

Mosquito Is Deserving of Attention

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

WE would have thought that the spring posts, chanting from time immemorial, would have dug up rhymed every possible and imaginable sign of spring. But while they are changes industriously and adorning the buds and the spuds and the flowers and the showars and the lambskin and the ducklet and the rest, they, in the vernacular, "over-looked one best bet."

Their verses are full of the music of birds from "The time of the singing of birds is come" and Chaucer's quaint "smale foule-makken melodie," as they totally forgot to mention another kind of spring music equally characteristic and even more stirring and inspiring, though to a different end of "frenzy," and that is, the high-pitched pipe of the mosquito as he sings in your ear. With apologies to Spenser:

In the spring the star-eyed daisies
Flack the sword with gold and white;
The spring the wanton skeeter
Wakes and flies abroad to bite.
Of all spring songs the mosquito's
The greatest and most important
message for us—one which we neglect at our peril.
From a health point of view, we are best coming to the conclusion that the proper study of mankind is insects. Up to a decade or so ago we regarded them merely as trivial annoyances, trifling light as air, to be resented and chased away by swatting at times, but to be regarded chiefly as a means of annoyance for the development of patience and other Christian virtues and unworthy of more than a passing mention. Now, however, thought of attention by serious-minded and grown up persons. Now we have discovered that they must be counted among the deadliest and most destructive enemies of the human species and dealt with accordingly.

Other single group of agencies, outside of our own species, now through our ranks such a fearful swat of death and destruction of working power, of suffering and sickness and financial loss as the mosquito with his original packages of malaria and yellow fever, the free delivery fly with his typhoid and summer dysentery, the flea with his bubonic plague, the lice with their typhoid fever, and the tsetse fly with his sleeping sickness. Even the bomb dropping Zeppelins and aeroplanes are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the mosquito. It is a fly as destroyers of life and limb. A million lives a year by malaria and yellow fever, and another million by bubonic plague and sleeping sickness, would be a moderate estimate.

Nor should we console ourselves with the illusion that insects are dangerous only in the tropics. The malaria carrying mosquito ranges clear up to our northern boundary, and many a new settlement in our middle west and northwest has been broken up and chased out by malaria, just as the earliest Virginia settlers at Jamestown were. A famous old pioneer physician of the middle west used to declare that, in his opinion, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa could never have been settled by the white race without the aid of quinine.

All through pioneer days and up to 40 or 50 years ago malaria was quite common along the coast and rivers of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and southern Massachusetts, and even in this day a fair sprinkling of cases of malaria drift into our New York hospitals every spring and summer from Long Island and the Connecticut and New Jersey coasts.

The mosquito is still our enemy and well deserves a "clean up work" of his own, while the fly, of course, is always and everywhere with us, busily spreading disease germs and other filth by aeroplane parcels post, and whenever we will we may swat him good to our own benefit.

Peculiar Case Is Tried in England
Milkman Fined \$2.50 on Ground He Intentionally Fed Cows Food That Would Increase Volume of Milk.
London, May 20.—(I. N. S.)—England is campaigning for good, clean milk, such as is common in the United States. This has resulted in a curious case in the courts. John Hunt a farmer, is accused of diluting his milk by a method of feeding his cows.
The local justices in Coton, Cambridgeshire, fined Hunt \$2.50 on the ground that he had intentionally fed his cows to produce a quantity of milk without regard to quality.
The case was appealed, the defense claiming that the milk was just a matter of nature and the cow had made it, and the five judges of the divisional court still have it under consideration.

Sweden and Russia On Strained Terms
All Feeling Continues in Spite of Official Assurances That Friendship Exists Between Two Countries.
Stockholm, May 20.—(I. N. S.)—The relations between Sweden and Russia remain strained in spite of the official assurances of friendship exchanged by the governments of the two countries. In the last four or five weeks several hundred Swedish citizens have been expelled from Russia under various pretexts. Others have been arrested and thrown into prison as alleged German spies.
The action of the Russian authorities is bitterly resented here and the Swedish government has instructed its minister at Petrograd to make a sharp protest.

Missouri Horse Says "Oh" When It Is Hit
Each Time Animal Struck He Speaks Word Distinctly; Owner Now Teaching Him Other Words.
Higginsville, Mo., May 20.—Negro stablemen look askance and shake their heads with doubt when they approach a horse on the farm of Clay Goodloe, near Houstonia, Mo. A belief that the horse has supernatural powers is the reason.
Goodloe recently was breaking the horse. He struck him with a whip. "Oh!" exclaimed the animal in almost human tones. Then it was that the negroes began to take notice.
Each time the horse is disciplined he says "Oh" distinctly. Goodloe is trying to teach the horse to say other words.

The Story Lady

DEAR STORY LADY: Will you please tell us a story about animals? I enjoy your stories very much. I am 8 years old. ISABEL HALL.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

ONCE upon a time a blackbird and his mate lived together in a tall tree. They were so happy that the blackbird kept singing sweetly to his mate and pouring out his heart as they built their nest together, and when the nest was finished and they settled in it, the blackbird sang more sweetly than ever. Now, the King was riding that way, and when he heard this song of joy he said to his fowler: "You must catch me that blackbird, for I wish to hear that happy song each day."
And so, not long after that, the fowler came with his nets, but by mistake he caught Mrs. Blackbird, who could hardly sing at all, for he could not tell her from Mr. Blackbird, as they both wore such black feathers. The King was delighted to get the bird, and so she was put in a cage.

Now, when Mr. Blackbird heard that his dear little wife had been stolen by the king he was very angry indeed, and he made up his mind that he would go to the palace and make war upon the King and demand that she be set free again.

So he got a long, sharp thorn and tied it at his waist for a sword, and on his head he put half of a walnut shell for a helmet, and he took the skin of a dead frog and put it on for armor, and the other half of the walnut shell he used for a drum, and so he marched away, beating upon his drum, to make war upon the King.

As he walked along the road beating his drum, he met a cat.

"Meow, meow," said the Cat. "Where are you going, Mr. Blackbird?"

"I am going to fight against the King," answered the bold Blackbird.

"I will go with you and help you," said the Cat, "for the King drowned my kittens and I should like to help punish him."

"Jump into my ear, then," said the bold Blackbird, "and I will take you with me." Then the Cat climbed into the Blackbird's ear and curled up and went to sleep and the Blackbird marched away, beating on his drum.

Farther down the road he met some ants.



"I want my wife released at once," said General Blackbird. "You shall not have her," said the king. "Very well, then," answered the blackbird, "war is declared."

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" said the Ants.

"I am going to fight against the King," said the bold Blackbird, "for he has stolen my wife from me and shut her up in a cage."

"All right," said the Ants. "We will join you, for the King is our enemy. He poured hot water down into our hole."

"Jump into my ear," said the Blackbird. Next the Blackbird met a Rope and a Club, and when they heard that he was going to fight against the King, they jumped into his ear and away he went.

Not far from the palace of the King the Blackbird had to cross over a River.

"Whither away, Friend Blackbird?" asked the River.

"To fight against the King, for he has stolen my wife as a prisoner."

"I will join you," said the River. "Jump into my ear," said the Blackbird. So the River also went into his ear, and away they all went to the palace of the King.

When they reached the outer gate, the bold Blackbird knocked loudly, "THUMP-THUMP-THUMP!"

"Who is there?" said the Porter.

"General Blackbird, come to make war upon the King and get back his wife again."

And when the King saw the bold bird, he nearly fell from his throne, he laughed so hard. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the King. "What do you wish with me, bold General Blackbird?"

"I want my wife released at once!" said the Blackbird, beating upon his drum, "Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub!"

"You shall not have her. I have shut her up in a cage and I am waiting for her to sing for me," said the King.

"Very well, then," answered the Blackbird. "War is declared and you must take

The Bold Blackbird

the consequences. "Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub, dub," went the drum.
"Seize that insolent bird!" said the King "and shut him up in the henhouse! I do not think that there will be anything left of him in the morning!"

So the servants took the Blackbird and threw him out into the henhouse.

When all the world was asleep Blackbird said:

"Come out, Pussy, from my ear. There are fowls in plenty here: Scratch them, make their feathers fly. Wring their necks until they die."

"Meow! Meow! Meow!" said the big Pussy-cat, and in an instant all was wild confusion in that henhouse.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck-ck-ck!" went the hens, as they went scurrying all over the place.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo-oo! Get out of here, oh do-do-oo!" shrieked the rooster.

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" said the ducks. "Alack! Alack! Alack!"

"Hiss-hiss-hiss-sjss! What's amiss-miss-iss-iss? Hissed the geese.

But the big Pussy-cat got them all and scratched their feathers and bit them and wrung all of their necks, and then she went back into the Blackbird's ear and they all went to sleep.

When the morning came the King said to his servants: "Go and find the carcass of that insolent bird and give all my poultry an extra measure of corn." But when they entered the chicken-yard, there was General Blackbird strutting about among all the dead fowls.

The King was very angry when he heard about this, and he said: "Tonight you must shut that insolent bird in the stable among my prancing steeds, and they will soon kick the life out of him!"

So General Blackbird was shut up in the stable for that night.

At midnight, when all the world was asleep, Blackbird said:

"Come out, Rope, and come out, Stick, Tie the horses lest they kick; Beat the horses on the head, Beat them till they fall down dead."

Out came the Rope and Club from the Blackbird's ear, and the Rope bound all the horses until they could not move and the Stick beat them until they all fell down dead. Then the Rope and Club climbed back into the Blackbird's ear and they all went to sleep again.

The next morning the King said: "I am sure that my horses have settled that Blackbird. Go out and bring in his corpse."

The servants went out to the stable and there was the Blackbird sitting on a stall drumming away on his walnut shell, and all around him lay the dead bodies of the horses.

"He shall not trick me again," said the King. "I will kill him tonight. He shall be put in with my elephants, and they will crush the life out of him." So that night

the servants shut the Blackbird up in the shed with all the big elephants.

At midnight again, when all the world was asleep, the Blackbird began to sing:

"Come out from my ear, you Ants. Come and sting the elephants. Sting their trunk, and sting their head. Sting them till they fall down dead."

Then out came the swarm of Ants from the Blackbird's ear, and crawled up inside of the elephants' trunks, and they burrowed into the elephants' brains, and they bit them and stung them so sharply that the elephants all went mad and trumpeted wildly as they pushed each other about and trampled upon each other, until they all fell down dead.

The next morning the King said to his servants: "There will not be even a feather left of that insolent Blackbird, but go out and bring me in some proof that he is dead."

But when the servants went out there they found the Blackbird playing upon his drum, while all about him the dead elephants were piled upon the ground.

When the King heard this, he was furious, and he said: "I cannot find out how he does this, but tonight you must tie him to my bed and I will watch him."

So that night General Blackbird was escorted to the King's bedroom and there he was tied fast to the King's bed.

The King would not go to sleep, but kept awake and listened to find out what the Blackbird was doing. At midnight, when all but the King were sound asleep, the Blackbird began to sing:

"Come out, River, from my ear. Flow about this bedroom here; Four yourself upon the bed, Drown the King till he is dead."

Then out came the River, drip-drip-drip, pour-pour-pour-pour out of the Blackbird's ear. It flooded the room, the chairs and table began to float about, then the King's bed began to float about and the King himself was wet.

At last the King was frightened almost to death, and he cried out: "Oh, good General Blackbird, stop the River! I will give you back your wife if you will only begone and leave me in peace."

So the Blackbird stopped the River and he took his wife and they went back to their home. On their way back the Blackbird took out all of his helpers from his ear and put them back where they each one lived, and he took off his helmet and said, with a low bow: "My friends, my wife and I appreciate and thank you for your very timely assistance, for without your aid I should never have been able to overcome the enemy."

Then the Blackbird threw off his frog-skin coat of armor and put aside his thorn sword and his walnut helmet and drum, and he and his wife flew back to their home in the tall tree and he sang her a sweet song, and they all lived happily ever after.

(This old tale is retold from "The Talking Thrush and Other Tales From India," by W. H. D. Rouse.)

CARTOONAGRAMS

This Proves That the Professor Is Absorbed in His Music

① Here we have Professor DeBlink directing his little orchestra.

② Now, if we add a few lines to the picture in this manner—

③ —and some shading, we see one of the members of the orchestra.

One Is a Fighter Bold, the Other Seeks a Tighter Hold

① Here we see Ferdie ready to dash away to war.

② Now we'll add just a few pen strokes like this—

③ —then a little shading shows us a lady climbing a mountain.