

# Tales of **GOTHAM** and other **CITIES**

## What Occurred When the Big Liner Pulled Out



**NEW YORK.**—The last visitor had gone ashore from a big liner the other morning. The last adieu had been said. The second cabin gangplank had been drawn in. Fussy little tugs were drawing tight on the hawsers preparatory to pulling the liner out of the pier. Sailors were un-lashing the first cabin gangway, ready to haul her on board. The captain and his officers were on the bridge telegraphing to the engine room—

But the steamer did not sail on time.

Through the hundreds on the pier, whose waving handkerchiefs and flags were bidding goodby to departing ones, a woman came dashing like Sam White through a Harvard line-up. She was not to be denied, for she was a suffragette and she looked it.

In a trice she bounded onto the first cabin gangplank, nor would she budge. "My husband," she shrieked in accents wild, as the poets say. "My hus-

band," she repeated, "he has deserted me! he has deserted me!"

"Well, who can blame the poor fellow?" demanded an irreverent bachelor, and was literally transfixed for his temerity.

The ship was five minutes late and she was a mail steamer, too. The woman would not budge from the gangplank and the sailormen could not pull it in without dropping her into the North river. The steamer was getting later every minute.

"My husband," she shrieked. "Where is he? He has deserted me. I won't sail without him!"

"Well, go ashore and let us sail," ejaculated an exasperated sailorman. The liner was now ten minutes late.

Then he came through the crowd. He didn't seem to be making any undue effort to hurry. Perhaps he couldn't. He was a bespectacled little man, laden down with more bundles than a Baxter street peddler.

"My husband," she shrieked. "There he is. I thought he was deserting me."

"I am Gustav Atesh," was all he had time to tell a shipnews reporter before she dragged him up the first cabin gangway, and as the liner headed out into the stream she could be seen dragging him back toward the second cabin. The big vessel sailed fifteen minutes late.

## Wife Turns at Last and Beats Tiny Spouse

**CHICAGO.**—Peter Lombard of 517 South Halsted street weighs about 125 pounds. His wife weighs 200, and is about four inches taller than her husband. In spite of these discrepancies, Lombard beat her whenever he took the notion—and the notion struck him frequently in the last three years—according to her testimony before Municipal Judge Caverly the other day.

The night before, she said, he came home in fighting mood again. Mrs. Lombard objected to taking a beating, but her husband insisted she was looking at the subject in a wrong light. Then she lost her patience, picked up an iron pot from the kitchen stove and whaled him over the head with it. The argument was effective. Lombard appeared in court with his head bandaged.

Big Mrs. Lombard took the witness stand and explained what happened to little Mr. Lombard.

"We were married about four years ago," she said. "A year later my husband decided he wouldn't work any longer. So he retired. The fact that he hadn't any money didn't seem to bother him, but I worried about it. I got hungry occasionally."

"So I went to work, and have supported him and myself for three years. He didn't do anything; once



in awhile he would ask me for money, and when I didn't have it he would proceed to beat me. I never fought back.

"But last night I lost my temper. He came home and demanded money. I had none. Then he struck me. I picked up that iron pot, and just gave him a good whack over the head with it. He seemed surprised."

Judge Caverly looked Lombard over and smiled.

"You look like a man who has been tamed," he said. "I don't think you'll beat your wife again. Take him home, Mrs. Lombard, and the next time he starts a massacre, you know about what to do. And don't you ever come before me again, Lombard, on a charge of wife beating. If you do, I'll have to take care of you."

Lombard and his wife departed arm-in-arm, their domestic troubles—like Lombard's head—apparently patched up.

## What a Reporter Saw in the Room of Dread



**KANSAS CITY, MO.**—A reporter for a local newspaper wanted to be taken on a sight-seeing tour of the General hospital. Dr. L. W. Luscher, superintendent of the institution, granted the request. "I'll take you myself and we'll start in on the third floor," he said.

The particular part of the third floor in which they began their visit seemed an unusual place, even to the visitor, unaccustomed to sights in a hospital. Nurses and orderlies appeared ghostly in white garments and heavy white masks entirely covering the face and head, with only room enough to see. They also wore rubber gloves. The masks were so arranged that the air they breathed was filtered by passing through them.

The visitor saw two rows of ten beds each, separated by a wide aisle.

Thirteen of the beds were occupied. The hands and feet of a few were bound to prevent them from tossing about in their beds and falling out.

The visitor was deeply impressed by the strange scene. He had so strongly sympathized with the patients that he had not asked the superintendent any questions. As he was leaving the big room he wanted to know about the masks, the restraining bonds on the hands and feet of the patients, and finally the disease with which they were infected.

"That big room is the isolation ward for patients infected with cerebro-spinal meningitis," replied the superintendent. The visitor's spine began to creep. Then he thought of his heels and took to them as fast as he could, reaching the elevator just as it had passed out of sight. While the visitor waited Dr. Luscher continued: "Those masks are to prevent possible infection, but the attendants do not know whether or not they are immune from infection with the deadly germs. They work blindly, as all do in caring for meningitis patients. They are heroes and heroines, facing death as long as—" but the eulogy never was finished, for the visitor hurried into the elevator.

## Boy Pirates Hush Baby's Cries With Cookies

**MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.**—Just like all the money in the world was the way \$23 looked to two twelve-year-old robbers who looted the till of a Lake street grocery, fed a baby gingersnaps to keep it quiet while they made the raid, and then fled to Lake Minnetonka, where they planned to become pirates, with a cave on Michael's island for headquarters. The pirate flag was never raised, for the sight of two youngsters buying ice cream sodas by the half dozen and dicker with boatmen to charter a launch was too bizarre to escape the notice of Chief of Police John Powers of Excelsior. With but \$5 of the money spent, the pirate cruise ended in the city jail.

The boys told their own story when they were locked up. They said they went into Gust Johnson's grocery, 523 East Lake street, just to spend a few pennies. They found the store de-



serted save for Lucile, Johnson's baby daughter.

"We opened the cash register," said one of the prisoners. "Then the baby cried. I gave it a ginger cookie out of a box near the register. It laughed and stopped crying. We took \$23 from the register. We went downtown right away, and took a car for the lake. We slept back of a store all night, and then we looked around. We thought we would dig a cave on the island and live there."

## PERIODICAL CICADA OR SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST IN STATE OF CONNECTICUT IN 1911

Pupae Produce No Appreciable Damage to Tree Except Splintering of Twigs Caused by Females in Laying Their Eggs—Peach Trees Suffer Most.



Periodical Cicada, Adults and Pupa Shell on Leaf. Natural Size.

(By W. E. BRITTON, Ph. D., Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station.)

Brood No. II, of the periodical cicada or 17-year locust, *Tibicen septendecim* Linn., was scheduled to appear in the central portion of Connecticut in 1911, so we were on the watch for it. The station collection contains examples of this brood collected in Bradford in 1894, by Dr. W. C. Sturges, then botanist of this station. But in 1894 no attempt was made to obtain records or to study the distribution of the insect in the state. In 1903, Brood XI, was expected, and though we made many observations and inquiries, we did not obtain a single record.

Consequently, 1911 seemed to afford an excellent opportunity to collect data, and in addition to the observations made by the office force, much information was gathered from other sources.

Though the pupae come out of the ground and crawl upon the trunks, branches and foliage of trees and shrubs, and the adults emerge, leaving the old shells hanging there, they produce no appreciable injury to the trees except the splintering of the twigs caused by the females in laying their eggs. Several correspondents wrote to this office that the cicadas were eating up their trees. But as the adults are sucking insects, they could at most only suck out a little of the sap, and could not devour any of the tissues. In laying eggs, however, by means of the sharp, tough and horny parts of the ovipositor, the female is able to puncture the hard wood and lay eggs in it. The ovipositor consists of three spear-shaped pieces or blades, the lateral ones having serrated edges for cutting. These pieces slide lengthwise upon each other, and are effective in mutilating the twigs.

The eggs are laid in longitudinal rows of punctures along the under side of the twigs of the previous season's growth, having a diameter of between one-fourth and one-half inch. Where there are many punctures in a twig it is often so weakened that it breaks in the wind, and though sometimes falling to the ground, it usually hangs, and the leaves dry and turn brown. There is damage to the trees, no doubt, from the effects of great numbers of the larvae sucking at the roots, but this injury is difficult to observe or estimate, and probably is usually attributed to other causes.

The greatest damage noticed by the writer was where peach trees had been used for egg-laying. The weight of the fruit caused the twigs to break and hang down, and the fruit as well as the leaves withered. In portions of the orchards mentioned nearly all the fruit was destroyed. Some twigs had five or six peaches each, and broke very readily from their own weight. Nearly all hung, however,

until the wood became dry and brittle before separating entirely from the tree. In addition to the loss of the crop for the season, about a season's wood growth was destroyed, leaving little or no chance for the formation of fruit buds for the following year. On apple and other fruit trees the results were similar, though apparently much less serious than with peach trees.

On rapidly growing trees the scars soon heal, but on trees making a slow growth they do not heal for several years. Ordinarily, however, there is little or no permanent injury to the tree, and soon after the insects disappear the orchardist thinks little about them. The accounts of serious injury which one reads in newspapers are generally based upon the imagination or upon other causes, and are not the verdict of men who have given careful study to the subject.

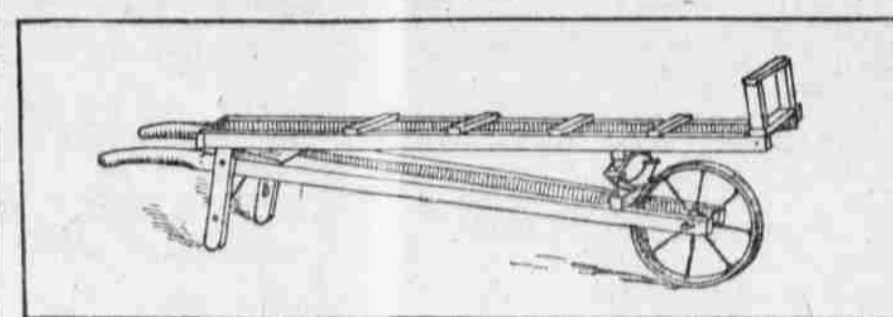
Some six or seven weeks after the eggs are laid in the twigs, the young cicadas hatch from them, drop to the ground, and work their way into it, going 12 to 18 inches beneath the surface. Here they live a subterranean life for 17 years, where it is difficult to follow their movements and development. Yet this has been done in three or four cases by the bureau of entomology, and it was found that the larvae molted four times, the fourth molt usually occurring about the tenth year. They burrow chiefly with their forelegs, suck the juices from the small tree roots from one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and upon such food they subsist for the full period of 17 years, when the pupae crawl out of the ground, leaving round exit holes about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

No parasites were reared from cicada eggs in Connecticut in 1911, though four species of dipterous (two-winged flies) larvae are known to feed upon them in the United States. Four species of hymenopterous (four-winged flies) insects are known to parasitize the eggs, though only one of these, *Lathromeris cicadae* How., is at all abundant. This has been found sufficiently abundant in some parts of the country to considerably check the periodical cicada. Several species of mites are also known to feed upon cicada eggs.

This insect has predaceous enemies, one of the most important of which is the large digger wasp or cicada killer, *Sphecius speciosus* Dr., which stings the adult cicada and carries it away to its underground nest to serve as food for the young wasps. The sting paralyzes but does not kill the cicada, and the wasp lays an egg on the body of the cicada, upon which the young wasp larva feeds. No doubt predaceous ground beetles devour some of the newly hatched young, as well as the emerging pupae.

It is probably true that birds devour large numbers of cicadas.

## EXTENSION WHEELBARROW FOR APIARY



The illustration shows my "bee automobile," which I made myself. It is long enough to hold five hives. Mine is made of 2x2 oak, but I believe the same size of pine would be strong enough, and would be much lighter, writes A. T. Dockham of Eagle Bend, Minn., in the *Gleanings in Bee Culture*. The handles should be wide

## BANNER CORN CROP DESIRED BY FARMER

Immediate Attention to the Cultivation of Seed Bed Is the Most Important Factor.

"Every farmer wishes to produce a banner corn crop," says Prof. R. A. Moore, head of the agronomy department of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. "No one factor will be more instrumental in producing such a crop than immediate attention to the cultivation of the seed bed. On large fields the cultivation should be constant from the time the corn appears above the ground until it is laid by in July. This is absolutely necessary for the eradication of weeds and the conservation of soil moisture. The timely culture of corn not only helps the corn crop but also materially aids succeeding crops. By paying proper attention to cultivation, corn can be easily made to average 10 to 15 bushels more per acre than it would yield as a result of improper methods of soil culture.

"The initial cultivation should be quite deep, from three to four inches, as there is no danger at this time of injuring the corn by pruning the roots," continued Prof. Moore. "Subsequent cultivation should be just deep enough to create a good soil mulch on the surface of the ground and at the same time to eradicate the young weeds as they appear above the surface. By rigid attention to weed eradication and moisture conservation a bumper corn crop will be assured."

**Daddy's Whack-Whack.**

On the occasion of her last visit to a certain Baltimore household a young matron of that city found a little friend in tears.

"What's the matter with little Marie?" she asked, endeavoring to console the weeping child.

"Daddy has just given me whack-whack," the youngster replied between sobs.

"Thoughtless daddy!" exclaimed the young woman, repressing a smile. "And where did he whack-whack little Marie?"

"On the back of my tummy," was the answer.

**Sine Die.**

Hub (in a lecturing mood)—You never hear me putting things off till tomorrow.

Wife—No, indeed; you put them off indefinitely.

More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes when it obeys the watchful eye of caution.—Thomson.

Many a man's bad luck is due to the fact that he has neither inherited ability nor acquired industry.

**CURES BURNS AND CUTS.**

Cole's Carbolicine stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

All the world's a stage, but it lacks an asbestos drop curtain.

Palliating News.

"Oh, dear, officer, was my poor husband shot when you got him to the station?"

"No, madam; only half shot."

### The People's Choice

for relieving and overcoming such ills as

**INDIGESTION  
POOR APPETITE  
FLATULENCY  
CONSTIPATION  
BILIOUSNESS  
AND MALARIA**

is the famous

### Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It invigorates—tones—strengthens—rebuilds

30 YEARS THE LEADER TRY IT TODAY

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

**CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITKIN

Rhubarb Seed -  
Aloes -  
Sulphate of Soda -  
Castor Oil -  
Ginger -  
Cloves -  
Mint -  
Sassafras -  
Licorice -  
Cinnamon -  
Nutmeg -  
Peppermint -  
Sage -  
Tea -  
Vanilla -  
Wintergreen -  
Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Wright & Wilhelmy Co.'s Double Guaranteed Quality Hardware Means the Best Factory Brands in the Country

GUARANTEE TAG

Knowing as we do the merits of Estate Stoves, and based on our many years experience with the entire line, induces us to authorize the dealer to replace any part that should prove defective, or if, under ordinary and proper conditions and operated in accordance with the directions given in our catalogue, it should fail to do proper and satisfactory work, to replace it with another stove free of all cost.

**50 HOURS Fire on only one charge of soft coal—that's the remarkable guarantee that goes with every**

# Estate Oak

No other stove can accomplish this because no other stove can have the PATENTED Estate Jointless Ash-Box. That's one reason why over a half million of the genuine ESTATE OAKS have been sold and are now in use. See the ESTATE OAK at your dealer's before you buy a stove of any kind. The genuine is made only by The Estate Stove Company, of Hamilton, Ohio.

Do not buy private brands without the maker's name. You might regret it later.

Ask your dealer for Double Guaranteed Goods