

GOLD SOAP

Soap, all soap, nothing but soap
—lasts longest, washes whitest.

WILD ANIMALS THAT ARE DISAPPEARING

Some Fauna That Are Well-Nigh Extinct in Canada and the United States.

In most of the important cities of the United States are parks, areas reverting to Nature, preserved in the midst of the turmoil for trade's space and made to be as near Nature as possible according to the degree of earnestness of the commissioners who control their management. Unfortunately, politics too often enters into the forces affecting the appointments, and commissioners are appointed who lack the zeal and knowledge required for park management as much as they would lack the ability to make a watch or to sing the song of the Seraphim.

To the park commissioners of the United States has, by accident, been relegated the duty of preserving types of our wild creatures in danger of absolute extinction, and is kept excited only by a few speculators or by one set of park commissioners or another.

The wild pigeon, whose vast flight all men of middle age must bear in mind, has also gone. The remnant of the wonderful migrants are now doubtless feeding and breeding in the comparatively uninhabited parts of South America.

There is another inhabitant of the United States which is also in danger of extinction and which should be preserved. It is the black squirrel, formerly numerous in Illinois, Michigan and the forests of Ontario, and scattered elsewhere throughout the United States, but now almost extinct in the United States and abundant only in portions of Canada. Park commissioners have put squirrels in their parks, and a wonderful addition they are to the natural effect of the attempt to imitate Nature, but the commissioners seemingly get only the fox squirrel and the gray squirrel.

There is another creature that park commissioners should consider. It is the wolverine, the trade-mark of one of the states of the union, an animal remarkable in the fact that he has not changed from the time of the woolly rhinoceros or the great cave

THE POMANDER IS IN FAVOR AGAIN

It Rivals the Vinaigrette Now and May Be Very Costly.

The old-fashioned pomander has come back and is rivaling the vinaigrette in feminine favor. In its latest form it appears as an exquisite hollow filigree ball of gold or silver swinging from a chain and holding a tiny sponge soaked in pungent aromatic or a spice ball breathing suggestions of Araby the Blest.

Sometimes the pomanders are elaborately jeweled and hung from jeweled chains, and are worth a small fortune.

In fact the possibilities of extravagance offered by the new fad are what will probably much endear it to the feminine heart.

The pomander seems a trifle out of place in this day of athletic and robust womanhood. It belongs to the time of the frail, pale beauties who faded early and often and affected a languishing delicacy of nerves and sentiment.

The twentieth century girl doesn't faint. She isn't overcome by her emotions when she goes to the theater or reads a love story or listens to a proposal, but presumably she hates bad air and unpleasant odors quite as much as her fragile great-grandmother, and a good old-fashioned pomander isn't a bad thing to have in a close theater or concert hall, while it ought to be a very present help to the woman on a summer excursion.

In the old days receipts for the compounding of spice balls were many, and most of them were fearful and wonderful. There ought to be amusement in the resurrection of some of them and the making of pomander balls according to the old world formula.

SIDEWALK PRESCRIPTION.
The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man noted for his ability to get "sidewalk" advice.

"I am thoroughly worn out, and sick and tired. What ought I to take?" asked the man.

"Take a cab," replied the unfeeling doctor.

DEVELOPMENT OF SONG BIRDS

How Birds Acquire Mew Methods of Expression.

Some Interesting Observations By One Who Has Studied the Subject Carefully.

Some interesting observations bearing on the propensity of birds to acquire new methods of expression in song are contributed to Science (January 31) by Prof. W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton, whose investigations on bird-song in captivity were noticed in these columns recently. Prof. Scott treats the subject under three heads: First, the disposition of wild birds to interpolate new phrasing into their song, or to acquire new songs; second, education of expression, by direct teaching in confinement; third, the propensity of caged birds to imitate sounds voluntarily. He says of the first:

"Every trained field ornithologist discriminates individuality in song, and some have been so fortunate as to have noted wide and radical departures from what I have distinguished as the normal song. The slight variation from the normal is of too common occurrence to be dwelt on here. Suffice it to say that . . . most observers recognize degrees of excellence in the songs of wild birds of the same kind."

"Again, a few observers have heard wild birds imitate or produce not only the songs of other birds, but also the barking of dogs, human speech and mechanically produced sounds such as the creaking of a wheel, the filing of a saw and the like. The facility of the mocking-bird in this particular is traditional. A few other instances seem worthy of record."

A catbird that nested in the immediate vicinity of my house in the season of 1900 reproduced the call of the whip-poor-will so perfectly that it was difficult to induce members of my family and visitors who heard the reproduction to credit the fact that it was not the whip-poor-will singing.

"The following case of a wild rose-breasted grosbeak talking is well attested by quote from Emily B. Pelet, Worcester, Mass., in Bird-Lore, October, 1901, as follows:

"Early last summer, while standing on my back steps, I heard a cheerful voice say: 'You are a pretty bird. Where are you?' I supposed it to be the voice of a parrot, but wondered how any parrot could talk loud enough to be heard at that distance, for the houses on the street back of us are quite a way off."

"Almost before I had done laughing, the voice came again, clear, musical and strong—'You're a pretty bird. Where are you?'"

"For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut tree, his gorgeous attire telling me immediately that he was a rose-breasted grosbeak."

"At the end of a week he varied his compliment to 'Pretty, pretty bird, where are you? Where are you?'"

"With a kind of impatient jerk on the last you."

He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and though I heard him talk a hundred times, yet he always brought a feeling of gladness and a laugh."

"Our friend has come back again this spring. About May 1 I heard the same endearing compliment as before."

"Several of my friends whom I have told about him have asked, 'Does he say the words plainly? Do you mean that he really talks?' My reply is, 'He says them just as plainly as a bird ever says anything, so plainly that even now I laugh whenever I hear him.'"

Prof. Scott writes as follows of the education of birds by man—the second division of his subject:

"The bullfinch's ability to learn to

whistle along with great accuracy and precision, as well as the peculiar quality and charm of its voice, has arrested the attention of all observers and has been cultivated for more than a century. For us, however, realize that only wild birds hand-reared from a very early age are educated in this accomplishment, and it is worthy of special notice that wild bullfinches have little or no song and may be compared with the European sparrow as a songster. Starlings are well known as birds susceptible not only of learning to whistle in simple instances, but as rivals of parrots in reproducing with great distinctness short sentences. Jays, crows and magpies also talk and whistle with great facility. The conditions that require reproduction of speech are particularly melodious and lack the peculiar phonographic timbre characteristic of most parrots and of starlings."

"Mention may be made here of the mimos of India as on the whole the most receptive among birds in learning to talk, sing and imitate all sounds of a mechanical kind. All these results have been achieved by education, that is, direct teaching with intent on the part of a human instructor."

Of the third part of the discussion, which deals with the propensity of caged birds to imitate or reproduce sounds voluntarily, the writer says:

"No direct effort or intention on the part of a human agent is a factor in this category. All the results that I shall adduce of this kind of ability have occurred in an experience covering some six or seven years with birds obtained in ways, and kept under conditions, that require brief consideration. These birds are all hand-reared, wild species; birds taken from the nest when very young and raised by hand. As soon as such birds were able to feed and take care of themselves they were liberated in large rooms, having as near freedom as confinement would allow. No instruction was given to them. In a word, it was an effort to observe what birds would do if left to themselves and supplied with food and water. No effort was made to keep these birds from hearing the songs of wild birds out of doors."

"It will be sufficient for us to consider only the very marked acquisitions shown by individuals among these birds, none of whose songs are quite normal. A number of the robins have peculiar songs that in no way resemble wild robins' songs. I should call the imitated songs, for lack of a better name."

"The wood thrush's song varies much from the normal, but can hardly be regarded as imitated or original."

"Cuckbirds did much mimicry of the songs of other birds."

"One of a brood of red-winged blackbirds, a male, crows constantly for about two months in the year. The crow is an imitation of the crow of the common bantam rooster. . . . This is the only song this bird has."

"A blue jay reproduces the song of the cardinal so perfectly as to deceive anyone. It is copied from a cardinal in the room, and distance and direction are not indicated."

"A European jay has learned from a cockade to say 'How do you do?'"

"How do, pretty polly. 'Pretty polly,' and some whistles and calls."

Prof. Scott also quotes from a correspondent the story of a duck hatched out on a Wisconsin farm with thirteen turkeys by a hen as a foster-mother. "This duck followed the turkeys around and wavered a long time before it went into the water, and it still imitates the turkey's noise with its duck voice. It sleeps under the turkeys' roost at night, although it is quite an old duck, and scorns the company of other ducks on the plantation." The writer goes on to say:

"In concluding, a word is necessary as to the probable reason why birds in confinement diverge from the normal in the habits of song. Presuming that wild birds are pretty constantly employed in obtaining a food supply, it would seem that they do not have much leisure. On the contrary, birds in captivity with all their physical wants carefully looked after, have leisure and employ it in giving attention to occurrences about them, particularly such as are accompanied by any noise."

"Of this factor of leisure among animals in confinement little is known, and a broad field is presented for those investigators who have opportunities in zoological gardens or, better still, in special laboratories equipped for this and kindred studies."

They Did Not Cheer.

President McKinley was always fond of children, and during the latter years of his life was accustomed to have young people about him in his home in Canton whenever he was there. His return trip from the Pacific coast was marked by an incident which touched him deeply. He related it at the table one day, and an intimate friend tells it in Leslie's Weekly.

Early one morning the train stopped for water at a little place in Nevada. There was nothing there but the station, water tank and a few shanties. The president, as was his custom, had arisen before the other members of the party. Stepping out on the rear platform of his car, he found a group of small children, flags in hand, waiting to cheer him.

A boy approached him and said: "Are you the president?"

"Yes, I'm the president. Good morning! How do you do?" was the answer. "Mrs. President with you?" came the query.

"Yes, but I regret that she is ill."

"Oh, that's too bad!" replied the spokesman. "Then we mustn't holler, must we?"

The president said: "Mrs. McKinley is there where the shades are drawn." The little group walked silently to the windows and stood there waving their little flags as the train resumed its journey eastward; but not one of them gave a single cheer, not one uttered a sound.

Healing a Broken Leg.

The proceedings of the Royal Society of England were not taken so seriously a hundred and fifty years ago as they are now. A sailor who had broken his leg sent to the Royal Society an account of the remarkable manner in which he healed the fracture. His story was that he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and in three days was able to walk just as well as before the accident.

This remarkable story naturally caused some excitement among the members of the society. No one had previously suspected tar and oakum of possessing such miraculous healing powers. The society wrote for further particulars, and doubted, indeed, whether the leg had been really fractured. The truth of this part of the story, however, was proved beyond a shadow of a doubt. Several letters passed between the Royal Society and the sailor, who continued to assert most solemnly that his broken leg had been treated with tar and oakum, and with nothing else.

The society might have remained puzzled for an indefinite period had not the sailor added in a postscript to his last letter: "I forgot to tell you honors that the leg was a wooden one."

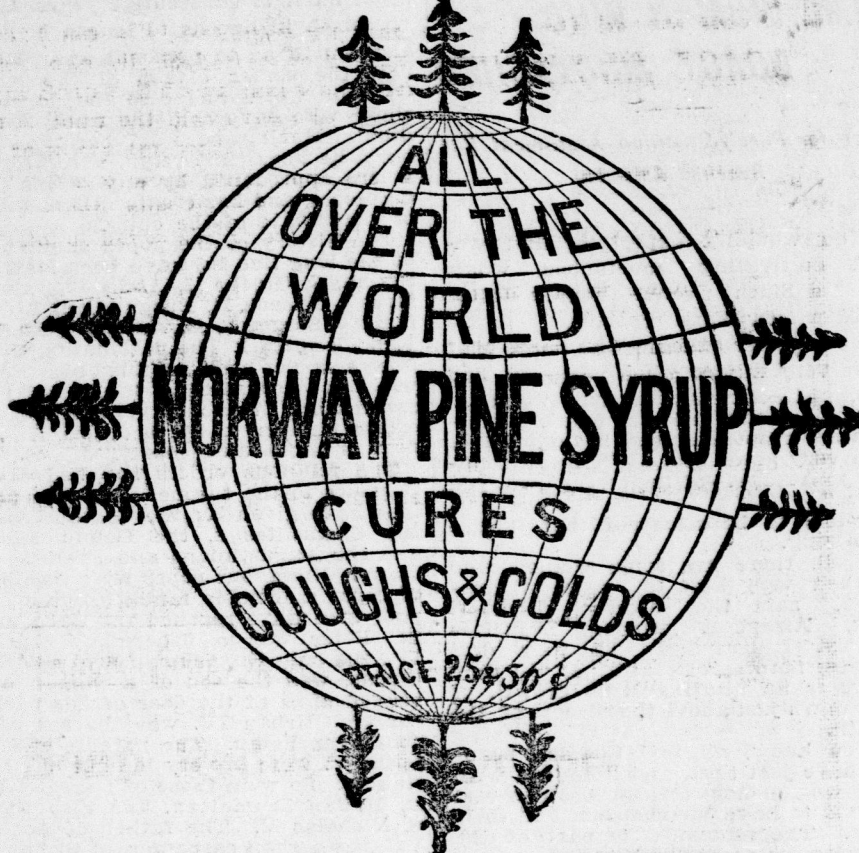
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The Final "E."

Prof. Syle, of the State University of California, cannot tolerate snobbishness on the part of his scholars, and such offense is sure to call forth sarcastic comment. The other day, while calling the roll of one of his classes, he came upon the name of a Miss Greene. He paused and expressed his

disapproval of the final "e" in her name, by saying, "G-r-e-e-n-e; does that spell Green or Greenle?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-l-l-e; does that spell Syle or Sillie?"

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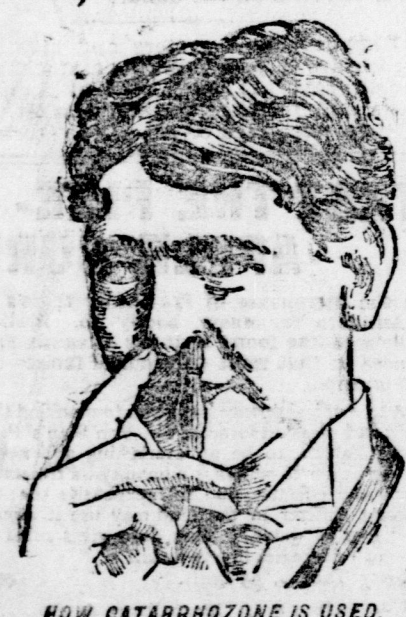
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