

BIRDS WITHSTAND WINTER'S BLASTS

By Young Mr. Wells

EDWARD B. CLARK

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desiccated portion of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.



Mary's Little Postscript.
Misses—Mary, wasn't that gentleman asking for me?
The New Maid—No, mum, he described the lady he wanted to see as being about 40 and I told him it couldn't be me.
Misses—Quite right, my dear. And you shall have an extra afternoon off tomorrow.
The New Maid—Yes, mum. Thankes, mum! Yes, mum. I told him it couldn't be you, as you was about 50.
Misses—And while you're waiting your afternoon off you'd better look out for a new place!

These Dear Girls.
Maud—I am told I got my good looks from my mother.
Ethel—I wouldn't repeat that if I were you.
Maud—Why not?
Ethel—People will think your mother was stingy.
Not Amitties.
Misses—And why did you leave your last place?
Maud—Me and the missis was not congenial—Harper's Bazar.
Never Fall.
"My wife can't decide on a car."
"That was all right, if her foot was going by mail!"

Stamp Needed in That Case.
"She stamped her foot."
"That was all right, if her foot was going by mail!"

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.
The Deacon—You shouldn't fly your kite on Sunday.
The Boy—Oh! well, de kinder your outer a religious paper.
TIED DOWN.
20 Years' Slavery—How She Got Freed—
A dyspeptic veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes, to tell how she won victory in her 20 years' fight, naturally against her triumph over the tea and coffee habit.
"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says, "how much good Postum I have done me. I am grateful, but also desirous to let others who may be suffering as I did, know of the delightful method by which I was relieved."
"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia, and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prevented me. I never drank much coffee, and cocoa and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusive of all other drinks. I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.' I read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in plain, 'There's a reason.'"
"I read one after another letter! A new idea came to my mind, and I bought a box of Postum, tea, and full of sugar."

The greater battalion of the army of the birds is in the southern part of the winter. The warblers were the pioneers in the march to escape the cold. The naturalists of the world would give much to know what it was in the torrid time which told these details of the feathered creatures that they must be moving on.

There is a puzzle for the scientists even more complex than that offered by the spectacle of migration. It is to get the solution of the problem of why some birds with the northern autumn invariably seek warmer climates while others apparently much more poorly fitted by nature to withstand cold weather conditions, stay about the familiar nesting scenes when the snow lies deep and the cold is like that of "St. Agnes Eve."

The timorous, the Concord chickadee of Emerson, is a little feathered gun that looks as though a breath of cold would scatter it all away. Yet this little fellow sticks by his Northern friends all through the winter, when bigger, more heavily feathered, and apparently more hardy species have sought the orange and the junco groves of the gulf. There are scores of other birds which remain with us to pipe a cheerful note over the snow waves and their southern-flying friends are silent amid their congenial surroundings.

One of the most interesting bird studies is that which leads to a personal knowledge of how the feathered species care for themselves during a time when exposed to man, even though heavily clothed, as times freeze to death. It is a question if many people know how the despised English sparrow, whom we always have with us, manages to pull through a Northern winter without offering himself up as a sacrifice to Jack Frost. It is a matter of current but mistaken belief among those who have noticed the great bulky nests which the sparrow has built in almost every tree that these bunches of sticks, grass, and feathers form the abiding places of the sparrows during the cold winter nights. As a matter of fact, a sparrow sees a tree near a tree nest in winter. If he has found a lodging for his summer home in a corner of a building he may go there to sleep away the long, cold nights, but the tree nest is deserted from its moment the last brood is hatched.

If one wishes to know where thousands of the sparrows sleep in winter, let him on some cold night take a stout club and rap with his might upon an electric light pole that is fitted with an overhanging hood. There is a little platform in some of these hoods directly over the glass globe. Upon this as many sparrows as can conveniently crowd together roost throughout the winter. An electric light pole near the North Side water lock during a howling blizzard one winter night resulted in the dislodgment of the frightened sparrows. They fluttered about in the storm and hung like so many fascinated moths. When the pounding ceased they made their way back to their resting place and doubtless roamed undisturbed until morning. Their flat was heated and lighted by electricity.

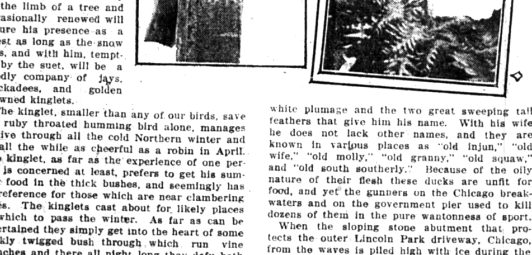
Take a trip through a thistle field in July and there will be seen scores of goldfinches feeding on the seeds of the prickly plants. These little creatures have the appearance of the birds of the tropics. It would seem that the birds of the north would never see these scurrying, frothy-wings. In truth, however, these birds, frail though they appear, stay with us all winter; yet not one person is fifty outside the ranks of the bird students knows the fact.

In the August the goldfinch drops its gold and black wings and puts on a sparrow-like garb. This is the reason why people think that the little thistle seed lover has left them. In fact, another bird has taken its place. In the Chicago Academy of Science there is a collection of evidence of how the goldfinch keeps warm during the winter nights. The curator has there a female's nest from the outside of which hangs the body of a goldfinch and is literally hanged by one of the cords with which the oriole has fastened its home. The goldfinch has sought refuge in the nest from the weather but on leaving it in the morning has thrust its head through the fatal nose. These birds utilize the deserted homes of all their brethren who build deep nests. The goldfinch returns after night to a nest which oriole has returned from the tip of an elm in Western Springs, Ill. The chickadee of which something has been said, builds its nest in the fork of a tree, the work of the woodpecker, but if observation goes much, the bird does not use it absolutely safe. It is a retreat for its winter night lodging. They have been starting their nests just after sunset on cold nights from the vacated nests of many species of birds, the chickadee simply burying itself in the warm linings in which the summer before the young of its friends had been cradled.

In mid-September the swallows one and all have disappeared. It may be that the appearance of one swallow does not make a summer, but the absence of the entire tribe may not make an autumn, but it is certain that the birds must feel the cold. The birds desert after each just before a body and they go in the twinkling of an eye. The swallows live upon insects, and there is no reason, so far as food is concerned, why they should not stay all winter. In fact, in some of their homes are in sheltered nooks. The hummingbird, despite its delicacy, stays longer than the swallow and complains less.

Old Incident of War

In the Philippine portion of his book, "The Memories of Two Wars," General Fenton tells a unique instance at the siege of Malabon. "Company I was being a few volleys, and one of the men, having just discharged his piece, felt a second blow on his shoulder, it being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to see it was found that the breech of the piece could not be opened, and it was held aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon examination it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired had burst before the weapon had been discharged. Upon firing the mechanism was found the remains of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet.



The woodpecker is felt to keep him as a companion throughout the winter a piece of suet bound firmly to a limb of a tree and occasionally renewed with insure his presence as a guest as long as the snow lies, and with him, temptingly, occasionally renewed with the suet, will be goodly company of Jays, chickadees, and golden-crowned kinglets.

The kinglet, smaller than any of our birds, save the ruby-throated hummingbird alone, manages to live through all the cold Northern winter and all the while as cheerful as a robin in April. The kinglet, as far as the experience of one person is concerned at least, prefers to get his summer food in the thick bushes, and seemingly has a preference for those which are near clambering vines. The kinglets cast about for likely places in which to pass the winter. As far as can be ascertained they simply get into the heart of some thickly twigged bush through which run vine branches and there all night long they defy both cold and snow.

The great northern shrike, which is due in the northern states from its summer home in the British possessions about October 1, spends his days close to the hole of an evergreen tree. There is a little clump of evergreen well within the limits of the city of Chicago where a half dozen of these birds roost nightly from October to March. Inasmuch as they live on a diet of English sparrows and other birds which are in the laudable vocation of killing the imported feathered pest, the exact location of their roosting place will not be given here for fear some champion feathered friends, whom many are unkind enough to call butcher birds.

There are certain men who feel a sense of proprietorship as soon as they become engaged. Perhaps this is the right thing, but now and then there is a girl who objects to it. It was so in the case of Miss Dora Thurston. Frank Wells had scarcely secured an avowal from her that he was loved in return, when he heaved a long sigh of relief and said:

"And now, of course, that fellow Wakefield will get a hint that he need no longer have any more."
"But why?" was asked.
"And you won't have that Burton dangling around?"
"Mr. Burton never dangled."
"And that cad of a Graham will be told that you are not at home?"
"He will be told no such thing!"
"And Peterson will not be permitted to drop in here as if it were his club."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Wells," said the newly-engaged as she drew to marry you does follow that I am to become a prisoner in the garret or down cellar?"
"Because I had not the right. Even if I knew them to be cads I could not object. Now, however, it is different."
"Dora, you have given me to say that I have been receiving calls in my father's house," the girl demanded.
"Well—er—you know."
"I know, sir, that I do not like the way you talk. I think you introduced me to every gentleman we have named."
"But being engaged to you, you see."
"Then we are engaged, are we?"
"Perhaps not!"

"Dora, Mr. Wells was just done key enough to walk out of the parlor and out of the house and leave the impression ever that he had quit his job, and that it would take a great deal of coaxing to bring about his return."
"Did anybody faint away as Mr. Wells walked down the street, kicking every third sap on off the curbstone?"
"Not a faint. Did a certain young lady fling herself down on the sofa and sob and sob and sob?"
"Not a sob. On the contrary, Miss Dora Thurston sat down at the piano and banged and crashed and banged, and then walked out to her mother and said she was ready to go to the mountains for a week, a month or a year. The subject had come up almost before she had been the one who hung back. Mr. Wells had been with the bank only a few months, and would not be entitled to a vacation this summer."
The matter was settled between mother and daughter in five minutes, and two days later they were away.

"No hero ever tolled harder."
The matter was settled between mother and daughter in five minutes, and two days later they were away. Any notice to the "bossy" young man as "X" her mark. And the servants were warned on pain of dismissal to do nothing to disturb the matter.

It was three evenings before the young banker strolled that way again. He did not look as if it could stand the rigors of lake water weather for a day, and yet neither storm nor cold succeeded in chilling his optimism or in abating its industry. The kittiwake golf does not look as if it could stand the rigors of lake water weather for a day, and yet neither storm nor cold succeeded in chilling its optimism or in abating its industry. The kittiwake golf does not look as if it could stand the rigors of lake water weather for a day, and yet neither storm nor cold succeeded in chilling its optimism or in abating its industry.

"Educating" the Child
Edith Wharton, the noted novelist, was talking in the saloon of La Provence to the spoiled children of multi-millionaires.
"They are spoiled even by their fathers," she said. "I know a little girl whose mother is a millionaire whose education proceeds every morning in this fashion:
"What state is this, Master Clarence?"
"Pennsylvania."
"Right! Quite right!" cries the tutor. "Only it happens to be inhabited by the spoiled children of multi-millionaires."
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Barrie's Mother Original of "Maggie Wylie."
Apropos of the revival of "What Every Woman Should Know," Mr. Barrie, in one of his few expansive moments, told Mr. Frohman that many of the happy days of his life were spent in the company of his mother. "I am glad," he said, "that I can be so happy as to tell me, Master Clarence, what Parmentier introduced?"
"The oyster," says the little boy.
"The oyster? Quite correct," cries the tutor. "The oyster of the poor—in other words, that is to say, the poor."

came he would melt, but not too hastily.
"Not at home," was the reply of the butler.
"But they must be."
"Sir, I went to the country three days ago."
"But they left a letter for me!"
"No, sir, and none of us know where they went."
Mr. Wells and his dignity and forgiveness turned away. If he looked "bossy" as he ascended the steps, it was some after a few weeks, and he descended. He first declared that he did not care a copper's malice—that he was actually glad of it; that he had had a narrow escape from marrying a girl with a dreadful temper—one who would have driven him mad some after a few weeks, and then he decided that he did care, but that he would be the boss or perch. The third decision was that he had made an id of himself and couldn't ask forgiveness any too soon. Give a donkey of a young man time enough and he will strike the right policy.
Mr. Wells wanted to know where to go for it? He had a pull at the bank and got four days off. He had a crisp ten-dollar bill for the butler, and the butler drove him to his mistress, just as she had figured that he would.

A grip was packed and the "bossy" young man hid him to a mountain resort. He hadn't planned that he would, but some one had planned for him. With a few minutes to spare he had a lead pencil and thirty minutes to figure in she was sure even of the train he would arrive on. And half an hour before the arrival of the train, Miss Dora Thurston took to the woods. In other words, dressed for a walk on the beach, she left the hotel and took a path leading up among the trees and boulders and outcrop.

Mr. Wells tried to arrive with his baggage, but it was rather a failure. He hurried up Mrs. Thurston and explained that he had been granted a few days off to cure his hay fever, and that he had arrived at the hotel the day before. He had been granted a few days off to cure his hay fever, and that he had arrived at the hotel the day before. He had been granted a few days off to cure his hay fever, and that he had arrived at the hotel the day before.

Miss Dora met a boy and she met a man, and she met two romantic girls, and she took pains that they should see her. She took pains that they should see her. She took pains that they should see her. She took pains that they should see her.

On came the coat and hat and went to the trunk. He had a trunk full of work like a dog discharging out a woodchuck. Help could have been had half a mile away, but he felt he could not stop. He had a trunk full of work like a dog discharging out a woodchuck. Help could have been had half a mile away, but he felt he could not stop.

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Something Just as Good.
Jockey—You want me to pull the horse—that right?
Owner—No, no! I want you to conduct him around the track with a reasonable restraint of pace—Puck.

Solution.
Stella—Why did Jonah stay three days in the whale?
"After a long and painful search to establish a residence for a divorce."

"Then they turn to literature."
"What can you tell me, Master Clarence, about Zola's works?"
"Excellent! Perfect!" declares the tutor. "The least said about Zola's works is the best!"
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