

CONFERRING WITH A MOORISH ALLY



Gen. Marina, commander of King Alfonso's forces at Melilla, was photographed while in consultation with Chief Kaid Chechar, who has rendered valuable aid to the Spanish cause in the war with the Moors. Chief Chechar leads a contingent of 300 Moorish infantry and a troop of horse which have contributed to Marina's success in battles with the Rif tribesmen.

FIGHT COTTON SCALE

Injurious Insect Causing Much Damage to Crop in Peru.

Charles H. Townsend, Government Entomologist, Will Investigate Pest and Inaugurate Peruvian Entomologist Service.

Boston, Mass.—Charles H. Townsend, government entomologist, who has been connected with the experimental laboratory at Melrose Highlands has been granted a year and a half leave of absence in order that he may accept a position with the government of Peru to investigate the cotton scale which is giving that country trouble.

Mr. Townsend, with his wife and two children, leave this country on October 15.

Mr. Townsend is considered an authority in entomology, and this, together with his superior knowledge of the Spanish language, is largely responsible for his selection to investigate the insect pests in Peru.

Mr. Townsend's trip to Peru has a double purpose, for, besides his investigation of the cotton scale, he will be called upon to inaugurate a Peruvian entomologist service.

In speaking of his trip Mr. Townsend said: "There is a great deal of agriculture carried on in Peru and they raise a superior grade of cotton. The scale insect is causing a great deal of injury to this cotton, so the government of Peru has decided to stamp out, if possible, the pest.

The scale insect is a new problem to economic entomology and has proven a very difficult insect to cope with. The Peru scale attaches itself to the bark on the trunk and branches. Owing to the fact that the plants are perennial the scale increases very rapidly each year.

"In Peru there are many other pests to investigate, and these are found ravaging in the orange and citrus fruit groves. In the sugar cane, also the grapes. These will be taken up by me."

The future work at the Melrose Highlands laboratory will be carried on by William R. Thompson under the direction of W. F. Fluke.

BRUSH FIRE STARTS SNAKES

Farmer Sees Whole Treeful of Squirming Reptiles While Clearing the Meadow.

Clinton N. J.—John Bendig set fire to a heap of brush in his meadow to clean it up and when he was on the way back to the barn he was startled by a tremendous hissing and whistling. Looking back, he saw scores of long black snakes sliding from the burning brush and wriggling up into the branches of a dead oak tree. They kept coming as long as he looked, till the huge trunk of the tree itself seemed to squirm with life.

Bendig hurried to Jacob Zacher's place and got Jacob's two boys, Milton and Warty, to go back with him to the meadow and take their rifles along with them. They blazed away at the snakes as fast as they could load and fire, and when they got through there were no more snakes.

HID FOUR DAYS IN RATS' DEN

Boy, Victim of Overstudy, Secretes Himself in Damp Cellar While Parents Search for Him.

Stamford, Conn.—With rats as large as the average sized cat scampering about him, Michael Florin, Jr., 14 years old, lay for four nights and four days in a dark, damp cellar at his home, East Meadow and Jefferson streets, here. The police had sent out a general alarm concerning the boy, his father had sought him in all the near-by cities, and every child in the neighborhood was engaged in the search.

The boy's hiding place was about as repulsive a place as could be imagined. The floor was damp, and even in the daytime scarcely any light penetrated the place. By night the boy slept in an isolated corner between beams in a bed of rags he made for himself. In fact, he spent most of the four days and four nights in this little hole. He had little food during the period, and that little came from an icebox in the front of the cellar. Often the rats stole this, but they never attacked the boy, and he apparently did not fear them. He was found by a younger brother leaning against the icebox so weak from hunger that he could scarcely stand. He was put to bed and a physician was called. He did not explain his strange prank.

"My son is a victim of overstudy," said the father. "He is devoted to books and spends every minute he can get poring over them. Six weeks ago he was ill, and I had a physician from New York. He said the boy's brain was affected from overstudy. He advised me to keep him out of school and to take him to New York for a course of treatment. He told me he went into the cellar to sleep, and when I asked him why he did not come out when he awoke, he just yawned and said he was too tired."

GERMAN SCALE FOR TIPPING

Walters Considering Plan to Regulate Fee on Orders Below and Above 75 Cents.

Berlin.—The Berlin Walters' association is considering a proposal to fix a scale for tipping. All orders under 75 cents are to be tipped at the rate of 12 per cent, orders for more than 75 cents at the rate of ten per cent.

This proposal is being discussed editorially, and every one agrees that the tipping system is carried to oppressive lengths, either through the unwillingness of a part of the public to appear unartistic, and through the shrinking of the other half from getting into unpleasant controversies with servants over a mark or two. The National Zeitung sees no hope for the public except to endure.

Various incidents are related of waiters assailing customers in brutal language for giving small tips, and in some instances, they have created scenes by throwing the tips across the room, and humiliating the tipper.

The suggestion has been made that the police regulate the whole question.

Memorial for Gov. Johnson

St. Paul, Minn.—The Gov. John Albert Johnson memorial commission has been organized here. The commission will endeavor to raise a fund of not less than \$25,000, no individual contribution to which shall be over \$1, for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to the late Gov. Johnson.

Better Not

Nephew (Just returned from abroad):—This franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris.

Aunt Hepty—I wish, nephew, you'd fetch home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about.

The Village Romancer

"Has that fellow Pinkley returned some yet?"

"Nope. He's been gone two years now and nobody knows a blessed thing about him."

"Well, derned if I shouldn't think you'd be afraid he'd come home some day and claim he found the north pole."

South to Build Roads

Eight hundred miles of improved roads are to be undertaken by the Southern Appalachian Good Roads association. Of these 300 miles are to be in North Carolina. Poor roads are said to cost that state \$10,000,000 a year.

An enormous number of tourists go to the southern Appalachian region, but because of the poorness of the highways in general they see but a small portion of it. The great system of roadways now proposed is planned to make that wonderful region one of the most attractive in all the world.—Manufacturers Record.

Parental Glory

"That elderly man across there in the second row is one of our best known citizens."

"What's his name?"

"Stiggins."

"Well, well! Say, he ought to be the proud one."

"I don't know about that. They claim he's one of the most modest of men—notwithstanding the fact that he has done more for education and charity than any citizen in the state."

"What are you giving me? That ain't the right Stiggins. It's the father of the great half-back that I want to see!"

More Tangible

"I suppose," remarked a friend of the aviator, "that you would hate to bump into some fellow's air castle while flying."

"Oh, yes," replied the aviator, "but I would hate much more to bump into the chimney of some fellow's terrestrial dwelling."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HORROR OF A RUBBER CAMP

Writers Graphic Description of Scenes That Are a Disgrace to Civilization.

Miss Ida Vera Stinson tells in the African Mail of a rubber camp in the French Congo. Accompanied by guides and servants, she surveyed it with great difficulty in the center of the rubber camp and the scene that met her eyes was a sight to horrify the most sensitive. The rubber camp was a place of horror, a place of suffering, a place of death. The men and women were emaciated, their faces were like wax, their eyes were sunken, their hair was falling out. They were all suffering from malaria, and the air was thick with the smell of the disease.

In that eternal gloom of pestiferous depths, shrouded by all healthy things, little children, men and women in the flower of their youth, mothers with babes strapped to their backs, decrepit old men and old women, gathered the viscid matter called rubber. Their movements were listless and mechanical—lost souls serving an endless penance. Fever was in their eyes, rheumatism in their joints, the chill of malaria in their veins and the life forces oozed drop by drop in the sweat of exhaustion that bathed their all but nude bodies.

From its perch on its mother's back a tiny baby cried as the mother inadvertently thrust a jagged leaf in its tender eyes. A little girl, not more than four years of age, innocent of drapery, tottered under the weight of a calabash filled with water. A woman, hollow-eyed and delicate, patiently lighted her master's pipe, then sank listlessly among the dank underbrush, to arise again when the pipe was handed her for replenishing and lighting. In iron kettles on the fires manioc was boiling, and in the embers green plantains were roasting. Near the fires, stretched on mats, damp as the very earth itself, lay the exhausted, the sick, the dying. Three were already dead and two men were making rude litters to convey the deceased back to their native towns—perhaps a week's journey away.

In that rooking, deadly atmosphere a little girl was born but a few hours since. She lay on a mat, uncovered, unattended, while flies, ants, spiders and other crawling pests fed on the tender new flesh. The mother again held her place among the laborers.

TO EDEN RATHER THAN ZION

"Back to the Land" is Advice Given by Jewish Rabbi to His Co-Religionists.

Louder than the cry "Back to Zion" must come the cry "Back to Eden." There is freedom in Eden. There nature is master, and a kindly and considerate and liberal one to all who live and toil in accordance with its reasonable rule, writes Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, in the American Israelite. In its employ a man finds himself; he becomes a human being; the only true aristocrat, as Emerson terms it, whereas in the sweatshop he is but a machine. Instead of deafening noises of machines in stifling sweatshops, he hears the song of birds, the rustling of fruit-laden orchards, the lowing of milk-yielding cattle, the patter of fruiting rain; instead of sickening stenches, he inhales the fragrance of field and forest and flowers. For him there is no constant strain and race for the bread of life. Depression may come; factories may close; stocks and bonds may shrink to nothing; princes may become paupers and millionaires, bankrupts and suicides, and yet the farmer never lacks for food or work. Fires may burn down storehouses; hurricanes may wreck precious cargoes on the seas; the enemy may come and leave devastation behind; yet neither fire nor storm nor enemy can rob the farmer of his land.

It Would Wreck the Ice Trust

There is something almost touching in the faith shown by the explorers in the durability of the polar brand of ice. They chucked their little bunch of documents and dates and barometrical readings in a crack between a couple of frapped blocks and then turned their frozen noses southward without a discomfiting doubt. They felt sure the junk would all be there the next time it was wanted.

Just think of being able to supply yourself with ice that would outlast the refrigerator.

Smallest Mill in the World

Lawrence, Mass., boasts of the largest single mill in the world, but New Bedford, Mass., boasts of the smallest mill. It is the Home Knitting plant, conducted at 254 Converse avenue by Burgoyne Fish, the building is only 11x14 feet, and there is installed one rubber, one knitting machine and one looper for the manufacture of stockings and socks. Power is furnished by a two-horsepower electric motor and the daily output is from 60 to 72 pairs.—Textile Manufacturers Journal.

Shoemaker's Candies

I well remember some 70 years since, says a correspondent of the Dickensian, seeing flat candies in use. To produce what was known as the flat candy, which was also sometimes called "shoemaker's candy," two newly made "dips" were pressed close to each other, while soft, and then again lowered into the hot fat, thus holding them together as one candy with two wicks. The size could be increased if desired. This flat candy was most generally used by shoemakers and tailors, but was made use of in some households wherever an extra bright light for working or reading was required.

Not Entirely Unbelievable

Scientists have decided that Methuselah was only 75 years old. "That is more like it. It is absurd to suppose that any man could have lived to the age of 953 years."

"Oh, I don't know—there were no automobiles in those days."

LOOKED UPON AS POORHOUSE

Prejudice of People with Regard to Women's Hotels is Hard to Remove.

A resident of a woman's hotel met many people while away on her summer vacation. For several weeks after her return her mail was swelled by dozens of post cards from those to whom she had written. They were all complimentary. One day, however, a letter arrived that all those cards were addressed to the house number instead of to the hotel.

"Why do you avoid our honored name?" she asked.

"Because I don't want people to think I am a pauper," said the aviator. "Early in the summer I found out that the name of this hotel has traveled far, and that everywhere it is regarded as a kind of charitable institution. It is that way with all hotels run for women only. You might shout facts and figures at strangers until you were hoarse and you could never convince them that such places are run on a paying basis. Everywhere the impression prevails that a woman's hotel is a refuge for the down and out. During the summer I met girls who live in women's hotels in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. In the beginning they, like myself, glibly mentioned the name of their hotels, but soon they learned to keep it a guilty secret and to give their house number only, simply because they couldn't stand it to be looked upon as escaped inmates from a poorhouse."

HAS BAD EFFECT ON EGGS

Complaint That Blasting Operations Seriously Affect the Profits of the Farmer.

Societies and individuals who are working to save the Palisades have gained an adherent to their cause through an unexpected circumstance.

"It is the kind of eggs we have had to eat all summer that makes me want to sign every petition to preserve these picturesque cliffs," said the recent recruit. "For years we bought our eggs and chickens from a New Jersey farmer. Got them straight from the farm, fresh as morning air and fairly cheap. Well, last spring our farmer friend bought property in a neighborhood where blasting is continually going on. Then our troubles began. And our troubles were not worth mentioning in comparison with his. In the first place, the blasts jarred the eggs so they wouldn't hatch, and his supply of young chickens fell short, and in the second place it added half the eggs he wanted to sell and gave them such a prehistoric appearance that his market was spoiled. At last things got so bad that we had to cut loose from the old man and patronize a regular dealer at advanced prices. Presently I shall look up another farmer, and I shall take care to get one who doesn't live within ten miles of blasting, because all poultryers agree that the thundering and the shaking play hob with fresh eggs."—New York Press.

Horse That Really Laughs

One of the vaudeville attractions on the German circuit is a horse which "sings and laughs." Recently an Englishman made a bet with the owner of the animal that it could not be made to "laugh" anywhere except behind the footlights. The matter was probably an advertising trick, which succeeded. At an engagement the horse was brought before a house in Unter den Linden. The door was opened, and under the guidance of the trainer the animal went up three flights of stairs and into a room, from a window of which the horse presently looked down on the crowd. He was ordered to "smile," and did so by drawing up his upper lip, and then by command he "laughed" by opening his mouth wide and making a sound which his trainer exultantly proclaimed the only "horse laugh."

Curious Properties of Minerals

Certain minerals exhibit the curious optical property known as asterism. That is to say, they show a star-shaped figure when light is reflected from them, or transmitted through them. This is seen, for example, in the star sapphire, a sort of sapphire and in the star ruby. A note in Knowledge describes and figures the asterism of mica. The photograph of a lamp taken through a plate of mica shows a beautiful six-rayed star, with six fainter radiations between. Outwardly star mica resembles the ordinary mica form and shows the same phenomena under polarized light. When examined under the microscope, however, the star mica is found to contain fine needles of another mineral, and these are regularly arranged at angles of 120 degrees. To these needles the star seen by transmitted light is due.

Pet Mispronunciations

"Have you ever noticed," asked the teacher in English, "that a great many well-educated people persistently pronounce at least one word incorrectly? I know a college man who for some mysterious reason always says 'timidity' for timidity, and he drags this oddity into almost every sentence he speaks. Mrs. Smith's pet word is 'prejudice,' while Mrs. Jones can't help saying 'guiltless.' Just listen to them, and you'll hear the same people repeating over and over such mistakes as 'predeliction,' 'circutuous,' 'cupolo,' etc. Some one must have called their attention to it, I suppose, but they have grown attached to their way of pronouncing, and don't like to change."

Samples of Air at Great Heights

Samples of air at a height of nearly nine miles have been recently obtained and examined for the presence of the rare gases. The collection apparatus, carried by a large balloon, is a series of vacuum tubes, each drawn out to a fine point at one end. At the desired height an electro-magnetic device, connected with each tube and operated by a barometer, breaks off the point of the tube, admitting the air. A few minutes later, a second contact sends a current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All the samples obtained show argon and neon, but no helium was found in air from above six miles.

Tricks of the Trade

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that painting of yours? Dauber—Can't you see? I'm rubbing a piece of raw meat over the rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. Alshodde will be here to-day, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit, she'll buy it.—Judge.

VILLAGE UNDER THE GROUND

Remarkable Community in Austrian Poland Has Its Home in Ancient Mine.

Down in the salt mines of the hamlet of Villedka, in Austrian Poland, some 11 miles from Cracow, lies a village, independent village, which dates now back to the day when slaves first reached the mines in 1331. It is a busy, enterprising little town, and all the labor in contrast with the sleepy hands above is concentrated below ground. The air is clean and the temperature that of a warm spring day. The center of the mine is situated in a sort of court which forms a railway station. Here all the railway lines which intersect this huge mine meet. Men and women go above ground to do their marketing, and meet in this court on their return to gossip and compare their bargains. Children play about in the shade of the grottoes and sail boats in the gutters, running with salt water. These gutters were made hundreds of years ago to get rid of the moisture which runs from the upper floors of the mine, and lead down to the very bottom, forming a huge salt lake, the water of which is gradually pumped off and distilled to obtain salt. So difficult and expensive is it to light up the whole mine that visitors must make up a party of at least 20 and pay various sums according to their number. No less than 200 steps lead down to the salt lake, and it is there that the Chapel of St. Anthony stands.

WITH UNEXPECTED ENDING

Story Contains All the Requisite Details Yet Seems to Fail of Satisfaction.

The merciless heat made the passengers gasp as the limited plowed its way steadily across the western plains. Drearly, monotonous, was the vista of sand scrub which greeted the eyes of the wearied travelers. To add to their discomfort, above the muffled roar of the train arose the continuous wailing of a child. More than one man cursed softly and sought refuge in another car, all as it happened, crowded. Finally a harsh-looking passenger spoke.

"Why don't you keep that brat quiet?" he snapped.

The mother, a forlorn-looking woman clad in rusty black, looked pathetically up at him. "I'm trying to," she faltered. "But, you see, the heat and the long journey—"

A new expression stole over the harsh-looking passenger's face. Give it to me," he said in a tone of marvelous gentleness, and the poor mother placed the trembling baby in his arms.

"Wherever he throws the child out of the window."

Said again!—Lippincott's

Family Heirlooms at Maine Fair

The Maine town fair is a kind of picnic to see family heirlooms which have been handed down from generation to generation without suffering wear or change. Among the curious old pieces shown at Green fair were a blue sword 150 years old, done by an ancestor of Mrs. McWhittie Mower; a towel worn by one of Burgoyne's soldiers while a captive in the revolution; a curious piece of wood used by Solomon Jackson while chorister in a Winthrop church in 1800, and old iron dishes shown by Mrs. Ann L. Fogg. Then there were Mrs. Fred B. Parker's "pumpkin hood," old fashioned straw bonnet and home worn articles, and much pewter ware belonging to Aunt Polly Sawyer.

Great State of Texas

The 25 states which compose the home land of the German empire, including Alsace-Lorraine, have an area of 208,270 square miles with a population of 60,641,278. Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles. After the German empire had been laid down upon Texas in the remainder space of 57,510 square miles it would be feasible to tuck in all of England and Wales with the exception of the tiny county of Rutland. Or if that arrangement should promise to impose too much work upon the Texas Rangers it would be possible to include the Netherlands, Belgium and Denmark and Switzerland. Still Texas would have room for a few stragglers.

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