Stork Sense of Direction Innate, German Observatory Finds

Bavarian Professor's Experiments Show That Young Birds Fly Unerringly South Even if Leaderless

Diessen-Am-Ammersee.—At Rositten, the lonely spit of sand and salt marshes on the Kurischen Nehrung, stands the great bird observatory in which so many experiments already have been made toward clearing up the problems of bird flight. The fitting out of the birds with rings bearing the date and the name of the observatory has led to many interesting results. Now Professor J. Thienemann, the director, is about to use the period of migration to make various new experiments in the hope of discovering something about the methods by which the birds find their ways on their far flights to warmer lands. The question which the professor put to himself was the following:

"What happens if migratory birds, bred in the spring, are artificially held back in autumn, and let loose when all the other birds of the same species already have made their way to the South? They would be thrown back upon their own resources, are without a leader, cannot attend the "bird parliaments" and so on. How will such birds fly? Will an infallible sense of direction point them the way?"

Professor Thienemann thereupon set about finding answers to these problems and describes his procedure as follows:

"I decided to choose storks for purposes of experiment, because the route taken by these typical migratory birds to the southern extremity of Africa has been determined beyond possibility of doubt by the experiment of providing the birds with rings. Each of these rings bears a number and the words 'Vogelwarte Ressitten, Germania.'

Route Taken to Africa

"The route taken by the birds leads from East Prussia toward the southeast, through Hungary, over the Bosporus, through Asia Minor and by way of Syria and Palestine to Africa, and then up the valley of the Nile and in the eastern half of the Dark Continent down to the Cape. This being established, I can at once observe whether any of my experimental storks diverge from the accustomed route."

Last year the professor made an experiment on a small scale. A few storks were artificially held back when the other storks were preparing to fly. They were kept in an inclosure and were extremely restless and upset for a week or so after the others were gone. Then they quieted down and were set free. Bad weather set in and the storks made no attempt to set about the customary flight. However, a couple of weeks later, when the weather cleared they all set off at once. This was on September 18, 1926.

The next day they were sighted, flying in a group to the south of the Kurische Nehrung; the day after over the Samland, in East Prussia, and then nothing more was heard of them until the beginning of December, when the professor received a report from Athens that one had been found. It had been discovered, in company with others of a similar species, between Athens and aurion. The foot ring, also was returned The Greek police had forcibly retained it in the interests of science in spite of the protests of the fortunate owner, who wanted to keep the ring as a lucky talisman for himself and his family.

The finding of this stork showed that the experimental storks had flown further westward than the normal route.

"It is very strange," said Professor

Test To Be Repeated This Year on Larger Scale; Presence of of Species Indicates Prosperous Area

Thienemann. "These birds grew up in the oasis of Rositten. On both sides of them lay water, the Baltic Sea and the Kurische Haff, and to north and south the Nehrung, with its flat salt marshes stretched alike in both directions—why did not these birds fly off stupidly toward the north?. On the contrary, they flew off quite correctly toward the south, although they had no leader. It would seem, therefore, that they have a feeling for the southerly direction.

"This year I have repeated the experiment on a much larger scale, for one must give chance as much space as possible. I am at present the happy owner and nurse of seventy-five young storks. It is no joke to be the foster-father of such a family. The problem of their daily dinner is not so lightly solved. The fishermen of Rositten are hard put to it to haul enough dabs out of the Kurische Haff, and the village boys, I am afraid, have become very inattentive to their lessons, for they think of nothing but catching frogs.

Perpetual Motion "Solved," But Problem is How to Stop Device

Machine Is Simple, Explains Young Serb Who Got Idea From Water Pump; Invention Patented and Experts' Opinion of Blueprints Is Flattering

Belgrade—Perpetual motion, which used to rank with the pholosopher's stone as science's greatest problem, is a burning question no longer, if the claims of a young Serb, M. Asim Hajdarovitch, are accepted at their face value. His chief problem now is how to stop the machine once it has been started.

The idea is very simple, Hajdarovitch explains, for it came to him when he saw a wheel pumping water out of a cistern. The machine consists of some wheels, with certain weights on one of them. He says the machine is not ideal, but practical. His invention has been patented, and the opinion of experts who have seen the blueprnts is very flattering.

When the first wheel starts the other wheels gradually assume a terrific speed, and in order to stop them many devices must be brought into play. It is suggested in scientific circles that this machine will create a technical revolution.

Hajdarovitch is without education and admits total ignorance of the laws of physics.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO

Recently destroyed by fire. The firemen saved the Carillon one of the finest in Canada.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIANS

The Death of Thomas Hardy Closed the Career of the Last of the Great Victorians—For 50 Years He Enjoyed Fame, and Lived Long Enough to See His Books Definitely Among the Classics

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Author of "Essays on Modern Novelists" and "The Advance of the English Novel"

I shall never forget the first time I read a novel by Thomas Hardy. I had felt an attack of "flu" coming, and, remembering that I had been cured of tonsillitis by reading "Treasure Island," I decided to read another good book, in the hope that it would divert both the mind and the cold. The volume I picked up had the inviting title, "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

I do not know how I had escaped hearing about Hardy's love of tragedy, but I began reading in that ignorance which has been called bliss. After I reached a certain point in the story the heroine and the two heroes were in serious difficulties; but I had so often in other books seen even worse emergencies from which the leading characters had come off scot free that I felt no apprehension or alarm, merely curiosity to see how its clever author would manage it.

If any one reading this article has not read "A Pair of Blue Eyes" I invite you to stop half way through the narrative and ask yourself this question: In what way could the story end that would hurt my feelings most? And I feel sure no one would be able to imagine an ending so bad as the one in the last chapter. When I finished that novel I threw it as far as my diminished strength would permit; I vowed I would never read another book of Hardy. I went to bed and stayed there one week. Such was the effect produced on me by a pair of blue eyes.

But such is the inconsistency of human nature that within one year I had read his man's complete works. Since then I have reread many, as he is one of the few authors of our time whose books become more interesting on rerusals. He was the Englishman whom I most wanted to meet; and my wish was gratified on a beautiful September day in the year 1900.

We were on a bicycle tour in southwestern England; at Weymouth I bought a copy of one of my favorites —Far From the Madding Crowd"— and armed with this I called at Max Gate, Dorchester, the author's home, which looked like an illustration for "The Woodlanders." The servants informed me that Mr. Hardy would see me at 3 o'clock.

Maud was nt awaited in the garden with any sharper eagerness than I looked forward to that hour. I found him by his front door. He was clad in knickerbockers, possibly out of consideration for my informal bicycleattire. He was a smallish, slender, wiry man, with a gray mustache and a gray face. And although his expression was grave, and though I never heard him laugh, he was as far from being severe as he was from being petulant. During our conversation—we sat together on a bench—he made no remark that savored either of cynicism or of bitterness. But he was, as might be expected, undeniably serious.

In two respects I grieved him, but I knew I ought to be sincere. He told me that he greatly preferred his poems to his novels, whereas I liked the novels much better. At that time his first volume of poems had been out only two years. He also said that he regarded the shooting of game birds as wicked, as sinful, and asked me if I indulged in that practice. Alas, I told him that I was very fond of shooting, though not in the English fashion. I was lucky to bag two or three birds in a day's march. He said that he had endeavored to get others to co-operate in an attempt to abolish shooting in England, but he rightly regarded the project as hopeless. It may be that in this respect he was in advance of his time.

I got along better on other themes. I asked him what he thought a novel should be. He replied emphatically that it should always be a story; the foundation must be a fable. He did not admire the modern custom of writing treatises, diaries, propaganda, what not, and calling the thing a novel.

I told him that even if I had not known he had been a professional architect I should know it from reading his books. "Because I introduce so many architects?" "Oh, no," said I, "bacause the whole structure of your novels is so beautiful architecturally." And in fact, the outline of almost any one is as symmetrically engaging as a Greek statue.

Mrs. Hardy joined us. We walked about the garden and entered the house, where we saw some of her paintings. I was invited to come to tea the next day, and I told them that while I had rather do that than anything else, we had only a few days left in England, we were on a bicycle tour, and I must consult my partner (life). He said they would be having tea in the garden the next day at 5 o'clock anyhow, and we could come or not, as we found it convenient.

We Went

He was literally covered with cats. Several large cats were purring over him, and at different places on the lawn and in the shrubbery I saw saucers of milk. "Are all these your own cats?" "Oh, no, only a few of them. But may cats invite the cats of the neighborhood in to tea. They know that saucers of milk will be provided and many come who are not invited. They just hear about it." This pleased me, for I have always been an ardent cattist. A poem that Mr. Hardy published many years later, "Last Words to a Dumb Friend," is the most beautiful and affecting tribute to a cat that I have ever seen.

I asked him if he had put much of his own experience into his novels. He said that "A Laodicean" had more of the events of his own life in it than any other of his books. That was published in 1881; during its composition he was seriously ill and expected to die. He was unable to wrte, and therefore dictated the whole novel from a horizontal attitude.

My admiration for Hardy's novels, almost idolatrous as it was and is, did not exceed my admiration of the man. He was simple, unaffected, quiet, genuine; and I felt that he would have immeasurable sympathy for any one in sorrow or trouble. My previous belief, that his pessimism was caused by sympathy for others, was strengthened by talking with him.

The dawn of the twentieth century found Thomas Hardy without a living rival among English writers. By common consent he stood first. He received all kinds of honors, university degrees, medals, and the highest distinction of all, the Order of Merit.

He won everything winnable except the Nobel rize, and in my opinion his friends did him a disservce by bringing his name up publicly every year. If the Nobel Prize were granted merely for literary distinction he might have received it long ago; but, like the Pulitzer prizes in this country, the Nobel Prize must be given to work of an idealistic and uplifting character.

Now, although there is not the slightest doubt of Hardy's literary eminence, or of the sincerity, beauty and nobility of his character, his philosophical views were atheistic and pessmistic. I say this not as an accusation, but as an accurate description.

He sincerely believed that "God" was an IT with no moral characteristics, and that men and women would have been happier and better off if they had not had minds, but had possessed only the senses of the lower animals; and how far astray his theories led him as to the actual conditions of modern life may be seen by the following extracts from "The return of the Native":

"The view of life as a thing to be put up with, replacing the zest for existence which was so intense in early civilizatons, must ultmately enter so thoroughly into the constitution of the advanced races that its facial expression will become accepted as a new artistic departure."

Is it any wonder that Hardy, with all his artistics genius, and with all his sincerity, failed to get the Nobel Prize?

One of the most remarkable things about his long life is that he attained eminencei n four kinds of art. He was a successful and prize-winning architect; he became the foremost living English novelist, the last of the great ictorians, and is enrolled permanently—so far as we can see—with Dickens, Jane Austen and Fielding: he became one of the leading English poets of the twentieth century; his epic tragedy of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," has apparently given him a place among the great English dramatists, for it is safe to say that it will find readers for many years to come.

He always (after 1898) wished to be regarded as a poet, not as a novelist; he insisted that his poems were better than his prose and that they would live longer.

It is possible that "The Dynasts" will live as long as anything he wrote: but it is the novelist we think of first when his name is mentioned.

Had he never written a novel his poems would have won for him an audience; but it was fortunate for him that the poems were published with the tremendous prestige of his name. It is true, as he always insisted in later years, that his career as a poet, even going only by actual publication, was longer than his career as a novelist. He published prose fiction for twenty-five years and poetry for nearly thirty.

His poetry has enough quality to insure him a place among the poets of his time; but suppose you had to choose between Francis Thompson and Hardy, or between Alfred Housman and Hardy, or between Rudyard Kipling and Hardy, which would you take? His poetry is interesting because it proceeded from an interesting mind; but in poetry, style and expression are the main thing. There is no doubt that Hardy's mind was far more interesting than the mind of Alfred Tennyson; but no one of Hardy's poems, interesting, original, appealing as it may be, is equal in beauty of expression to "Ulysses."

It still seems clear to me that Hardy's novels are the most important part of his work; but in order that the other view may receive adequate expression, coming as it does from the highest possible source, I will quote, with the most profound respect and appreciation, from a letter that Mrs. Hardy was kind enough to write to me February 14, 1926, in which she notes "the curious fact American critics bestow nearly their whole attention on the first half of Mr. Hardy's literary career (1871-1895)and none on the second half (1895-1926). Yet the writings of the first half were dictated by accidents and circumstances not under his own control, while those of the second half were the result of uncontrolled personality."

When one remembers what time has done to critical pronouncements and judgments one is—or should be—humble. It is, of course, possible that some centuries from now Hardy will be known chiefly as a poet; to-day one can express only personal preferences. It has always been thought a good answer to the Baconian fanatics that for one man to write the thirty-seven plays was marvelous; that for another man to write the Essay was marvelous, but that for one man to write both was inconceivable.

It is an amazing fact in our own time that the author of "Tess," "The Return of the Native," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Woodlanders," the author of seven volumes of original lyrics,and the author of "The Dynasts'" is one and the same man—Thomas Hardy. —N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

RATHER LISTEN THAN READ

He: Do you read love stories?
She: No; I like to have them told to me.

A man was smashed up in a railroad accident. The family received a wire saying: "Mr. Hess in railroad wreck. Both legs, both arms, back and neck broken, and skull fractured." And a few hours later a second dispatch arrived: "Not so bad as at first reported. One arm not broken."

Do Popovers Pop?

The Conduct of the Popover Becomes More Predictable if a Standardized Recipe Is Used

There is something about popovers, apparently, that induces a general feeling of inadequacy in otherwise self-confident cooks. And that something, to draw conclusions from our own experience, is as likely as not the fact that in every cookbook you find an entirely different recipe for making hot bread. Apparently there are as many different ways to make popovers as there are ways to raise a baby, and each adviser insists that her way is the only possible road to success.

Popovers may be made with one, two or thre eggs, according to the cookbook you use. The recipe may or may not call for a little butter. Some authorities take a firm stand about the necessity of using heavy iron pans for baking the popovers, while others ignore this matter completely. Practically no two cookbooks give identical directions for regulating the oven temperature for baking popovers. One recipe will advise a quick oven and another will recommend a slow oven throughout the baking time. If definite temperatures are given they may vary from 350 to 475 degrees in various cookbooks.

It is easy to see, in view of all this variation in recipes, why so simple a thng as a popover may go astray as often as not. That the popover may truly be simple, tractable and easily managed was recently proved in the research and testing kitchen of a stove company. All the popover recipesavailable were tested and the results were carefully compared. It was found that satisfactory popovers may be made by using the following recipe:

A Tested Recipe

1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon salt.

The addition of one tablespoon of fat will increase the tenderness of this product.

The addition of one egg will also increase the tenderness of the popovers, but a three-egg recipe results in an eggy flavor.

The most desirable recipe for popovers was found to be: 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Add the beaten egg to the milk and combine slowly with the sifted flour and salt, beating just enough to mix thoroughly. Beating the whites and yolks of eggs separately not only does not improve the product, but causes the texture to become somewhat similar to that of muffins.

The best temperature for baking popovers was found to be 450 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 minutes and then 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

Melt the butter and add it last. Use heavy iron muffin pans, previously heated for ten minutes in an oven heated to 450 degrees. Pour about one and one-half tablespoons of batter into each small pan.

"When the time comes for New Year's resolutions the first thing a man generally gives up is the price of a table reservation."

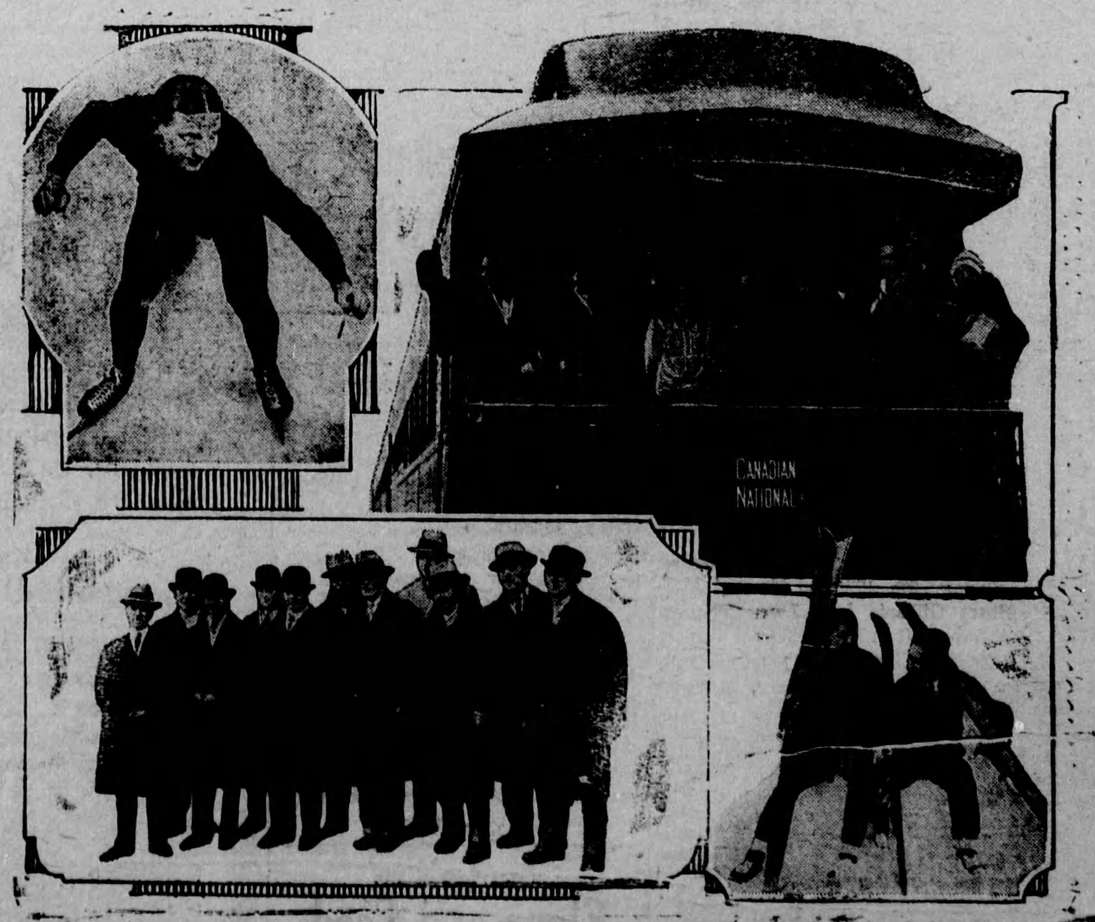
Quite.

"Why were you late at Sunday school this morning, Tom?" asked the teacher.

"Why, the bell rang before I got here," the little fellow explained.

Carpet is purchased by the yard and worn out by the foot.

Canadian Athletes Leave For Olympic Games



Canada's representatives at the Olympic Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, now on their way across the ocean, pourneyed from their homes to the seaboard via Canadian National Railways. Most of the party were photographed by the Canadian National camera man at Montreal en route to Halifax. Photographs show: Lower left, The Varsity Grads hockey team, of Toronto; right, Lehan and Dupuis of Montreal and Ottawa respectively, ski-ing representatives. Upper right, the party aboard the Maritime Express of the Canadian National Railways; left, Ross Robinson, Toronto speed skating champion, who will represent Canada in the speed skating events.