

CANT STAMP OUT BEETLES

Master of New Art Says It Is Impossible to Exterminate a Colony in Human Habitation.

London. Quite a good income is to be obtained in London by "charming" and destroying beetles, which infest the basements of houses.

A man who specializes in destroying beetles, whose central office is near Portman square, W., was interviewed.

"Almost every London house has its colony of black beetles," he said. "They are found not only in old houses with basements, but in new and newly-erected villas."

"There are many varieties of 'domestic' beetles—the large black or dark brown cockroach being perhaps the most common. As these insects are most prolific, their numbers increase rapidly."

"April, May and June, especially May, are the months when beetles are most obnoxious in households, and I have been busy during the three months carrying out orders."

"Of course, I have my own methods of destroying beetles, which I do not make public, and I have my own patent insecticides, which are invariably successful."

"It is practically impossible to stamp out a colony of beetles in a house—one can only exterminate the majority of them."

"Thousands of beetles are often found in one house, and in such a case they are a real danger to health. Undoubtedly these insects are increasing in London, despite the improved sanitary arrangements of modern times."

CUTS WOMAN'S COAT TAIL

While Riding on Omnibus Top Man Slashes Feminine Wearing Apparel—Is Arrested.

London.—Women traveling on London omnibuses are advised to keep an eye open—at the back of their heads—for the "tail cutter."

For a case was tried at Marlborough street which recalls in some ways that of the man who only recently went about London squirting ink over the dresses of unsuspecting women.

It appears that Mrs. Coles of High street, Camden town, was sitting on top of an omnibus in Regent street when a fellow passenger suddenly said: "Do you know what this man is doing to your coat?"

She then found that part of her coat had been almost cut off, and in connection with the matter Secondo Rava, an Italian, aged 23, was taken into custody and remanded for further inquiries. In his possession were found several pieces of material apparently cut in the same way from women's dresses.

Another Italian declared he saw the prisoner "sawing" at the woman's coat with something.

CROWS DESTROY CORN CROPS

Enraged Pennsylvania Farmers Work in Fields Armed with Shot-guns.

Allentown, Pa.—Farmers of Lehigh county complain that they are having more trouble this year with crows than ever before. The damage to crops has been so great that there is talk of petitioning the government to put a premium on dead crows.

In the vicinity of Upper Roxborough and along the Bethlehem pike some farmers have had to replant their corn two or three times. Mrs. Margaret Porter, who has 94 acres of corn planted in Upper Roxborough, has had three crops destroyed by the birds, which have swarmed in that section by the thousands. She is taking up the question of an appeal to the government and steps have been taken to bring the matter to the attention of the national department of agriculture.

Many of the farmers work in the fields with guns handy and many crows have been killed. The crows pick at the corn just as soon as it sprouts above the ground.

On Returns Vessels. Galveston, Tex.—Vessels arriving port report the sudden extension of the oil pool in the Gulf from a small area to about a mile in diameter. As if by some subterranean upheaval or explosion the lake is no thickening and in some places the oil is several fathoms thick.

So heavy is the petroleum that the speed of vessels is greatly retarded, it is said, and the oil appears to be coming to the surface from the bed of the Gulf in immense quantities. The oil lake is south by east of Galveston island, about 125 miles and about on a line with the oil fields of east Texas. Experts declare the oil lakes from which the fields get their supply extend into the Gulf and that submarine disturbance has aroused the vein.

Old Horse on Stage. New York.—The beautiful white horse which has been jumping through hoops in an open air circus at Coney Island, has been seized by the police and fully identified as a 17-year-old animal which for the 15 years preceding last spring helped haul a heavy ice wagon around Brooklyn.

Some one stole the horse, which was not known to have any ability as a circus actor, and after it had passed through several hands it reached the animal trainer and was quickly developed into a very valuable performer.

Its original owner will not get it back to the ice wagon.

TEXANS SHOOT TIRES

One Man Sorry He Frightened Some Mules.

Automobile Drivers Quickly Learn to Observe Unwritten Rules and Regulations in Vogue in Lone Star State.

Brady, Tex.—There are certain unwritten rules and regulations that must be rigidly observed by automobilists in the ranch region of western Texas if they would avoid serious trouble. The first rider soon comes to grief in this part of the country. The automobile is in general use in getting about from place to place in the range territory where there are few railroads, but the cowboys do not permit any undue liberties to be taken in running the machines. The "shooting up" of automobiles by cowboys is a common practice. This extreme method of bringing an automobile to a stop is not adopted unless the cowboy thinks that he has not been treated with proper consideration at the hands of the chauffeur.

An instance of this kind occurred near Brady a few days ago. Dick Davis started from here on a 30-mile trip to his ranch in Comcho county. He was driving his automobile himself and had no passenger. He was in a hurry to reach the ranch and did not observe the rules of the road as laid down in this part of the country. He was spinning along at a high rate of speed when he came upon a drove of mules which were being driven by a man on horseback. Like most travelers in this section, the man carried a rifle in his scabbard.

Instead of bringing the automobile to a stop when he came upon the mules, Mr. Davis sped right past them, causing a lively stampede of the animals. A moment later three quick reports of a rifle were heard and the automobile's two rear tires collapsed.

"The bullets knocked the machine completely out of commission," Mr. Davis said, in telling of the affair. "The man with the mules got his stray animals together and continued with them down the road. I knew that he was right in what he did, so I didn't try to round him up."

A man from Ohio opened a real estate office at Sweetwater recently and bought a big automobile in which to convey prospective land purchasers over the country. He had an experience on his first trip that taught him a lesson that he will not forget soon. He had a load of four Missouri land prospectors in his automobile and was on the way to look at some land situated about forty miles south of Sweetwater. In order to make a short cut to the property he was crossing a big pasture. In the distance could be seen large numbers of cattle which were being driven by cowboys.

"None of you men ever saw a cattle round-up, did you?" inquired the real estate dealer.

There was a chorus of answers in the negative.

"Well, that's what's going on over there; I'll just run you over to the place and you'll watch 'em a while."

The automobile was headed in the direction of the gathering herd of cattle and soon attracted the attention of the cowboys. They gestulated wildly at the oncoming man, but these signs were not understood at the time by those at whom they were directed.

The cattle were beginning to snort and were on the verge of a stampede when two of the cowboys pulled their six-shooters and began to fire at the automobile. The bullets whizzed around the wheels of the machine.

"Here!" yelled one of the land prospectors to the real estate dealer, "get us out of here quick."

The real estate man wanted to get away from the scene as badly as his companions, and he lost no time in turning the automobile around and spinning away from the range of the bullets as fast as the machine could go.

Many of the ranch bronchos are not used to automobiles, and when one of these animals is being ridden by a cowboy and comes upon an automobile in the road the chauffeur who knows the customs of this region stops and keeps the machine quiet until the horse and rider have gone by and are a safe distance on the other side.

Bear Just Missed Revenge.

Boyer City, Mich.—Herman Russell, a farmer of Hudson township, had a thrilling escape from a den of bears. While driving along the road his watchdog scented a cub and Herman, seeing the little fellow, decided that it would make a good pet.

He accordingly went over to the cub, but when he attempted to pick it up he was confronted by a big mother bear, who put up a fight. Herman took the first throw, which was a small sapling. Mrs. Bruin sized up the situation, then deliberately gnawed the sapling until it broke. Russell was saved by falling into the branches of a larger tree.

Inmate He Is Inmate.

Beaton.—George F. Richardson of Foxboro applied in superior court for an order for his continued incarceration in the insane hospital at Taunton. Three weeks ago he was arrested for being a fugitive from justice from Washington. He was examined by alienists and committed temporarily to the Taunton hospital. Richardson claims that at the time the alleged larceny was committed he was insane and that he is insane at present.

LAVENDER HARVEST BE GOOD.

English Town Has Distilled Flowers and Sent Extract All Over World for Many Years.

London.—One of the minor harvests that promises well is that of the lavender fields. Some flourishing crops are to be seen in the Hitchin neighborhood.

Comparatively few know of this quaint Hertfordshire town as an important lavender growing center, yet it has grown the sweet old herb (which the Romans called lavandula when they used it to scent their bath), has distilled the flowers, and sent their extract into all parts of the world for more than a century.

The Hitchin district had less rain and more sunshine than the London area recently, and consequently the long, trim rows of lavender plants in their dusky green look strong and healthy. They are beginning to show their flower buds, and there is every likelihood of an abundant yield at cutting time.

Mr. Perks, the modern representative of the firm of Perks & Llewellyn, who in 1790 was the pioneer here of lavender farming and distilling, said that even this industry must be numbered among those which are suffering from foreign competition. It is almost entirely owing to the importation of cheap French oil of lavender that the area under the crop, at least in this neighborhood, is gradually decreasing, he said.

"The reason is that Hitchin has always prided itself on producing the finest extract of lavender flowers obtainable, and that, in view of the foreign competition, is an expensive standard to maintain.

"Nothing but the heads of bloom go into the still. The more stalk used the rarer is the oil produced. There is a wonderful difference in quality between the English and French oil.

"At cutting time people come in from miles around to inhale the sweetness of the fields, and when the distilling begins the fragrance of lavender is borne on the wind two miles or more from the town. The flowers are put into the still with the fresh bloom of their maturity on them, and from six pounds of such flowers about half an ounce of oil is extracted."

SHAW INTENDS VISIT AMERICA

Noted Irish Playwright to Speak in Socialists' Behalf from the Lecture Platform.

New York.—It is now fully believed that George Bernard Shaw, the Irish playwright, will visit America before the year is out. A brief telegram was received from J. Kades How, head of the International Association of the Unemployed, saying that Mr. Shaw was surely coming to America. Mr. How, who is known as the "Millionaire Hobo," went to London especially to interest Mr. Shaw in the cause of the unemployed and to obtain from him, if possible, a promise to visit this country in their behalf.

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, has just returned from Europe and announces that Shaw is coming, but Mr. Frohman only mentions the author's interest in the coming production of several of his plays.

The plan to have Shaw visit America has included a lecture tour of wide range. It has been planned to have him speak in the principal cities of the country, devoting several weeks to the larger cities and extending the campaign through to the Pacific coast. Heretofore all efforts to enlist Mr. Shaw in a moral or socialistic crusade in this country have failed.

FINES HIMSELF FOR SPEEDING

British Columbia Magistrate Hears His Own Case and Imposes Penalty of \$5.

Vancouver, B. C.—Police Magistrate Adolphus Williams sat on his own case in police court and fined himself five dollars and costs for speeding his automobile. His honor had just disposed of the case of two well-known citizens for speeding, when his own name was called. In vain, the magistrate's eye scanned the courtroom for another Adolphus Williams.

"Does that charge refer to me?" asked the magistrate, rather anxiously, of Crown Prosecutor Kennedy.

"Yes," said Kennedy. "I think you have a right to try it yourself. It is not worth while making a written request to another magistrate."

His honor found that he had been going 19 miles an hour when the law allows only eight.

"Williams is ordered to pay five dollars and costs," said the court.

Girl Sings to Confront. Lewistown, Pa.—Miss Goldie White is recovering from a dose of confinement, inadvertently taken, and which came near costing her life.

Visiting a carnival with a party of friends, the girl became tired and opened her mouth for a yawn. A young man standing near promptly tossed a handful of confetti into the opening. The girl caught her breath in surprise and the paper was sucked into her lungs.

She was unconscious for several hours, while physicians were getting the bits of paper out.

Government Controls Oregon Caves.

Washington.—Oregon caves, "the marble halls of southern Oregon," are to be preserved by the government. President Taft has signed a proclamation making them a national monument. The government will improve the facilities for examining them and protect the caves from vandals.

BEES STOP TRAIN

Professional Apiarist Is Quickly Put to Flight.

Well-Directed Stream of Water Finally Dislodges Little Stingers from Their Shelter in Spout of Standpipe at Tank.

Spokane, Wash.—While swarming bees are credited with doing all sorts of unusual things, probably this is the first time that a queen and her retinue and subjects completely tied up a steam railroad. It happened at Twin Falls, Idaho, the other day.

Tin dishes, tom-toms, whistles and other recognized lures failed to dislodge the swarm, which had settled in the spout of the standpipe at the water tank, where a long train of freight cars stood on the main line without sufficient water in the boiler of the big mogul to pull out. The driver and coal heaver did excellent work in trying to reach the pipe, but the bees gave them short shift and the men refused to make a second attempt.

H. A. Swab, a local expert in bee matters, bore down upon the scene to capture the swarm. He was armed with a nail keg and two long sticks. He sent his helper to coax the bees into the keg, but in less than six seconds the assistant had a score of active bees up his sleeves, and he made a dash toward the railway station. Swab also remembered he had an important business engagement elsewhere.

The foreman and members of the section crew were next routed, and when the engineer appealed to Agent Sullivan that worthy declared it was a matter for the maintenance of way department. The conductor of the stalled train suggested sending for the sheriff, while the stoker insisted upon calling out the fire brigade. The brakeman on the front end offered no solution, as he was nursing a dozen or more knobs of the size of mature hickory nuts on face, hands and body.

Finally a bystander prescribed the water cure, adding: "If that doesn't drive 'em away nothing will." A well-directed stream from a garden hose seemed to have a quieting effect, and the pipe was lowered to the intake on the tender and the tank filled with bees and water.

While replacing the pipe the fireman was attacked by a few stragglers, and to protect himself from further onslaught he tied a red bandana handkerchief around his head. After raising the spout he tucked the handkerchief into his pocket and accepted the congratulations of the onlookers upon his escape, but while mopping his face a vagrant bee winged its way out of the folds of the bandana and stung him on the lip.

After the excitement with the bees, two small boys climbed to the roof of the water tank and with bare hands captured the queen, placing her in the bottom of the keg into which the bees quickly swarmed. Swab bought the swarm, presenting the boys \$1.25 and the incident closed.

SECURES LEASE ON MOUNTAIN

Former Free Patch of 900 Acres of Huckleberry Trees to Be Made Money Maker.

Duquesne, Pa.—The biggest garden in the United States has just been leased by T. L. Smith of New Albany. It is a huckleberry garden, consisting of 900 acres on the Hatch mountains, one of the most famous blue huckleberry patches in all Pennsylvania. From time almost immemorial families of squatters have spent whole seasons of picking on these mountains, shipping the berries to the Philadelphia and New York markets, while during the height of the season farmers and others for many miles around would take their families and drive to the mountain for a day or two of picking.

But all this free and easy custom is now a thing of the past, for with the Smith lease, formal trespass notices have been published warning all against picking berries on the Hatch mountains without permission of the lessee.

However, the proprietorship of the famous berry patch by Smith opens up a new industry, for he asks that at least 50 persons apply to him for work at picking berries. Good camping grounds and substantial food are guaranteed, while the wage to be paid will depend upon the activity of the pickers. Usually huckleberries bring at the rate of six cents a quart at the cars, and as the Hatch mountains are usually good for three or four carloads of berries a season, the industry promises to be both a unique and an extensive one.

There is one peculiarity in connection with the Hatch mountains, as compared with the huckleberry districts of other sections of the state, and that is the scarcity of snakes. There are practically no rattlesnakes, though occasionally a copperhead is encountered.

Legislation to Save Frog.

Waco, Tex.—Gov. Campbell will be urged by H. B. Davis of this city, secretary of the Texas Audubon society, to call a special session of the legislature to act for the protection of the horned frog, which is rapidly becoming extinct in this state. Mr. Davis has been informed that the creature is being shipped to several large cities in enormous quantities to be metallized and used for hatpins.

SABLE ISLAND PONY HUNTS.

Catching the Wild Horses Which Inhabit Place Where Wrecks Are Reported by Wireless.

St. John, N. F.—When the supply of horses runs low in Nova Scotia an expedition goes to Sable Island, rounds up a herd of wild ponies, selects the best of the lot, lassoes them and transports them to the mainland and captivity. Most persons know Sable Island as one of the places where the trans-Atlantic liners are picked up by wireless and reported, and also as the place of shipwrecks, but the wild horses constitute an interesting feature of it.

Sable Island is about 100 miles southeast of Cape Canso. It is often confused with Cape Sable Island, which is the southwestern extremity of Nova Scotia. It doesn't fit in with one's ideas of a horse ranch—in fact, many persons think of it as a barren waste, but it has about 200 square miles of territory and is fairly fertile. It was treeless until the government began to plant trees there in order to make the island more conspicuous to mariners.

The ponies thrive and are a hardy lot. They prefer the open, refusing the rough shelters which persons with an eye to future profits have erected for their comfort. When a storm comes, as it does frequently, the horses gather in hollows between the sandhills and line up as if for a battle. The herds arrange themselves with the colts in the center the mares next, then the stallions and the master stallion of the herd in the most exposed situation.

The roundup comes at least once a year and is exciting sport. The island is swept from end to end and the horses driven into a large pound. The roping of these marked down for shipment is a hazardous task, and equals a broncho busting tournament in spectacular interest. When a horse is thrown and tied he is loaded (ignominiously onto a wheelbarrow and carted to a surfboat, which takes him to the Halifax steamship.

BABY CARTS CARRY SIGNALS.

City of Los Angeles Takes Measures to Protect Its Citizens from Terrible Infants.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The infant terrible has caused the committee on public safety of the Los Angeles city council to take rigid action to protect the life and limb of the inhabitants of California from the fast speeding carriages in which the babies are conveyed over the thoroughfares by their relentless nurses.

Even as the council has compelled the speed mad autoist to carry lanterns and horns, while travelling over its streets and has passed laws providing that railroad locomotives must be provided with head lights, whistles and bells, so must the perambulator of the infant carry red and white signals to warn citizens against the approach of their "cheerleaders."

It is not recorded how many lives have been sacrificed and how many limbs have been lost by the lack of warning from the flying infanteries, but the fatality list must be alarming, for the council must have good reason for action.

No less dangerous in the eyes of the city fathers is the promiscuous wheelbarrow of the humble workman and they too must carry lights, bells, whistles and other implements of warning.

MAD BEARS ROUT BERRY MEN.

Pickers Make a Hasty Retreat When They Encounter Bruin and Family in Woods.

Reading, Pa.—Daniel Deem and George P. Strausz, who returned from the Blue mountains the other day, whether they went in quest of huckleberries, came back with their vessels empty, having been scared out of their wits by what they declare were a number of bears. While in a cluster of bushes, near Windsor Castle, they were halted by angry growls. However, they went further into the woods when they encountered the bruin family, and, not being armed, hastily retreated to civilization.

The bears are said to have come into the mountains of Pennsylvania from West Virginia last fall, living mostly upon chestnuts and berries. The farmers of the vicinity have been the victims of many thefts of pigs and other farm animals, and they will organize a posse to exterminate the family of bears.

Chicken Bone in Child's Jaw. Omaha, Neb.—An interesting surgical feat was reported from St. Joseph's hospital, where a portion of the jawbone of Ethel Loretta Norris was removed and a piece of chicken bone inserted in place of a diseased section.

An examination showed adhesion, and the operation is pronounced a success. The operation was performed a short time ago, but was kept secret. The girl is six years old, and was born with a malformed jaw. It was to remedy this that a bone from a freshly killed chicken was inserted.

Acres of Gypsy Moths.

Bourne, Mass.—The discovery of the largest colony of gypsy moths that has ever infested Massachusetts is reported by the gypsy moth commission agent, near the main highway from Bourne to Fallmouth on the Buzzards Bay shore. Twenty-five acres of oak woods with haws to be burned over to prevent a spread of the pest, which, it is said, has already ruined a three-acre tract of Bee trees.

TREAT HOBOES WELL

Tramp Is Placed on a Respectable Footing.

How One Family on Outskirts of National Capital Makes Professional Wanderers Work for Their Board and Lodging.

Washington.—Solving either the servant problem or the tramp problem has proved too big an undertaking for the sociologists. In fact, many arm chair professors and practical charity workers have spent time on both without much affecting either. Yet members of a family residing on the outskirts of Washington have solved both problems at once, considerably to their satisfaction.

The persons in question are located a little outside of this city on the pike leading to Baltimore. They are quiet and unassuming people. There are a good many tramps on that road. There is an annual migration of them south, as the winter sets in, and a return of the army in the spring, when they go as far as New York, get a job, perhaps, and live till cold weather and then drift back south. Some of the men are temporarily unemployed. Others are chronically out of work. Some of them drink a little, most of them drink a good deal; but they all want to eat occasionally, and that is where the suburbanites referred to get their services.

The man and his wife residing on the pike do not keep a servant, but they nearly always have one. It happens this way: They used to be worried a great deal by tramps appearing at the back door for a hand-out. They did not like to refuse a man something to eat if he was really hungry, and they figured that if he was hungry he was willing to work for a meal. So they made a rule of making him an offer of a supper if he would work it out chopping wood, pumping water or doing some odd job around the house. Some of the tramps wanted to sleep in the barn all night and work for their breakfast next morning. They were accommodated to that extent, but the man and his wife were afraid they would set fire to the barn smoking, and finally they decided to fix up a tramp's room in the basement. They put in a cot, a small looking glass and even a razor and washstand. They had to pick the applicants they admitted to the transient roof over night.

But they did not make any mistakes, and presumably the fame of this roadside rest house spread among the tramp fraternity, for they got more and more applicants for a night's lodging. Some of the tramps wanted to stay and work several days. In fact, there was one very good man, who could turn his hand to almost anything, who stayed for five months. They paid him a small wage in addition to his board and lodging, and found that he was a good cook in addition to his other accomplishments. The woman of the house said she never had an easier time since she began housekeeping.

There have been all sorts of speculations among these tramp workmen. Some of them are comely tramps, and said they only wanted a night's rest and a meal to help them on the road. Some of them said they were out of work, and many really were. More than one of the visitors has made a return visit, going to New York or coming from there, and regarding the suburbanites with tales of the road and experiences of the under side of life. Several of the workmen, those who have stayed several days or longer, have written from points like New Orleans or Richmond and promised to stop on their next trip.

One thing that has struck the hosts is that the majority of the tramps are willing to give a good return in work for their meals and lodging, and nearly all of them, contrary to the popular conception, were glad of a chance at the razor and washstand, and turned out in the morning looking a good deal better than when they stopped at night.

Finds Leg-Lost Thumb.

Lafayette, Ind.—Mrs. Virginia Stein, proprietor of the public library, is again in possession of a gold thumb, a present 40 years ago from her husband, the late John Stein, and which she lost in 1869.

The old Stein home was at 1011 Columbus street and is now owned by Mrs. Mary Maloney. A few days ago her son, Michael Maloney, was digging a flower bed in the back yard when his eye was attracted by something that glistened in the earth. He picked up the object and found it to be a gold thumb, and on the inside was engraved "V. S. 1869."

Mr. Maloney harbored later that the Stein family formerly owned the property, and presented it to Mrs. Stein.

Tossed in Air in Woods.

Centraia, Wash.—Bruce Haskins was tossed in the air 50 feet and landed on a stump of maple bushes as the result of a peculiar accident. He had just cut down a large tree. The tree fell over a timber, resting on an end of the timber that did not reach the ground. The other end of the timber was held down by some bushes. Haskins stepped on the timber end, which was freed by his weight. The timber flew up like the arm of a catapult and tossed him 50 feet into the air. His fall was broken by some bushes.

He was badly bruised and it is feared he has received internal injuries. No bones were broken.