

FLIES CARRY GERMS

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY MADE BY GOVERNMENT SURGEON.

Tests Made by Dr. Wherry Show That Ordinary House Insects Will Transmit Leprous Bacilli—Experiments with Rats.

Washington.—The highly important discovery has been made by William H. Wherry, surgeon of the marine hospital service, that rats have leprosy, and that the ordinary house fly, after resting upon a dead leprous rat, will carry and deposit bacilli of the disease. The conclusions reached are not definite that the fly transmits the bacilli of rat leprosy to human beings, but the surgeon is of the opinion that it is quite possible for the fly to transmit human leprosy from a diseased to a non-diseased person.

Dr. Wherry, in an important report, quotes noted authorities in expressions of well founded belief that leprosy is frequently acquired through flies. The insects rather than the ulcers of leprosy and later bite well persons. In one instance a man who had been bitten by a fly in a leper settlement noticed the first outbreak of the disease at the place where the fly had bitten him. The inoculations of the fly are small, but when made under favorable circumstances carry leprosy bacilli with them, it is believed.

The very careful examinations made by Dr. Wherry at various places in California seem to confirm the theory that the fly, after coming in contact with leprosy, will deposit the bacilli of that disease for several days afterward. In the last few months Dr. Wherry examined 9,361 rats at Oakland, Cal., for leprosy, and found 20 infested with the disease, some of them in the advanced stages. One leper rat was found staggering in the streets of Oakland blind and defenseless from the disease. The disease among rats is believed to be transmitted from one to the other by the bacilli lying just beneath the skin. Blood-sucking insects upon the rats carry the disease from the sick to the well, just as it is now admitted flies do in cases of typhoid fever.

Dr. Wherry used the carcasses of leper rats to inoculate flies. The carcasses were exposed to flies in glass jars. After many flies had been collected the jar was screened. After feeding upon the carcasses the flies soon began to deposit specks upon the sides of the jars. Examination in almost every instance showed the presence of the bacilli of rat leprosy. The surgeon found that the flies took up immense numbers of the bacilli from the carcasses. When fed upon hvers and other organs of well rats no bacilli were found.

Dr. Wherry continued his important investigations with human leprosy. At the Alameda county infirmary he captured two flies from the ulcerated portion of the face of an advanced leper. Within an hour after the flies had been placed in vials the specks deposited by them showed bacilli of the disease the same as in the case of the rats. For many hours afterward the specks contained lepra-like bacilli. The surgeon was even able to count the number of bacilli in one speck, using the approved methods for that purpose. In one speck there were 1,150 bacilli. Experiments upon guinea pigs with the bacilli failed to transmit the disease to these animals.

The conclusions of Dr. Wherry are that there is no certain evidence that rat leprosy and the human disease are the same, although it is now well established that the plague is transmitted almost wholly to human beings from rats coming in contact with food or clothing. The taking up of the parasites by the fly does not necessarily mean that the fly also can carry the disease, but the facts are given for what they are worth. It was discovered at least that the parasites do not multiply in flies, and that in 48 hours the insects are clear of the bacilli.

WOUND OPEN AFTER 23 YEARS.

Man Awakes to Find Blood Trickling from Old Shot Injury.

Houston, Tex.—Twenty-six years after being shot in the shoulder George H. Currier, a lawyer, was awakened shortly before daylight by blood trickling over his arm, and discovered that the wound, from which he had suffered no pain for a quarter of a century, had become serious, and that one of the arteries of his arm had been ruptured.

The bullet that caused the rupture had never given Currier the least uneasiness until a few days ago, when his shoulder, in the region of the long closed wound, began to swell. The swelling later extended to the arm, but caused no anxiety, and when Currier went to sleep he was totally unprepared for what he found when he was awakened by the blood flowing from the ruptured artery over his arm. When he saw what was the matter, he summoned an ambulance and a physician and was taken to the Houston infirmary. Before he arrived he had become weak from the flow of blood. Physicians believe that he will recover if the bullet is extracted.

Moves 39 Times: Asks Divorce. Fort Wayne, Ind.—Because she was forced to change her home 39 times in her married life, Mrs. Jennie E. V. Jarrett asked a divorce from James E. Jarrett. The couple were married in 1891. Mrs. Jarrett said the family had been ejected from 16 houses for nonpayment of rent and had moved out of others to avoid process.

SEEKS WIFE IN DENVER.

New York Inventor Asks Western Mayor to Secure Spouse for Him.

Denver, Col.—Henry Schaefer of New York, who describes himself as an inventor, writes to Mayor Speer that he can't find any home girls in that city, and wants a Denver wife. Schaefer says: "Dear Mayor: Owing to a scarcity of true home women in New York and its surrounding territory, I take pleasure in asking you whether you can, through your office, secure for me a wife who is willing to appreciate a good, loving and true youth for a husband."

"I am 22, and this will be my first experience as a navigator on the sea of matrimony. Am sure it will be a trying success, as I am a young man with common, practical sense, well informed, well educated, and never ill-tempered nor made easy to fly into a fury. A young woman who is looking for that kind of a man and who herself possesses the same trained habits as the one I wish to correspond with and meet. To such a one I can assure a life-long joy and happiness. Life will then be a paradise."

"I am an inventor and spend my time solving and planning mechanical problems, of which I have achieved success, controlling numerous patents of various designs and descriptions. My income is large enough to comfortably support a wife, whom I am careful to select ere I walk into the matrimonial trap. I am anxious, therefore, to marry a Denver woman, regardless whether poor or rich, and wish to hear from them through you. References will be exchanged."

TWINS KEEP TOWN GUESSING.

Residents of New England Village Can't Tell Which is Which.

Providence, R. I.—"Gee!" said a small boy who could not go to school because he had a sore toe. "You ought to see 'em. They both wear brown hats an' brown shoes an' hose, and you couldn't tell 'em apart. An' brown dresses, too," he added as an afterthought.

"There's the school, right up there," he said, pointing out a yellow building with a flagstaff in the front yard. "I ain't goin' no closer, because it's real an' shell see me if I do."

"Which one are you afraid of?" asked the stranger.

"Both of 'em," answered the boy, disappearing in the opposite direction with an agility surprising for one with a toe sore enough to keep its owner out of school.

He was taking no chances, for either of the two young women who teach at the Glendale school might be his teacher—and he could not tell them apart. Neither can the others in the village; and as for the children, they are at their wits' end to tell whether they are speaking to Miss Mary or Miss Elizabeth when they pass "teacher" on the street. They are certain of speaking to Miss Reynolds, for the teachers are twin sisters and so like that their mother could not distinguish between them in babyhood and early childhood, while to-day it is difficult to tell which is which, even when they are together and thus inviting comparison.

BAYS CANAL DAM WILL FAIL.

Panama Editor Insists Present Plan is Not Feasible.

Los Angeles, Cal.—That the Panama canal project as now prosecuted must eventually be abandoned, and that the great ditch will cost \$700,000,000, instead of \$350,000,000, and will probably not be completed for 20 years. Is the assertion made by J. Gabriel Druce, Central American multi-millionaire owner of three newspapers, including the largest in the canal zone, builder of Panama's new \$700,000 theater, and close friend of Lieut. Col. G. W. Goethals, chairman and chief engineer of the isthmian canal commission.

Druce is visiting his brother in this city. He has been in Panama 32 years and bases his discouraging statement on expert knowledge of natural conditions there.

He declares the disintegrating action of the fierce sun will break the Gatun dam, release the impounded lake intended to form part of the ocean-to-ocean water way, and force the government to build practically a new canal in parts, on the sea level idea originally recommended by noted engineers of all countries.

LEAVES HIM FOR CHICKENS.

Alton Woman Makes Forty Leghorns Sufficient Cause for a Divorce Issue.

Alton, Ill.—Mrs. Alice Mahu may give the choice between her husband, Andrew Mahu, and her 40 Leghorn chickens. She chose the chickens, and she announced that she would leave her husband before the end of the week, taking the fowls along. The Mahus have been married more than 15 years. The chickens have been kept by Mrs. Mahu in the rear of her home.

The landlord, who did not care to have his premises converted into a poultry ranch, recently notified the Mahus that they must dispose of the chickens or move. "We can't move," said Mahu to his wife. "My piano tuning business is just getting built up here and if we went to some other place I would lose my customers."

"I won't stay here without my chickens. Neither one of us would give in," said Mrs. Mahu, in her husband's presence. "So I am packing up my things to go somewhere else where I can have my chickens. I shall apply for a divorce."

WORK HARD AND KEEP ON TOP.

Observance of Simple Rule Means Success in Life.

Thirty years ago, in a poor school-house in a back district, a boy at the foot of his class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy lunged his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller, before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night, then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master. "That's the way to success; always work that way and you'll do."

Dave today is the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words:

"Go up ahead, and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

Success may come sometimes unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.—Genevieve Courter.

FIND COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.

Small Sorrows Quickly Vanish in Its Friendly Shade.

And yet it seems so full of comfort and strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away ashamed. The day has been full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then, night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered heads and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot, flushed cheeks against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Night's heart is full of pity for us; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings we pass for a moment into a mightier presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great presence all human life lies like a bark before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Love the Bow on Life's Cloud.

Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and evening star. It shines on the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire on the hearth. It was the first dress of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal queens and kings of common clay. It is the perfume of that wonderful flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts, but with it—earth is heaven and we are gods.—The late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Inventions Forfeited.

Many practical inventions of modern days were forfeited in a book written in 1865 by the marquis of Worcester. It consisted of descriptions of 100 projects or inventions which the author thought possible of achievement. Among them were secret writing by cipher or peculiar links, telegraphs or semaphores, explosive projectiles that would sink any ship, shafts that would resist any fire, a key that would fasten all the drawers of a cabinet by one locking, a large cannon that could be shot six times a minute, flying machines, calculating machines for addition and subtraction, and a pistol to discharge a dozen times with one loading.—Chicago Examiner.

Power from Difficulties Overcome.

The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty did not perceive that he was creating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. The modern instructor, however, induces his pupil to solve his difficulties himself; believes that in so doing he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through, and finds confirmation for this belief in the fact that a great proportion of the most successful men are self-made.—Herbert Spencer.

As the Druggist Dodges.

"That's a funny thing," said the pretty woman. "I just sent Sarah to the drug store for a little bromide to put me to sleep to-night. I have been awake for several nights. They wouldn't sell it to her, they said, but they told her where she could go and buy an 85-cent bottle of it unopened. They'd let her know where she could buy enough to kill me, but wouldn't sell her enough to put me to sleep."

Manufacturing Chords.

"How is your daughter getting on?" "Splendidly. She's busy just now at Beethoven's works."

"What is it, one of those pottery pieces?"

TOILET SIMPLE BUT THOROUGH.

Little Time Wasted on Morning's Ablutions of Niger Baby.

Matrons of the west may be interested to hear the details of the Nigri-nati native baby's morning toilet. Anything over three months old is no longer a "baby" to the native materfamilias, and is bathed with the other children (generally a numerous brood), in the chill morning air before sunrise. The little mite yells lustily while the cold water is splashed over its brown body, and generally continues the chorus when put aside to dry towels do not form part of the household equipment. The bathing process finished, the infants are subjected to a sort of water cure treatment. The mother seizes a child, scoops up a handful of water, and using her thumb as a kind of spout, squirts it with extraordinary dexterity into the youngster's mouth and down its throat—Protest in the shape of loud gurgles, horrible chokings, and desperate struggles are quite unheeded; the steady stream of water continues to pour down the child's throat until the mother's practiced touch on the patient's distended stomach tells her that the limit of capacity has been reached. All babies are subjected to this treatment, which is believed to have a most strengthening effect.

LESSON LEARNED FROM ORIENT.

Western Nations Appreciate the Value of Their Forests.

Scientific men speculate to the effect that the boundless desert of Sahara was once a garden supporting a mighty population and doubtless the seat of what was then human civilization. There is authentic history for it that the region called Mesopotamia was the granary of the east and the center of human endeavor when *Cyrus the Great* was king, but it is now a desert waste, and oases and basins inhabit the ruins of Babylon because of the denudation of the forests of that once splendid country. Spain paid a bigger price for the havoc she wrought among the trees of the valley of the Guadalquivir than the Herber invasion and the Moorish dominion coast her. The nations of western Europe—England, France and Germany—appear to have learned the lesson and profited by it. In those countries timber culture is as much a regular crop as potatoes in Michigan, corn in Iowa, tobacco in Kentucky, or cotton in Mississippi, and in at least one of those countries it is the law of the land that for every tree felled another must be planted, and no tree is felled until it has attained to its zenith as a plant.

Cheer Crab.

The tree crab of the South Sea islands is akin to the hermit crab, but it is larger and it has its hind quarters sheathed in a shell. It is also known as the palm crab, because it climbs the cocoanut palm and picks the fruit, which it tips off close to the stem. It always takes care to choose a palm tree with plenty of stones at the foot, so that the cocoanut may be broken by the fall. When the natives see a crab in a tree they tie a net of grass around the trunk. When the crab comes down again he is upset by the grass and falls heavily to the ground, where he lies stoned. He is then killed with a stone and his nippers are tied together and he is slung upon a spear to be carried to camp. The South Sea Islanders roast the palm crab between two hot stones and consider the flesh a great delicacy.

Painless Death for Animals.

How to destroy surplus kittens or puppies in a painless way, without calling into use the old-fashioned method of a bag and a pail of water is told in the annual report of the London Institute for Lost and Starving Cats. The directions are as follows: "Take a dish cover, place it where it can be pressed into the soil of the garden, or in default of this, on an old cushion, so that the latter bulges out all around and makes the cover form on wadding. Push the wadding under the cover, hold the cover down for three or four minutes and then leave undisturbed for one hour. The body must be stiff before burial."

Heavenly Shades.

"I can't figure out what the meteor shades are," said a shopper. "I passed about eight windows in one store, each window had a different color, and each was labeled meteor shades. They were reds, blues, yellows—all the colors, in fact."

"Why," said the fashion editor, scornfully, "don't you know the meteor shades reproduce the colors of the tail of the meteor. Don't you have meteors where you come from?"

"Yes, we have them, but they go so fast that all we can see in detail are the shades of night."

Despair at Seventeen.

Oh, when I think we have only a single life to live, and that every moment that passes brings us nearer death, I am ready to go distracted! I do not fear death, but life is so short that to waste it is infamous. I try to tranquilize my mind by the thought that I shall certainly begin work in earnest this winter. But the thought of my 17 years makes me blush to the roots of my hair. Almost 17, and what have I accomplished? Nothing! This thought crushes me.—From the Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff.

ADVISE BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

Little Story Suggests Improvement on Crockett's Words of Wisdom.

The other day a man traveling on a shore line train noticed a dress suit case which he recognized as belonging to a friend. He knew that his friend always got off at the station which they had just passed, and as he was not in the seat the conclusion was inevitable that he had jumped off the train and forgotten it.

The man called the conductor and explained the case to him. After some discussion and a mild protest on the part of the conductor that it wasn't a part of his duty, the suit case was put off at the next station, with instructions to send it back on the first train the other way.

The man, feeling that he had done an able and friendly act, settled down for the rest of his journey.

But not for long. The fare of his friend—who had been in the smoker, and who happened on that particular afternoon to be going to New London to attend a dinner party—loomed before him.

The moral of this is, of course, quite evident: Be sure you're right, and then mind your own business.—Life.

MR. C. TRAVELED IN SMOKER.

Driven There by Somewhat Embarrassing Happening in Pullman.

Mr. C., a distinguished lawyer of Boston, was on his way to Denver to transact some important business. During the afternoon he noticed, in the opposite section of the pullman, a sweet-faced, red-haired woman traveling with four small children. Being fond of children and feeling sorry for the mother, he soon made friends with the little ones.

Early the next morning as he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them, and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite: "This little pig went to market, this little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none; this little pig cried wee wee all the way home." The foot was suddenly withdrawn and a cold, quiet voice said: "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

Mr. C. hastily withdrew to the smoker, where he remained until the train arrived in Denver—Good House-keeping.

Love and Envy.

The highest love is ever quickest to detect the failures and inconsistencies of the beloved. Just because of its intensity it can be content with nothing less than the best, because the best means the best-loved, and it longs that the object of its thoughts should be most beloved forever—it is a mistake to think that green-eyed jealousy is the quickest to detect the spots on the sun, the freckles on the face, and the marring discords in the music of life, love is quicker, more microscopic, more exacting than the ideal should be achieved. Envy is content to indicate the fault, and leave it; but love detects and waits and holds its peace until the fitting opportunity arrives and then sets itself to remove the defect.—The Angel.

How Seminoles Bury Their Dead.

Seminoles bury their dead on top of the ground, after wrapping them in blankets, but always leave the top of the head exposed. They build a pen over the body and usually think it with earth. When his squaw dies, the husband wears his shirt until it rots off, which is not strikingly distinctive. When the husband dies, the squaw doesn't comb her hair for three months. Little reverence is shown for the dead. When Tom Tiger's grave was robbed and his bones taken for exhibition the outcry over the desecration was almost wholly a newspaper affair. The nearest settlers were unalarmed and the Indians indifferent.—From "A Vanishing Race," by A. W. Dimock, in Collier's.

Will Not Down.

"After all, my friends," said the campaign spellbinder, "vital principles never change. Questions of expediency may arise to cloud the real and living issues from time to time, but the issues themselves are the same from generation to generation. Political parties in the main agree as to aims. It is a difference of opinion as to methods that divide them. For example what one thing do we all, without regard to political affiliations, regard as one of the essentials of our civilization?"

"A good five-cent cigar," showed an enthusiastic hearer on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Busting the Trust."

"Look here, Bill," exclaimed the first citizen, "this orator person is after enough now on the subject of trusts, but as everybody in this county knows, he was at one time a good deal interested in one of 'em."

"Sure," assented the other, "but just consider what he did when he was awake to the enormity of the thing! Didn't he do his level best to bust that trust? He said it every one of his factories for twice what it was worth."

One of Two Things.

"How cold your nose is."

"Dad," declared materfamilias in the next room, "either that young man has proposed at last or Towner is in the parlor again."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wayside Confidences.

"No, friend, I ain't no hobo nor vag. I'm just walkin' around de world on a \$10,000 bet."

"I'm glad ye told me dat, pal, fer I'm merely leadin' dis kind of a life to gather material for a book on tramps; an' I was about to set ye down for a worst type of hum."

ONE THING SHE WAS SURE OF.

Child's Impolite Comment Justified by Visitor's Behavior.

When Carol was nearly four years old her parents had occasion to move into another part of town, and one morning when a strange little girl wandered into the yard Carol, who is an only child, was delighted with the idea of a playfellow.

"Good morning, little girl," she called, "but brightly. 'Did you come to play with me?'"

The little girl, who was older and larger than Carol, stared and was dumb.

"What's your name, little girl?" Carol answered.

"No answer."

"Are you five?"

"Still no answer."

"Are you six?"

The child fidgeted and grinned, but remained silent with her finger in her mouth.

Carol surveyed her calmly a moment and then remarked emphatically, "Well, I don't know your name, and I don't know how old you are, but I do know you aren't very smart for your age!"—Delineator.

SOME LONG-WINDED PREACHERS.

Three Hours Once Considered Fair Average Allowance for a Sermon.

Dean Lefroy, who has expressed the opinion that ten minutes is long enough for a sermon, would have met with scant sympathy from some divines of past centuries.

Thomas Hooker considered three hours a fair average allowance for a sermon, though on one occasion when he was ill, he let his congregation off more lightly. Pausing at the end of 15 minutes he rested a while and then continued his homily for two hours longer. Cranmer's sermons were each a small book when set up in type; and Baxter, Knox, Bunyan, and Calvin rarely reached "Lastly, my brethren," under two hours.

George Herbert once said: "The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency." But a certain rector of Hilbury, Gloucestershire, was of another opinion; for he never sat down under two hours. The squires, we learn, usually withdrew after the text was announced, smoked his pipe outside and returned for the blessing.

He Meant Well.

The soda-fountain clerk was engaged in vigorously shaking up a chocolate-and-egg when suddenly the glass broke in his hands, and the ensuing usage made him look like a human deair.

The horrified customer leaned over the counter, trying to be sympathetic. Not knowing exactly what to say, he finally blurted out:

"Oh!—too bad—did the glass break?"

Dripping chocolate from head to foot, the clerk looked at him witheringly.

"Did the glass break?" he roared.

"Did the glass break, eh?" And then, with freezing sarcasm, "Oh! no—not at all, not at all. You just happened to step in while I was taking my morning shower."

The Slipper Habit.

Did you ever have the slipper sickness? I do not mean the kind mother gave you in infancy when ever you were a bad boy and the hairbrush was not handy. Great Jupiter! What a household convenience! mother's old slipper used to be when all of us old fellows were being trained to obedience and morality! But the slipper habit I refer to just now applies to adults who imagine themselves in physical decay. First, get a little bit under the weather. Secondly, cut out wearing shoes and molly about the house in felt comfies, or something knitted, crocheted, embroidered and stamped, wear Japanese straw sandals or Indian moccasins. Pretty soon you will be a genuine invalid.

Childhood.

I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose. Just as I believe the power of observation in very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy, indeed I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect may, with greater propriety, be said not to have lost the faculty than to acquire it, the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness and gentleness, and a capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from childhood.—Charles Dickens.

Fined for Kissing Her Mother.

The Moscow correspondent of the *Novosti* states that Mlle. Trefloff, the famous Russian actress, has just been fined ten rubles for kissing her mother on a trolley car. It appears that both in Moscow and St. Petersburg it is unlawful to give kisses in public, a kiss in the street being penalized by a fine of seven roubles, ten roubles being the fine inflicted on those who practice osculation in railway trains or in tram cars. A recent enactment even renders persons who send declarations of love on post cards liable to a fine of five roubles.

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