ONE OF THE MANY ROMANTIC STATESMEN WHO HAVE DONE THINGS IS GEORGE WHITE

Representative from Ohio Has Dabbled Successfully in Oil Wells, Gold Mining, and Politics—Is Petroleum Authority.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Kerosene advanced in price immediately after the law broke the Standard Oil Company into thirty-odd fragments. "Retaliation," exclaimed the hit or miss philosopher. Maybe it was. Yet George White says that he had looked for an increase in price for more than a year. The production of petroleum has fallen off in Illinois and Oklahoma.

George White is an oil man himself. He declares that the Standard has always fixed the market for raw and refined petroleum and intimates that, though legally dissolved, it always will. In short, John D. Rockefeller remains king of the pipes and wells.

Almost accidentally, George White is also a member of Congress, coming from the Marietta district in Ohio, where the landscape is Hollandish with derricks instead of windmills and where walking-beams rattle gayly up and down. Woodrow Wilson taught him politics and jurisprudence at Princeton. He was among the first of the stampeders in 1898 to travel the terrible Chilkoot Pass and for three years was a miner in Alaska. Altogether, he is a very human, and therefore an uncommonly interesting man.

Oil, gold and politics is mixture enough for a melodrama. And George White is sufficiently rugged and romantic to hold attention on almost any stage. The atmosphere in which he has lived from boyhood has been filled with dramatic influences and events. It was at Titusville, where he went to the public schools and prepared for college, that Col. E. L. Drake, a railroad conductor and "a fool from Connecticut," as he humorously called himself, struck oil.

The First American Oil Well.

The gusher, flowing twenty barrels a day, "came in," as the phrase goes, on August 28, 1859. Mr. Rockefeller was then twenty years old and a partner in a commission firm in Cleveland that was receiving butter and eggs from Henry M. Flagler, a small merchant in the country, the same Flagler who once told me that he left his father's poor little manse in a New York village, walked nine miles to the Erie Canal, and then boarded a freight boat for the West, arriving in Ohio with "a five-franc piece, a French coin that was current in this country for a dollar; five cents in silver, and four copper pennies." He was fourteen years old. Now he is eighty-two and still a steaming man of business.

The Drake well was sixty-nine and one-half feet deep. A great throng of adventurous characters hurried to Titusville, and swarmed up and down Oil Creek, which crookedly flowed in a gorge between high banks. Other wells were dug. "By the end of the year," Mr. White said to me, "that is, from the last of August, 1859, to January 1, 1860, four months in all, the total production had reached 82,000 barrels. It was valued at $1,640,000. The production during the following year, 1860, amounted to 500,000 barrels. The price at that time had fallen to $10. The production was more than quadrupled in 1861, and the price of $10 a barrel in January dropped to 20 cents a barrel in September."

Four years later, Mr. Rockefeller began to apply the methods that gave stability to the oil market. The wild fluctuations stopped. Drake, in the meanwhile, had vanished from Titusville. Ten years after, a newspaper man found him at Long Branch, in New Jersey. He was living in poverty and his legs were paralyzed. A purse of $3,500 was sent him from the oil regions, the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him a yearly pension of $1,500 and, when he died, H. H. Rogers, another of Mr. Rockefeller's partners, placed a granite and bronze monument at his grave in the Titusville cemetery.

Drake's production of twenty barrels a day in August, 1859—and his was the only oil well in the United States—is set against a daily production of 722,333 barrels in the year 1911 to show the growth of a single American industry. Nor can John D. Rockefeller and Henry M. Flagler be eliminated as the principal actors in one of the most stirring stories in all the annals of trade, industry and commerce.

Went Out Among the Derricks.

The boy, George White, grew up at Titusville. He returned from Princeton with petroleum in his blood. "I can hire 1,000 bookkeepers in Pittsburg," his employer said one day. "You have a neat, white-shirt job, my boy, but if you really want to know all about oil, I advise you to go out into the field and smear your hands and face with grease."

So George White went, clothed mostly in overalls. His pay was $3 a day. When he returned from the Klondike he had capital enough to become a producer of oil on his own account. He has wells in Ohio, Oklahoma and elsewhere, and is competent to discuss the petroleum question from any standpoint.

"What effect," I asked him, "has the dissolution of the Standard had on the oil business?"

"None that is perceptible," he answered. "Crude petroleum has gone up in price in the Eastern, or Appalachian field, but the advance was foreseen a year ago. Production, we knew, had fallen off in Illinois and Oklahoma. The rise in the market, consequently, cannot be attributed to the troubles that have overtaken the Standard Oil Company, nor to its displeasure at the action of the government or the decision of the court. I am conscious, however, of a slight difference in my own independent business. Formerly I could, after ascertaining how much crude oil I had in the pipe lines, get a check from the Standard the same afternoon. Now, my bookkeeper informs me, we must wait until the following day. In other respects, so far as I can see, the breaking up of the Standard has not caused any change whatever in the oil industry. The men who ran the old company and made the market are in control to-day."

There Is No Competition Now.

"Are large corporations now engaged in competing against the various companies that once composed Mr. Rockefeller's monopolistic organization?"

"The Pure Oil Company in the East, and the Gulf and Texas Companies in the Southwest, are supposed to be fighting the old Standard crowd for the oil business of the country. John W. Gates organized the Texas Company, but he is dead. The Mellons, of Pittsburg, control the Gulf Company, and Michael Murphy and several Pennsylvania bankers are dominant in the Pure Oil Company. These concerns were said to be competitors of the Standard. They are competing yet, I suppose, in former fashion. As a matter of fact, however, there has been no competition in the oil industry at any time since John D. Rockefeller began to buy up refineries and lay pipe lines.

"Practical oil men travel from one field to another. This year they may be in Illinois, and next year in Texas. They are the pioneers of production—digging wells and exploiting uncertain territory. Their connections are known. When Sam Brown appears, the rest of us understand for whom he is operating. If a crooked man drifts in, we spot him and pass the word around to those who are unacquainted with his history. There is a sort of freemasonry, you see, in the oil business. Now, the same old crowd that has had relations with the Standard for years is active in the Southwest and California, though the regions where they happen to be are supposed to be 'independent.' So when we read about competition in the oil industry it is just as well to remember that Mr. Rockefeller's organization is omnipresent even if it fails to carry a banner advertising its proximity and its purposes.

"The policy of the Standard in early days was to let outside persons find the oil—that is the uncertain side of the petroleum business. Out of all the great army of oil prospectors and developers only five, so I am told, became millionaires. Men at the University Club, in Pittsburg, knowing that I have a new 500-barrel well, will say: 'Why didn't you let us in on that?' And I reply: 'It might have been a dry hole, in which event every dollar you put up would have been lost.' Nothing comes back, not a penny, if the drill does not find oil.

Dry Holes Break Them Up.

"The dry holes eat up the profits of the big strikes. Men find a good well and then bankrupt themselves in trying to find more wells. I know a producer who at several times of his life was worth $300,000, but he broke himself up again and again by digging empty holes in the ground. But the lure of the earth led him on, and he pawned his wife's diamonds, put up an old derrick, and was happy again listening to the music of the walking beam. Poverty nor riches can cure the habit. It costs $3,000 in West Virginia, where the pools are deep in the ground, to get, or what usually happens, not to get, oil.

"The shrewd Mr. Rockefeller never took any personal interest in the gambling end of the oil game. As it was, the risk he ran was great enough to satisfy his love for speculation. A spark from a smoker's pipe or a lighted match might reduce a refinery to ashes in a few minutes, and insurance companies stood aloof from such hazardous business. Mark Hanna's refinery burned down 'Don't be a blamed fool and build again, but come into the coal and iron business,' said his father-in-law, Daniel Rhodes. The advice was followed.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Rockefeller perceived all the hidden possibilities of petroleum. No more would lard be burned in parlor lamps, nor would tallow candles be used to light sitting-rooms and bedrooms. Mr. Rockefeller, therefore, willingly surrendered the exciting task of finding oil to other men and when they found it, he refined it and his chemists discovered ways of utilizing the dregs and he became the richest man in the world on a reasonably safe proposition. In the meantime, prospectors and producers were sleeping in the woods and eating fat pork. They are the romantic knights of the industry, but nobody ever hears of them and their names are too far lost in oblivion to be recovered and celebrated.

Bought Wells to Be Safe.

"Back in the '80's, however, a slight change occurred in the policy of the Standard, which was now opulent and could afford to try an experiment. The Pennsylvania producers, believing they were not getting enough for their petroleum, pulled the fire out from under their boilers and quit pumping. Complaining about prices is a common habit. No farmer ever gets enough for his wheat. Oil men, regardless of their location, say that the Standard is robbing them. Four years ago I sold oil in Oklahoma for 80 cents a barrel. I kicked then. I am getting 50 cents to-day and am still kicking. I see my oil manufactured into kerosene, gasoline, paraffin and vaseline, and sold at the rate of $5 a barrel. I am a human being and so is every other producer.

"The 'great shut-down,' it was argued, would compel John D. to make terms. Cutting off his supply, I suppose, did give him a slight shock, but the shut-down didn't work. The boys had notes coming due at the banks, the walking-beams began to pump and the shut-down was off. But the Standard had learned something. The policy of keeping money out of property in wells was given a little elasticity. A well here and there was taken over simply, I dare say, as a protection against possible strikes of the producers in the future. I haven't the figures, but I suppose the Standard now pumps from its own wells one-tenth of the raw oil supply of the country.

"You asked me if anybody was competing against the Standard," Mr. White went on to say. "All that I have told you has a bearing on the subject. There was no competition in the past, as I have shown. The price of crude petroleum was telegraphed along the pipe lines. A half hour later the 'independents' would name the same figures. Competition may come in the future, but until I see it I shall have my doubts. A group of competitors rise and make a noise like real exterminators, but they are men like the rest of us, and the Standard obtains their property at a valuation satisfactory to all the interests concerned.

Swarming with Standard Men.

"No one inside the oil business, unless he is directly connected with the arrangement we suspect, knows whether the Pure, the Gulf, and the Texas companies are 'independent' or not. Gossip is freely passed around among producers, but facts are hard to get. The petroleum fields are swarming with Standard men, the best men of their kind in the country—fine, able fellows personally. They are as mute as fence posts, are well paid, always keep their jobs, and have eyes like hawks. I like them immensely when I meet then singly, but when they come together for business purposes they are sons of guns, and the bystanders, whether innocent or otherwise, had better watch out. There is reason to believe that these men have not been deprived of employment.

"Likewise the machinery of the Standard's organization remains untouched, although several companies may now be operating it instead of one. Its pipe lines run from the Atlantic Seaboard through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and West Virginia to Oklahoma. If a man eight miles back in the country has a well pumping three barrels of oil a day the Standard will lay a little pipe to his property and pay him spot cash for his product. Independent companies cannot get their business down to such a fine basis—they haven't the money. It costs $5,000 a mile to construct a pipe line. The pumping stations of the Standard are connected by telegraph, so that the most remote oil fields in the country can be communicated with almost instantly. From top to bottom the Standard was, and the Standard is, alive with energy and intelligence. The law may have divided it into thirty pieces, but it must be remembered that the pieces are still owned by men who owned them when they were cemented together in a single corporation."

"Are the old fields in the East being exhausted?"

"I saw a statement recently that the average daily production in the Bradford district was three-fourths of a barrel to the well. The production in the Appalachian field is only 65,000 barrels every twenty-four hours from 140,000 wells. One of my wells, yielding two-thirds of a barrel a day, is twenty-eight years old. It is worked along with twenty-three other wells by a single gas engine, and the flow in the aggregate brings one considerable money. There are prophets who say that the oil will eventually be consumed. That may come to pass. I have noticed, however, that when the supply in one place falls off, new fields are found. Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, and Illinois came in as Pennsylvania declined. Then followed Texas, Oklahoma, and California.

There Will Be Plenty of Oil.

"Great lakes and little lakes of oil are in the earth. Many have been found and almost pumped dry. Others will be discoverd, no doubt. Out in Ohio we dig post holes, as they are termed, from 200 to 300 feet deep, while in West Virginia we must drill ten times that distance. One man will get oil and another man just over the hill will get nothing but water. In spite of the uncertainty in the business of producing oil, there is a constant increase in the supply and wider uses are being found for it all the time.

"The United States pumped 7,500,000 more barrels of petroleum in 1911 than in 1910. There was an increase of 8,000,000 barrels in California, the greatest oil region in the world, but a loss of 4,000,000 barrels in the Appalachian fields. A large part of our oil is shipped abroad, mainly by the Standard, and immense quantities of Texas oil, which is heavy and black, is made into gasoline for automobiles, while the residue is burned as fuel. The engines on the Southern Pacific Railroad use oil instead of coal. Formerly, the Standard discouraged the burning of oil for steam-making purposes. Thus with its larger and more varied uses, the supply of oil grows from year to year, and there is no reason, in my opinion, to fear that by and by there will be no oil at all."

"Why," I inquired, "did you rush off to the Klondike?"

"Because, I suppose, a stampede for gold is not unlike a stampede for oil. I had lived, you see, in a region where men rushed into the open and took a gambler's chance with nature. Great news trickled out of Alaska, and then the movement toward the Klondike started. I left Seattle on the first boat and walked over the mountains from Skagway, carrying all that I had on my back. A trapper on shipboard, going up, liked me because I pretended to believe his personal yarns about grizzly bears and panthers.

Left His Gun Behind.

"'Sonny,' he asked me, just as I was about to enter Chilkoot Pass, 'what are you going to do with them two weapons?'

"'Defend myself, of course,' I answered.

"'Let me see you draw,' he said.

"I fumbled, but soon, as I thought, had a gun in each hand. The trapper smiled. 'Leave 'em behind, sonny, leave 'em behind. Why, they'd have you buried and a tombstone over your grave before you were ready for your first shot.'

"It was good advice and my load was reduced three pounds. Early as I was, I found all the lower claims on Eldorado Creek staked off. White men with Indian wives had already been in the country for some time. I hadn't much money and, finding no gold, went into the business of chopping and selling wood. Three of us went up the Klondike River and floated a raft down before freezing weather. We sold the wood for $65 a cord. A gambler offered me $40 a cord in real money and $35 in chips, but I passed the proposition up. Gambling was better than mining, unless one had a claim like Carmach's, which paid him $900,000 in three years. It was not unusual for a man to sit down at a gaming table with $10,000 worth of dust in a bag.

"The profits of my transaction in wood enabled me to get a claim high up on the banks of Eldorado Creek. I thawed out the gravel in my cabin and paid for the opening of the mine as I went along. Some of it yielded me $100 a bucket. A Cornell man, the second oar in the university boat crew, ran a laundry and charged $1 for washing a white shirt. No one but gamblers and fools wore collars or cuffs. But that was no country for a permanent home, and there was a young lady at Titusville whom I wanted to marry. Returning to civilization, I became an oil producer and not an oil roustabout around a derrick. The only difference between a producer and a roustabout is that the one has a little capital and the other hasn't."

(Copyright, 1912, by James B. Morrow.)

MIXES OIL, GOLD, AND POLITICS.

REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE WHITE.

WOMAN'S WEAR EXPOSED.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Louis Seltzer put his handbag down on the Gary depot platform and stepped in to buy a ticket. A limited train sped by and sucked his handbag under the wheels.

The following contents were spread about in a somewhat demolished condition: A silk dress, two silk petticoats, three princess slips, two combination slips, two silk chemises and two kimonos.

Seltzer was much embarrassed, he said in Municipal Judge Uhlir's court yesterday, but there was nothing to be ashamed of, as he is a salesman for such goods. The loss of the articles, the value of which was $105, affected him more. He was suing the Pennsylvania company for that amount. The handbag was five or six feet from the train when it went by, he said.

Saved the Canvasbacks.

From Yan Correspondence Rochester Union and Advertiser.

The last duck that was saved from starving to death by the local trolley employes, who caught and fed them last winter, was shipped to New York City yesterday, consigned to one of the many parks in that city.

Some time ago three canvasbacks were shipped, but the one that was sent yesterday was not strong enough, so it was kept here longer. When the lake was closed by ice last winter many of these ducks were frozen to the ice and others became so near famished that they were unable to fly. The trolley men running between here and Branchport when they saw the birds in such a condition took them to the powerhouse and fed them. The majority were freed after the ice broke up, but the four largest were shipped to New York City.

TO WED HER THIRD OIL MAN.

MRS. BETTY CHAPMAN PIERCE FAULKNER,

Whose recent marriage to Frank Clarence Henderson, of New York and Nowata, Okla., marked her third plunge into the matrimonial sea with a millionaire oil magnate. Mr. Henderson is an extensive holder in oil shares, as was "Lady Betty's" two former husbands. Her former husbands are: T. Irving Chapman, whom she divorced in 1905, and Roy E. Pierce, her marriage to whom was annulled last October. "Lady Betty" and her third husband are making preparations for a most elaborate honeymoon, a two years' tour around the world.

REAL ESTATE VALUES FIXED BY MOSQUITOES

Prof. L. O. Howard Talks About the Insect in Its Economic Aspect—Reclaiming Vast Tracts by Drainage.

"It is beginning to be realized in many parts of this country that the value of real estate is fixed by the mosquito," said Dr. L. O. Howard, the government entomologist-in-chief. "To show how this comes about, I will cite an instance:

"Not far from Bridgeport, on Long Island Sound, was a locality so afflicted by mosquitoes that nobody, save a few hardy fisher folk, so much as thought of venturing to live there. Land was to be had for next to nothing. A clever schoolmaster, however, with a very limited amount of capital to invest, having made a study of the problem, took advantage of the opportunity to buy up considerable areas, which he ditched and drained, thereby putting a stop to the nuisance. Immediately the neighborhood became desirable for residence purposes, the land rose greatly in value, and the speculative pedagogue earned quite a little fortune by his venture.

"Another case I might mention was that of a formerly popular summer resort in New Jersey. Mosquitoes drove the people away. Recently, however, the swamps in that neighborhood have been ditched and drained, the pestiferous insects practically have ceased to breed, and the resort has become more prosperous than ever, many new and beautiful dwellings being erected there by summer colonists.

"These are interesting object lessons to show what may be accomplished toward getting rid of mosquitoes in any part of the country. But even more striking in its way is the instance of Staten Island, where the extermination of the insects was sought mainly to get rid of malaria. The health authorities of New York undertook the job of cleaning it up, and at an expense of only about $50,000 drained the swamps along the entire coast. This involved the digging of some hundreds of miles of ditches. But, as a result, the mosquitoes practically disappeared, window screens were discarded, and meals began to be served on the verandas of hotels.

How Jersey Suffered.

"Up to a few years ago Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, and Paterson suffered very seriously from mosquitoes bred on the vast area of salt marshes known as the Hackensack Meadows. Under the direction of Dr. John B. Smith, the task of draining these marshes was systematically undertaken in 1904, and they have now ceased to produce the insects in any great numbers. Ditches dug for this purpose are thirty inches deep and ten inches in width, and the work, being accomplished with special machinery, is rapid and efficient. Its cost will be paid many times over by the reclamation of the land, which should prove to be of great fertility and specially adapted for the production of truck crops.

"The large cities along the Atlantic Coast are supplied with mosquitoes bred in salt marshes which in some instances are many miles away. These mosquitoes, being of migratory habit, fly inland long distances, and, far outnumbering all other species, make it a waste of time and labor to attempt to deal with those locally produced. So far as the large towns above mentioned are concerned, however, the mischief has been done away with to a great extent by the ditching of the marshes.

"You should understand that the salt marsh mosquitoes will fly forty miles from the place where they are bred. They lay their eggs, not in the water, but on mud—to be hatched when the water flows over them. Recently acquired knowledge has greatly extended our ideas in regard to the varied ways in which mosquitoes accomplish reproduction. For example, the Catskill and other mountain regions in the East are afflicted by species which lay their eggs in dry hollows in the ground, in July. The eggs do not hatch until water from melting snow has filled the depressions in the following spring. Thus there is only one generation in a year, making its appearance in May and persisting until midsummer.

Existed Before Human Beings.

"Mosquitoes, we know, are very ancient insects. They existed on the earth many millions of years before the first human beings arrived. Some species seem to have altered their habits since coming into contact with man. But this is a point on which it is necessary to speak with caution, because we really know very little about it. We do know, however, that the yellow fever mosquito is never found nowadays more than a quarter of a mile from houses. It seems to be practically dependent upon the conditions of civilization.

"The yellow fever mosquito appears to have belonged originally to the tree-hole tribe—being, that is to say, one of a number of species which under natural conditions prefer to lay their eggs in holes in trees, where rain water accumulates. Of some of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes it may likewise be said that they are seldom found far from human habitations.

"It is somewhat curious to observe how civilization begins by doing away with malaria, and then, later on, reintroduces it. In Illinois, Indiana, and other parts of the Middle West, the early settlers suffered frightfully from this malady—distributed, as we now know, by mosquitoes. Many of them died of it. But, incidental to reducing the land to cultivation, they drained it; the mosquitoes disappeared to a great extent in consequence, and there was comparatively little malaria. But the subsequent development of civilized methods of living, with street gutters and sewer traps to hold stagnant water, railroads (which afford similar facilities), and various other conditions, not forgetting the omnipresent tin can (which holds enough rain water to furnish a small but reliable crop of mosquitoes), again grants ample opportunities for the breeding of the insects, and malaria becomes rife.

"We may regard the malaria mosquito and the yellow fever mosquito as parasites on man in a sort of casual way. But there is one species which really lives at his expense, depending upon him habitually for both food and shelter. This is Culex pipiens, the common 'house' or 'rain-barrel' mosquito, which is as much the companion of human beings as the rat. It might almost be called a household pet, inasmuch as people commonly, though without intention, furnish it with breeding facilities on their own premises.

Rain Barrel Variety.

"It is called the rain-barrel mosquito because its 'wrigglers' breed in such receptacles in great numbers whenever an opportunity is offered. That it considers itself a domestic animal is proved by its persistent and usually successful efforts to get into dwelling houses and stay there, or in their immediate neighborhood. It spends the winter by preference in cellars on damp, dark shelters of any kind—even upper rooms of shut-up, unheated houses. Often there are thousands of its kind hibernating in a cellar unsuspected by the owner. These are all females, and those of them that survive until the coming of warm weather immediately look for a place to lay their eggs. If a rain-barrel is not at hand, a pail half full of water or a puddle will serve the purpose, the eggs, about 200 in number, being set on end and glued together in raft shape on the surface of the water, where they float until hatched.

"A Boston man once sent to us a batch of mosquitoes which he had collected in his cellar, where they had assembled in such numbers that when a kerosene lamp was held up the inside of the glass chimney was soon covered with them to a thickness of half an inch. The cellar was very cold. In one corner was a small furnace pipe, but its warm neighborhood was avoided, the insects gathering in the coldest places. The lower the temperature, the better it seems to suit them for purposes of hibernation. Apparently no extreme cold will kill them.

No Water Too Foul.

"No water is too foul, no receptacle too small to serve as a breeding place for this household species. A street gutter, a clogged roof gutter, a tin can, or an open sewer will suit the purposes of Culex pipiens. The only requirement is that there shall be water enough to last at least a week, and that it shall not be pure. This mosquito breeds as readily indoors as out. Dr. John B. Smith says: 'I have found wrigglers in a jar of water forgotten in a pantry, in the water pan of a letter press, in a clogged sink partly filled with water from a dripping faucet, and in fire buckets hanging along the hall of a hotel.'

"As might be expected from its domestic habits, the rain-barrel mosquito is not much of a traveler. It rarely goes far from the place where it was hatched—being in this respect of an inclination exactly contrary to the salt marsh mosquitoes, whose migratory swarms pass inland over such great distances. In the heat of the middle and late summer, when their development is very rapid, there commonly appears a brood or two of undersized, very active, and vicious individuals, which actually force the window and door screens, making their way through the meshes—more easily through wire than through cotton or linen net, because the latter is fuzzy and on that account affords additional obstruction to their passage.

"It is always worth while, by the way, when buying mosquito net, to pick out the smallest mesh obtainable. It varies a good deal, and often it is too large. A European investigator, Dr. Arnold, made a rather interesting experiment in this line by covering a number of lidless pill-boxes with mosquito net of as many different brands. In each box he imprisoned two or three mosquitoes. Then, when he went to bed, he put them on a chair by the side of his couch—the idea being to imitate the conditions under which mosquitoes and a sleeping person are separated by a net. As a result, some of the pill boxes were found empty in the morning, and Dr. Arnold had several bites.

Mosquito-proof Houses.

"Since the dangerous character of some mosquitoes has come to be known, manufacturers have put on the market portable 'canopies,' which, being folded up when not in use, occupy hardly more space than a fishing rod. Also, if one wishes, he may purchase a mosquito-proof house—most suitable for a traveler in malarious countries—which, when unfolded, affords room enough for occupancy by two persons.

"We are not accustomed to regard the house mosquito as anything worse than an annoyance; yet in the tropics it is the proven carrier and distributor of that dread disease elephantiasis—this malady being attributable to a minute worm which the insect, infected by biting a sufferer from the complaint, introduces into the blood of a healthy person incidentally to a puncture with its beak.

"In rural and suburban districts one often finds the sources of mosquito supply at the very doors of dwelling houses, and usually unsuspected. An experienced observer, Dr. Lugger, once undertook to count the developing mosquitoes in an ordinary rain barrel. On July 6 the water in the barrel was filtered, and found to contain 17,259 eggs, wrigglers and pupae. Sixteen days later, 19,110 additional ones were present. If it be supposed that half of these developed into female mosquitoes, each of which laid 400 eggs, and that twelve generations bred in the course of the summer, it will easily be seen how a large neighborhood might be well supplied with the pests from a single neglected rainwater barrel.

"There are mosquitoes which breed in pitcher plants. I knew of a case where a considerable number of 'pitchers' of such plants, found filled with solid ice in winter, were thawed out and yielded two bottles of very lively wrigglers. The latter were imbedded in the ice, so that they could be seen scattered through it. They survived, and finally assumed the winged form, thus throwing an interesting light upon a mode of spending the cold months, which had never been suspected of mosquitoes.

Habits of the Insects.

"If one wishes to study closely the intimate habits of mosquitoes while going through their various transformations, their eggs may be obtained with ease by exposing a bucket of water out of doors in a suitable locality on almost any summer night. The egg masses should be transferred from the bucket to a breeding jar—for which nothing is better than one of the large cylindrical glass jars known as battery jars. Such a receptacle should be big enough to hold about a gallon of water. A layer of sand an inch or two deep is placed in the bottom, and a quart or more of water poured over it. After the sand has settled and the water has cleared, a bit of any small aquatic plant may be inserted to advantage, and over the top of the jar a piece of cheesecloth should be strapped with a rubber band. Thus provided for, the mosquitoes will soon hatch out, and may be observed at leisure.

"As far back as 1874 the fact was established that the whiskers—or, to speak with more strict accuracy, the antennal hairs—of the male mosquito are organs of hearing. Experiments with a tuning fork showed that some of the hair are specially tuned to respond to vibrations numbering 512 per second, while other hairs vibrate to other notes. These auditory hairs vibrate when the song of the female comes at right angles to them. If the song affects one antenna more than another, the male turns his head until both atennae are affected, and is thus able to determine the exact direction of the female, to which he then flies. It appears that the male can thus guide himself to within five degrees of the exact direction of the female.

"Not long ago an electrical engineer of Jackson, Miss., wrote me that while engaged in some experiments in harmonic telegraphy, in which a musical note of a certain pitch was produced by electrical means, he was amazed to find that when the note was raised to a certain number of vibrations per second, all mosquitoes, not only in the room but from outside, would fly toward the apparatus, striking it with astonishing force. Having covered part of the apparatus with sticky flypaper, he succeeded, after sounding the note for a few seconds, in capturing all the mosquitoes in the vicinity. Then he devised a machine to electrocute mosquitoes, causing them to precipitate themselves when the note was sounded against a wire window screen, through which an alternating current of high potential was passed.

"Male mosquitoes are not blood-drinkers, but they are often seen sucking at drops of water or molasses, or beer, or wine. Wine seems to have a markedly intoxicating effect upon them. A colleague of my own, Mr. Schwarz, has made some interesting observations of their beer-guzzling habit, so that it may be said that any accusation of blood-thirstiness brought against the female sex, as illustrated in mosquitoes, may be offered by the circumstance that even with these creatures the male sex is the one that is prone to alcoholism."

RENE BACHE.

To Lighten the Black Man's Burden

That the negro is still suffering a great many petty and often more flagrant injustices was clearly emphasized in the fourth conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Its sessions in Chicago last week were attended by a large number of representative leaders of both races. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, presided at the opening gathering in the beautiful new Sinai Temple. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of the famous abolitionist and president of the New York Evening Post, is the active head of the association. His address laid stress upon the highly encouraging advances made in behalf of negro rights during the past year. Incidentally, the public may be interested to know that he attributed to the protest of negro influence the defeat of Judge Hook, of Kansas, as a choice for the Supreme Court. The point at issue was an intolerable "jim-crow car" decision rendered by the justice some time ago. Prof. William Pickens, of Talladega College, whose autobiography has been recently appearing in The Congregationalist, described the remarkable material prosperity and educational advance of the colored race since the civil war. Other participants in the notable three days' programme were Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, executive head of the association and editor of its organ, The Crisis; Judge E. O. Brown, of Chicago; Charles Edward Russell, leading Socialist and magazine writer, and others. The organization prosecutes its work chiefly through investigation and publicity, The Crisis now reaching nearly 25,000 readers alone. Branches have been formed in Boston, Baltimore, Washington, New York and Chicago. The New York division has been especially active in securing the colored man's rights before the police courts, in restaurants, hotels and places of amusement.

Napoleon's Youngest Sister.

From the London Telegraph.

"I wish that some of my field marshals had taken the precaution not to marry when they were only sergeants," Napoleon is supposed to have grumbled when he saw some of the ladies at his court. Murat, the dashing leader of cavalry at Marengo, did not make the mistake of his fellows and waited for Bonaparte to give him the hand of his youngest sister, Caroline.

With her he reigned over the Two Sicilies as Joaquim I. Wishing to stand well with the Queen, the Bishop of Tarente gave her a birthday present of one of Simon Vostre's "Books of Hours," printed on vellum in 1498 by Pierre Pigoucher, of Paris, and containing twenty-one fine large wood cuts. Yesterday this relic appeared in the library of the late Louisa Lady Ashburton at Sotheby's and realized £325 (Sabin). It may, therefore, go to America, whither Murat and Caroline's son, Napoleon Achille, went and married a niece of Washington.

Kansas Town with 300 Windmills.

From the Hutchinson News.

Spearville has 300 waterworks plants. Every home had its own waterworks and water is not only abundant, but there is no meter to worry about.

It is these 300 individual waterworks plants that gives Spearville its distinctive nickname, for in every back yard is to be found a windmill. It is a couple of hundred feet to water here, but the water is sparkling, pure and cold. Windmills are a necessity, and they afford a pressure that enables every Spearville home to have all the luxury of a city waterworks without a meter jealously registering every gallon.

It is a curious sight to see a windmill in every back yard, and the music they make is a melody of irrigated gardens, ever flowing fountains and ceaseless lawn sprays. Furthermore, there is an inexhaustible supply of wind to run Spearville's windmills.