

The Oregonian

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Portland, Monday, May 1, 1905. MOROCCO, GERMANY AND FRANCE. It is hard to understand the motives leading the Kaiser to stir up trouble with France.

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There seems to be no limit to the functions that electricity can fill. Not satisfied with lighting our houses and streets, propelling our vehicles, cooking our meals, conveying our messages, heating our furnaces, melting our ores, exciting our nerve power, it has now been turned to account by a French physiologist in inducing a form of sleep in which sensation is suspended while the current in the new form flows through the human body.

traction of the muscles, and then by convulsions. If a chemical anesthetic had been in question, it would have been discarded at once. But Dr. Leduc attributed these harmful results to the fact of maximum power of the current being brought into immediate action. He therefore interposed a non-inductive resistance in the circuit.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

If Lincoln finds things dull in Manchuria, he might make a trip to Chicago. "Make good" is all that Secretary Taft says to Minister Bowen.

Courier Elmer Chapman: "The President was kind of ticked over." Can such things be? The strenuous, ever-doing, perpetual-motion man, tucked out! Impossible. The President might be sick, but never tucked out.

The Santa Clara aeroplane has fitted over cardboard like a seagull, and Californians are already thinking of selling their automobiles to buy bird outfits.

Seattle is threatened with a brewers' strike. And just as the warm weather is coming.

A San Francisco woman sued for divorce because her husband smoked in the house. To the innocent bystander it seems that it would be better to have hubby smoking in the house than in a saloon.

Russians greet one another with a kiss when the guns boom out the "signal for the resurrection." What numbers must get mouthfuls of whiskers!

King Alfonso of Spain is about to visit France. He will be escorted by a squadron of Spanish battleships, and will be met at Cherbourg by a strong French fleet. A squadron of British ships of war will also visit Cherbourg.

Volcanoes are spouting and earthquakes are shaking up the earth all over its surface, but Mount Hood and the Willamette Valley remain quiet.

Alfonso is still without a bride, although religion and character are of no importance. Politics causes the delay, probably.

Norway and Sweden and Austria and Hungary all want separate beds.

The Seattle Argonaut, which has been devoting some attention to the revival up there, says:

"Now that Dr. Chapman has condemned card-playing, dancing, theater-going and kindred forms of amusement, there's no place for his followers except the amusements of the Catholics and the Episcopals."

"A certain man in this city says that his wife attended Easter services in the Catholic Cathedral, on Eighteenth avenue. On her return, one of her friends, who is a devout Chapman convert, asked about the service.

"It was very impressive, and the music was splendid," was the reply. "Yes, yes," mused the friend. "But don't you think it was an awful way to spend the Sabbath?"

"Dr. Wise complains that there is a 'male caste' in this country. But what's to be done about it?—we can't help being born that way.

If autos continue to catch fire it may become necessary to design a neat motorizing suit of asbestos.

A careful observer in the City Park yesterday counted three children that were not wearing tan shoes and stockings.

It seems too bad that three months in jail should be the lot of an ingenious English caterer, of whom we read in an exchange. To thicken the gravy in the meat pies he sold, this enterprising tradesman used large quantities of glue!

Everybody has troubles of some kind. Perhaps the oddest of all is that of the conductor on the "Pollywog" railroad in Northeastern Kansas. According to the Kansas City Journal, the conductor intends to resign unless the road is straightened. He says the engineer at every curve leans out of the cab window and asks him for a chew of tobacco, and there are so many curves that it takes all the money he can make to keep the engineer in tobacco.

Says the Argonaut: "Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, and was taught always to attend family devotions. During a season of drought, one morning her father said to her, 'Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain tonight, as the want of it is causing much suffering, and many deaths among animals.' Her little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs, and, falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain. That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower—barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming: 'Lord, what have I done?'"

Essays of Little Bobbie. Milwaukee Sentinel. HOTELS. Hotels is places where you sine your name in a book and get ice water the first thing when you walk up next day; in hotels there is a clerk that stands behind a desk and looks at you when you want a room and he tells you it will cost you so much a day & upwards, before you go it is always upwards because you see lots of things around a hotel that you want, and they come back the next morning and there is different kinds of hotels; there is the family hotels where all the ladies sit around in rocking chairs and talk about the lady in room 8 & how much munny the men sit that live there. These hotels are nice for young married women because while their husbands are at work there is a nice warm place for them to stay and roast their nuybers, & there is lots of company for them so that they can play whist and not get the prize and get mad.

other hotels are mostly for show people, because their rates are reasonable & you pay in advance, at these hotels you can see the show ladies in the day time and that way you learn that they are not so nice off the stage without their makeup but some of them are pretty nice anyway. I would like a job as bell boy in a hotel, a bell boy can wear nice uniform with brass buttons and when he brings ice water & things to the room he gets nickle and dimes and sometimes 5 cents, & when he saves this up he can get a nice suit and a diamond and part his hair in the middle and get to be a clerk.

HANS, THE WONDERFUL BERLIN HORSE

How the Reasoning Power Has Apparently Been Developed in a Dumb Brute—Scientist baffled, but for the Most Part Certain That the Phenomenon is Genuine.

HAVE animals the reasoning power which has been assumed to be prerogative of mankind, their masters? Some of the foremost scientists of Germany have been quarreling over this question for the past six months, writes Edward C. Heyn in the May number of McClure's Magazine. The controversy, which has become one of the popular topics of gossip in Berlin, has been started up by the amazing achievements of the stallion "Kluger Hans" or "Clever Hans."

To visit the animal in his muddy stable-yard has become a fad. Society women and noblemen have passed their respects to him; educators and psychologists have studied him. Official commissions have even experimented upon him, with the most remarkable results.

Baron von Osten, for many years a Prussian nobleman schoolmaster, is the owner and teacher of Hans. He insists that the animal is capable of individual thought and an independent process of reasoning. Nothing can offend the grizzled and seedy old baron more than to see that Hans' tricks are merely the predictable results of patient training. He has not trained Hans, he will declare, with profane emphasis; he has "educated" him with the same process by which the children in the lower primary grades of Prussian public schools are taught.

But, strangely enough, Baron von Osten does not consider Hans particularly clever. He says that the horse has been educated to the same degree of proficiency, and that he once owned a horse which was far more intelligent than Hans. He explains his qualifications, all theories of suggestion, hypnotism and telepathy by which the explanation of Hans' acts is attempted, and stubbornly insists that the horse's mental processes do not depend in the slightest degree upon himself. And, although few of the many scientists who have examined the "wonder horse" of Berlin upon this point, few also have the least doubt that the old schoolmaster is wholly sincere in his belief.

Mr. Heyn writes that the first day he witnessed the wonderful horse he found an assemblage strangely out of keeping with the squalid surroundings, including the Turkish and Spanish ambassadors, the "Hilfskomitee" of the German army, representatives of the learned professions, scientists of high standing and several ladies of noble birth. The Baron led the horse to a table, and the horse proceeded to count, add, subtract, divide, multiply, spell and read—such accomplishments are beyond many German or Russian peasants, and which, in a human child of the same age—8 years old—would be regarded as certain indications of genius.

"What is the Kaiser's birthday?" demanded the Baron. (It is January 23.) Hans stamped 27 times. "What month is it?" asked the Baron. Hans stamped 12 times. Hans stamped once, and was rewarded with a carrot. "What time is it?" asked the Baron, holding out his watch, which marked 1 o'clock. Hans stamped 10 times. "On what number is the large hand?" Hans stamped twelve.

Then the Baron borrowed a watch which was five minutes slow, and said: "Tell me, Hans, how many minutes are lacking to make it 1 o'clock according to this watch?" "Five," said Hans, and received another carrot. Then came a lesson in reading. Upon the board of the horse a slip of paper with the name of "Fruegel" (whipping) was written, upon a second name of the Spanish Ambassador, Di Rota, and upon a third the name of the writer, Herr von Osten. Hans was asked what he received when he was naughty he walked up to the "Fruegel" blackboard; when he was asked upon which board "Herr von Osten" was written he stamped once; the board in question being that number. Di Rota's name was also recognized, and when the boards were shifted into other positions Hans was never baffled.

The horse then proceeded to distinguish colors and indicate them by name. Rags of various hues were suspended on a line, and Hans stamped as follows: "Now for the Anvil Chimes. Independence Corr. Dallas Itemiser. Two gentlemen from McClinnville have created the Fruegel blackboard shop and will carry on blacksmithing.

Poor Use for Beer-Glasses. Kent Corr. Grass Valley Journal. Quite a little excitement was created in Kent Sunday afternoon when one of our citizens and the bartender got to striking with the beer glasses. The following notice can't even be closed on Sunday, at least.

Nothing Dry About This Subject. Centralia News-Examiner. Rev. F. S. Pearson received in the collection for missions last Sunday evening, a "chick" from the city of Seattle. "Good for One Drink." He will use that as a subject for next Sunday evening discourse.

Tom Gosa, Life-Saver. Coal Creek Corr. Kelse Journal. There is some talk of organizing a life-guard club in the city of Seattle. Mr. Tom Gosa as captain. In return for his many brave deeds. Only last Sunday he rescued three young ladies from being drowned by a cougar. He says he knows the life-guard club is a good one, as his tracks were large and awful.

Rev. Peter's Valiant Deed. Laurel Corr. McClinnville News-Reporter. As Rev. Peter Heiser was enjoying himself by his five o'clock dinner at the home of his wife, he was enjoying a rumput in his chicken-house, so thinking he would catch a chicken-thief he grabbed his lantern and a club and made haste to rescue his fowl. He found the thief in the chicken-house he found the door partly open. Peter entered, when he was struck under the chin and knocked about ten feet backward. He was very much frightened. When he recovered himself he discovered his enemy to be a large skunk. The battle waged hot and furious for five minutes, but at the expiration of that time he was up and around in a few weeks with plenty of fresh air.

When You're Short on Carfare. Detroit Journal. C. H. Hackley, of Muskegon, was worth more than \$7,000,000, and still at the time of his death he had in his possession only \$200 in actual cash, and if the bill for the Winter's coal had come in, he'd have had to borrow money to pay it. Too wide a publicity cannot be given to statements like this. The Grand and Grand street car conductor less manfully suspicious when you find you haven't a nickel in your clothes.

One Good Arm Is Left. Dallas Itemiser. George Hinshaw, of the Day lots by the schoolhouse, and will build there, if they say he is negotiating for a house-keeper. He was thrown from a vault and his arm broken.

Strir Yourself Today. Louisville Courier-Journal. "Are you a time-killer? Do you stand about talking when you should be disposing of duties that press upon you?" Do you hang around home when you should be looking for a better one? Do you put off until 9:30 o'clock the things that might just as well be done at 9? Do you lag through a task instead of rushing it? Do you get on a beam on and pushing it through briskly? Do you fritter away a single hour of the day that might be made useful in benefiting your health, improving your mind or helping your business? If so, stir yourself. You are out of the American spirit. You are not even standing still. You are going backward. If you don't look about the rest of America, you'll leave you far behind. Stir yourself today—this morning.

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