

THE HOME WRECKED BY MITES

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED
The Creeping Plague that May
Cover a House

HOW TO PREVENT IT

By Professor Maxwell-Lefroy

In common with most newspapers, we published some weeks ago the story of a house in Cardiff overrun by mites.

The case was so remarkable that we looked into it, and, finding that the original reports were not quite accurate, we asked the great authority on insects, Professor Maxwell-Lefroy of South Kensington, to let us know the facts. This is his story.

A few weeks past there was an article in very many papers, and in the C.N., on mites that had eaten a home up, and, as I have seen this house, I thought perhaps an account would be interesting.

The home is a beautiful one, filled with beautiful things; it is the home all children want, a home to come back to, to live in, to think of when away; and this home has been destroyed.

Mites Everywhere

When I went to this house I saw nothing. There never were "masses of tiny creatures," as the papers said; but once tiny creatures erupted from a chair till they covered it with a dust of live mites such as we see in a cheese; and then these mites spread, and the horrid feeling grew that everywhere, at any time, wherever you might be, mites would crawl on you.

They are so small that you can barely see them; they creep on eight legs, and they may be on you, your clothes, your food, your furniture, your bed.

Think of it, and of the horror to a lady who had made a beautiful home, who wore dainty clothes, and could endure no more to live in the house for fear of the creeping plague.

These mites do no harm; they eat nothing and injure nothing; but they are small, soft, and creepy, and, unless you know they are there, you do not see them!

Cut Off from the World

We can all picture the horror of this. In one instance I know of no one would come to the house, or speak to the people, or ask them to their houses; the postman left the letters outside, the grocer's boy did the same with parcels; the people were absolutely cut off, and when the lady of the house infected her sister's house, even her own sister cut her off.

In the Cardiff house there is now, perhaps, not one mite alive, but the owners will not use the house again, and will need to make a home elsewhere, for the horror remains.

During the last ten years several cases of this kind have come to my notice, and I have had women on the border of hysterics come desperately for relief. In one case six years' battling with the plague had accomplished nothing; and we cured the case only with a single drastic fumigation.

The Unseen Pest

Fortunately most people cannot see the mite, and many thousands live quite happily with it all round them. It is a tiny round white speck that creeps along the chair arm or the table; it is most easily seen on a black table or cushion. It does nothing and destroys nothing, but to the clean housekeeper, proud of her home, it is loathsome.

Luckily, there is one cure, one preventative, and that is to keep the house dry and well ventilated. Nothing would have happened at the Cardiff house if one room had not been kept shut up, un-aired, for several months. The ordinary healthy, dry, aired, occupied house does not get mites.

WIRELESS DRAMA

SINKING SHIP'S CALL
FOR HELP.

Race for Life Through Heavy
Seas

THE HAPPY ENDING

The best kind of British tradition was upheld by the Australian cruiser Melbourne when it succeeded in rescuing the crew of a water-logged steamer, the Helen B. Sterling, in the teeth of fearful odds that only brave men could face.

When the seas began to gain upon the unhappy crew, in a ship no longer seaworthy, they sent out wireless calls for help. This was at 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning. Picking up the call, the Melbourne answered that she would reach the sinking vessel at 2.30 on Sunday afternoon.

Courage in Danger

The weather, however, was considerably worse than had been expected when the answer was sent. This both delayed the rescuer and made the position of the rescued more precarious. At 1.30 on Sunday afternoon the Helen B. Sterling despatched this desperate message: "Can't last another hour; seas sweeping right over us."

The Melbourne was already steaming as hard as possible. All she could do more was to encourage the men in peril to hold out. "Certain to reach you," was the cheering assurance given, "keep good heart."

To keep a good heart was not easy for a crew which seemed to be in danger of death at any moment. As night came on, and the Melbourne did not appear, they sent out a farewell. Just after this had been done their wireless instrument failed.

The Anxious Days

By Monday morning the people of Australia and New Zealand were following the race for men's lives with anxious excitement. The newspapers gave a prominent place to the story, and hour by hour the position of the Melbourne was published. By noon the suspense had become painful. News was waited for by crowds whose minds were divided between hope and fear. At last came the welcome announcement "Crew saved," and everyone rejoiced greatly.

Not until 8 o'clock on the Monday morning could the cruiser reach the sinking schooner. Then, before it could approach, oil had to be pumped on to the furious waves to make an artificial calm. In that calm the rescue was effected.

Thus the men who had looked into the eyes of Death at such close quarters were restored to life by the resolute energy of British seamanship transplanted to the other side of the globe. It is another proof of the fact that we are essentially a maritime race.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A reputed Rembrandt painting	£2205
A portrait by Whistler	£360
Sixteen freehold cottages	£100
A Kashan carpet	£84
An Elizabethan Court cupboard	£68
A Georgian bookcase	£59
A Queen Anne toilet mirror	£40
A Queen Anne chest on stand	£39
A Book of Hours of 1509	£20

Two Bibles, said to be among the smallest in the world, one of them less than two inches high, were sold for 16s.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Forest fires in Kenya not long ago caused £2,000,000 worth of damage.

Thirty people have lately sat down to dinner in the firebox of a huge boiler in New York.

Seven million British war medals have now been issued, and 228,767 other war decorations.

Over 200 old coins have been turned up in ploughing on a farm at Whitburn, in Linlithgowshire.

A Monster Fish

A sturgeon weighing three hundred-weights was caught off Sunderland, and was sold in Newcastle for £14.

Killed by Eggshell

Through eating the top of a boiled egg, without having removed the shell, a London boy has died in hospital.

British Statue for Washington

A Bristol statue of Edmund Burke has been removed and lent to an artist who is to make a copy of it for America.

On Nelson's Ship

While in dry dock at Portsmouth half a ton of cockles was removed from the timbers of Nelson's flagship, the Victory.

Waiting To Be Picked Up

A wallet containing nearly £30 has just been picked up on a railway footpath near Acton, after lying there about 18 months.

Losing 86,000,000 Days

During 1921 the number of working days lost through strikes and other industrial disputes in the United Kingdom was 86 millions.

Eight Golden Weddings

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bagshaw, of Nuneaton, has just been celebrated. It is the eighth golden wedding in the family.

Catching Partridges in a Town

A number of partridges flew into the High Street of Ashford, Kent, the other day. One was caught in a shop and another at the fire station.

Last Year With the Lifeboats

The National Lifeboat Institution gave rewards last year for the rescue of over 400 lives, and its boats helped to save 20 vessels from destruction.

A Good Name Wanted

The International Labour Office at Geneva is suggesting names for arbitrators in labour cases that come before the Court of International Justice.

Draper Boy's Fortune

Lord Mount Stephen, the draper's apprentice of Aberdeen, who grew up to be one of the richest men in Canada, has left £750,000 to London hospitals.

Horror Not Wanted

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University has refused permission for the performance in Oxford of the horrible Grand Guignol plays given in London.

Red Men Go to Law

The Cherokee Indians and their allied tribes have asked the Supreme Court of the United States to review their claims to a million acres in Eastern Texas.

Fishermen Burn Their Clothes

The crew of a fishing boat in distress in Cardigan Bay soaked their clothes in paraffin and lighted them as a signal of distress. They were rescued by the Pwllheli lifeboat.

Town Loses a Third of Its People

The town of Momadysch, in the Tartar Republic, formerly a part of Russia, lost a third of its population of 4000 in one week through epidemics of typhoid and other diseases.

Lost Through a Storm

It is reported that, owing to telephone wires breaking down in a recent storm, preventing Aberdeen fish merchants from receiving long-distance orders, the trade lost £20,000 in one day.

Argentine Sunday Schools

On the platform at the first National Sunday-school Convention in Argentina, recently held at Buenos Aires, was Dr. Thomson, a retired missionary, who started the first Spanish-speaking Sunday-school over fifty years ago.

HOLE IN THE STREET AND WHAT IS HAPPENING DOWN THERE

The Entanglements Under
London

BED OF THE RIVER FLEET

Down through a hole in the road in front of the C.N. offices men were dropping thousands and thousands of bricks, and the mysterious disappearance of bricks enough to build a house led the writer to follow the bricks below ground.

He found that they were going down for the rebuilding of the sewer which carries the water of the old River Fleet. A pleasant stream the Fleet must have been as it ran gently along to meet the Thames a thousand years ago, but today it is lost to sight, imprisoned in strong brick walls.

Four hundred years ago barges laden with fish and fuel sailed up the Fleet where the C.N. offices now stand; close by is a little thoroughfare called Seacoal Lane, where coal was unloaded from the boats that brought it from the North.

Closing Up a River

But not for long was the river navigable. It rapidly silted up with mud and filth, and, although it was cleared out again and again, it at length became the great natural sewer of London. Its unwholesome smells spread disease in the city, and nearly 200 years ago the city authorities decided to close the river in. The work was re-done in 1855, and now the walls are being rebuilt once more.

A wonderful and crowded place is London underground, with amazing entanglements of pipes of water and sewage and gas and electricity and telegraphs and telephones—scores of pipes lying side by side in places, with layers one over the other in such an amazing criss-cross fashion that they look just like lines on a map.

Network of Pipes

The Post Office, also, has lately been breaking up the streets on the banks of the old River Fleet, and hundreds of thousands of people have noticed the opening up of Ludgate Circus, where traffic was congested for months by the building of a new manhole for the telephones. The Post Office is a late-comer in the underground world, and it finds the avenues well-filled; but it makes its way ingeniously underneath our streets, and it has just laid a network of over fifty pipe-lines round about St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate Circus.

It is extraordinary to know that, in spite of the excavations underground for several generations, the telephone men struck their axes into virgin soil not more than ten feet down in certain parts.

THE MIXED LIFE OF MOROCCO

Men Who Dance Till They Fall

A reader who welcomes the C.N. at Mazagan, in Morocco, gives a curiously-contrasted picture of the jostling of the East and West, the past and the present, in that once remote country.

On Mohamed's birthday the square was packed; even the roofs of the shops were crowded, and the old Portuguese ramparts decorated with a white-robed throng waiting for the processions to arrive. At last they came.

Men with long hair danced madly to the weary tom-tom music; while others had blood running from their entirely bald heads; and others again nodded their heads to the same music till they fell down with fatigue. And these mad dances went on all the afternoon.

When we travel any distance here we go by motor along fine roads, and we even have the pipes laid down for a water system, though it is not yet brought into use.