

ENGLISH EGG TRAIN

Effort to Educate Farmer to Value of Poultry Industry.

Agricultural Organization Society, in Which Agricultural Co-Operation of England is Focused is Originator of Idea.

London.—A campaign quite novel to England has started with the first of the English demonstration egg trains. Its official name is the South Wales demonstration train. It bears aloft its title in big lettering and on either side are the names of the two societies which have organized the endeavor. The Agricultural Organization Society, in which the agricultural co-operation of England is focused, is one. The National Poultry Organization Society, whence the idea emanated, is the other.

The train is a pioneer. Since the value of co-operation in the poultry industry was discovered requests for depots have come in thousands. In the last six years the society has striven to interest a rather lethargic public and less than thirty depots were started. It is now expected that 100 will be organized before the year is out and this hundred represents only a percentage of eligible localities.

So egg trains can be expected presently to travel east and north as well as west. The train which traverses the south of South Wales is rather like the hare in a paper chase. It drops literature behind it wherever it goes and a large pack, it is hoped, will pick up the trail and follow the lead.

The train is first and foremost missionary. Britain, as well as Wales, is in outer darkness from the point of view of the scientific poultryer, and in his dialect requires above all things instruction in "candling." The charge is that Wales does not know a good fowl when it sees it, which is seldom. It is innocent of the arts of examining and of trusting even such fowls as it produces. It has yet to discover the value of the breakfast egg, and is totally unaddicted to the necessary precaution of passing each egg in front of a bright light before handing it on to the consumer.

Welshmen are unaware of the discovery, which was well known to Roman poultry keepers 3,000 years ago, that infertile eggs remain "breakfast eggs" longer than the fertile. In short the poultryman's art is in a bad way westward.

The missionary train is modeled exactly on its American prototype. Practical farmers, hungry for scientific knowledge, flock even from great distances to the stopping places of the agricultural demonstration trains, which are sent out frequently by a scientific government working through scientific institutions. They find on assembling at the siding just what the Welsh farmers in the shires of Carmarthen, Cardigan and Pembroke will find at intervals.

Before their eyes, as the side of the demonstration van is let down, are unfolded the engines of the industry and the finished works of art. The onlookers can themselves pass before the informing flames on the patent lamp eggs carefully selected to exhibit all the vices and virtues of the egg.

The idea of the co-operative depots which the demonstration train is to popularize has already appealed strongly to the Welsh small holders. Enthusiastic meetings have been held and addresses delivered and a mass of correspondence has reached the headquarters of the National Poultry Organization Society. So the egg and poultry train is giving its first demonstration in South Wales. The expenses are largely supplied by the money allotted by the government to the Agricultural Organization Society, which admirably directs English co-operation from its center at Dacre house, Westminster.

The organizing assistance of the Great Western railway, which has made several attempts to help small holders, has smoothed the working of the campaign. It is hoped that the success of this delectable experiment will stimulate repetitions in other parts of the country. North Wales, too, is in outer darkness, and central Yorkshire is suffering from market difficulties. The American trains of this pattern have wrought wonders. They have brought before the eyes and to the ears of remotest farmers the latest knowledge on the most elemental subjects of agriculture. The South Wales demonstration train is to go a step further. It is to teach the value of a great movement, as well as to demonstrate to eye and ear the advantage of scientific methods. The occasion is new in the annals of agricultural organization in England.

Soda Water Causes Divorce. Cleveland, O.—Mrs. Ethel Richey, 615 Superior avenue, stopped on her way home to get an ice cream soda. When she reached home, so she told Judge Chapman, her husband leaped for a divorce, and then beat her. Judge Chapman granted her a divorce from Alward Richey on the ground of extreme cruelty.

New Bell for Westminster. London.—Similar to but slightly larger than the famous Bow Bell, the tower of the peal at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, a bell, given by the Duchess of Norfolk to Westminster Cathedral, is being cast at Whitechapel bell foundry.

HUNTING ELUSIVE COW FROG

Boys of Genesee Valley, New York, Set Out Their Jacklights, for the Season is On.

Genesee, N. Y.—At last the music of the frogs has begun and the boys are now getting out their jacklights and preparing for business. Thousands of frogs live in the big Genesee valley swamp, six or seven miles up the valley, but the favorite hunting ground is not that locality, but the swamp above Conesus lake, about an equal distance from here.

The reason for this preference is that they are easier to capture there; that the Conesus lake swamp is not so difficult of access; also, that it is the favorite haunt of the big cow frog, so called because of his voice, which some liken to the bellowing of a cow, while others insist that it resembles more closely the sound of a distant sawmill in action. The Groveland swamp, on the other hand, contains mostly the common variety, known to naturalists as the grass frog.

In hunting frogs at Conesus one must take a boat up the inlet and swing along the reeds, and by holding up a jacklight so dazle the big batrachians that they can be picked up with the hand. This does not mean that one can take his time about it, however. When he proceeds to gather Mr. Cow Frog in he must have his oarsman push the boat up close, so that he is within reaching distance of the prey, and while he holds the light with one hand, make a fell swoop with the other. If he does not get his slippery friend at the first grab, he may as well row along in search of the next frog, as the sudden movement seems to bring the frog out of his trance. After a person once becomes expert, though he seldom misses a grab.

The cow frog, be it known, has nothing in common with the ordinary green or grass frog, so far as size is concerned. He often eats several of the ordinary frogs at a meal, without giving the matter a second thought. In color, also, he does not resemble the ordinary frog, for his is dark green, almost black, on top and bright yellow or cream color on his belly. As to eating qualities, the big fellow is delicious. Novices cut off his hind legs and eat them, but others cut off his head, remove the entrails, skin him from his neck to his toes and fry him in butter. Prepared in that way he will still weigh half a pound, and were it not for the fact that so much of him "cooks away," it would not take more than half a dozen to make a mess for a good-sized family.

WILL MEASURE ALL HATPINS

New Police of Indianapolis Will Endeavor to Enforce City Ordinance—Carry Rules.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The difficulty of enforcing the hatpin ordinance, which fixes a fine for wearing a pin that protrudes a half-inch beyond the brim of the hat, has been solved by Mayor Shank and Police Superintendent Hyland, in so far as determining liability under the law is concerned. The police are to be provided with little silver plated or steel scales about two inches long and marked in inches, halves, quarters and eighths, so that the exact length of the protruding end may be determined when an arrest is made.

The mayor feels that there may be difficulty in enforcing the ordinance, as prominent society people may violate it, and he does not want the officers to make any mistakes. Where an officer believes that the ordinance is being violated he will be required to take the exact measurement of the protruding end so that the fact may be established in court without doubt.

AUTOS PROVE BOON TO TOWN

Have Killed So Many Dogs That Official Catchers May Soon Be Unnecessary.

Darby, Pa.—While Darby residents have been formulating plans for the elimination of the dog nuisance, the question has been partly cleared by the death-dealing automobile.

Within the last two weeks 14 dogs have been killed by autos and many other stray bow-wows have been rolled into the dust and so badly frightened that they never stopped running until they either struck the Philadelphia county line or Colwyn on one side or the confines of Sharon Hill, Collingdale or Lansdowne on the other.

With this slaughter going on, Darby has begun to believe that it will not be necessary to stir councils to appoint a dog catcher. Colwyn, which is also overrun by canines, was compelled to appoint a dog catcher, who, it is said, is kept busy catching the dogs that have run in from Darby, limping badly and smelling of gasoline.

Bees in War.

London.—News has been received of fighting in the Kagoro and Attakka districts of northern Nigeria, whither a British punitive patrol was dispatched last December. The British casualties were one killed and five wounded, while three of the five Europeans were badly stung by bees. Bees play an important part in warfare with these Nigerian tribes. The villagers on retiring before an enemy excite the bees and let them loose, and woe betide the man who is attacked by them in the labyrinths of cactus which surround the villages.

SNAKES CATCH RATS

Merchants of Detroit Place Orders for 300 of "Bull" Variety.

Unlike Any Other Member of Reptile Family He Inspires Feeling of Affection—To Prove Beneficial in Moral Way.

Detroit, Mich.—A local naturalist has placed an order with a Texas firm for 300 bull snakes, which are to be used to exterminate the rats of Detroit.

When the snakes arrive they are to be given out free to all applicants, with the understanding that the first to come will be the first served.

The snake is a native of the entire Pacific coast country as well as the Lone Star state, but the southern specimen is said to be the best ratter, hence the placing of the order there.

"He will make good, never fear," says the man who has boosted the qualifications of the bull snake. It does not take a matador to put the bull snake through his little stunt. He performs of his own volition and with extreme avidity. All you have to do is to welcome him into your home with average politeness. He will do the rest. Unless some of the rats are sick-a-bed and indisposed to roam in quest of food he will have them all in a week. Then he can be loaned to your neighbor.

"And right there is where the difficulty of the whole plan comes in. You won't wish to loan him. The bull snake is unlike any other member of the snake family in that he inspires a feeling of affection and companionship between himself and the people he meets, in contradistinction to the loathing and repugnance with which other snakes are regarded.

"Out in the west almost every ranch has its pet bull snake. You can spur the cayuses, or the cat and kick the dog, but don't step on 'Bill' or you'll get the dialse of the rancher, for the big serpent is his one best pet. The prime purpose of having 'Bill' present is to keep away the rattlers which he will kill on sight and which will run their fastest to get out of his way, but he soon gets to be one of the family and is treated as such. It is no unusual occurrence to see an eight foot bull snake coiled in a chair at a rancher's table, with his neck stretched over the edge and his head resting on a plate, while his master feeds him tit-bits of meats and pastry. He is sure to be popular in Detroit."

Not only is the advent of Bill supposed to mark the extermination or exodus of the rat, but he is to prove beneficial in a moral way. When you see a bibulous person with disheveled hair quivering in an agony of fear and horror, don't tell him that it is a real snake he sees on the wall. Let him think that he has the 'Jimmies.' Perhaps it will cure him of the habit.

Several of the big Detroit stores have put in a requisition for a dozen of the bull snakes. The rats are a cause of great monetary loss to local merchants, not only to the grocery and meat man, but to dry goods men as well. Some of the more fastidious rodents will pass up the best new vegetables and even cheese to feed on silk and satina. His appetite is often illogical.

C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Biological survey, of the United States department of agriculture, at Washington, and other eminent scientists in the service are enthusiastic over the try out of the bull snake as a rat catcher in Detroit. Doctor Merriam has written that he is quite familiar with the talent and ability of the serpent and that he is satisfied that the experiment will not be a disappointment. "My only suggestion is a little advice to the ladies to guard their coiffures," he says. "With Bill, a rat is a rat, and hatpins won't stop him."

MAIL CARRIER WITH RECORD

Cripple Veteran in North Carolina Has Traveled 57,648 Miles in Forty-Five Years.

Winston-Salem, N. C.—Frank Day of Jonesville, Yadkin county, is one champion mail carrier of the state and ought to be placed on the retired list and given a pension for the balance of his life.

At the age of 14 years he lost his right arm. The year after the war closed he secured a job as mail carrier on the route from Elkins to Huntville, a distance of 25 miles, and he has been in the service ever since, traveling a distance of 57,648 miles.

During these 45 years of service he never lost a mail lock, was never more than fifteen minutes behind schedule time, and more than half the time was made on foot.

He is now 60 years old, and still tramps the road three times each day, except Sunday, from Elkins to Jonesville.

Wage War on Unwashed.

London.—Nothing daunts the London county council. It now intends to enforce the extraordinary power secured three years ago, and hunt out the great unwashed. Its doctors will examine the persons and clothing of the inmates of lodging houses. When it finds either in foul condition it will compel the owner to submit himself and clothing to washing within 24 hours.

FREAK GROUP OF BUILDINGS

Quaint English Village Possesses Novel Collection of Structures of Strange Architecture.

London.—The village of Brightling (about nine miles inland from Hastings) possesses probably the most novel collection of strange buildings in England. About half a century ago a certain Squire Fuller, the chief resident, who was possessed of great riches, spent money lavishly in the erection of numerous quaint buildings, with the idea of rendering his memory imperishable in the little village.

Squire Fuller's eccentricity earned him the sobriquet of Mad Jack. Perhaps the most remarkable of the buildings is the sugar loaf house, in which the mad squire was anxious to immure a man for seven years—during which time the victim was neither to shave, wash nor hold any communication with the outer world. His food was to be passed in through a window. There were several candidates for the experiment, but the authorities interfered and forbade the execution of the wild scheme.

The observatory contains in the dome a camera obscura, which the squire placed there so that his tenants could keep observation on their cattle without going into the fields. Cleopatra's needle, built of local sandstone, stands at an altitude of 600 feet above the sea, and its base is covered with innumerable visitors' names. Solomon's temple, built in the style of an eastern mosque, with massive marble pillars, was used by Mad Jack as a cardroom.

The squire's tomb, built to resemble the pyramids, has a beautifully decorated interior and bears carved quotations from the squire's favorite authors. The squire's coffin was placed on a stone trestle above ground and the door of the tomb locked with a key which was afterward destroyed. Baron tower was originally intended to guide ships into Pevensey bay, but the squire planted trees all around and thus rendered it useless to mariners.

PAIR MARRIED NINETY YEARS

Centenarian Couple Discovered at Florence, Colo., Aged 110 and 107 Years, Respectively.

Florence, Colo.—Ninety years wedded is the unique record of Francisco Espor, aged one hundred and ten, and his wife, Rafael, aged one hundred and seven. The couple were found by the census enumerator at the home of the great-granddaughter, Mrs. Julia Montoya, who brought them here from a pueblo in New Mexico a few years ago, where Francisco Espor was born.

Although their mental faculties are somewhat dulled and they are physically very feeble, this remarkable couple converse in their native tongue, and the husband, who witnessed the rebellion of the inhabitants of Mexico against the Spanish rule when Mexico gained freedom, recounts many thrilling incidents of the war.

The couple married at Santa Fe, N. M., in 1820, and located in Pueblo, Colo., when it was a village of log huts and the Indian trading post. Of the ten children of the couple but one is living, a son, 85 years old. There are thirty grandchildren, sixty great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. The latter are the daughters of Mrs. Montoya.

HIDDEN FRESCOES ARE FOUND

Interesting Discovery Accidentally Made by Priest in an Old Church in Italy.

Rome.—The interesting discovery has been made that there are frescoes in the church of St. Donata, near Deruta, in the province of Perugia, under three coats of whitewash.

The parish priest accidentally discovered the frescoes while removing a nail from the wall, which caused a piece of plaster to become detached. The frescoes represent historical subjects. One is signed by De Panullo and dated 1430. The other inscriptions have not yet been deciphered.

The frescoes are excellently preserved and well-executed. They have mostly been identified as the work of the fifteenth century. They probably extend through the entire church, part of which is now used as a lumber store.

GIRLS NEVER SLEPT ON LAND

Home Has Always Been on Sailing Vessel, of Which Their Father is Captain.

Seattle, Wash.—Dorothy and Annie Kragh, nine and eleven years, have never passed a night on land. They have made their home since seeing the light of the world in the little cabin of the sailing ship Claverly, of which their father, Capt. A. C. Kragh, has been master for years.

The Claverly is here to load a capacity cargo of wheat for Great Britain. They have never been seasick, and are now pursuing their studies on board the ship.

During their years of travel these little girls have been in some of the worst storms that have ever swept the Pacific ocean.

Grues Blue Rose.

Morrisstown, N. J.—A blue rose, something for which the horticulturists have long striven in vain, has been achieved at last by a Morrisstown amateur. The plant is a seedling of an ordinary crimson Rambler. The flowers on opening have a purplish pink shade which later develops into a brilliant steel hue.

WAGER ON BEETLES

Chinese Gather in New York on Sunday to Enjoy Sport.

Two Small Insects Are Dropped in Porcelain Bowl and Beta Are Made on All Sorts of Chances—Fight to Death.

New York.—How Gung at your Chinese laundry may seem the meekest person in the world, but on Sunday morning at about four o'clock he is a changed How Gung.

How Gung is dressed in his best and he is smoking his fortieth cigarette in a low, dirty room blue with the smoke of many hundred other cigarettes that have been smoked. All How Gung's fellows are there with him, and they're all gathered around a little table.

Two two-inch beetles are fighting for their individual lives in a porcelain bowl placed in the center of the table. One of the beetles has a white dot on its wing case. The other has a spot of blue. The Chinese have wagered their money on white or on blue, as fancy or appearance of the contestants may have decided.

The proprietor previous to the commencement of the fight exhibits his two bits of live stock to the frequenters. One of them tries out the mandibles of the favorite, letting him pinch his finger with them, to judge his probable fighting strength. The dialogue is high pitched, nasal and noisy, and it looks as though a fight were going to start at any moment. But they're only making their bets as things are being made ready for the big fight in the porcelain bowl.

The proprietor drops the two beetles into the bowl. Lights are brought close around on the table and the gang crowd and jostle each other to get a good view of what is going on. The two beetles make a preliminary blundering circle around each other, clumsily clashing their mandibles.

Suddenly white dashes in at blue. The Chinese stand like statues. White has rushed at blue with wide open mandibles. Blue's mandibles are open too. They interlock and soon are pulling against each other. The six legs of each contestant slip a little on the smooth, white porcelain. The effort is to turn an opponent over on his back, for he would then be helpless, and the contestants are striving in a sort of wrestling match.

The clamor starts again. Side bets are placed on all sorts of possibilities. Will the fight last an hour? A bet is posted and covered. Will white let go within five minutes? There is another bet.

Suddenly the whole bunched crowd quivers with excitement. Blue has suddenly broken away from white, and there is a little chip off the inner edge of his mandible where white's mandible has sawed it. Blue is active now. He isn't clumsy any more. He backs up the sloping side of the bowl, all his little legs going like lightning.

Soon white has lost his strongest leg on the left side, and blue has lost a right foot. The beetles grind their mandibles and scrape and tinkle on the porcelain arena. White tries to get at an angle with blue to make up the loss. The Chinese look on in tense excitement, commenting loudly from moment to moment, and posting up all kinds of side bets, for there is an interchange of money going on now.

White isn't downed by any means, even if he is wounded. He can live for days in a perfect vacuum if feed be, and the loss of air doesn't appear to hurt him. He rushes at blue, fresh and chipper, for all that can be seen. The fight is on once more.

We're not really interested in the fight so much as we are interested in How Chung. How Chung is living his life now. You can see it in his tense attitude and his eyes—not in his face, which is immobile. The hour drags to an end, white and blue battling. Suddenly there is a change. Poor white is exhausted. He strives to climb the bowl with his three legs, for he has lost two on one side by now and one on the other. He slips and slides on the smooth chinaware. Blue clambers painfully after him, still full of fight, for white has been so meanly opposed all this time and has damaged blue. They fall down to the center of the bowl again and again. At last blue gets a perfect grip on white's throat. Snip, snip, snip, go his mandibles at the thorax of white, and white's head is half separated from his body.

A wave of Cantonese surges up. Everybody talks at once and bets are paid up.

1,000 Drinking Cups for Dogs.

Chicago.—One thousand drinking cups for dogs will be placed in different parts of the city to lessen the danger of rabies during the hot months by Dr. J. J. Miller, who has obtained the consent of the judiciary committee of the council. "I believe it will tend to lessen the danger from rabies at least 50 per cent," said Mr. Miller. "The cups will be kept filled with clean, cool water and will be in reach of any thirsty dog."

Mush Cotton Replanted.

Atlanta, Ga.—A crop expert estimates that the recent cold snap necessitated replanting more than 35 per cent of an area producing about 1,500,000 bales in the states of Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama.

HORSE GETS DRUNK ON WINE

Implies Better Part of Cask of Wine and Queer Actions Block Street Traffic in Chicago.

Chicago.—A horse belonging to William Britten, an expressman, was standing in front of the North Side Turner hall, on Clark street, the other afternoon. A cask of wine, which was being unloaded from a truck, fell and broke open. The fragrant liquid ran into the gutter and the horse, sniffing it, bent down and drank. The more the horse drank the better it liked it apparently. Anyway it drank a couple of bucketsful of the wine.

In something like three minutes the horse began to act strangely. It reared its head and pranced like a charger. There was a fine light of exaltation in its eye. Then it stepped unsteadily out into the middle of the street and began to neigh.

A big crowd gathered, but no one dared approach the horse and traffic on the street came to a standstill.

Some one turned in a riot call and the police came. The horse gazed at the police and winked majestically. The police gazed at the horse and the broken wine cask and winked at the crowd.

Then one of the officers secured a lump of sugar. He gave it to the horse and started down the street. The horse, still very unsteady on its pins, trotted after the policeman in the hope of getting more sugar. That broke the blockade.

Britten later said that when he went into the horse's stall to see how it was getting along, it was growling deeply and the groans sounded to him like "Never again."

KISSING IS NOT DANGEROUS

Harvard Professor Says No Reason Why Healthy Couple Should Not Indulge in Practice.

Cambridge, Mass.—Harvard has of lately put her O. K. on kissing. Dr. A. M. Worthington of the medical school, an expert on bacteria, not oscillation, says that there is no reason whatever why healthy and well intentioned couples shouldn't indulge in kissing to their hearts' content. Incidentally his statement shatters the theory advanced many times by professors of other universities that kissing is dangerous, because it makes a swap of microbes and illness in one or both parties to the union often follows such diversion. Said Dr. Worthington:

"Kissing harmful? Certainly not! No, sir! There is no possible reason in the world, or proof in the world, why when two self-respecting, wholesome persons meet lip to lip they can't break away without upsetting the bacterial balance. Perhaps the only serious danger springing from such a union would affect the heart only."

Dr. Worthington also ably defended our friends the "microbes," referring to them in other circumstances. He asserted that if bacteria were driven from the land the world would become a desert scattered with the world's dead. Germs are humble in their needs, but stupendous in their life work.

WHISKY IN HEART OF TREE

Wood Choppers in Iowa Park Make Unique Discovery—How Did Liquor Get There?

Council Bluffs, Ia.—President Graham of the park board found that there were too many trees in Baylis park, a breathing spot in the center of the city, so he concluded to cut out a number of the maples that were planted more than fifty years ago, when Council Bluffs was first given a place upon the map of Iowa.

One particular tree, in the course of a new path that was proposed, was marked for the sacrifice. The choppers felled this tree, finding it solid from circumference to center. Sawing the trunk into four foot lengths, eight feet from the butt, the saw just missed a glass bottle, which was tightly corked, a bottle of one-pint capacity, filled with Hquor. It was sampled by experts, who pronounced it whisky of a superior quality.

How the bottle of whisky got into the center of the huge maple tree is a mystery. Counting the rings of wood from the place where the bottle was lodged, each one of which represents a year's growth, it must have been there 50 years. The bottle and contents have been placed in the public library as a curio.

Cat as Mother of Chickens.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A queer case of foster motherhood has been developed at the home of Lewis Flinck, Jr., where a cat which lost a litter of kittens has adopted a brood of nine chickens which lost their own mother about the same time.

The cat is unable to call the peeps so that they knew it, but she makes a fair attempt at scratching up food for them, and cuddles them "under her wing."

Courting Forty-nine Years.

Stamford, Conn.—The marriage of Miss Emily Brown, a Stamford school teacher, to Norman Provost was the culmination of a courtship that began before the Civil war. They were sweethearts when Mr. Provost enlisted in the union army. After the war they were engaged, but postponed marriage from time to time for various reasons.