

THINKING HORSES ARE THINKING NO MORE

Those Elberfeld Prodigies Are Not Showing Off Now, Says M. Hachet-Souplet.

QUESTIONS THEIR ABILITY

He Fails to Find Evidence of Remarkable Reasoning Powers.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN. Paris, May 7.—The thinking horses of Elberfeld are thinking no more. This is the announcement made by M. Hachet-Souplet, director of the Institut de Psychologie Zoologique de Paris, in an article in the "Matin."

M. Hachet-Souplet appears to believe that the superior intelligence attributed to the seven horses owned and trained by Herr Krall has been greatly exaggerated from the beginning. The supposed extraordinary intellectual qualities of the beasts was called to the attention of the public about two years ago, when Herr Krall caused it to be known that he had, in fact, multiplied up to twelve times, and even to extract square roots. Various scientific and scientific organizations, among them the Society for Psychological Research of London, investigated and the horses were reported to be admirably trained, if indeed they were at all usually regarded as a far higher degree of intelligence than one ordinarily associates with horses.

But M. Hachet-Souplet was not satisfied with the results of these inquiries. Recently he determined to investigate on his own account, and he makes the results known in his article in the "Matin." "It is unexpected news that comes from Elberfeld, home of the seven thinking horses, whose supposed knowledge of nearly everything that men almost as celebrated as the seven sages of Greece. In the name of specialists in comparative education I went to the thinking horses, Herr Krall, suggesting a new line of work. I thought it would be possible to dictate answers to the horses without arousing the suspicion of spectators."

Horses Refuse to Act.

"Unfortunately Herr Krall, after having promised to abide by the conditions which I imposed, did not keep his promise. He was prevented by four mishaps occurring successively, the last of which removed the final hope of establishing the claims which had been made for the animals. The horses refused longer to respond to the advances even of their trainer."

"While deploring this decision, their owner regarded it as natural enough. He considered that the good nature of his animals had been abused without discretion. They had become suspicious and if now they thought it desirable to return to their shafts it was their affair."

"Having told of the failure of his effort to obtain a special test with the Elberfeld horses, M. Hachet-Souplet gives his view of the mentality of horses in general. He says: "The brilliant exercises of the old school, such as rearing, jumping and pitching, were performed between two padded pillars. The horse was tied between them, his tether of sufficient length to permit him to rise on his hind legs. It was under the inspiration of these brilliant exercises that he gave his act. Frequently horses injured themselves in kicking about at random."

"It is by the use of the whip, the reins and the spur that a horse learns to dance. The training consists, in truth, in discovering his sensitive points, developing them, and taking account of their relations to his movements. Finally, by repetition, giving a sort of rhythm to all his movements. The rider creates the charm of the horse's action. He 'plays' his horse and in drawing out harmonious airs, as in the dance, he effects a veritable 'music of silence.'"

Spare the Rod, Spoil the Horse.

"The public's favorites at the horse show are the jumpers, but it is known that they attain their great heights under the inspiration of men who stand at the sides of the hurdles and strike them at the instant they rise. The stick is covered with leather bearing stout bristles. It is easy to understand why a horse so struck will try to reach the great heights, and will, even if the servant is not there the next time he jumps. The general impression to be gained from the training is that the trainer must depend, purely and simply, on the sensitive points of the horse, and cannot rely on intellectual faculties, which are too little developed in the horse."

"Long before Herr Krall began men tried to instruct horses in arithmetic and algebra—among others P. Simonon, fifteen years ago—but their efforts only brought into relief the very limited reasoning faculties of the animals. Without doubt, one occasionally discerns in the abstract subjects some traits of certain intelligence. Unhappily, these gleams of light are quickly extinguished. "To open a door, to push the bolt which holds the grain bin closed are not necessarily evidences of a very brilliant psychological patrimony. To regard the horse as possessing great reasoning powers, such as Herr Krall gives it, is to erect artificial castles in Spain."

ARCHDUCHESS ENTERS CONVENT.

Separated From Man She Loves, Maria Dolores Renounces World.

VIENNA, May 6.—A sensation has been created by the news that the eldest daughter of Archduke Leopold Salvator is to imitate the example given her by her cousin, the Archduchess Isabella, and enter a convent. She is the Archduchess Maria Dolores, 22 years old, a cripple. Prof. Lorenz was called in to illustrate to her case why she has become lame for life.

The immediate cause of her contorted form, however, is a love affair. She was in love with young Count Servio by name, who was teaching the younger sons of the Archduke his native language. Her mother, Donna Maria of Bourbon, was set against the union, the young man being of humble parentage and without means, and her father too, was opposed to it. Servio, when the discovery was made, was dismissed from the court and fled to France. She intends to enter the convent in which her cousin Isabella, once the fiancée of Prince Louis of Bavaria, has taken refuge.

ON WATCH FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

No Visitors May Wander Through Hampton Court Palace Alone.

LONDON, May 8.—Hampton Court Palace has just been reopened under conditions which assure its historic collection from damage at the hands of suffragettes. An entrance fee of 1 shilling (24 cents) is charged, and no more than 12 in company of adults being admitted for a party of 12. Visitors are not allowed to wander through the palace alone, but are conducted around the grounds by attendants. Apparently there will be no free days, but large parties are admitted at half rates, subject to prior application to the secretary.

MANUEL OF LOBOS LIGHT

A Story of Gun Running in Mexico

By T. JENKINS HAINS.

either side in the Mexican struggle. Rifles were rifles. They were worth \$200 apiece and \$10 more to land them to any Mexican force who found occasion to use them. A small fishing vessel with light draught coming upon the coast in the night might land them with impunity, for it was impossible to patrol that long, low coast line from the Rio Grande to Yucatan. Also Romero knew that coast pretty well. His vessel would carry ten thousand rifles with ease, being, as she was, seventy feet long and nearly two feet beam, and manned by the men whom he, Romero, could trust. Often Romero wondered if he could trust any one save with the muzzle of an Austrian army automatic pistol held in front of him.

Tampoco was the natural harbor to land such goods, as Huerta's men still held that place and the sea coast adjoining. Yet, well, small armed bodies of men often frequented the route from the southward and to the northward, the country fairly swarmed with Villa men. Romero pondered deeply upon these matters as he swung his vessel's head westward and eased off his mainsail for the run west after the German steamer had remained stationary for several hours the preceding night in the vicinity of the Triangle, and his boat had plied between the ship and the reef loaded with crates and boxes. Romero had all the crates carefully stowed below hatches long before daylight came to burn the torrid ocean with its glare.

Jose awoke before sundown and stretched himself. He looked for his superior and Manuel nodded to him in the direction of the east. A small speck which was now darkening. The sun sank and the sudden tropic night fell without a breath save now and then light puffs from the land. "The Azteca," said Manuel without enthusiasm. As darkness came upon the land to the westward a small band of pilgrims straggled down a mile trail through the forest to the shore opposite Lobos. A man of fierce mien led the way. He carried a modern rifle upon his shoulder and three belts or more of ammunition. Behind him straggled twenty followers similarly armed, all barefooted and with their cotton trousers rolled to the knees. They passed down the trail like so many ghosts, the soft clink of metal being the only sound they made as belts touched arms. They reached the shore and the soft snore of the surf greeted them. There they stopped in the shadow of the forest.

Two large coffee boats came in close to the beach. The leading one flashed a lantern. The grim leader of the band gave a long shrill whistle. The light went out and the boats came slowly into the surf. The barefooted band quickly sprang aboard them. "So, you are on time, good Gateno," said the leader. "Have you seen the light to-night?" "No, senior, there is no light to-night—of that I am sure."

"Then it is right—just right as it should be—that Manuel is playing fair. Give way with a will, we must get close to the Azteca as she passes and then—"

He failed to finish. There was no use for words. The heavy boats under loads of sixteen men in each, fully armed, sped away toward Lobos and the leader steered by a bright star. Romero came slowly in under the faint air and it was midnight before he reached the vicinity of the reef. No light showed in the lighthouse. It was the signal agreed upon. Huerta's men would meet the smack to the southward of Tampico if all was well, and Manuel had kept his word. He had doused the lantern and Romero slowly raised his head and headed out to reach the rendezvous before daylight. He had hardly done so when the two coffee boats swung round the point of Lobos and came silently across the dark gulf. "All hands—quick," called Romero in a low voice, and his crew turned out quickly.

They grabbed rifles and took their places at the lee rail which was to port. The smack was going very slowly, an hour drifting, and the two boats gained upon her rapidly. When within a quarter of a mile there broke upon the quiet night a terrific rifle fire. The two boats seemed fairly to spit small jets of flame and the smack answered readily.

The roar of the firing reached the ears of Manuel, who stood looking at the light, trying to make out in the darkness how the affair was going. The telescope was balanced in his left hand which he stretched far out and with the right he adjusted the focus. He saw the coffee boats draw slowly ahead and come alongside the smack amid a steady rain of rifle shots. One boat made fast and her crew seemed to gain the deck for a moment. The firing was continuous and the boat astern came slowly up to help. Then the uproar began to die away. The continuous roar of fifty magazine rifles working all at once began to fade and in place came the sharp yells of men who struggled hand to hand, the oath and curse of the frantic charge and the shrill scream of the ones who were given their death. The boat which was alongside drifted off into the gloom and the second boat drew up amid a scattering fire which seemed to gain and then lose power, dying away into fitful shots. Manuel was much interested. His beaked nose dilated at the nostrils and his hands shook with the telescope.

"Santa Maria—Romero has shot them all!" he muttered. He did not notice behind him the form of the underkeeper, Jose. The underkeeper watched the firing, the spits of flame in the night, with wide eyes. He also watched his superior, Manuel. To him the sight was something terrible, something which spelled trouble plainly. Why should Zapata's men rush the smack? They must have known. The light had failed that night for some purpose, that was certain, and as he watched the firing he became convinced of the truth. Manuel had sold out both sides for money. He reached for his corn knife and his glowing eyes were like coals of fire in the dark. He crept up softly behind his superior, the man who had sold out both Huerta and the rebels at once, hoping to gain from either one or the other and caring for neither, caring for nothing but gold. Manuel caught his breath with an instinctive feeling that all was going wrong. The rebel leader whom he had sold to had been driven off. He had counted upon these men taking the smack from Romero, from his employer, and he had sold out to Zapata's men, who were now mostly dead or wounded, drifting about in shot up boats and trying to reach the land. Would Romero understand? Would Romero understand that the light being out was a signal for Gateno's boats? It looked as if he might have to make some explanation. Yet he knew Romero would not stop just now for explanations. He would now drive his vessel with all speed for the upper coast to meet some of the Tampico forces—and after that, then— "Ah, manana—manana—wait until manana—there's plenty of time. I'll go over to the land to-morrow to see what happened—"

As he spoke a form stepped close to him. There was the swish of a knife in the darkness and the blade struck him just under the ear. "Ah, yes, he will go ashore to-morrow—manana—manana," said Jose softly. "He will go ashore manana, but he will see little, I think." And the light at Lobos was not lit again for a day or two. Jose sailed across the placid Gulf in the morning carrying the dead Manuel with him. The keeper was bound to a tree by the side of the mile trail with a note of explanation fastened securely upon him, and Jose—well, Jose just vanished into the bush.

Upon the beach the two coffee boats lay swamped in the surf, riddled by rifle fire. A few men sat about a small fire and ate their tortillas, or corn cakes their rifles stacked carelessly in the shade of a palm. "Senior," said a man straggling up to Gateno, "senior, there is a keeper's boat on the shore!" "Yes, what of it?" asked the leader of the boat party. "Further is the body of Manuel—dead."

"What of it? Likely Romero went back afterward and killed him for giving the signal!" "Pardon, senior, but there is no doubt that Jose Bianco did the killing, for Manuel played us both false; he warned Romero and took his money—he hoped to gain by us also." "Si, it is probably so—yes, it is so—but—"

The leader seemed to give the affair little more interest. Half of his men were hurt or wounded, yet he sat there a long time, leaning on the coals of the breakfast fire, pondering, studying some problem. He was not interested in treachery—he employed it all ways when he could. He was not interested in honesty of purpose—it was absurd in that country of strife. He studied only how to gain back what he had lost, or to gain something always as if his fighting were merely a business—that was all. The hot morning sun soon drove him to the shade to sleep.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Chess board diagrams for Irregular Opening, showing piece positions for White and Black.

White—1. P-K4, 2. P-K3, 3. P-Q4, 4. P-Q3, 5. P-Q2, 6. P-Q1, 7. P-Q1, 8. P-Q1, 9. P-Q1, 10. P-Q1, 11. P-Q1, 12. P-Q1, 13. P-Q1, 14. P-Q1, 15. P-Q1, 16. P-Q1, 17. P-Q1, 18. P-Q1, 19. P-Q1, 20. P-Q1, 21. P-Q1, 22. P-Q1, 23. P-Q1, 24. P-Q1, 25. P-Q1, 26. P-Q1, 27. P-Q1, 28. P-Q1, 29. P-Q1, 30. P-Q1, 31. P-Q1, 32. P-Q1, 33. P-Q1, 34. P-Q1, 35. P-Q1, 36. P-Q1, 37. P-Q1, 38. P-Q1, 39. P-Q1, 40. P-Q1, 41. P-Q1, 42. P-Q1, 43. P-Q1, 44. P-Q1, 45. P-Q1, 46. P-Q1, 47. P-Q1, 48. P-Q1, 49. P-Q1, 50. P-Q1, 51. P-Q1, 52. P-Q1, 53. P-Q1, 54. P-Q1, 55. P-Q1, 56. P-Q1, 57. P-Q1, 58. P-Q1, 59. P-Q1, 60. P-Q1, 61. P-Q1, 62. P-Q1, 63. P-Q1, 64. P-Q1, 65. P-Q1, 66. P-Q1, 67. P-Q1, 68. P-Q1, 69. P-Q1, 70. P-Q1, 71. P-Q1, 72. P-Q1, 73. P-Q1, 74. P-Q1, 75. P-Q1, 76. P-Q1, 77. P-Q1, 78. P-Q1, 79. P-Q1, 80. P-Q1, 81. P-Q1, 82. P-Q1, 83. P-Q1, 84. P-Q1, 85. P-Q1, 86. P-Q1, 87. P-Q1, 88. P-Q1, 89. P-Q1, 90. P-Q1, 91. P-Q1, 92. P-Q1, 93. P-Q1, 94. P-Q1, 95. P-Q1, 96. P-Q1, 97. P-Q1, 98. P-Q1, 99. P-Q1, 100. P-Q1, 101. P-Q1, 102. P-Q1, 103. P-Q1, 104. P-Q1, 105. P-Q1, 106. P-Q1, 107. P-Q1, 108. P-Q1, 109. P-Q1, 110. P-Q1, 111. P-Q1, 112. P-Q1, 113. P-Q1, 114. P-Q1, 115. P-Q1, 116. P-Q1, 117. P-Q1, 118. P-Q1, 119. P-Q1, 120. P-Q1, 121. P-Q1, 122. P-Q1, 123. P-Q1, 124. P-Q1, 125. P-Q1, 126. P-Q1, 127. P-Q1, 128. P-Q1, 129. P-Q1, 130. P-Q1, 131. P-Q1, 132. P-Q1, 133. P-Q1, 134. P-Q1, 135. P-Q1, 136. P-Q1, 137. P-Q1, 138. P-Q1, 139. P-Q1, 140. P-Q1, 141. P-Q1, 142. P-Q1, 143. P-Q1, 144. P-Q1, 145. P-Q1, 146. P-Q1, 147. P-Q1, 148. P-Q1, 149. P-Q1, 150. P-Q1, 151. P-Q1, 152. P-Q1, 153. P-Q1, 154. P-Q1, 155. P-Q1, 156. P-Q1, 157. P-Q1, 158. P-Q1, 159. P-Q1, 160. P-Q1, 161. P-Q1, 162. P-Q1, 163. P-Q1, 164. P-Q1, 165. P-Q1, 166. P-Q1, 167. P-Q1, 168. P-Q1, 169. P-Q1, 170. P-Q1, 171. P-Q1, 172. P-Q1, 173. P-Q1, 174. P-Q1, 175. P-Q1, 176. P-Q1, 177. P-Q1, 178. P-Q1, 179. P-Q1, 180. P-Q1, 181. P-Q1, 182. P-Q1, 183. P-Q1, 184. P-Q1, 185. P-Q1, 186. P-Q1, 187. P-Q1, 188. P-Q1, 189. P-Q1, 190. 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