

A MARVELLOUS JOURNEY

THE GREAT TREK OF THE BUTTERFLIES

How They Travel From the Tropics to the Arctic

A MYSTERY OF MIGRATION.

At this time of year ships passing along the English Channel often see swarms of butterflies crossing the sea from France to England.

These butterflies are known as painted ladies, and they come to England every year from the south though in varying numbers. Sometimes hundreds of thousands of them cross the Channel and in other years only a few, but were it not for these visitors from abroad we should have no painted lady butterflies at all, for although on arrival they lay eggs and caterpillars hatch out which in turn change into butterflies, these all die off when winter comes, and we are left with none to carry on the race.

Desert Travellers

Some wonderful information about these painted ladies has just come to light as a result of the investigations of scientists, and Mr. C. B. Williams, the Chief Entomologist to the Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture, tells the story in Nature. Their place of origin, it seems, is south of the great desert belt that crosses Africa and Western Asia.

Painted ladies have been seen in large numbers entering Algeria from the south, crossing the Nile Valley near Cairo, and entering Palestine from the East for days on end. They have been seen massed in great numbers, apparently resting during migration, in the Egyptian desert near the Sudan border. Farther south they have not been recorded, and it is therefore assumed that their breeding places must be just south of the long border line stretching across North Africa and Asia Minor.

From Africa to Iceland

In the early spring the butterflies from Africa begin to move north, and they arrive at the southern shores of the Mediterranean about April. From Palestine masses of painted ladies fly through Syria and Turkey to the Balkan States, and those which have arrived in Egypt and Tripoli and Algeria fly across the Mediterranean to Southern Europe, which they reach early in May. Thence they pass on, probably leaving stragglers behind all the time, until at last they cross the English Channel and land on the southern shores of England at the end of May.

But their great trek is not over yet. They continue their journey, flying to the north of Scotland, where they arrive about mid-June, and some still go on until they reach Iceland, their northern limit, in July.

In the Teeth of the Wind

It is an amazing journey for such frail creatures, liable, one would think, to be driven about by every wind and storm. Yet they do not fly with the wind, but in its teeth. From their breeding grounds in Africa to Iceland is about 4000 miles, and this great trek of the painted ladies across half a hemisphere is one of the greatest marvels of migration known to science. In some years countless millions of them arrive in Western Europe from the south.

How do they know their way? There is no evidence that any of the butterflies ever go back again. They have never

A GIANT DISAPPEARS IN SMOKE

No man ever could have deserved to be served so badly as Marshal von Hindenburg, President of Germany, has been served by his friends.

They have actually been trying to bring forth the gigantic, ugly, wooden idol of the old general that was worshipped, with native nails knocked into it by dull-witted patriots, during the war.

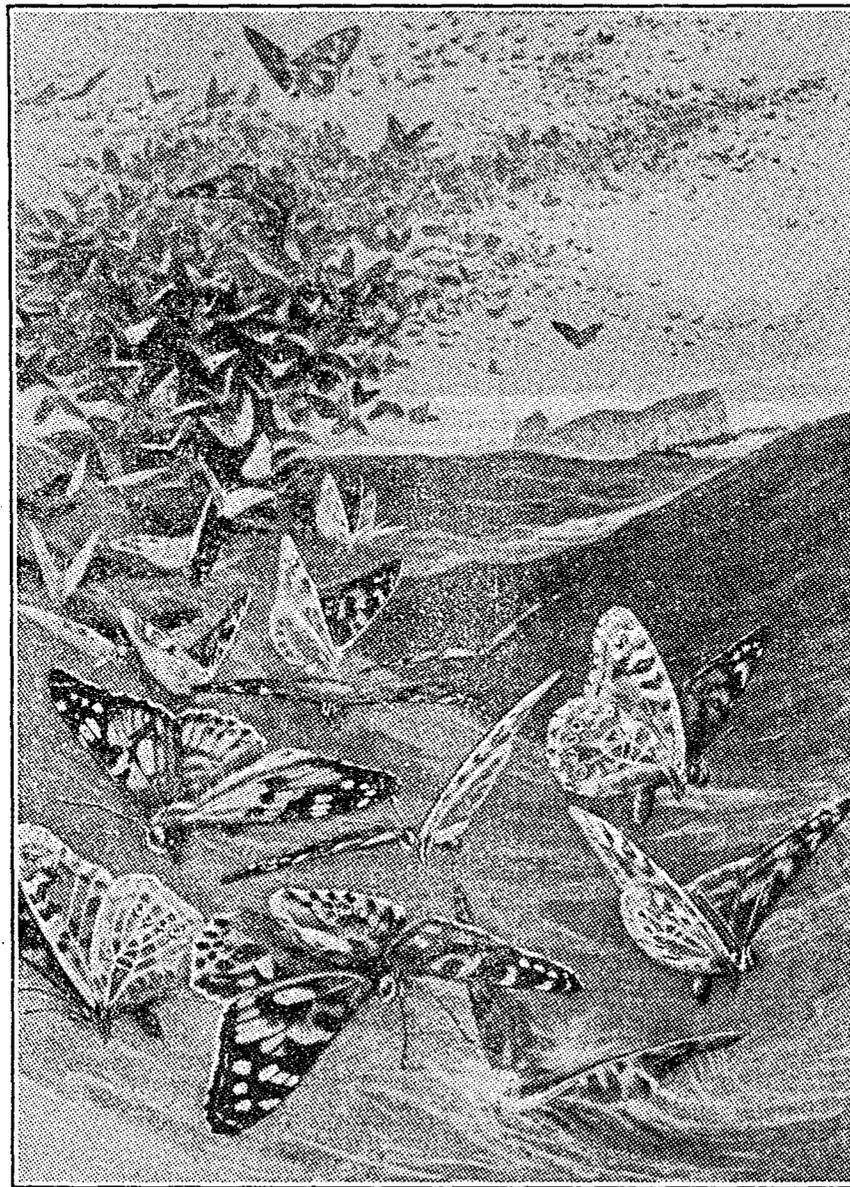
Though they have not unearthed that monstrous Magog, they have unearthed the story of its fate, which is as ridiculous as the thing itself.

It seems that when the end of the war left the forlorn 120-foot high statue a monument of absurdity in a Berlin park,

it was sold for the cost of removal plus a sum about equal to an English shilling. The final purchaser was a wood merchant, who made the most of his shilling by breaking the monster up and selling it for firewood. So, some two years ago, the wooden idol, to which so many knees had bowed, disappeared in smoke up Berlin stove pipes.

And yet, undeterred by these misadventures, there are new Hindenburg worshippers who shout for a new statue. What will not men do who have no humour? Never had a decent old gentleman more need to pray "Save me from my friends!"

THE AMAZING INVASION FROM AFRICA



The painted lady butterflies which come to England at this season across the English Channel, often in hundreds of thousands, are now known to come from beyond the Sahara and Arabian Desert, and many of them travel for thousand of miles. How they find their way is a scientific mystery. See previous column

been seen travelling in a reverse direction, yet it is so amazing that fresh broods should year after year be born in Africa and always find their way to the same countries in the north, that some scientists think numbers of them must return. It is suggested that they either go back in swarms at night or fly back alone as individuals, thus escaping notice. But of this there is no evidence and it seems unlikely that if they return they should not at some time or other have been seen doing so.

This migration of the butterflies is something quite different from that of the birds, for whereas the birds lay their eggs either in the place they come from or the place they go to, the painted ladies lay theirs throughout the whole range of their migration.

In fact, so marvellous is the long flight from the deserts to the north that Mr. Williams suggests that the butterflies which begin the flight are not the same as those that reach the more northerly areas, but that on the way they lay eggs which hatch out as caterpillars and become butterflies, and that these in turn move north.

According to this theory the migration is in fact a kind of relay race, different sets of butterflies taking up the journey where their predecessors left off. It is an interesting theory, but makes the migration still more of a mystery.

Such a wonderful discovery will no doubt be followed up, and there will be further investigations, which may lead to more amazing disclosures about this beautiful butterfly. *Picture on this page*

BULGARIA'S TROUBLES

THE GREAT STREAM OF REFUGEES

The Stuff of Which Revolutionaries Are Made

300,000 STRONG

By a Travelling Correspondent in Sofia

There surely has not been for centuries such a wandering of peoples as in the Balkans since the Great War.

Take, for example, the movement into Bulgaria of Bulgarians from Greece, Serbia, Rumania, and even from Turkey.

Bulgaria is a country with five million people, and she has now within her borders 320,000 new refugees. If those who came in during the earlier years after the peace were counted, the number would be much higher.

These are members of families which have been turned out of the homes in which they and their forefathers have lived for generations in Thrace, Macedonia, and the Dobrudja to seek refuge among their fellow Bulgarians. Among them are nearly 100,000 children, of whom 20,000 are orphans.

Results of War

The orphanages in Bulgaria are already full, for there are still thousands from the Balkan Wars who have not yet made a start in working life, and 180,000 from the World War. The amazing thing is that the Bulgarian Government has been able to do as much as it has done for the refugees.

Just outside Sofia are two new settlements. They are called Dobrudja and Tsaribrod. But water is short, and sanitary arrangements are lacking because there has been no money to supply them. At all the chief points of entry on the frontier there are camps into which new families come every day.

Greece and the Protocol

Those who have been able to bring their cattle and household effects are lucky, for transport is scarce and difficult. Some provision has to be made for them, but there are not enough tents, not enough food, or money, or medical service.

The situation was bad enough in the autumn, and now that Greece has declined to ratify the Protocol of 1924 (agreed at Geneva) for the protection of minorities, there are another 26,000 waiting to come over the frontier. What is happening in Thrace and Macedonia is that Greece, which has had to receive about a million and a half Greeks from Turkey and Asia Minor, is allowing some of these people to establish themselves on Bulgarian farms, and even in Bulgarian homes.

A Real Danger

The Bulgarian Government, on their side, are driven by circumstances to treat the Greek inhabitants of the borderland in much the same way, and these in their turn are turned out to make way for Bulgarian refugees. But the Greek lands on the Bulgarian side are very much less than the Bulgarian properties in Greece.

Taking into account all the available vacant land in Bulgaria, the quantity required to provide a bare living for the peasants coming in from over the borders would be about a million acres, and only a little more than a quarter of that can be found. The refugees coming into the towns are in the worst plight, for housing is as difficult as it is in England. These people, homeless, destitute, and suffering from a great sense of wrong, are the stuff of which revolutionaries are made, and do constitute a real danger. They do not and cannot understand the original cause of this great displacement. That cause goes back to the Greek adventure in Asia Minor three years ago, leading to the Turkish victory and the expulsion of the Greeks from Anatolia.