HAGENBECK'S *Wonderful Outdoor* MENAGERIE

THE "PARADISE."

LIONS AND TIGERS IN WINTER

OSTRICHES IN THE OPEN IN WINTER

A TEAM OF ZEBRAS

GAZELLES IN THE SNOW.

THE inhabitants of Stellingen, a peaceful village near Hamburg, never dreamed until a few years ago that they would be wakened from their sleep by the ferocious roar of lions and tigers. But they reckoned without Carl Hagenbeck, the world's greatest importer and trafficker in wild beasts.

Little more than five years ago the menagerie of the Hagenbeck company was in the center of bustling Hamburg, but the extraordinary success which attended all its ventures finally rendered peremptory an enlargement of quarters. The result was the establishment of the "Tierpark" at Stellingen, truly one of the nine wonders of the modern world. All the plans will soon be carried out and 30 acres of land will be peopled with natives of every clime.

If any one had asserted only a few years ago that polar bears and Bengal tigers could live freely in the open air, under the same conditions of climate and surroundings, the scientists of the world would have laughed at him—but Carl Hagenbeck is a scientist and an expert in all that pertains to zoology. His experiments are being followed with as keen an interest by professors of zoology as by German tourists.

Hagenbeck's idea has been to supply the various animals with all the conditions of life and surroundings which nature intended for them and to give them the illusion that they are free, capable of going wherever their fancy leads them.

An example of this is the imitation of a ravine in which the tigers and lions are kept. It is a sort of platform, surrounded by a cliff in semicircular form, which imitates to a remarkable degree of perfection the heights and clefts of real mountains. Caves have been hollowed in the rock, where the beasts sleep and where they find shelter from inclement weather. The animals imagine that they are not in prison, for in back of them they have the rugged mountains to which they are accustomed, and in front an unobstructed view. No iron bars force them to a realization of the fact that they are prisoners. But they are prevented from leaving the platform by a trench 25 feet wide and 15 feet deep, with cement walls. Visitors are in perfect safety, while the animals are in no greater distress than they would be if imprisoned in their own native mountains. This is Hagenbeck's ideal.

None of the animals in the park are affected by the low temperature and the heavy snowfalls. The ostriches, accustomed to roam over the shifting sands of the African deserts, wander about in groups of a dozen in that part of the Stellingen garden which is reserved for them, thriving in winter and summer alike. Even a zero temperature does not seem to affect them in the slightest degree. Their feathers seem even more luxuriant and brilliant after a severe winter.

The same is true of the gazelles, which are notoriously the most delicate of wild animals, the most difficult to maintain in a state of captivity.

Most interesting to the visitor is the fact that the animals seem absolutely free. As we have noticed in the case of the lions and the tigers, the only barriers in the gardens are in the form of ditches, and even these are so studiously concealed that the visitor would not be aware of their existence if they were not pointed out to him by the guide.

Of the various experiments carried on in this remarkable park none is more interesting than the attempt to develop the zebra so that he may serve in tropical countries as his first cousin, the horse, serves in our zone. It is here, too, that the polar bears are being trained to haul the sleds in which Amundsen will make his next dash for the north pole.

We enter the park through a magnificent gateway ornamented with elephants' heads carved in sandstone and a magnificent vision bursts into view. The "Paradise" conjured up by Hagenbeck is before us. A lake surrounds the whole. On this are swimming aquatic birds of every species, of every climate. Beyond is a great plain peopled by deer, dromedaries, zebras, yaks, gazelles, buffalo and every other animal that lives on level land. In back of this in the distance are huge cliffs hundreds of feet in length. At the foot lions and tigers roam. On the heights from time to time one catches a glimpse of a hurrying herd of chamois or mountain goats.

As we draw nearer we see here and there an eagle or a vulture and were we not so informed we would never imagine that these kings of the air are fastened to the cliffs by long chains.

Hidden away among the cliffs, which are in places more than 100 feet high, are the lairs of polar bears, happy throughout the year on small seas of ice. All through the park are scattered extensive aviaries, in which are kept all sorts of exotic birds, each species supplied with a diminutive reproduction of its native haunt.

The success which has crowned Hagenbeck's enterprise is marvelous. Very few animals have died and many of them multiply rapidly. Disease is exceedingly rare, and with the expert care of Hagenbeck's assistants an epidemic is impossible. The most marvelous feature of the whole plan is the freedom allowed the beasts, and it is to this and the fact that they are always in the open air winter and summer alike, that Hagenbeck attributes all his success. He has certainly revolutionized the science of keeping wild beasts, and those who laughed at the scheme when it was first exposed are astounded at the marvelous results attained and are now showering with congratulations the brave promoter.

CONVERSATIONS WITH CASEY

He Explains About Rich Men and the Law.

By Ben Blow

MR. CASEY swung around abruptly. "Are y' always iverywhere?" he said, "at th' same time? Only last night I says to Mrs. Casey that y'd gone t' Rawhide t' get rich—or t' go broke playin' thim whirligig games where th' nimble little ball hops into th' wrong pocket ivery time. She says, 'Even thim newspaper fellys thinkin' about riches, I sh'd think they'd have more sinse.'

"But y'll admit," I says to her, "that riches is a very invyable condition. Wit' riches," I says, "y' can purchase annything y' wish, even an impediment av th' right."

"'There y' go,' she says, 'I'm ashamed av y' an' I'm ashamed av myself f'r bein' ashamed av y', f'r anny man with thim sintimints is an undesirable citizen an' inimical to Thaydore Roosevelt. Now will y' behave, an' him bein' such a good family man?'

"'I will not,' I says, 'Mrs. Casey, f'r y' talk like a woman speakin' first and thin thinkin' it over aftherwards. Th' majesty av th' law,' I says, 'which is th' custodian av th' rights av us all, uncovers its bald head to th' man wit' money, listens to him wit' respectful meditation an' saves him from goin' to th' Skookum on account av wan i undotted, three t's uncrossed an' two whereases left out from a place where they ain't needed, but sh'd have been.'

"'I'm more ashamed av y' than iver,' she says, 'but g' on.'

"'I'll do that,' I says, 'with more expedition av y' refrain from puttin' obstructions on th' track. Ivery day,' I says to her, 'y' can go into the halls av justice and find proof av what I say.'

"'Call J. Huckleberry Smith,' says th' judge, 'witness in this case.'

"'Your honor,' says a fat old lawyer, 'J. Huckleberry Smith ain't here.'

"'Why th' ——, why ain't he here?' says th' judge.

"'Y'r honor,' says th' lawyer, 'actin' sthricly in accordance wit' th' consthitution av England, Ireland and th' United States an' under th' rules laid down by Lord Blackmore 672 years come next fourt' av July, I advised him not to come.'

"'Y' did?' says th' judge.

"'I did,' says th' lawyer.

"'Why th'—why did y'?' says th' judge.

"'Y'r honor,' says th' lawyer, 'th' subpinny that wuz served on me thruly iminnint, resphectable and wealthy client wuz defective; th' Huckleberry wuz spelled wit' wan r; th' i an' the' t in Smith wuz neither dotted nor crossed. Sh'd he respond to anny such improper process he would lose th' rights provided, guaranteed, donated an' otherwise assured to him by George Washington wit' a goose quill pen in sivinteen sivinty-six. Sh'd he,' says th' lawyer, standin' up an' cryin' from th' imotion of him, 'sh'd he appear an' waive thim rights an' disregard thim highly inixplicable irregularities an' eccentricities sections wan to forty-six an' thirty-four to fifty-three av th' consthitution wud be trampled underfoot. Sh'd he appear an' testify in th' present case it would be vi'latin' th' ethics av th' legal, medical an' clerical professions, an' it would fracture th' consthitution av th' state av California an' th' bears on th' great seal would depart an' hunt up a redwood an' climb to the very top av it, miserable wit' shame.'

"'Case dismissed,' says th' judge. 'Mr. Clerk, tell th' sheriff to spell, punctuate an' blue pencil all th' subpinnys wit' more care from now on, or hivin help his skin. Call th' next case.'

"'Y'r honor,' says another fat old lawyer, 'I riprisint th' difindint.'

"'Y' do?' says th' judge.

"'I do,' says th' lawyer, 'an' y'll know it full well before I get through wit' y'.'

"'Proceed,' says th' judge, 'an' do y'r worst.'

"'Y'r honor,' says th' lawyer, 'this case is the result av a collision between a cow an' a locomotive.'

"'It is?' says th' judge. 'Was th' locomotive hurt anny?'

"'It wuz not,' says th' lawyer, 'but th' cow died as th' result av it an' brought about this suit.'

"'F'r hivins sake, go on,' says th' judge.

"'I will,' says th' lawyer, 'av y'll be quiet. Th' papers in this suit,' he says, 'drawn up by my highly intellecchool an' learned inimy, th' lawyer on th' other side, state wit' commendable circumlocution that a poor old plum colored cow, 6 years 2 months 12 days and 15 minutes old at half past 2 p. m. whin th' locomotive come along, wit' three white feet and a large bald spot on her face evidencin' a kind an' amiable disposition which gave copiously av milk an' 18 wrinkles on wan horn an' fourteen on the other, while peaceably ingaged in removin' th' boonch av grass from between th' crossties an' not meditatin' anny felonious intentions whatsoever wuz set upon, run over, mangled, disturbed, torn, made into hamburger steak wit' malice aforethought, evil intentions and great deliberation, contrary to the peace an' dignity av th' state, county, city, township and rural route number forty-six by an ingin belongin' to the difindint which I have the honor to riprisint.'

"'Lave off for a while till I weep,' says the owner av th' cow.

"'G'on,' says th' judge.

"'Y'r honor,' says th' lawyer, 'th' bill is highly improper, defective, disjointed an' th' hand writin' on it looks like a foot. The age av th' cow was misstated by six hours, she had only two white feet, there was 14 wrinkles on each horn, she had no kind disposition whatever, whin y' wished to milk her y' had to hobble her an' side tie her an' then she positively refused to part wit' her milk.

"'Wit' malice aforethought, arther the fashion av cows in gineral, she deserted a field that wuz teemin' wit' timothy, alfalfa, clover, locusts and wild honey and proceeded to the imminint domain av me client, where only th' milk weed survives th' oil we use to lay the dust. Not only did she hear the locomotive whistle wanst, but inconceivably manny times. Willfully, maliciously, in vi'lation av that part av th' consthitution which guarantees th' peacable possession av property to a man, company or corporation, more especially the corporation, she indivored to make the locomotive duck, sidestep, go over, around, under or to wan side in a highly improper an' undignified manner.'

"'Call th' witnesses,' says th' judge.

"'Witnesses come on up,' says th' sheriff.

"'How many wrinkles did th' old cow have on its horns?' says the lawyer.

"'Fourteen on each horn,' says the witness.

"'Case dismissed,' says th' judge. 'Wrong cow, failure to produce the corpus delicti.'

"'Holy Moses,' says the plaintiff.

"'Fifty dollars,' says the plaintiff's lawyer.

"'An' there y' are,' I says to Mrs. Casey, 'how about it now?'

"'Casey,' she says, 'y're an old fool.'

"'No wan knows that better than you do, Mrs. Casey,' I says to her, 'but I have yet enough sinse to stay away from coort. Av wan av th' male neighbors disturbs my peace an' quiet the matter will be settled wit' a brick insted av petition an' answer an' replication an' rejoinder an' other highly respectable but thoroughly expinsive an' luxurious 'egal processes. It'll be him an' me to it an' no hard feelin' nor lawyer's bill afterwards, an' that's all I have to say.'

"'D'y' mean it?' she says.

"'I do,' I says. 'Mrs. Casey,' I says, 'th' time has arrived whin right an' justice become befogged wit' a multiplicity av pleadings. Becuz a thing has been done or said in wan particular manner since Hector wuz a pup it must always be said or done that way or it ain't legal. Whin th' lawyer f'r the plaintiff gets through with his technicalities an' th' lawyer f'r th' difindint gets through with his an' the coort has fired its little 18 inch bombshell at th' jury full of insthructions, each of which tells y' to act in a dimetrically opposite manner, the blindfolded Justice has tears streamin' down her cheeks an' th' scales in her hands forget how to weigh straight.

"'Av y' don't believe me,' I says to her, 'read the papers,' I says to her, 'contin'ances and double deck contin'ances an' four story contin'ances interrupt th' path av justice until the end, almost, av time, an' they spring out of money, for th' higher priced the lawyer, the more if's and an's he can shoot at thim poor, little, terrorized min in the jury box.'

"'It's awful,' says Mrs. Casey.

"'It is,' I says, 'but that's what y' get f'r y'r money, don't y' wish y' had some?'

"'I do,' she says, 'but av I had it I'd hide it under the carpet an' never let anny part av it be subjected to the tortures that y' have just described; but what about th' cow?'

"'What cow?' I says to her.

"'Th' cow that wuz kilt,' she says.

"'There wuz no cow kilt, Mrs. Casey,' I says to her.

"'Thin what were y' talkin' about annyway?' she says to me.

"'Mrs. Casey,' I says to her, 'I wuz merely attemptin' to illusthrate to y' in words av wan syllable what wherefore an' whereas means.'"

And then, as the car we were riding on crossed Fillmore street, he said: "Well, y'll be gettin' off here at Pierce, won't y'? Thry an' keep out av jail till I see y' again."

Are Men Found More Loyal Than Women?

IT is difficult to make a sweeping assertion and to say that a man is more loyal than a woman, or vice versa, since every person has a separate individuality, and most touching proofs of loyalty in both sexes are given almost daily. But there is little doubt that, taken as a whole, men are more loyal than women. Consequently, the isolated, sincere and loyal woman (for such does exist) has to suffer for the general fickleness of her sex.

Women are less loyal than men, because they are more easily incited to jealousy, more eager for admiration and more capricious.

It is not at all unusual to find a "David and Jonathan" friendship among men, though an extreme rarity among members of the fair sex. A woman is capable of loyalty to a friend so long as she imagines that friend does not eclipse her; but should her innate jealousy be once aroused her "dearest friend" becomes her bitterest foe.

At the present day we hear a great deal about women's rights, women's suffrage and so on, but the women who make so much disturbance about these matters do not, as a rule, do it out of a feeling of loyalty. Their idea is to have a finger in every pie, to bring their names before the public, and to be looked upon as martyrs by a certain class. If they were loyal to their homes, their husbands and their sex, they would be content to do their rightful woman's work, and to leave politics to their husband and brothers.

Further, a woman is too capricious to be truly loyal. She is a creature of many moods, far too variable to ever be depended upon. Her views and sentiments resemble the weathercock, which obeys the predominating wind of the moment—they alter with the ever changing whim and caprice of her fickle little heart.

But it would not be true to say that all men are loyal or all women are fickle, for women can be loyal and men fickle.

But in love? Ah, then it is the woman scores! What man is there who upon finding a flaw in his idol doth not straightway seek consolation elsewhere?

There are plenty of charming girls. Why break his heart over one who does not come up to his expectations?

When a woman gives her love—true love—she is invariably loyal to the core, sticking to the man through thick and thin, through good report and evil, absolutely regardless of his failings or the world's opinion.

Just How Far Can Thunder Be Heard?

HOW far away can thunder be heard? Thousands of people have asked the question this summer, but no authoritative answer has been given, asserts the Post-Dispatch. Arago, the great French scientist, made some researches in this direction about 50 years ago, but it seems that no one had studied the matter until M. Luizet, meteorologist of the Lyons observatory, made notes of storms from the observatory of Saint Genis-Laval.

In order to get exact figures such storms must be observed at their beginnings or their ends, rather than when they are at their height, for when the thunder claps are far apart the observer runs less risk of making the mistake of attributing to a given flash a peal that does not belong to it. The best flashes to figure on are those that pass vertically between the clouds and the earth, for their noise is sharp and more easily distinguished from the rolls caused by the flashes which pass between the clouds.

Arago's conclusion was that thunder can scarcely ever be heard farther than between 15 and 16 miles. Kang-hi, a learned emperor of China, asserted that it could be heard nearly 25 miles away. This emperor had the sense of observation very keenly developed, for at the time he fixed 25 miles as the distance at which thunder could be heard he asserted also that artillery could be heard at a much greater distance, even to 85 miles. This was exact for the cannon of his day, but the noise of our modern artillery can be heard even farther. Arago speaks of hearing cannon firing at a distance of 90 and even 125 miles. At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral the cannon fired in Portsmouth harbor were actually heard at places between 83 and 84 miles away.

M. Luizet has been observing storms for 11 years, noting the direction of the flashes, the time between the flashes and the peals and ascertaining accurately the exact spots over which the storms were passing. The figures he has obtained vary considerable. In three instances he has heard the thunder of storms raging at 24, 26 and 29 miles. Twenty-nine miles appears to be the limit, for the circumstances under which it was observed were especially favorable, there having been no mountains or hills intervening and the air being very calm.

But thunder has often a very feeble sound. M. Luizet has actually seen thunderstorms that were raging only nine miles away, the thunder of which he could not hear. This confirms a note made by Muschenbroek in Holland that it could thunder at The Hague and not be heard in Leyden, nine miles away.

So thunder can be heard as much as twenty-nine miles away and it may be absolutely inaudible when only nine miles distant, this depending upon conditions of the air and upon intervening obstacles.