned the golden hue of the harvest, came a host of men, a stricken south, from the ranches of the distant west and from the populous east, the volunteers hurried to the call.

It is a curious and motley crowd of men that has poured into the great northwest a gathering of types which would defile the sociologist's sense of "detached" humanity. Every one of the thousands is rare material for the social analyst.

South Dakota sends some, especially this year when the crops are poor. Stricken Kansas has sent many. From the west, where the wheat is less plentiful, too, come men, and from the north, where the crops are better, also.

Where They Came From. There are fourteen in the picture on this page, but no two of them hailed from the same place, and eight states in the union had contributed to this particular gathering.

How They Travel. Many of those who rode out to North Dakota on the harvest excursion tickets have in years past "beat" their way out and have been called "hoboes" by train men and granger alike without protest, although their nature resented the word.

He Lost a Sure Thing. At Leeds the inevitable band of men who had habit to sell were recounting their experiences on the road. One lively young fellow secured the attention of the crowd long enough to tell how he had refused an offer of \$2.25 to work through the harvest only to come to a place where he could not even get \$2.

Capital Versus Labor. The idle population was in a sore mood on that day when I was one of them. Now there was work to be done around Neche, too, but the farmers were close eyed, they offered the men \$1.75 per day, although they were willing to pay more without money, the offer was indignantly rejected.

"Hoboes" Not All Vicious. While village marshals view the hobo with undisguised suspicion, yet many of the class are honest laborers, who stand to it manfully in helping the farmer gather his crop. The hobo of one year may be the respected harvest hand of the next and vice-versa.

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but not a "busted" hobo and he is not only dragged or thrown from the cars, but often booted in addition or subjected to other rough treatment.

A common character about resorts frequented by harvest hands was met with in East Grand Forks at the tail end of the trip. He was an early bird for it was only about 6 o'clock when he was caught leaning up against the railing of the bridge across the muddy Red. Overalls covered his trousers, a jumper his overcoat and he wore a nondescript felt hat.

These young men said that thirty of their acquaintances were in Leech Lake, Lincoln county and come north to help out the Dakotans in the harvest.

In a jaunt from Grand Forks to Neche, somewhat in appearance from the ordinary run of second-class passengers, attracted attention and I soon was engaged in conversation. They were farmers from southern Ontario and had come to the state over the Canadian Pacific via Winnipeg.

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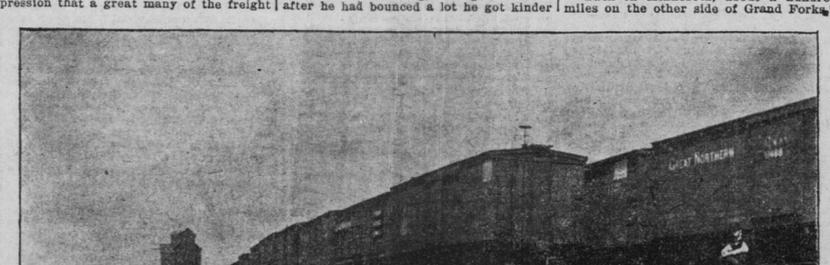
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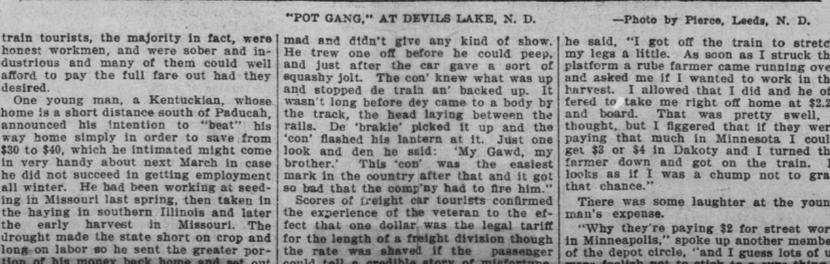
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TYPICAL NORTH DAKOTA THRESHING SCENE, NEAR LEEDS, N. D. - Photo by Pierce.



"POT GANG," AT DEVILS LAKE, N. D. - Photo by Pierce, Leeds, N. D.



"POT GANG," AT DEVILS LAKE, N. D. - Photo by Pierce, Leeds, N. D.



on the early train, to catch which I was routed out of bed at the jolly hour of 5 a. m. I encountered a jolly party of southerners. They had come up the Mississippi river as deck hands, but had been netted down to the country where wheat was king and the laboring men were in a sort of a paradise.

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