

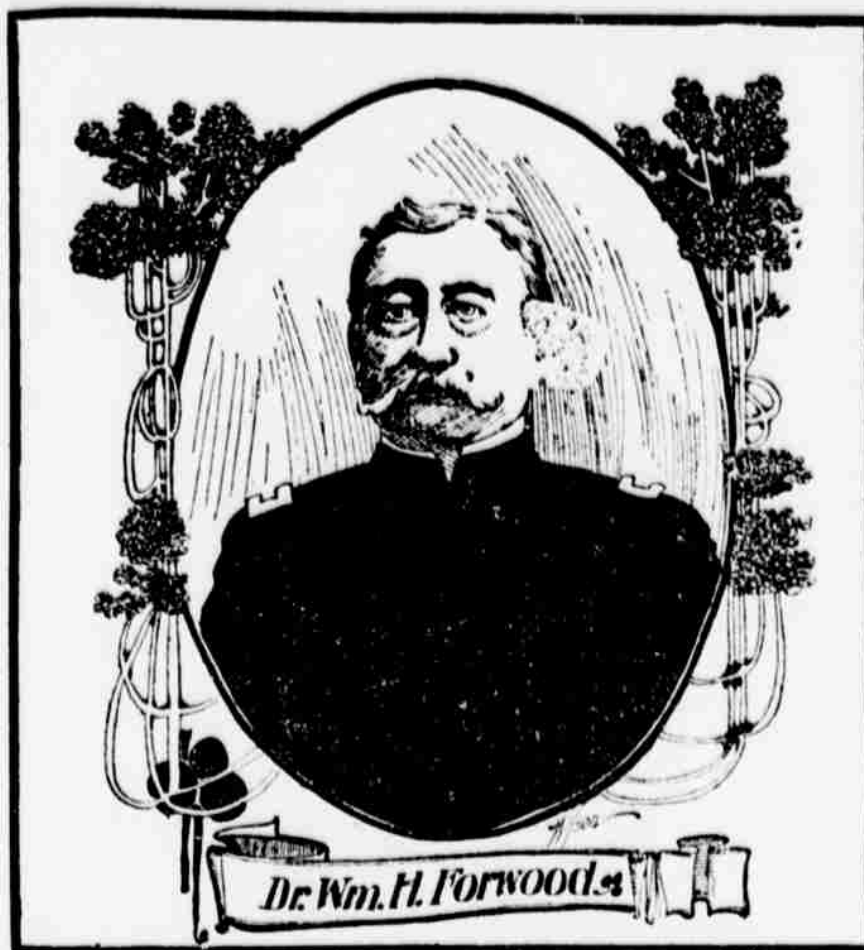
THE CUNNING MOSQUITO

Writer Insists the Insect Is Showing Remarkable Educational Progress

"The man who believes that the mosquito cannot be educated up to the point where he is capable of dodging some of the artifices of human kind is simply a fool," said a man who has been paying some attention to anopholes and culex, and whose devotion has been returned with quadrupled amorousness, "and I know what I am talking about, for I have had occasion to observe a few things within the week, in substantiation of which I make proffer of various red spotsches on my face, neck and hands. Just outside of my door there is a cistern, one of these uncovered cisterns about which so much has been said and written. It is a great mosquito breeder and at night these humming desperadoes make a fierce charge into my room. The door, window and transom are not screened, but I have around my bed what is supposed to be ample protection in a good mosquito bar. For a while the bar was good enough. But it did not take any great length of time for the mosquitoes to learn a few things. One night—just a few nights ago—I was awakened by a humming sound and had noticed that my sleep had not been as even as usual. At first I thought the sound was made by a street car some distance from my room on the line which traverses the street on which I live. The truth gradually dawned on me that it was the

drone of mosquitoes which had been in the habit of slipping out of the cistern and into my room at night. They were making a fierce attack on the bar, and I concluded that I would get up and make a little investigation—an after midnight study, as it were—of this winged assassin. I did so. "I never saw so many mosquitoes before. They were mad, too. The fact that they had encountered the bar seems to have made them furious. They were buzzing like a nest of disturbed hornets. But what surprised me more than any other thing was the fact that several dozen had managed to get through and were actually on the inside, and had really begun to chew me. On the outside of the bar I found a perfect swarm. Some of them were fastened in the threads of the bar. They were trying to squeeze through the little holes of the bar, just as the others had done. Their long legs, or their wings, or some part of the body, had become tangled and they were hopelessly tied. Now how did they know how to get through these little places by the squeezing process? How did they know this was the only possible way to reach the food they wanted? I tell you the mosquito is capable of learning a few things, and he is being educated up to some of the artifices of human kind, and that's all there is to it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

William H. Forwood Named by the President as Army's Surgeon General



William H. Forwood, who was recently nominated surgeon general of the army by President Roosevelt, has been a member of the military branch since 1861, when he was appointed from civil life. At the close of the war he was in command of the White

Hall General Hospital in Pennsylvania, but a year later joined the regular army, and has served in almost every part of the country where the army has a post. Dr. Forwood is a native of Delaware. He retires this year, by age limit.

THE OLDEST STOVE

Richmond, Va., Claims One Which Seemingly Should Rank With the Best

According to a Philadelphia newspaper the oldest stove in this country is at present on exhibition in Minneapolis, Minn. From the description this old stove is something after the fashion of the one which we have here in our state capitol. It stands upon legs or end supports, similar to those of a sewing machine, only that they are about half as high and of much heavier casting. The total weight of the stove is 500 pounds. It is three feet long, thirty-two inches high and one foot wide, with a hearth extending in front. There is no grate in the bottom, the fire being built directly on the bottom of the stove, the heat passing from below the oven, back of it and over the top of the pipe. The outside has scrolls and designs and crowns in relief, much after the fashion of the stoves of to-day, and on both sides cast with the metal are the words, "Hereford Furnace, Thomas Maybury, Mfr., 1767." We are assured that the stove is well preserved, in spite of its age. The surface has a finish which

is technically known as "pebbled." The famous Virginia stove also stands upon legs, is about seven feet high and is handsomely ornamented. It is "three stories" high and of pyramidal shape, and was made in 1770 for the house of burghesses at Williamsburg, whence it was removed to Richmond when the seat of government was removed thither. The founder, one Buzingo, whose place of business was in England, wrote of the "warming machine" that "the elegance of workmanship does honor to Great Britain. It exceeds in grandeur anything ever seen of the kind and is a masterpiece not to be equaled in all Europe. It has met with general applause and could not be sufficiently admired." So, notwithstanding its advantages of a few years in age, the Minneapolis stove must pale its ineffectual fires when compared with our big, highly ornamental and aristocratically connected (historically speaking) old warming machine.—Richmond Dispatch.

Traveling and Wandering

Jones was in peculiarly expansive humor the other evening. He was packed up for the summer, and was starting off in the morning on a cheap racket walking trip. To traverse the country districts of New England was his program, and an unfailing friendliness his method of getting about cheaply and well. "I have no use for traveling," he began. "That, of course, is why you are starting off on the morrow?" I asked. "That, dear friend, is not traveling. It is wandering, and I recommend the world in general to get back to it, as the ideal manner of getting about. Traveling is a distinctly modern invention. It aims at two things—speed and the attainment of a definite locality. It is done for a purpose, and the means are always sacrificed to the end. The scenery through which the victims of the system may steam, is blurred. Cards and papers are found necessary to slay the time, and when the travelers dismount from

the deck or platform they breathe out a thankful 'Here at last,' as if that were the point. The ancients got about in a different spirit. They wandered where 'sweet adventure called them.' They merely roamed, setting themselves no goal. They were not whirled in hot compartments from point to point. Under the wide and starry sky they tented; these fine old tramps, Arabs, gypsies and all nomads of the Ulysses type. The peripatetic hoboes should organize a great league to prove that scenery is better than speed, and that every foot of the open road is as good as the place named on the guide post, toward which the wanderer's face is set. "And no epitaph is more appropriate for the mundane wanderer than this: "Under the wide and open sky, Where he loved to live, there let him lie: Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter is home from the hill."

Jessie Morrison, for the Third Time Convicted of the Murder of Mrs. Castle



After being out twelve hours the jury in the case against Jessie Morrison, charged with the murder of Mrs. Olin Castle, at her home, Eldorado, Kansas, in June, 1900, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second

degree. The jury reached its conclusion speedily. This is the third trial Miss Morrison has had, the case being twice appealed. It is believed the last verdict will be final.

Editor Who Made a Mistake.
A southern Kansas editor innocently contradicted a report that a young woman in his county was about to throw up her job as school teacher in order to get married. "She is not that kind of a girl," said the editor, intending to convey the idea that she would not break a contract. But the girl saw it in a different light and wrote to him hotly: "I don't know," she said, "as it is any of your business, but I give you to understand that I am not the kind of a girl you say. I can get married if I want to."—Kansas City Journal.

Czar Has Faith in Ring.
The czar wears a ring in which he believes is imbedded a piece of the true cross. It was originally one of the treasures of the vatican and was presented to an ancestor of the czar. Some years ago the czar was traveling from St. Petersburg to Moscow. He suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the ring. The train was stopped immediately and a special messenger sent flying back on an express engine for it, nor would the czar allow the train to move until, several hours afterward, the messenger returned with the ring.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

ELECTRICITY IN FARMING.

Used Extensively in France, Where Coal is Scarce.
Electricity is used in the house of the French farmer, not only for heating, but for cooking of food. Now that coal is becoming scarce and high, and forests are inadequate to furnish fuel, electricity is furnishing the cheapest source of energy. The current from a generator is led to a central distributing station, where it is divided into as many circuits as there are separate motors—and so power is distributed. In the farmer's barns this power runs root cutters, milk separators, fanning mills, etc. It can also be used for cleaning harnesses, for sharpening tools, for ventilators, pumps, mills, etc. Yards, stables and barns are lighted as well as houses. The water from ponds or brooks or rivers is raised high enough for its distribution through farm buildings and over the fields of irrigation. Elevators, hay cutters, hay presses and other presses are also worked by electricity.—Electricity.

LADY DUNDONALD IS POPULAR.

Wife of Canada's Military Commander Noted for Her Beauty.
All Canada is ready to fall in love with Lady Dundonald, wife of the recently appointed commander of the Canadian troops. Her simple manners, her splendid education, her love for books and the brilliancy of her receptors, have long been known in the dominion. She is of Welsh parentage and is no less popular than her



warrior husband. She has considerable fortune and spends much of it each year in assisting charitable organizations. She, too, has fighting blood in her veins, for she went to war with the parish council at Gwyrcast castle in England not long ago because that body presumed to interfere with the pruning of her trees. The war was a bitter one, but her ladyship was victorious, compelling the council to keep its fingers off her business.

Violins Made from Clay.
An old Scotch proverb says: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." It seems to be quite as impossible to make a good violin out of clay, but it has been done. A well-known manufacturer of the Messeli ocarinas and porcelain organs has invented a process for the manufacture of violins and mandolins from clay. Some violins have already been completed, and the inventor has applied for letters patent for the same in different countries. Under this process the violins are cast and every violin is guaranteed a success and to be excellent for producing music. The latter quality constitutes precisely the chief value of this invention. The porcelain body, it is claimed, is better able to produce sound than a wooden one, since it cooperates in the production of sound, making the notes soft and full.

Long Record of Service.
Edwin F. Hamlin has just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as executive secretary at the Massachusetts state house. He has served under these governors: Alexander H. Rice (by whom he was appointed), Thomas Talbot, John D. Long, Benjamin F. Butler, George D. Robinson, Oliver Ames, John Q. A. Brackett, William E. Russell, Frederick T. Greenhalge, Roger Wolcott and W. Murray Crane.

THE THANKS OF CONGRESS.
They Are Extended to Rear Admiral Kempff.
The house committee on foreign affairs unanimously reported a resolution



giving the thanks of Congress to Rear Admiral Kempff for his conduct during the siege of Taku, China.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

AN AUTHOR OF PROMISE.

Critics Highly Commend the Work of Harry, Leon Wilson.
Book reviewers, east and west, have given much praise to a recent novel, "The Spenders," by Harry Leon Wilson. The following is an extract from the book: "It's just a question of blackmail, isn't it? What did you offer?" "Well, she has a slew of letters—



gettin' them is a matter of sentiment, and keepin' the thing quiet. Then she claims to have a will made last December and duly witnessed, givin' her the One Girl outright, and a million cash. So you can see she ain't anything ordinary. I told Coplen to offer her a million cash for everything rather'n have any fuss. I was goin' to fix it up myself and keep quiet about it."

"But, damn it all, that's robbery!" "Yes—but it's her deal. You remember when Billy Brue was playin' seven-up with a stranger in the Two-Hump saloon over to Eden, and Chiddle Fogle the bartender called him up front and whispered that he'd jent seen the feller turn a jack from the bottom. 'Well,' says Billy, looking kind of reprovin' at Chiddle, 'it was his deal, wasn't it?' Now, it's sure this blond party's deal, and we better reckon ahead a mite before we start any rough-house with her. You're due to find out if you hadn't better let her turn her jack and trust to gettin' even on your deal. You got a claim staked out in New York, and a scandal like this might handcuff you in workin' it. And 'tain't as if hushin' her up was something we couldn't well afford. And think of how it would torment your ma to know of them doins, and how 'twould shame Pish in company. Of course, robbery is robbery, but mebbe it's our play to be sporty like Billy Brue was."

Electricity for Rainfall.
A number of prominent Japanese scientists are at present engaged upon a series of experiments for the artificial production of rain by means of electricity. The first trial was made in the Fukushima prefecture, and the results obtained were very satisfactory. Operations were commenced at 11 in the evening, but no change was noted until 9 the next morning, when clouds began to gather in the vicinity of the place where the experiments were being held. Rain soon began to fall over an area several miles in extent, and continued without intermission for twelve hours.

FOUGHT WITH A BURGLAR.
South American Beauty Shows Bravery in a London Hotel.
Marguerite Gana, the famous South American beauty, who formerly lived



in Washington, D. C., had a thrilling experience with a burglar at the Thackeray hotel, at London, England. The man was captured, but the woman well nigh lost her life. The man entered her room and was at her jewel safe when she awoke and discovered him. Without an instant's hesitation she sprang from her bed and seized him, at the same time shouting for help. The thief struggled and succeeded in drawing a pistol. He attempted to fire it at the woman, but she succeeded in turning it aside. Two shots were fired, both of which lodged in the wall. The noise attracted the servants, who rushed in and subdued the man, who was later given into custody.

Too Busy to Learn Speeches.
It has been noticed that for a year or so David B. Hill, on the occasion of his public appearances, has always read his speeches, doing so, however, with such a show of off-hand speaking that it is difficult to realize the fact. Mr. Hill, it is explained by one of his intimates, of late has been a busy man and cannot afford the time to commit his speeches to memory.