EARWIG PEST HAS HISTORY REACHING

Insect Which Has Attacked North Portland District Is Pernicious Bug With Big Appetite.

In festive mood the family forficulidae is on Portland. The nocturnal, roaming, avoracious orthoptra, formidable and bloodthirsty looking with his cercopodic appendages, is savagely onslaughting with all his well known ability. His ranks are in millions and residents of North Portland regard him as no less a scourge to vegetation than Attila, the first of the Huns, was to the human race in the dark ages.

The forficulida is none other than the earwig, who has become a bosom, though unwelcome, guest around the homes of the Walnut Park district. The scientifics above came from a Journal friend who sought to tell all he knew about the ugly bug that threatens to take the bloom from every flower in North Portland. HISTORY NAMES BUG

There is no lack of earwig lore in scientific publications. He seems to have been known ever since the human race began studying any of the species of life besides their own. He has been pro-lific in England for many years, and the folks over there know how to make his struggle for existence a stiff one. Here in Portland, where the earwig

ago, he is the one who is giving the stiff fight and the results of the battle are still far from certain. Most people in Portland do not realize how serious is this plague of insects. One driving or walking through the Wainut-park section might not gain the

was unknown until two or three years

idea that anything was wrong through a superficial survey of conditions. But let the investigator stop at almost any of the beautiful flower gardens and lift a petal or two, especially on the dahlias. One will be astounded by what he sees. For restling in the dark recesses of the blossom, closs to the stalk he will find anywhere from to half a dozen of the earwigs. The bugs will not be under just one petal, but all of the petals.

INSECTS ROUTED Or watch some resident with a spray "gun" ferreting the pests out of their resting places. He will put the gun to one of the weathered cracks of a telegraph pole, or a clothes pole perhaps, shoot in the juice and await results. They come instantly. The bugs tumble out in solid streams, just as many as can crowd, panie stricken, out of the cracks, and they will continue to come for several minutes. One knows that

crack was solidly packed with bugs. Watch the resident shooting the cracks long his porch roof, under the shingles of those bungalows with shingled sides, an old stump, or that dark. moist opening where the sod of the will always be the same. For the earwigs are there in millions, in solid swarms as though all the members of the family in the world had tried to concentrate themselves in the few blocks

most seriously affected. The plague first became pestiferous about two months ago. The bugs were found two years ago in a load of wood and some of the residents at that time took steps toward their eradication More wood came and, with it, more

DAHLIAS ATTACKED

This summer, when the hot weather began, the earwigs became active. The dahlia plants became affected and the of the beautiful specimens of Walnut Park residents are most proud had to be cut down. Some of the rarest specimens of dahlias are raised in Walnut Park, but they will not be seen this summer. The earwigs also went after the rhubarb, for some of the green garden vegetables and in some instances the roses. The sunflowers have not yet been touched.

About three weeks ago residents asked the city for aid. Commissioners Barbur and Mann went out to the district one night and investigated. They found enough to convince them that the situation was most serious.

J. W. Jones, sanitary inspector of the city, was detailed to wage war on the pest, but his first investigation quickly convinced him that one man was helpless in the fight. He is now enlisting given charge of the fight and an or-

INVADING EARWIG ENTOMOLOGIST'S GAME



the city health bureau or to Commissioner Barbur and Jones or some of his assistants will go out and tell what is the right lie the red brick buildings of the portland Woolen mills. A moment to be done. The burst are believed to be

to be done. The bugs are believed to be spreading. The worst area is about six seems to be moving northward. The earwigs have been found in Irvingten has taken a birdseye view of Portland BUG DESCRIBED

Here is what he looks fike. Length It is 12 minutes after 1 and we are about % to an inch, black or dark passing over the point where the Wilbrown, typical insect body with three lamette mingles its waters with those sections and a segmented abdomen. On of the broad and sun-reflecting waters his stern are the cercopodic appendages of the Columbia. We have been travelabove referred to which are nothing ing at the rate of a mile a minute and else than a pair of very business like if we keep this rate of speed we should pincers, "horns," the Walnut park chil- be in Astoria, 100 miles away, in 100 dren call them; two big feelers on his minutes, or at 2:40 o'clock. head and a general appearance of ugli- FIELDS LIKE CHECKERBOARD ness. People say it gives you the "creeps" to watch them. This may not be a very scientific description, but if you see such a creature, it's a worth while bet to tell the city officials about it.

Bitten by Fish

Randolph, Vt., July 31 .- (I. N. S.)-Randolph sanitarium in this city, suffering a severe case of blood poisoning, contracted when he was bitten by a fish which he landed several days ago. Though one finger has been amputated, and entomologists were sent here who physicians have been unable to check made a comprehensive survey, the re-

TRIP TO SEASIDE BACK MERE

Journal Man" Lunches in Portland, Flits to Beach, Eats 6 o'Clock Supper in Portland.

By Fred Lockley W. F. Hessian, financial editor of The Journal, and myself ate lunch together on Tuesday noon here in Portland. At 6 o'clock that evening I was eating supper at my home near Laurelhurst. Between lunch and supper I had gone to Seaside by airplane, where I spent an hour, and returned to Portland, covering 225 miles in less than three hours and a half of traveling, which, if you will figure it out, will show that

we averaged more than a mile a The Journal truck for the O., W. & I. Airplane company's flying field on the site of the Lewis & Clark exposition grounds. With Richard Becker at the wheel and Marion Kowaleski in charge of the cargo

of Journals just off the press, we made fast time to the Seagull, one of The Journal's seaplane express fleet. Victor Vernon, manager of the company, introduced me to Captain Fred DuPuy, the aviator with whom I was to make the flight. It was five minutes to 1 o'clock and we were due to leave at i o'clock, so, while the big bundles of Journals for Astoria and Seaside were being put aboard, I hurried into my fleece lined aviation coat, put on the helmet and toggles and took my seat beside Captain

The rope and anchor were stowed at my feet, one of the "ground men" pushed the Seagull into the water and a noment later the propeller was in action like a nest of machine guns and we were taxying along the water like a winning race horse on the home stretch, Glancing back I saw a brilliant rainbow in the high-flung, silver-white spume in our wake. It is hard to describe the thrill of the swift motion through the water and harder still to describe one's feeling as the churned up water subsider and you see smooth, untroubled water to the rear and realize that you are skimming along the surface of the river like a swallow. Even as you look the river seems to be dropping swiftly away and on both sides the buildings suddenly But the old insectionie gun after all assume a peculiar foreshortened appear-

A moment later you are looking down on the roofs of the waterfront buildings vets and the youngsters of both sexes and on the decks of the ships along the shoulder their guns each morning and docks. Strangely enough it does not go forth to the day's battle with glee, seem as though you are rising, but as and the bigger the mortality the more world were poised in flight and the world were dropping away from you. chortie. It's a battle of no quar-There are no Hague convention rules limiting the armament and no point to one minute after 1, the needle Red Cross for the wounded. If you have a little earwig or two slowly around as we rise, till it stops at 1000 feet. We sail over the bridges around your home, don't fail to let the Break the news to low. The oil tanks of the Shell Oil com-

later directly below us is Municipal terblocks in Walnut park, but the army lamette, like children's toy boats, are seen moored tramp steamers. Until one one has no real conception of the extent of the city.

an extensive forest fire is raging in the look like brown ribbons or, with their are waiting until the other fellows do

We have been in the air 20 minutes. We are 25 miles from Portland, for we have speeded up. In place of fields like a checkerboard the fields over which we are passing are cut into all sorts of odd shapes, and small streams flowing into the Columbia wander over the landscape as though seeing how far they could go before merging their waters with the oris Flint of South Royalston is at the sea-seeking Columbia, They twist in many a sinuous curve, forming figure eights, letter "S's" and seeming to convey the impression that before they lose their identity they will, with many a graceful curve, show what real Spencerian handwriting should be. The shadow of our seaplane flits below us across the surface of fields and lakes

IN JOURNAL SEAPLANE EXPRESS



and on the river's surface like a twin ship. A colt kicking up its heels in an emerald green meadow looks with amazement at the huge souring seaguil overhead. The crackling explosion of our engine sends him scurrying to his

The clouds part and there before us in all its majesty and beauty stands the graceful outline of Mount St. Helens. Captain DuPuy motions for my notebook in which I have been busily writing Resting the notebook on his knee while he steers with one hand and knee he "Sometimes St. Helens looks so close it almost seems as though I would hit it." We pass over the town of St. Helens at an elevation of 1700 feet. On the opposite shore of the Columbia a snow-bound and glacier-fed stream joins in a ragged uneven line with the graybrown waters of the Columbia HUNTS BETTER WEATHER

The hands of our clock point to 1:30 On the right hand side of the Columbia the hills are covered with a heavy growth of timber while on the opposite side of the river is an extensive level plain through which a canal runs or both sides of which are fertile fields and gardens. Motioning for my notebook and pencil the steersman writes: "We are bucking a heavy head wind. I am going to climb up and see if we cannot find better weather." Up we go and find better weather." Up we go and the needle on the altitude indicator travels swiftly till it marks 2800 feet. Below us lies Keiso on the Cowlitz cattle in the fields below look like mice or a green silk handkerchief. The roads are talking about the paper suits the contractive forcet firs is reging in the



red Lockley of The Journal in seaplane togs (above) and Fred Du Puy, pilot, on flight to Astoria and

branching trails and footpaths, arteries and veins. We have been on the wing an av

hour. We are 3300 feet above the earth,

billowy surface of the cumulous below like a living thing.

The pilot motions for my noteboo writes: "We will have to get und for we climb and drop to fl going, sometimes being in warm air and a second later being wi in cold moist air so that the fl coat feels like a friend in n needle dances from 1100 feet to 3300 as

As though it were stage scenery sud-denly the clouds are rolled back and Tongue point lies directly below us. Along the river's edge teams are pin the salmon nets. Clustered Tongue point like tiny ducks mother are a fleet of houseboa sweep onward and a moment or below us. With a graceful swoop we alight in the river and the Journal agent rows out to get the bundles of papers

We take the air at 2:30, having made Astoria in a trifle less than an hour and a half. We take a short cut to the ocean and fly oh above the surf line, where the green waters curl up in a line of lace-like foam on the yellow sand. Bathers look up and wave their hands in frie

Three o'clock and we are riding easily on the Necanicum while the Journal agent hurries the papers to the eagar newsboys who in 10 minutes will be all over Seaside crying their wares. ?
hours in time from Portland to the
What would the old pioneers of J
Jacob Astor's day have thought of s
a performance? What would they h ught of hurrying overland in a ing boat? It is a panorama of su at Seaside but the glamour of the spaces laid hold of me, so I flew to to Portland. We took aboard a passen-ger, M. M. Mikkelson of Lewiston, and in an hour and 20 minutes we stepped

AVIATOR PORTLAND MAN

the O. A. C., going to the ground sche at Berkeley and thence to San Die He won his commission there as a pi here," said Captain DuPuy, "I ha flown 110 hours here. I believe straight safe flying. I am not ve strong for stunts. I have never go out for altitude records, the flown to an altitude of 19,000 feet before resigning on May 5, this year, intelligence officer. Yes, it is faing. No groundling knows the life till he has felt the thrill of w his way like an unembodied spirit ov mountains and plains and see feel safer up in the air than in an the edge of a cliff nor being run int some careless or inexperienced chauf aft. Try to look forward a score years and imagine the progress we make in serial navigation."

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Twenty Years in

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every resident in the district to help in ganized campaign is now being worked out. When the outbreak was first the fight, and has found ready support. brought to the notice of the city of-ficials, Keyser appealed to the Oregon In the meantime Superintendent C. P. Agricultural college experiment station Keyser of the park bureau has been sults of which were announced last tion is regarded as serious.

Journal photographer finds interesting pictures of insects that are over-

running lawns and gardens of Walnut Park district. Above—Earthen

pot and straw trap. Below-Captives in jar showing relative size of

pests. At right-Dahlia harboring dozens of creatures. Underneath

-Magnified specimen of bug showing "horns" on tail portion and

long feelers on head. At right-Another sort of trap made of gar-

They recognized the most serious menace in the plague as being to the berry patches. Should the bugs ever spread into the agricultural districts and beset the vines, they would do great damage. In Portland, so far, the report said, their inroads had been confined to the damaging of ornamental plants at-tacking especially the dahlias, zinnias, roses and Shasta daisies. The bugs also caused much "mental irritation," the in-vestigators reported, through invading houses and getting into bread boxes, clothes closets and chests. Coal oil was recognized as an effective insecticide, but of limited use because of its destructive effect on vegetation.

FIGHT IS WAGED The investigators also said that the fight against the earwig was one to be conducted by a trained entomologist, and that such a worker could not accomplish results in less than a month of closest application. It was recommended that an entomologist be procured by the city, and the suggestic was made that the experiment station

might assign a man for the work. The earwigs found here are similar to the well known European variety, the report said, and are probably identical cies. Conditions abroad, such as weather, and natural enemies, are so efficacious that the earwig is negligible as a destructive pest, the report said, but here the earwig has no natural enemies and the climate is all to his liking.

Jones has found kerosene the best insecticide so far. It not only kills, but as long as the odor remains, the earwigs do not return. But a great number of insecticides are being used, the patented varieties as well as home brews, and the slaughter of bugs, with the aid of the pump guns, has been terrific. The well known nocturnal habits of the pest are proving his undoing. Peo-ple know that he seeks a dark hole in the day time.

INVADERS SCALDED

After a night's ravages the earwigs will climb into a short length of hose that has been planted for his convenience, and a stream of hot water next morning sounds his knell. Tin cans or flower pots filled with excelsior or grass and inverted on a stake also atract hundreds of the bugs, and the following morning the assemblage is ex-

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