

NOVEL HUNT FOR BUGS

California Horticultural Department's Plan to Get Parasites.

LONG JOURNEY OF ORANGE TREES

Taken From San Francisco to China to Be Infested With Enemies of Purple Scale, and Then Brought Back to Their Starting Place—Courtesy of Chinamen to See George Comper, Who Handled the Trees in the Orient.

From San Francisco to New York, from New York to Brazil, from Brazil to London, from London to West Australia, from Australia to China and from China to San Francisco is the itinerary of the latest scientific bug hunt of the state horticultural department of California, says the San Francisco Call.

The hunter was George Comper, who recently arrived in San Francisco from China. Comper went for parasites to prey on two kinds of scales that infest and destroy orange trees. One sort he found and carried to West Australia on a government order. The second parasite involved the most curious quest for relief from pests and the longest one in point of miles traversed in the interest of science that the annals of such work may boast.

The purple scale damages the orange trees of southern California largely. Some months ago a parasite that kills the purple scale was found, and many of its eggs were sent to San Francisco to the quarantine station for insect pests in the ferry building in cold storage. There the specimens were viewed with admiration by Ehrhorn and Carnes, and great results were hoped for. Unfortunately the eggs did not hatch. Probably the cold storage was too severe for them.

How to get the parasite to San Francisco in shape to do business against the purple scale was a question that became pressing. Comper was circumnavigating the world. Communication was had with him, and it was agreed that trees infested with the purple scale should be sent from San Francisco to China, to be taken inland several hundred miles in China and there exposed to the visits of the purple scale exterminator.

Comper found the trees from California in China at a seaport. He then had to journey by boat many days up a river that ran so swiftly that oarsmen could not row against the current, and it was necessary to have coolies on the river banks pull the boats along with ropes for days at a time. Finally, after some rough experiences, Comper reached the province that is the home of the enemy of the purple scale. There he went ashore. Thousands of the Chinese farmers in the neighborhood had never seen a white man before. They were very curious and came miles to see Comper simply because he was white.

The owner of the boat in which Comper had journeyed would not let his boat to the river bank at night because he knew that he would be killed by Chinese thieves who wished to get the boat, and he anchored nightly in the middle of the river. The traveled orange trees were taken ashore and were carried by two men many more miles by land. There the purple scale exterminator finally made its home in the imported trees.

Once more the trees were picked up and laboriously carried by hand by two coolies to the river. The trees were shipped by Comper, and he accompanied them to the sea. Then they were put after a time on a steamship for San Francisco, and they reached that port simultaneously with Comper, having journeyed 12,900 miles by sea, some hundreds of miles by river and as many more hundreds by land.

From now on the trees will be watched with daily and constant care. If the purple scale parasites on them develop and live the problem of relief to southern California orchards will have been solved. If they fail to fulfill expectations, then a second journey to China will be necessary. The search will be kept up as long as the pest exists.

Miss Susan B. Anthony as a Cook.

Mrs. John Maule tells a characteristic little story of the late Susan B. Anthony, the eminent woman suffrage leader, says the New York Press.

"I was a young mother with two babies—only a year's difference between them"—she said, "when Miss Anthony came to Fairmount, Neb., where we lived, to lecture and was sent by the committee to our house to be entertained. I was delighted to have her; but, nevertheless, it takes close figuring for a young housewife with two babies and no maid to entertain a guest properly. I got up early, with thoughts intent upon breakfast, and had the two babies in the kitchen in their night clothes, when Miss Anthony came in, fresh and full of vitality. 'Now,' said she, 'you get the breakfast and I'll wash and dress the babies, or, rather, no,' she exclaimed; 'you wash and dress the babies and I'll get the breakfast. Let it never be said of me that I separated a mother from her children.'"

An American Flag Rose.

Florists in Anderson, Ind., have been producing green carnations for several years by steeping the stems of white blooms in a chemical solution. They are now trying, says an Anderson correspondent of the Indianapolis News, to develop a rose with the American flag distinctly portrayed for use on Memorial day. Fourth of July and other holidays. A jet black carnation is also being developed.

MRS. LONGWORTH'S CALLS.

Strenuous Social Problem to Be Faced by Ohio Representative's Wife.

While her official residence in Washington began only on March 5, when she returned from her wedding trip, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is already facing a strenuous social problem, in which she must give traditional etiquette more serious consideration than she ever did in her life, says a correspondent of the New York Press. She must now begin the calls of courtesy on the wife of every official who holds a higher post than her husband. She must call on the wife of the president, not as a daughter of the house, but as the wife of Nicholas Longworth, representative from Ohio. She must call on the wife of the vice president, of the cabinet officers, the justices of the supreme court, the senators and all those representatives in congress who are senior to Mr. Longworth.

In a word, she faces about 400 calls before Mrs. Grundy will concede that her duty is accomplished. Then she must consider the strangers within the gates, some thirty or more matrons in the diplomatic corps, and those personal friends to whom she owes calls of courtesy for hospitality accepted. Mrs. Longworth no longer enjoys an option about attending to these details. They are obligatory unless she wishes to wound the susceptibility of those who might prove dangerous to the future advancement of Representative Nicholas Longworth.

Usually Effective. "Sometimes," said the merchant, "I feel like the poet who wanted a lodge in some vast wilderness. I yearn for solitude and silence." "Well," replied his friend sympathetically, "it's an expensive taste to gratify, but you might start in by taking your advertisement out of the newspapers."—Washington Star.

A Trifle Better. Professor—Pray excuse me for keeping you waiting for a few minutes, gentlemen. Unfortunately I have come without the manuscript of my lecture, but I have sent my little boy for it. Little Boy (entering the hall)—Mother says she can't find the manuscript of your lecture, but I've brought the book you copied it from.

Awful Thought! Molly—Papa, I wish you'd close the door of your room when gentlemen are calling on me. Your snore is something fearful. Dad—Well, it won't hurt 'em. Molly—Perhaps not, but they might think it's hereditary.

The Benefit. She—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you. He—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.



When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES. Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, "the blues," nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my young days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women.

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Advertisement for The Stratton "Liber" brand fabric, featuring a woman's portrait and pricing information.

THE STARRY SYSTEM

IT IS SO VAST THAT ITS LIMITS ARE BEYOND COMPUTATION.

Considering Some Stupendous Distances by a Scale Greatly Reduced, A Comparison With Our Relatively Small Solar System.

It is worth while making an effort to picture to ourselves the vast extent of the starry system in which we reside. Having gained some faint notion of the extent of the lesser solar system, which occupies a small corner of the stellar system, we must work outward from that beginning. Let us take for our unit of measurement the space which separates the earth from the sun, and let the 92,000,000 miles of this distance be represented in our minds by a single inch. In proportion the sun itself must be pictured by a tiny ball less than one hundredth part of an inch in diameter, while our earth must be a mere speck, less than one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter. And this little sun and this minute earth must be just an inch asunder.

Following out the same idea, Mercury and Venus, being closer to the sun than we are, have to be less than an inch away from him, while Jupiter will be five inches off, Saturn will be ten inches off, Uranus will be over nineteen inches off, Neptune will be almost thirty inches off. Then the solar system as a whole, leaving out of the question certain comets which travel farther, will be included in a circle less than two yards in diameter.

The question arises next, What will be the proportionate size of the stellar system on this same scale of measurement? If the solar system is to be comprised with a hoop not two yards across, how wide a space should we allow to the surrounding system of stars, "our universe"? How near will be the nearest of outlying stars? And the answer is sufficiently startling. If the sun is reckoned to be one inch away from our earth, if Neptune is reckoned to be less than three feet away from the sun, then, on the same scale, the star which lies closest of all other stars in the whole universe to us, Alpha Centauri by name, must be reckoned as lying at a distance of about three and a half miles. And between the two—nothing; at least nothing in the shape of a star. An occasional comet may lag slowly along in the darkness, finding its way from one sun system to another, and dark bodies cooled suns, may possibly float here or there unseen by us, but of stars, radiant with heat and light, none is found in that wide area.

Astronomical writers sometimes talk of stars "in the vicinity" of the sun, and this is what is meant by "vicinity." Think of the distances implied. Our whole solar system is first brought down into a small circle, two yards across—every inch in those yards standing for more than 90,000,000 miles—and then on every side and above and below is an encompassing void of three and a half miles, every inch of those miles again representing more than 90,000,000 miles. And then we come upon one gleaming star. Only one quite so near. Another star in the sun's "vicinity," known as 61 Cygni, would lie at a distance of seven miles, and the brilliant Sirius would be over 100 fathoms off. Others must be placed at distances of 20 miles, 50 miles, 100 miles. It is easy to start with a list of these figures. It is not easy to say where one should stop. That the starry system has limits we do not doubt, but to define those limits is not possible. On such a scale as is given above those limits certainly would not lie within a distance of 100 miles nor of 1,000 miles.

It is believed that some dim stars, barely to be detected, may be 10,000 times as far away as our sun's nearest neighbor, Alpha Centauri, and this at once gives, even on our much reduced scale, a line from the center of 35,000 miles. Suppose that the limits of the stellar system lay somewhere about there. Thirty-five thousand miles each way from the center would mean a diameter for the whole of 70,000 miles. Imagine a starry system 70,000 miles across from side to side, each inch in those miles representing 92,000,000 of real miles, and somewhere in the midst of it our small solar system, just two yards across, separated from all other stars by a wide blank of three or four miles.

That would be stupendous enough. But we have no reason whatever for supposing that the limits of our universe do lie there. The true boundaries of the stellar system may be twice as far, four times as far, ten times as far. We do not even know with certainty that our solar system is placed anywhere near its center, though this seems rather likely. Far off as the boundary reaches in one direction, it may reach much farther in another direction.—Chambers' Journal.

Saw a Profit. The artistic temperament often leads toward poverty, but it frequently compensates its victim with a saving grace of humor which makes even the poverty a source of fun. A young woman who was possessed of the temperament and had given up everything else for it suddenly sold a picture for a considerable sum and made haste to apply the proceeds as a first payment on a small cottage she had long desired. The former owner attempted to advise her about the neighbors.

"Now," that couple next door," he said warningly, "they are right good neighbors, friendly and all that, but keep your eyes open. If they see a chance to make a hundred dollars out of you they won't hesitate to do it." "Fine, fine!" cried the young woman. "I'm going over now and see if I can't get them to do it on shares."

Gigantic Sale

Now in Progress. A Gigantic Reduction Sale \$25,000.00 WORTH OF HIGH GRADE, DEPENDABLE CLOTHING, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS FOR MEN AND BOYS, TO BE SOLD AT LESS THAN COST OF THE RAW MATERIAL, AT THE

Cut Price Clothing Co., 1620 Second Ave., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

WE ARE OVERSTOCKED, and in order to raise the KASH with which to pay our bills, which are now coming due, we are throwing on the market at this, the best season of the year, at this time just before the Easter Holidays, when every one is buying clothing—and when all other merchants are exacting the highest prices—our entire stock of spring and summer goods. Our loss is your gain. All goods marked in plain figures with blue pencil. We wish to state for the benefit of those people who cannot do their shopping in the day time that our store will remain open until 10 p. m. nights.

Five Reasons Why It is the Duty of All to Attend The greatest sale ever held in Rock Island. BECAUSE (1) Our advertising is honest. BECAUSE (2) Every statement is exact. BECAUSE (3) What we say today is also good tomorrow. BECAUSE (4) You get your money back if not satisfactory. BECAUSE (5) Our prices makes buying elsewhere expensive to you.

It's Our Business to Show You Prices Wrecked in Every Line. READ THESE MUTE BUT CRUSHING PRICES AND BUY YOUR EASTER CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS AND FURNISHINGS AT THESE REMARKABLE LOW PRICES: It's Your Business to Look.

Table listing various clothing items and their prices, including men's suits, boys' suits, men's and boys' furnishings, men's shirts, men's neckwear, men's shoes, men's hats, and boys' knee pants.

LOOK FOR THE BIG GREEN CANVAS SIGNS. CUT PRICE CLOTHING CO., 1620 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois

OUR GUARANTEE—We assure each and every purchaser absolute satisfaction. We guarantee every garment, every price, and every statement here made.

Why the Devil Has Cloven Hoofs. Legends of the devil are quite common in Ireland, but the one which is most interesting and least known perhaps is that which tells why the prince of the infernal regions has split hoofs. Like those of a cow beast, Moore alludes to the legend in his story of St. Kevin and Kathleen at Glendalough. In that story Moore makes St. Kevin throw his former ladylove over the cliff in order to be rid of her importunities, but the peasants of the Glendalough district give the story a more poetical touch. They insist that it was not Kathleen that was thrown over the cliff, but that it was Satan, who had assumed the form of the lady in order to tempt the saint. The moment the prince of evil toppled over the edge of the yawning abyss he spread his bat-like wings and sailed away in safety, much to the surprise of the holy saint. Later on the devil again attempted to lay a snare for St. Kevin, but the saint managed to get the arch fiend on holy ground, where, of course, he was helpless. While the devil was in this helpless condition Kevin saved off his legs and attached cows' hoofs to the stumps. Since that day Satan has been cloven footed and will be until the end of time.

Advertisement for Kickapoo Worm Killer, featuring a testimonial from Mrs. Gottfried Bolger and a list of ailments it treats.

An Arabian Legend. The Arabians had a tradition that when the devil started forth from his own place to the garden of Eden he was too lazy to walk and begged all the animals, one after another, to carry him. All refused except the serpent, which was then a quadruped and the most beautiful of all beasts. Yielding to the entreaties of Satan, the serpent took up the devil on its back and carried him the rest of the way, no one knows how far, and after the consequences of the devil's entry into the garden became apparent the angels were commanded to look up the serpent and punish it, so Michael cut off its legs, and it was doomed henceforth to travel about as best it could flat on the ground.

Advertisement for Bro-Man-Gel-On, featuring an illustration of a family and a testimonial about the product's benefits.