Holy Land Routs a Locust Army

Night Attack of Devastating Horde Turned Aside by Flame Guns in a Weird Conflict With Ancient Enemy

Jerusalem.—Why do hungry locusts migrate in incredible hosts? Science cannot tell us with certainty, though the plague goes back to Moses and whole libraries have been written on this cloudy curse. Palestine has always known this aerial visitation, so have Syria, Arabia and India. The Bible is full of allusions to agricultural havoc wrought by the locust, swarming in numbers wherewith no effort of man can cope. Orientals seem from of old to have accepted these devastating swarms as an "act of God." But today the afflicted Holy Land has a modern Department of Agriculture which is not fatalistic, but able and anxious to accept the hissing challenge, going forth to battle against the locust with every engine of war known to the modern laboratories of destruction.

A MOONLIGHT BATTLE.

In age-old Jerusalem—a well-drained, well-lighted and prosperous Holy City—I have been watching a terrific rout by moonlight of the aerial enemy, with the Haifa Defence Corps and the Tiberias and Nazareth Field Companies in full offensive array using flame-guns and new chemical bombs of special design.

Advance forces of the aerial foe were first reported just north of Amman, in the lonely tracts of Transjordania. The defenders advanced at once, spreading out over a space of 18,000 Palestinian dunums, or about seven square miles. Here the fray was fiercest. We had soon taken no less than twenty-seven tons weight of live prisoners, together with more than 100 bushels of eggs. These last, in clusters of from 25 to 125, are laid by the females in little holes scraped in the sandy soil by their hind legs.

Behind our fiighting lines we had 500 modern ploughs, turning over the ground where the eggs had been deposited. And our Arab and Hebrew camp followers were seen dumping these eggs into empty wells for unsanctified burial, with shrieks of excited triumph.

AN ARMY OF DEFENCE.

There were daylight campaigns with British engineer officers in command of the attacking forces and soldier-chemists and naturalists in trim khaki as well. The true migratory locust was in full force against us, darkening the Palestine sun in powerful yet curiously leisurely flight. The whole country appeared alive and covered with twinkling adults, and with young wingless 'hoppers" too, in various stages of moult. Native Arab farmers say that the whole life of a locust is no more than a year, with only one or two broods. Eggs laid in the fall hatch out in the following spring. When quite young, the "hoppers" show a gregarious habit. The families will mass together until they are "as the sands of the sea for multitude." But by what laws they migrate in the search of food, and how they are led and directed on the march or in flight, still remain among Nature's baffling secrets.

For all the tons weight we took, and all the bushel baskets of eggs, those enemy forces continued to advance as though they had suffered no losses at all! Never have I imagined such a spectacle as we witnessed on the classic Plain of Isdraelon between Megiddo and Nazareth. My horse was often fetlock deep in red insects which had changed their color like chameleons, from a dull yellow-green when preparing to swarm in search of food. At times, indeed, my Arab mare was past her knees in the living, feeding masses that struggled upon grape vines and ripening grain and fruit.

Our scouts, both official and volunteer, continued to report fresh invasions, descended apparently from the blue without warning. New swarms were down and feeding greedily between Jaffa and Haifa. Other aerial army corps were devastating the orchards of Tulkerem, and also the [illegible] from Hebron to Ashdod and the Dead Sea Wad, at the edge of the Shephalah farming districts.

Even the roving Beduin were worried and afraid. It was strange to see gayly clad patriarchs down in Jericho at the telephone, praying for deliverance to white magicians up there in Jerusalem, where all knowledge was enthroned, and troops of khaki warriors armed with strange guns that shot out inextinguishable fires.

So ours was a harrassed Department of Agriculture. And at high noon, as disheartening battle swayed back and forth, there were human casualties in our scattered ranks. What wonder, seeing that the temperature, even in thick orange groves, was then above 106 degrees?

"We shall fight all night!" said our Commander-in-Chief. And so, as a pitiless sun sank over a poor and stony land, and faint airs played in brief stifling twilight, the Tiberias and Nazareth Field Companies sallied forth again with more than seventy of their special flame-guns. A great round moon, serene and pale, showed eerily now and then through dark drifting locust-clouds. Into the thick of these rose a squad of Royal Air Force planes. But these were soon forced down, with their radiators blocked and choked by enemy masses.

FLAMES ROUT ENEMY.

Was anything ever more wonderful as the moonlit advance of scientific troops against this recurrent Plague of Egypt? The hot Eastern night was soon rayed and pierced with broad tongues of dazzling flame, a mile long it seemed, that wilted and withered the locusts in countless myriads. We were now concentrating the assault on some ten square miles of invaded farm lands between Semakh and Daganiah. Here burned and scorched locusts lay in incredible heaps.

Our flame guns, strategically placed to anticipate new out-flanking motions of the invader, shot long bars of killing light in all directions, like the searchlights of a naval squadron searching out unseen attackers in a dark and stormy sea. And to all this the howls and yells in Arabic, Hebrew and broken English, and you will visaulize the weirdest war scene ever staged in the Holy Land since Joshua advanced upon walled Jericho with his destructive jazz.

Toward dawn intelligence officers telephoned to the fighting front that the endless hosts were no longer continuing to settle on the crops and trees. The enemy were routed at last. More clouds of him seemed to turn back at Jisr Mejaniah, as though afraid to advance into our far-darting fire-zones. Vast columns of locusts were soon flying north-eastward toward the Syrian frontier. And immediately our own authorities, from their aeries in age-old towers in the Holy City, telegraphed news of the enemy's defeat and retreat to the French Ministry of Agriculture in far Damascus.

THE WEARY VITORS.

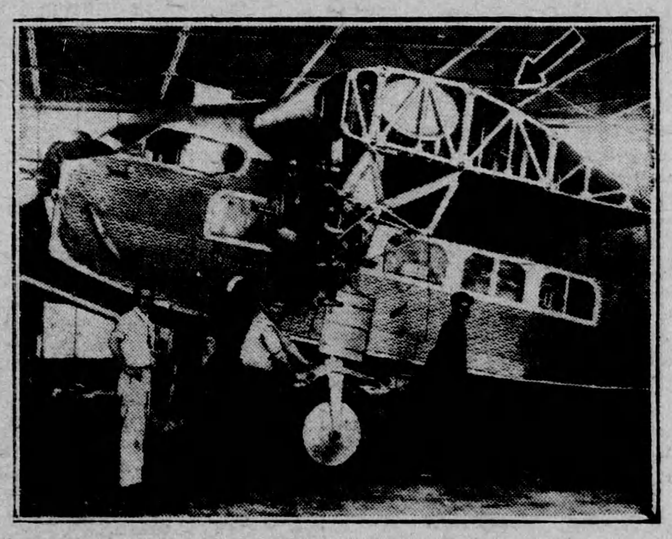
At down the Tiberia and Nazareth Field Companies packed up and left the field. On their way back to camp and barracks with their queer-looking ballistic and chemical gear, they met "mechanized" forces lumbering out to bury the dead—whose numbers no caravans of noughts could convey. There were many weary days and nights of work for those steam plough and mechanized shovels, and for gasoline trench-diggers and fussy Ford tractors.

Nor were the human victors gay after routing these migrating swarms of devastation. Many of them had fought in bloody campaigns of the World War, from Gallipoli to White Russia, and from Antwerp to the jungles of East Africa. And what our flame-gun experts said about swarming locusts in the Holy Land—in pure cockney and many other lingoes—as they lurched home at sunrise, weary and grim—cannot be printed in the story of the Insect Campaign. N. Y. Times.

Marie Kissem—Hod do I know your love will be everlasting? Willie Necker—That's the way I always love 'em.

"Do you think being able to get motion pictures over the radio will help any in getting families to spend more time at home?" asked the Curiour Ons. "No," growled the father, "they would rather go somewhere and spend 50 cents than stick around home and see them for nothing."

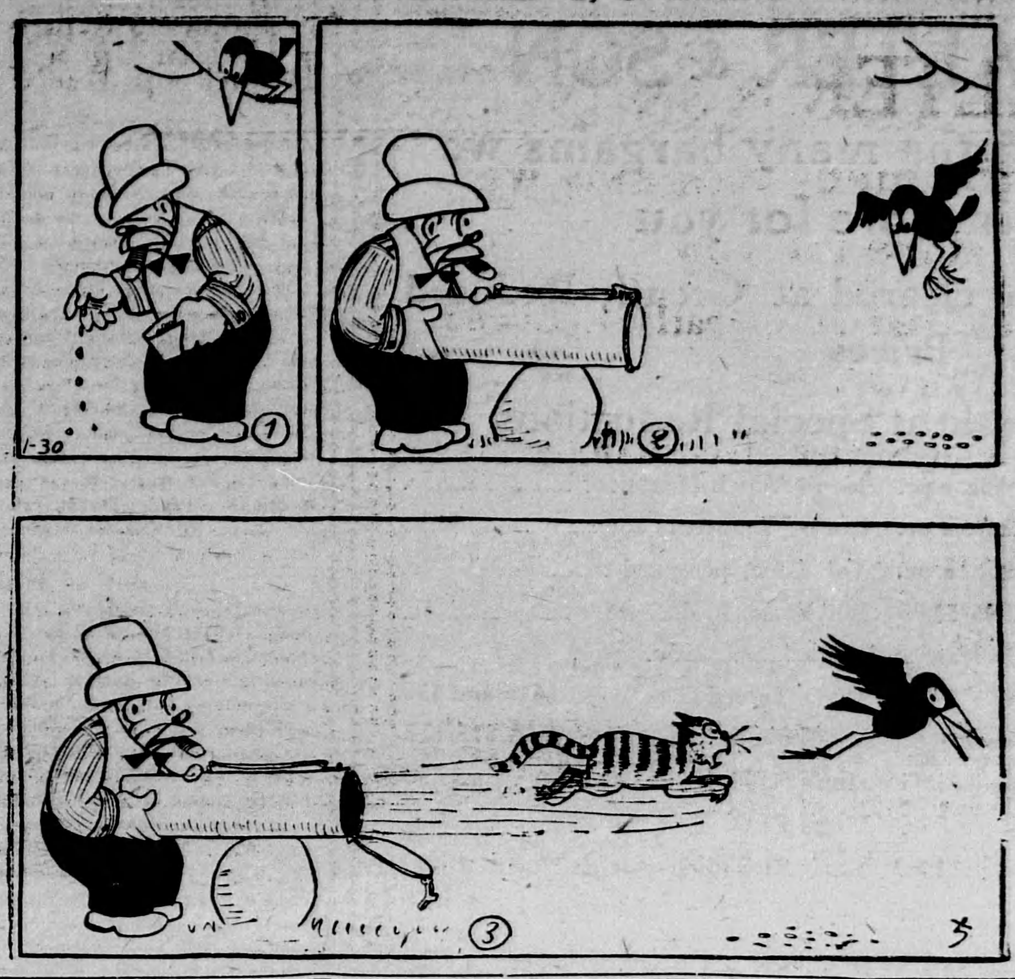
An Antarctic Giant Ready for Shipment



DISMANTLING FLAGSHIP OF BYRD'S AIR FLEET

Preparing the huge Ford all-metal tri-motor "Floyd Bennett' for crating and shipment to the Antarctic regions. Arrow points to huge gas tank in specially construction wing.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



Prayer of World for Peace Planned on Armistice Day

Official Sanction Sought by International Order and Woman's Organizations

During a two-minute silence at 11 o'clock on the morning of Armistice Day, citizens of more than 40 countries will individually offer a definite prayer for peace, if plans now formulated are successful. Committees are now at work in 28 states, seeking official sanction of the plan, as the United States' contribution to this simultaneous world prayer.

Work is being done mainly by committees of the International Order of Service, and by women's organizations reaching all parts of the world, it was learned in Boston at a meeting sponsored by Mrs. J. D. Leland, one of the originators in the United States of the moment of silence, and attended by Capt. Max Wardall, secretary of the International rder of Service.

In Massachusetts, as an example effort is being made to have even traffic stop during the two minutes endorsing this move. Radio, public speaking, church services and motion set aside for silence on Nov. 11. Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts, is being asked to sign a proclamation pictures will be called into use to further the plan.

Captain Wardall believes that a brief silence, devoted to prayer, will tend to make a more fitting observance of the day than more martial celebrations and displays of arms and troops. The International Order of Service, he said, is also trying, through its chapters in 43 countries, to establish an international Peace Week, to start on Nov. 5 and end on Armistice Day.

"People must think in terms of peace and in an atmosphere of peace," said Captain Wardall. "Even with the magnificent gesture of the Kellogg treaties the work of establishing permanent peace has just begun. The firing of guns, parades and the constant showing of war films are but a few things that keep alive a war sentiment, indicating the romantic side of war with little hin of the worser aspects.

Major Seagrave Will Attempt to Beat Record

Car Being Built Which Is Designed to Travel 240 Miles Per Hour

London.—Further particulars are now available of the remarkable automobile with which Major Segrave, who was the first man to travel at over 200 miles per hour in a car is to attempt to establish a new speed record on Daytona Beach, Florida, next March.

Many features of the mechanism still remain a closely guarded secret, but it is designed to travel at least 240 miles an hour. The body is only 2 feet wide, the length 28 feet, and the weight 3½ tons. The Napier engine has been developed to give a maximum of 1,000 brake horsepower without forced induction. The brakes are specially designed to reduce the risk of heat, since they will have to enable the car to pull up from 240 miles in four miles.

One of the most remarkable features is the equipment of the car with telescopic sights. When traveling at 200 miles an hour or more it is impossible to steer by ordinary objects, and flags marking the course appear merely as a blurred line. With the aid of telescopic sights similar to those used with a rifle, the car will be steered much as a bullet is aimed. Two huge targets will be erected at Daytonia on a scaffolding above the electric-timing wires, one at the start and the other at the finish of the measured mile over which the attempt will be made.

Each target will have a huge bull's-eye. The driver when gathering speed will get the car's sight aligned with the bull's-eye on the first target and then drive straight for it, sighting on to the second bull's-eye as he enters the measured mile. Major Segrave's car is completely assembled. Its cost, which amounts to many thousands of pounds, is being borne by two London business men. The week after his attempt on the land speed record, Major Segrave proposes to attack the water speed record in a motorboat.

The notice declares that after the expiration of one month from the date of publication the company will apply to the Minister of Public Works for permission to construct the dam, locks and gates and carry on the development.

Macdonald's Tour of Canada

British Labor Leader Finds Mining Families Well Settled on Farms

In his last speech before leaving for home, J. Ramsay MacDonald, British Labor leader and former Premier, said he objected to the word "Empire" as implying force, while in reality the great genius of the British Empire was its ability to maintain itself in an ever-growing atmosphere of understanding, sympathy and self-respect.

Canada's outstanding problem today, he said, was immigration, a problem which was solvable if taken up with Great Britain in properly conducted council. Referring to recent criticism of Canada's handling of the 8,500 British miners who had been brought over to harvest the western crops, he declared that according to his knowledge not more than 3 or 4 per cent of them had any just grievance, which was a remarkable record. He had talked personally with some of those who had immigrated under the family settlement scheme and had found them greatly contented with their lot.

The question of the relationship between the dominions and the Motherland, continues Mr. MacDonald, was now superseded by the Empire's relationship to the world at large, as based on trade. In this direction little progress had been made as yet. He suggested that the man who would work out the problem of the relationship of the co-operative wheat pools to imperial trade might discover how to stabilize trade relations as between the self-governing dominions and the rest of the world. Which should come first, imperial trade or international trade? It was a question which demanded considerable thought.

Happiness is not in getting what you want but in not wanting what you can't get.

Beauty and the Beast

LEAD DOG OF BYRD'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Marion Haynes, with Blair, chief husky of Commander Byrd's dogs, many from Canada, who will serve him on his trip to the South Polar regions.

A successful man always runs things; he never walks them.

Nineteen twenty-eight will be remembered by history as the year of the voluntary retirement of Messrs. Coolidge and Tunney.

Japs in Brazil

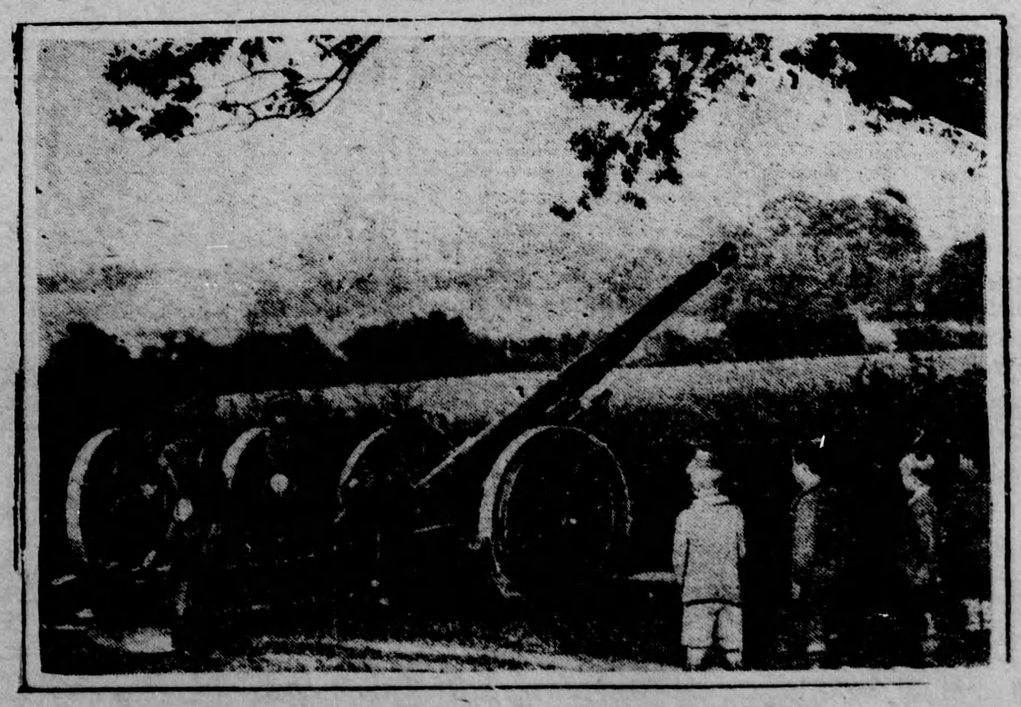
Tokyo.—Thirty thousand Japanese emigrants will eventually go to Brazil each year, according to Ikutaro Aoyagi, who has just returned from South America as a representative of the Federation of Foreign Immigration Associations. Although Japanese immigrants are welcomed by the Brazilian Government, he declared, they are slow in taking advantage of this opportunity, there being only 60,000 Japanese settlers in Brazil as opposed to more than 2,000,000 Italians and 1,000,000 Germans.

The federation has just bought 30,000 rectares off fertile land, about 200 miles south of Sao Paulo. Mr. Aoyagi expects to have 900 Japanese families settled on this land during the next three years. Another plantation of 50,000 hectares in the same district is to be purchased soon.

The work at first is not easy, he says. "The settlers have to cut down all the trees first and use the timber in building houses. This requires about a year's work. When the trees are felled and the land cleared, cultivation can begin. Coffee, rice, beans, corn and miscellaneous vegetables can be planted for the use of the colonists.

"Any Japanese who wishes to emigrate to Brazil should possess at least $1,000 in order to start life there. He needs it for traveling expenses, to buy the necessary agricultural implements, and to provide the first year's food for his family. After one year all that the settler has to buy are kerosene, oil, salt and clothes, for his fields will produce all the grains and vegetables necessary to feed him."

British Artillery Keeps Its Eye In



ARTILLERY IN ACTION "SOMEWHERE IN SUSSEX"

Boys are keenly interested in this incident of the divisional military operation of the Aldershot command in England.