

BIRDS DO ODD TRICKS TO THEIR NESTS—THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE HAS CURIOUS HATCHING PLACE

(New York Sun)

"Birds probably build as many kinds of nests as the various races of men build houses, while some, after the fashion of the lower orders of savage men, build none at all," says J. M. Sullivan, naturalist and student.

"The size of a bird's nest as a rule has nothing to do with the size of the builder, the osprey or fish hawk, building a monstrous nest, much larger than that of the bald eagle, a much larger bird.

"Among the nests of our smaller local birds, that of the Baltimore oriole is quite curious. It consists of a long pouch, and hanging as it does from a small limb, gives one the impression, at first sight, of a wasp's nest.

"Built of plant fibers, pieces of string, horsehair and other odds and ends, it is, take it all in all, very cleverly fashioned and constructed in such a manner that, despite its shape, the young birds have plenty of room to develop in down at the bottom of the long stocking.

"The shape of its nest and the manner in which it hangs from its sustaining limb has given to the oriole one of its popular names, hangingnest; another being golden robin and another yellow bird.

"Probably one of the prettiest sights in this line is the nest of the robin, with the three or four eggs it usually contains. In this case it is not so much

the eggs that lend the charm as the beautiful blue eggs. The nest itself is a rather calm affair, rough and ready like the bird itself, and its materials, grasses and weed stems, smeared over with mud on the outside, lined with finer blades of grass, stray feathers and hair.

"That queer bird that is often seen performing queer manoeuvres high in the air, at early dawn or just before sundown, and known as the night-hawk, or bull batt, builds no nest at all. On the wilder places it simply deposits its eggs on the bare spot, a large flat stone, preferably. In the cities which it seems to frequent in quite considerable numbers, it is wont to lay its eggs on gravel roofs, with no sign, not even a straw, to mark their location. There the two rough shelled eggs lie, looking exactly like a couple of pebbles, and apparently uncared for, but only apparently, for the birds are affectionate parents, and not only feed their voracious offspring almost constantly, but remain with them until they are fully developed, accompanying them on their early trials of flight and looking after them in every way.

"The whippoorwill, first cousin to the night hawk, builds no nest either, but hides its eggs under leaves, thus seeming to have some regard for their safety.

"The phippoorwill by reason of its nocturnal habits, may well be called a

COL. LINDBERGH A VICTIM OF THE AMAZING PSYCHOLOGY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

(Montreal Standard)

Our warmest sympathy goes out to Colonel Lindbergh as a victim of the amazing psychology of the American people. They made a hero of him over night and they made a fool of him in approximately the same length of time, friends and neighbors joining in the conspiracy to pluck him.

When it became known that the Colonel had one hundred thousand dollars ransom money to spend and that "Jafsie" had not been able to throw more than fifty thousand of it away, it at once occurred to other bright minds that this was a chance to "muscle" in on what was left. Just where Mr. John Hughes Curtis, president of the country club, Virginian gentleman, prominent business man and citizen steps into the picture.

Mr. Curtis looks almost too respectable to be guilty, but his business had dropped off; he was on the verge of bankruptcy and he had to have money to keep up a front. So he went after the Colonel's and with the assistance of a retired admiral, who was perhaps too honest to see through him, and a clergyman whose motives are still under scrutiny, he led the American people on such a wild goose chase with aeroplanes, United States coast guards, speed boats and the like that their heads are still whirling with the madness of it.

As soon as the Lindbergh baby was found dead Mr. Curtis realized that the jig was up and made a confession that it was all a hoax, in deadly fear, no doubt, that he might be accused of something much worse. He owns up that he never made any contacts,

never saw a kidnapper, and that he was a liar all through the piece. He gives as his excuse that he was going to get money for the story from a New York newspaper for the story and money from a film company for the pictures. There is a reason, however to suppose that he was counting on Colonel Lindbergh as his largest contributor and it is worth noting that he had begun to hint at twenty-five thousand dollars "earnest money" just about the time the swindle blew up.

Tried to Unload

As might be expected, Mr. Curtis tried to shift the blame. The admiral, so far as we can see it, is completely out of it—the bluff old sea dog never suspected anything. The newspaper was making a legitimate deal and was in no way egging Curtis on to invent falsehoods. The film company would, of course, pay for pictures only if the real goods were delivered—they would not be buying fakes. The clergyman—ah, there's the rub! The Rev. Dean Dobson-Peacock, if he values his good name and his job he will give a detailed account of his connection with Mr. Curtis from the start to the finish. Meanwhile he denies everything.

Curtis accuses the parson of encouraging him in his wild tales to the reporters because he liked publicity. It sounds pretty thin. The Rev. Mr. Dobson-Peacock can settle a lot of doubts by proving that he did not split profits, present or prospective, that he did not touch up the boat builders narrative from time to time with his own lively imagination. The detail, if we may say so, shows a skilled hand at embroidery and when Curtis in his last effort of fiction, described a crew of polyglot pirates captained by a ruthless ruffian with bulging forehead, hawklike features and a cruel mouth, the police just naturally had to arrest him. The story was getting too good to be true.

While we hope that the parson will come out of the wash whiter than snow we do not hesitate to declare that Mr. Curtis should go down for a long term in jail for one of the most brutal hoaxes that human fiendishness has ever perpetrated.

EMPRESS HAD A GOOD LIST OF PASSENGERS

Quebec, May 30—Brilliant sunshine, the first that has blessed the ship since the world cruise that ended a month ago, marked the first 1932 departure from Quebec of the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Britain. Her passenger list followed the example set last year by including many names distinguished in business, society and art, from Canada, the United States, Japan, China and Australia. Passengers from Japan and China are taking part in a voyage which will create a new record for speedy travel, the combination of Empress of Japan on the Pacific. The fast Canadian transcontinental train and the Empress of Britain on the Atlantic getting them from Yokohama to London in 9 days.

Amongst the passengers were Helen Hayes, noted American actress, Charles MacArthur, American playwright, Hon. Horace Harvey, Chief Justice of Alberta, and Mrs. Harvey, Sir Newton Moore, former Premier of Western Australia, Peter White, K. C., and Miss Alice Dollar, Grand Daughter of the late Robert Dollar, Pacific Coast Steamship magnate.

(New York Sun)

Little Jimmy, who lives in the ghetto, paid a week-end visit to his uncle's place out on Long Island. He was particularly interested in the antics of a hen in a mound of dirt.

"Gee! She'll get herself all dirty," commented Jimmy.

"Oh, no," laughed the uncle. "That's the way that chickens take baths." Jimmy was silent for a short time; then he blurted out:

"Gosh! What a break they get!"

Jack Slow—"May I—er—kiss you," Miss Sweet—"What do you want, written permission?"

bird of mystery. It is seldom seen and its eggs are seldom found.

"The chimney swift, that queer little chap who, when in flight, looks like a cigar with wings attached and who can keep on the wing all day long without alighting even to take a drink, which it manages to do while still on the wing, is another with peculiar nesting habits. These little creatures live sometimes by thousands in a hollow tree or unused chimney and also make their nests therein.

"When evening approaches near one of these roosts, it is curious to watch their actions. Forming themselves into an oval band, twittering away in concert, they circle round and round their place of abode. One end of the ribbon is arranged so that when the birds composing it arrive over the mouth of the chimney they are enabled to descend into it, and down they go tail first and wings fluttering until they have disappeared. During this evolution they resemble nothing so much as water in a wash bowl that has been given a circular motion and allowed to disappear through the trap.

"The nest of the chimney swift is a crude affair made of small twigs which they snap from the branches of trees while on wing. These are cemented to the wall and to one another by a gelatinous substance secreted by the salivary glands of the bird, and when completed they resemble small brackets, hollowed out just enough to keep the eggs from falling out. The eggs vary in number from four to six, and thousands upon thousands of nests are often built in one chimney. When the nests are sometimes exposed to view, when an old hollow tree has been cut down or a chimney demolished that has once been the home of these little birds, a curious and almost unbelievable sight is presented.

"The nests of the swallows from which the Chinese make their celebrated bird's-nest soup are found throughout the South Sea Islands. They are closely related to our chimney swifts and, while they live in caves, are extremely gregarious, going in immense flocks and resorting to their resting places at the close of the day, just as our own birds do. About 6 o'clock in the evening they seek their roosts, first by tens, then by hundreds and then by thousands, until the sound of their wings is like that of a great gale of wind whistling through the rigging of a ship. These edible nests are a great luxury in China and bring a very high price there. Eight million of them have been imported into Canton in one year."

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