

YOUNG MAN RIVER.

If the Middle West is looking for a new holiday to celebrate, it might pick NOAH's birthday. That great hero of surplus waters must have been born about this time of year. March 25 would probably be accepted by valley residents as an appropriate enough date, for it commemorates the Dayton flood of twenty years ago, when WILSON, instead of ROOSEVELT, was making Congress toe the mark, and the bank holiday in Ohio was decreed because of the deluge, not the depression. At Pittsburgh on Wednesday night old residents who had been watching the Weather Bureau's gauge at the Point rise slowly toward the thirty-foot level stopped on their way home to read the bronze plaque at Penn Avenue and Stanwix Street marking the record flood of 1907, twenty-six years ago to the day, 38.5 feet. But on or about April 1, 1913, at Cincinnati, the Ohio topped 69.8 feet.

Who remembers the windmill on "GARRY" HERMANN'S place that year, only its vanes visible, pumping away for dear life at the Ohio in full flood? And if there isn't the good ship Scioto, government tug, accustomed to haul a dredge about her dull diggings, now commandeered to carry relief to the stricken towns of the valley! The first night she rides out the storm anchored to the top of a tall sycamore, a quarter of a mile off shore. The winds do not often kick up such seas on the river; but now it is a mile or two wider than usual. Along the shore such houses as are still visible are up to their necks in water, and even churches are experiencing the rigors of the deluge. There goes a barn sailing by with its owner sitting on his own roof-tree, rope in hand! Hurrah! he has lassoed a sycamore! Perhaps when the waters subside some one will come along and tow him back home. At Columbus they had a committee out in a motor boat, tagging strayed houses with their owners' names and addresses.

Listen to The Associated Press man in Wheeling last Thursday, getting ready for the worst once more: "The "peaceful Ohio River, swollen into a "mud-red torrent by heavy rains, is "spreading fear and ruin along its "shores tonight as its waters rush to "the sea." The crest at that time was 41 feet 8½ inches, highest since the fateful levels of 1913. In the last forty-eight hours floods and fears have subsided somewhat, and men are coming down from lofts and hills. But the season is early yet, and much will depend on the weather during the next few weeks. Who can ever tell what Old Man River will do when he renews his youth?
