

BANDON RECORDER.

TEACHING POLLY TO THINK

Proof of the Association of Ideas in a Bird's Mind. M. Pierre Hachet Souplet, writing in a French contemporary on the intelligence of birds and animals, relates a remarkable accomplishment on the part of a parrot, says Golden Penny.

He had taught Polly to use the words "cupboard" and "ladder," and as he climbed the ladder he had succeeded in inducing the bird to articulate the word "delicious." Every day when the bird was brought into the laboratory a small cupboard was opened, and Polly helped herself to heaped. One day, however, instead of the cupboard being placed where she could reach it, it was hauled up near the ceiling, and the ladder was placed among several other articles in the corner of the room.

The question to be decided was whether the bird, seeing that the cupboard was out of M. Souplet's reach, would have sufficient intelligence to use words it knew in their proper sequence. The first day's experiment was a failure. The bird screamed "Cupboard, cupboard!" beating its wings and biting the bars of its cage in anger, but it got no further. That day the bird received millet, which it did not care for, the hemp seed, which it was fond of, being locked up in the cupboard.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

He took life too seriously. He did not choose upward. He starved from mental poverty. He saved his money, but starved his mind. His social faculties atrophied from disuse.

He thought he could not be happy without wealth.

He did not develop his manhood along with his business.

He sacrificed the friends of his youth and had no time to make new ones.

He never learned the art of extracting enjoyment from common things.

He had developed a colossal power for receiving, but had never learned to give.

He was a victim of habit and routine; he never could rise above his vocation.

His only enjoyment was in repeating what he had been doing all his business life.

He had never learned to enjoy as he went along, but found that postponed happiness was a delusion.—Success.

An Artful Beggar.

An old Parisian mendicant was recently noticed to manifest apparent caprice in selecting the objects for his importunity. He would allow a number of persons to pass unheeded and then attach himself to others and take no denial. A bribe of half a franc from a curious spectator induced him to give his reason. "I have a code of rules which I invariably follow," said he.

"Thus I never ask alms of one who has dined, as rosbif renders a man selfish, nor of stout men, as it bores them to stop, nor of any one putting on their gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of any one manifestly going to dinner, of people walking together, as their amour propre makes them generous; of officers in grand uniforms and of people apparently seeking favor from the government, as they think that a gift will bring them luck."—Golden Penny.

Pride of His Performance.

In a downtown church, as the story goes, there was introduced a new hymn, and after the dismissal of the services the organ blower found his way to the player's bench and asked in a meek voice, "How did the music for that new hymn go this evening?"

"Oh, very well; very well, indeed," replied the organist. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," said the blower, "I'll tell you the truth. I was a bit nervous and a bit worried about it, for, you see, he went on explaining, 'I never blowed for that hymn before.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Too Strong.

"My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough."

"Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us."

Hard Luck.

"Did yer git anything?" whispered the burglar on guard as his mate emerged from the window.

"No. The chap wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust.

"That's hard luck," replied the first. "Did yer lose anything?"

Short and Merry.

He-I have saved up enough for us to live at the rate of \$10,000 a year.

She-For how long?

He-Oh, one year.—Life.

No Difference.

Jack-My darling, I want to tell you something. I have deceived you. I am not rich, but utterly penniless.

Will it make any difference to you?

Ethel-Not the slightest, Jack.

"I am so glad, dear. Are you quite sure it will make no difference to you?"

"Quite sure; I can marry old Mr. Moneybags."—London Standard.

POLLY LARKIN

Senior Astorga, a former officer in the Argentine Navy, has proved by experience that it is possible to live on five cents a day, but his bill of fare would not come up to the expectation or requirements of the patrons of French dinners, etc., for it consists of the simple diet of oranges and bread and with nothing more stimulating than water to drink. He states that on this five-cent diet he did not lose his strength or impair his health. On the contrary, to prove that his modest diet of oranges and bread had agreed with him, he rode two hundred and ten miles on horseback without rest and suffered no inconvenience from his hard trip.

What a world this would be if all mankind took kindly to this diet of bread and oranges. How easy it would be for the housekeepers and how economical. How the families could add to their bank accounts who now live up to every cent of the husband's hard-earned wages. Should such a state of affairs exist there would be no more grumbling because dinner was not ready, and there would be no use for cooks. But the time for this wholesale revolution in eating has not arrived, and our grocers, butchers and confectioners need not feel alarmed at the discovery of Senior Astorga. While mankind's taste for good things in the edible line predominates as it does today in many instances, for it is a common thing to hear a man say, "I wouldn't give a cent for life if eating was cut, it is half of our existence," there need be no fear of the bread and orange diet becoming popular.

A lady, who is a vegetarian, said the other day, "Polly, I am surprised that you should not have joined our ranks long ago and dropped meat from your bill of fare. What is the need of taking life when there are varieties of nuts, luscious fruit of all kinds, melons, berries and vegetables to satisfy your hunger. Oh, Polly, this is a wicked old world. You ask what were the animals put here for but to use? That is the question all non-vegetarians ask as if to exonerate themselves and ease their guilty consciences. And in answer to your second query as to what would become of the vast herds of cattle and animals of all descriptions if they were not used as food; that they would increase to such an extent that they would destroy vegetation and die of starvation—a slow and agonizing death—whereas men experienced in the business of killing quickly and with little suffering, where it is properly done, cut short their existence and prepares the meat as an edible for the human family? I say, and am only repeating the belief of all vegetarians, the Lord will take care of that. When the human family stops eating meat as food and there is no further demand for it, the great flocks and herds, etc., will gradually die out and become almost as extinct as the mastodon of former ages whose great skeletons are occasionally found by our naturalists and explorers."

Even if my vegetarian friend was right, would it be a good thing for the various phases of animal life to pass out of existence? For years the wild rabbits have had no market value. Many people were prejudiced and would not touch the meat of a rabbit if they knew it. Possibly a few would be shipped to the markets of San Francisco, but only to be sold to Chinamen and the poorer classes as a rule, although some few people recognized the edible qualities of a nice plump rabbit that had lived off the best vineyardist had to offer. How they did increase. What deprivations they committed for the farmer. They were in despair, for it seemed as if they would take the whole country and leave no pay to the farmer for his labor. They were practically left to themselves, yet they did not die off, as my vegetarian friend predicted they would. Meetings were held by the farmers to find a way of exterminating the pest, and it resulted in the great rabbit drives which seemed the personification of cruelty and in which thousands and thousands of the little animals with the soft and velvety brown eyes were driven before the hunters and farmers into the trap that awaited them and then clubbed to death. It seemed cruel enough, yet it was their only salvation. Look at the vast herds of wild horses that took possession of a few years ago of certain portions of Oregon and Washington. They were a menace to the farmers and stockraisers of that part of the country by destroying the vegetation and there was no package left for the domestic stock. How did they solve the problem? Only by establishing slaughter houses and canneries and shipping most of the meat to foreign ports. Very little of it was used in this country owing to the strong prejudice most people have to eating horse meat. The horses were killed by the thousands. It was the only way of exterminating them, and it was getting to be a serious proposition this question of finding food for stock. So long as there was room and plenty of food for both the wild horses were not molested, but the time came when the question had to be settled. An old resident of Washington in speaking of it, said, "The time came when it was either the wild horses or us, and the latter had to win."

Said this good little vegetarian friend of Polly's, "Eat cheese, figs and all kinds of cereals, for this you can do with a clear conscience." I didn't coincide with this opinion of hers, for I have seen more than one cheese and figs under a microscope. I have seen the wiggling mass of life in these self-

OLD MOTHER EARTH.

HARDLY ANY TWO SCIENTISTS AGREE AS TO ITS AGE.

Some Speculation About the Tiny Atom in the Boundless Universe Upon Which We Dwell—Theories About the Interior of Our Globe.

Hardly any two scientists agree as to the age of the earth—that is, as to the length of time which has elapsed since the earth's crust became solid. Considering the very slow rate at which rocks are deposited by water and the immense thickness of the beds of these "stratified" rocks, as they are called, it seems that at least 1,000,000,000 years have passed since the globe evolved in its present shape out of the whirling mass of incandescent matter which it must once have been.

But Lord Kelvin, arguing from the known rate of loss of heat, declared that not more than 100,000,000 years is the limit of time which has passed since the earth first appeared and life began upon the earth. More recently Professor Tait declared that a tenth of Lord Kelvin's estimate might be nearer the truth. All geologists, however, declare that the latter estimate is too low.

We know with the utmost exactitude how heavy our little world is. If you put down the figure 6 and follow it by twenty-one noughts, you have it within a very few million tons. Roughly speaking, this implies that the earth is five and one-half times as heavy as a globe of water of the same size. But, in spite of this accurate knowledge of the earth's weight, we have no real idea of what is the condition of things inside our planet. Thousands of experiments made in all parts of the world show that the temperature rises on an average about a degree for every sixty feet below the surface. If this rate of increase continues regularly toward the center, that part of the globe must be at a heat so appalling that imagination is unable to grasp it. When this fact of increase of temperature with depth first became ascertained geologists got the idea that we were living upon a furious furnace, of which volcanoes were the escape pipes.

Now we know better than that. We have found, among other things, that an earthquake in Japan is able to register itself in England. This actually happened in the case of the disaster in north Japan some years ago, when 30,000 people lost their lives. A tremor of this kind could not pass unless the earth had a rigidity approaching that of steel, and observations of tides and the attractions exercised upon us by sun and moon have made it pretty certain that our world is not about as hard and solid as much steel.

This does away with the liquid interior theory and makes it fairly certain that the earth is solid all through, with perhaps occasional accumulations of fluid rock here and there in parts where for some reason or other the pressure is not so great as it is in others. It also upsets the old theory of volcanoes, and the modern idea with regard to these mountains of death and destruction is that water from the surface finds its way through a few miles below the surface, and then, being suddenly turned into steam, causes an explosion, or series of explosions, like boiler bursters on a gigantic scale. Every schoolboy knows that the shape of the earth is an oblate spheroid—that is to say, that it is flattened a little like an orange at the two poles. The polar diameter of the earth is actually twenty-seven miles less than its diameter at the equator. But it is as yet not absolutely ascertained whether the flattening is similar at both poles. Some arctic explorers appear to be of the opinion that the flattening is greater at the north than at the south pole.

Another rather startling fact is that the equator is not a perfect circle. If you could drop a plumb line from Ireland through to New Zealand it would be somewhat longer than another which cut the earth at right angles to it. The difference has not yet been ascertained with absolute accuracy. We are accustomed to talk of sea level as an invariable quantity. It is positively startling to find how very far from level the sea is; not, of course, merely from the passing influence of tides and winds, but there are great and permanent elevations in the sea—positive mountains, in fact. It is called the height of our highest mountains the water level at a level exceeding that of the Indian ocean by fully 300 feet and that of the Pacific ocean along the coast of South America may be heaped up as much as 2,000 feet higher than the water in the opposite Atlantic. These water mountains depend upon the attraction of great mountain masses, the bay of Bengal upon the Himalayas and the south Pacific upon the American Andes.

The height of our highest mountains has been measured to within an inch or two, and we have accurate information on the subject of the great depths of the sea, but we do not yet know with any certainty how deep is the atmospheric envelope of the earth. At one time twenty-seven miles was given as the limit. This was increased to forty, and soon even this estimate was extended to 100.

Our only means of measurement is by the meteors, which spring into an incandescent blaze through friction when they strike our atmosphere. As man cannot live at a much greater height than five miles, it may be that we shall never learn exactly how thick is the atmospheric ocean at the bottom of which we crawl.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wool Gathering.

Willie—Pa, when you say a man's "wool gathering" it means he's lazy, don't it?

Pa—Not necessarily. He may be gathering the wool of the lambs in Wall street.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sheep used as beasts of burden in north India carry twenty pounds weight apiece.

Natural History.

Pupils—Bee live in a hive, but they call it a cellar, for it is full of cells. Bees also make honey. They make it fine by combing it with a fine honeycomb.—New York Times.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Origin of "Deadhead."

Harry B. Smith, author of "The Blonde in Black" was making time fly with a group of theatrical friends around the Knickerbocker theater lobby the other night, and some one happened to ask what was the origin of the term "deadhead."

"Well," said Smith, "they say it started in Detroit about fifty years ago. One street of the city led to a tollgate at the entrance of a road leading into Elwood cemetery. Funeral processions only were allowed to traverse the road free of charge. One day a well known physician, Dr. Pierce, stopped to pay his toll, but while handing over the money he remarked: "We doctors belong to a benevolent profession, and I think we should pass free."

"No, no, doc," responded the gatekeeper. "You send enough deadheads through here without going free yourself."

"And so," continued Mr. Smith, "the word got into the dictionary used by summer show managers."—New York Press.

At Long Range.

Lord Salisbury's "passion for retirement," as somebody once described it, was well known. Prime league habitations were frequently given use of the grounds at Hatfield for their outings, and knights and dames would set forth with big hopes of a close view of the prime minister. But if Lord Salisbury hurried on to a distant balcony, bowed and as quickly withdrew his visitors were lucky. Once a

LETTER WRITING.

Its Decline as an Art Caused by the Modern Newspaper.

The wonderful development of the newspaper may be looked upon as a very potent factor in the decline of letter writing as an art. The letter no longer can be regarded as primarily the carrier of news. The expression of one's opinion about great contemporary events is indeed still left to the letter, but how much of an incentive to friendly correspondence is lost by the fact that every part of the world knows of important happenings almost simultaneously is not to be lightly estimated, says Guntor's Magazine. The stimulus to writing that comes from having "news" to impart is done away with, and it is not always that even the gifted letter writer can afford to lose that incentive. It is only the correspondent par excellence who knows how to attain the perfection of his art by writing delightfully of nothing, if indeed that may be called nothing which affords him a means for the employment of his delicate perceptions. For the saving quality of the genuine letter is in the ability of its author to put himself into it. If he writes about trivial things he does it with a grace of interest that disguises the triviality. He must not make his little fishes talk like whales, but he should, as Goldsmith himself knew how to do, make his letters of perpetual interest because of the aptness of their style to the simplicity of their thought.

The Delights of Nudity.

I cling to that perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pet! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the, I think, eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled in his nude sun bath. What a treat, too, sometimes to get away from the multicoursed dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking perhaps is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And if my theory is correct walking will persist till in recovered paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.—Arnold Hauflain in Atlantic.

Such Birds Come High.

There used to be in a store on Ninth avenue, New York, a very valuable cary whose owner and teacher, the wife of the German proprietor, refused an offer of \$500 for it. Sometimes as one entered the place there came from a corner in the rear a liquid peal of music so sweet and high and clear that it sounded like a piccolo without the metallic shrillness of that instrument. In a small wicker cage a black and yellow canary waltzed round and round, never quiet, and as it danced it sang the air of "Lauterbach" through again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pet! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the, I think, eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled in his nude sun bath. What a treat, too, sometimes to get away from the multicoursed dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking perhaps is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And if my theory is correct walking will persist till in recovered paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.—Arnold Hauflain in Atlantic.

Not So Dear as He Appears.

The presence in Washington of General John H. Ketcham of New York, who is getting in readiness for his sixteenth term of service in the house, has served to revive a good story. He is very deaf, but if this story is true, not so deaf as he appears. In fact, when some one not long ago expressed sympathy for his infirmity he replied that he heard enough as it was. According to the story, a constituent visited him one day, asking for a loan of \$10. "How much did you say you wanted?" whispered Mr. Ketcham in his characteristic way.

"I asked you to let me have \$20!" shouted the constituent, his courage mounting upward on the good natured way in which his first request was taken.

"A minute ago you said you wanted only \$10," remarked Mr. Ketcham. And his constituent sat wondering how he found out.—Washington Star.

A Story Not For Poultrymen.

A suburban Philadelphia banker tells this story to illustrate his hens' progress in egg laying: "Some time ago an egg was left for a nest egg in the place where my hens lay. This nest egg the other day hatched, and I have now one lonely little chick, which several dozen mothers care for. Here is the explanation of this miracle: My hens are such sturdy layers that one would no sooner get off the nest egg, having deposited a fresh egg beside it, than another would slip on and in her turn lay. Thus by dozens of different mothers the solitary egg was hatched. Though no one hen 'sat' on it, nevertheless it was kept always warm, and in due time there stepped forth from it a lonely but vigorous little chick."—Philadelphia Press.

Put at His Ease.

Few men could tell a more amusing anecdote than Max O'Reil. Explaining one his timidity when he first took up lecturing, he told how everything went well till he reached a certain town in Scotland.

"There at the close of my lecture I made my usual apology for 'murdering the queen's English.' Then up got a brassy Scot, who in all but incomprehensible dialect declared that I spoke it as 'weel as he did himself.' After that, as you may suppose, I was more at ease."

A Personal Bill of Fare.

A squire of Andover once hired a brother of Patrick, who was in his employ. The terms were made with Pat before his brother's arrival, and the following conversation ensued: "Squire—I'll pay your brother one fifty day, Patrick."

Patrick (bowing and smiling)—Yis, sir; yis, sir; and will be ate himself or will ye ate him, sor?

The squire thought that Dennis had better eat himself.—Lippincott's.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Farmer Boy's Lot Now Lighter.

Did you ever drop corn all day by hand in a furrow "laid out" by a horse driven by a single line attached to a single shovel plow and keep it up for two or three weeks? Most old people who have lived on a farm have had this experience or have followed the boy who was dropping the corn day in and day out, covering it with a hoe. Forty years ago a boy who could drop for two covers could earn his 50 cents a day, while the ordinary boy could earn from 20 to 35 cents a day. As a matter of fact a boy could get over more ground and plant a much bigger acreage than a man, but then as now there was an unwritten law that he should not receive men's wages. Before the days of labor saving machinery farm work, for the boy especially, was a constant round of drudgery, and it was little wonder they pined for a life in the city. Now it is different, and life on a farm is preferable to most other pursuits in life.—Kingman (Kan.) Leader.

A Flood Preventing Wind.

The Chinook is a warm westerly wind, blowing from the country of the Chinook Indians, that is often felt on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. The weather bureau people have reason to believe that the effect of this wind is to prevent disastrous floods. It seems that the wind melts the snow on the higher peaks, but does not descend to the gulches. When the water from the melting snow on the peaks, therefore, runs down to the gulches it is frozen again, where as ice it remains until the coming of spring gradually melts it. A remarkable difference of temperature within a radius of a few miles is noticed when a Chinook is blowing. When the thermometer at Helena, Mont., marked 30 degrees below zero, at Unionville, only six miles away, but a few hundred feet greater in elevation, it marked a few degrees above zero.

Backward Russia.

Mr. Wirt Gerrare in his book on "Greater Russia" tells some amusing stories of Russian slowness to appreciate modern improvement. For instance, St. Petersburg and Moscow have each but one man selling stamps at the chief post office. He closes his drawer at 2 in the day and cannot reckon without a counting board.

There are a half dozen or so branch offices, but at these stamps are scarce. At one branch post office in Moscow, writes Mr. Gerrare, the letter box was filled to overflowing, a dozen letters projecting from the slit. I took my letters inside, where the clerk in charge declined to accept them. I explained the matter.

"Find a letter box which is not full," said he.

"That will be difficult," said I.

"Then wait until one is emptied tomorrow," he returned.

American Absinthe.

"Absinthe," the green terror of France," said a botanist of the agricultural department, "is now being produced in considerable quantities in this country and is being used to an alarming extent. In some sections of Wisconsin wormwood is being cultivated, and it is from this plant that oil is distilled for making absinthe. There are several wormwood farms in that state.

"The Wisconsin growers of wormwood and distillers of the oil at first shipped nearly all their output to Europe, but now they find a good market for it in this country and at almost fabulous prices. Of course the drug houses of America furnish a ready home market. The oil is employed in many ways, but its chief uses are in the making of absinthe and liniments."—Washington Star.

Newspaper Notoriety.

This is what the aspiring statesman wrote to the bureau of press clippings: "Please send me whatever you find about me in the newspapers for the next three months."

This is what the aspiring statesman wrote to the same bureau at the end of two weeks: "Please discontinue sending newspaper clippings."

Response by the bureau: "Shall keep on sending them. Contract was for three months."

And this is what the aspiring statesman wrote at the end of another two weeks: "What will you take to quit sending me those infernal newspaper clippings?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Stars.

There are about 200,000 stars between the first and ninth magnitude, the number at each lesser magnitude being about three times that of the next higher. Now, if this rate of increase were continued down to the seventeenth magnitude there would be about 1,400,000 visible. In the best modern telescopes, telescopic observation and photographic charts show nothing approaching this number. The latest estimate does not exceed 100,000,000. As the instruments reach farther and farther into space they find a continuous diminution in the number of stars, thus indicating an approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe.

Edison's One Speech.

Edison has made but one speech in his life. It was not a brilliant one. He had agreed to lecture on electricity before a girls' seminary and had engaged a friend named Adams to work the apparatus while he talked. But when the inventor arose to address his audience he felt so dazed that he simply said, "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity, and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus."

A Serious Game.

"Papa," said little Tommy Taddells, "what is the game of authors?"

"The game of authors, Tommy," replied Mr. Taddells, "is to sell their books."—Smart Set.

His Will Power.

"Henpeck has given up smoking, eh? I didn't think he had so much will power."

"He hasn't, but his wife has."

The highest liberty is harmony with the highest laws.—Giles.



HOW PREMIER SALISBURY SAW THE PASTORAL PLAY.

pastoral played formed the chief attraction of the programme. The principal actor was a relative of a man who had once been in a cabinet with Lord Salisbury. The prime minister said he would like to see the performance. His wish was made known to the performers; but, although they delayed the commencement of the piece for some time, no Lord Salisbury appeared. The mystery was solved toward the end of the performance when the premier was observed to be watching it from a high turret window through a telescope.