

Our Roseburg Birds In February

Great Variety of Feathered Folk Visit Hawthorne Tree and Bird Cafeteria of Noted Author—Rare Species Seen During the Month.

(By Louis Albert Banks)

I believe people like to read about the birds. I have been having multitudes of telephone calls and letters all month from the January article about my "Cafeteria for the Birds." You will note that in February we have had a hospital as well.

Our star boarders have been largely the same—Oregon towhees, Oregon juncos, Townsend fox sparrows, golden-crowned sparrows, rusty sparrows, Western Savannah sparrows, English sparrows, Nuttall sparrows, and California jays have never missed a meal all month.

Another bird, an Alaska hermit thrush, who showed up for the first time January thirty-first, has fed with us every day, and for the last week has been bringing a friend with him—one of his own tribe.

The chickadees, both Oregon and chestnut-backed variety, went away once and were gone nearly a week, but the big storm brought them back. I feared they had gone up into the tall fir timber of the mountains for the summer, but am glad to have them back, regular guests again.

Certainly the friendliest little gymnasts that ever stood on their heads under a swaying twig. They are so unafraid that one hopped on my rake handle the other day when I was hauling in an empty dish to refill it with food.

That large gymnast, the slender-billed nuthatch, has never missed any day in February.

The cedar waxwings have been with us only a few days this month; but the Bohemian waxwings, their larger and more beautiful cousins, have missed only a few days, and are still here.

The Oregon vesper sparrow, the red-shafted flicker, the Northern red-breasted sapsucker, the Lewis woodpecker, the Alaska robin or varied thrush as they are often called, are very erratic visitors calling now and then.

From letters from different parts of Oregon and California, and from as far away as Michigan, Minnesota, and Ohio, I am led to believe we have reason to be grateful for the large variety of our feathered visitors in winter.

An Ohio man who had seen a copy of the Roseburg News-Review which told the story of my January birds, took the trouble to write me a letter about it, in which he says: "I congratulate you on your knowledge of birds. I never knew there was a place in North America where so many varieties of birds spent the winter. They do not show up here in any such numbers. My, but they have been scarce this winter! When we

read about birds in the paper, we get enthusiastic because they have seemed such rare companions. Your article in the paper was like a breath of spring for that reason."

The California jay birds have furnished me much interest and pleasure during February. They have not missed our table a single day during the month. I can say "they" now. In January only one individual came to eat. But now I have three very regular visitors, and they sometimes come together to their meals. One morning the largest of these three saucy "Beau Brummels" was in a most hungry and provident mood. I sat by the window reading and kept tab on him, and in a little over two hours he counted twenty-one distinct trips he made into the hawthorne tree and onto the table. Luckily the table was well supplied that morning, for each time he ate heartily at the table and then flew away with a chunk of suet in his bill; sometimes with a piece as large as my thumb, carrying it off into the timber on the hill two or three hundred yards away. Every time he came back all the little birds flew away, returning cheerfully as he left. On one of his returns, a large flock of some forty or fifty Bohemian waxwings were scattered about over the tree, feeding on the red hawthorne berries, and he blew his warlike trumpet, the entire flock flew away and the gay bandit flew about, apparently shouting his victory before coming down to the table in front of my window.

One day a Bohemian waxwing was hurt—how, I do not know. In trying to alight in our hawthorne tree he fell to the ground and limped and fluttered about helplessly. I went down stairs and out to his relief. He flew feebly twenty or thirty feet and repeated it as I approached him several times. Finally he managed to fly onto the roof of my neighbor's house, next door on the south. He remained there, seemingly exhausted, for several hours, but toward evening managed to fly back to our tree and eat his supper of red berries. Though it was a rainy night, he sat hunched up there all night and was there at daylight the next morning.

Along about ten o'clock I noticed him come to life. He ate a few berries and then flew down to the bird fountain under the tree, drank and took a good splashy bath and then got back to a low branch from which, by short flights, he climbed to the top part of the tree and took new interest in preening himself. All night again he remained alone in the tree. The next day another waxwing took pity on him, and stayed near him several hours,

and that night he flew perhaps forty feet across to a large myrtle tree that gave more protection from the rain, but he came back at daylight for breakfast. He was a full week recovering, but got well and finally flew off with the flock, apparently as good as new. We were very glad to furnish him just the food he needed, with drink and bath so near at hand.

The robins came to eat heartily every day in February until the big storm brought the angleworms oozing out of the ground in such quantities that they so gorged themselves with fresh meat that they scorned all manner of suet though they still visited the tree.

On February fifteenth the desert sparrow hawk, who makes his nest every year in a woodpecker's deserted house in an old dead oak tree, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards from my study window, made his first appearance for this year. He probably spent Christmas as far south as Southern Mexico or Guatemala, but he has learned by experience that it is comfortable to be in Roseburg when the leaves come out, and the flowers bloom, and so comes back every year about this time. My, but he is a beauty!—with his slateblue head with its red spot in his crown, with body of blue and black, and a tail of dull red with white tip and black band. He is the handsomest specimen of the falcon tribe. He is a handsome fellow. When Job was writing in his part of the Bible about the bird with the keenest eye he could think of, he tells of a path so secret "that no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it."

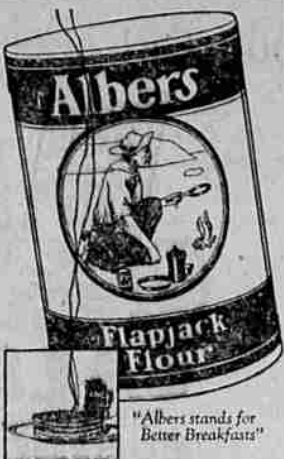
The farmers ought to love this gaily-clad hawk for he eats more grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, caterpillars, and other of their insect enemies than any other bird. My old friend, William T. Horn, who made Bronx Park, New York, the great show place of the wild things, said: "This little hawk deserves to rank with birds most beneficial to man."

I saw my first meadow lark for the year February twenty-first. In mating time they so regale us with their delicious music that we call our home Meadow Lark Manor, but I had seen none this year until about nine o'clock in the morning following a great rain storm. A handsome fellow tipped on the topmost branch of an apple tree and shouted aloud in the face of the sun, "A beautiful morning!" It was good to see him again and to hear his voice of liquid melody.

Beauty Studio. Special marcel 75c; bob curl 50c; shampoo 50c and 75c.

Early hatched pullets that have gone through a molt before the breeding season are suitable for breeding purposes.

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Albers stands for Better Breakfasts

Flapjacks and syrup! What a sunny start for the day! And there's one thing sure about Flapjacks—they're always tender, never soggy; always light and easy-to-eat! At your grocer's—in the handy round carton with the replaceable lid!

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BROTHERS FIGHT DUEL WITH CANES OVER ONE'S WIFE

Colonel Carrington Victor
Over New York Lawyer
in Preliminary To
Legal Setto

(Associated Press Local Wire.)

NEW YORK, March 1.—A midnight duel with canes between two wealthy brothers came to light today when Colonel Edward Carrington, aged 55, of Chicago, was arrested charged with assaulting Campbell Carrington, aged 52, a New York lawyer, whom he named in a million dollar suit alleging alienation of his wife's affections.

The New York brother is in Polytechnic hospital suffering from bruises and lacerations of the face. The Chicago brother faces arraignment in West Side court later in the day.

Colonel Carrington, who weighs around 200 pounds, told newspaper men after his arrest, that he came to New York to get evidence in his suit against his wife for absolute divorce and also for an alienation action.

Accompanied by two detectives and his lawyer, James McManus, the colonel said he went to his wife's house in West 74th street and watched outside the door. After a time, his brother emerged from the house. The colonel said his brother asked: "Are you looking for me?"

"And, gentlemen," Colonel Carrington continued, "his manner was most insulting. And this from a man I have named as co-respondent and who will be on the witness stand on April 1 in Chicago court when my case comes to trial."

Colonel Carrington said his brother rushed at him and swung his cane. "I swung mine," said the colonel. "We were almost exchanging sword thrusts. I evaded his blows. In a moment he was disarmed but, in doing so, and even before that, my cane had come very smartly in contact with his face."

"I'm on my feet," he declared. "My brother's in the hospital. That, gentlemen, may indicate who won the conflict."

Mrs. Carrington, the colonel's wife, declined to see newspapermen, but over the telephone she said she did not know that her husband had been arrested or that Campbell Carrington was in a hospital. "I am not very well," she said, "and I don't care to discuss the case until I see my lawyers."

Leaving for Medford—Mrs. Winogene Shelley and aunt Mrs. M. D. Wight, and Miss A. Naylor leave today for Medford.



THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS OF NEWSPAPER PROGRESS

Eighty-three years ago, men who scoffed at the telegraph hung a pair of boots on the wires that had been strung from Baltimore to Washington.

"If this lunatic Morse can send words on that contraption," they said, "maybe he can send these boots to Washington too."

Laughing, they waited and watched the boots that did not move. Little did they dream that even then the words, "What hath God wrought?" were flowing through those tiny strands of copper—flowing with the speed of light.

The world acclaimed Samuel Morse and turned its derision on scoffers like those who had hung a pair of boots upon his wires, but little did it dream that some day the winged feet of progress would carry something far more wonderful than a pair of boots along such metal threads.

Perfect pictures now are sent by wire from coast to coast. Telephoto, this new development that brings timely graphic news to The News-Review, is the product of the genius of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company engineers. These pictures are dispatched to The News-Review by NEA Service, world's largest news picture and feature organization.

Suppose, for example, there is a great disaster in Maine. NEA photographers take pictures of it and rush them to the nearest telephoto laboratory. A film is placed upon a transparent cylinder which begins to revolve much as did the old-fashioned phonograph record. But in this case the needle that rests upon it is a tiny beam of intense light, only one ten-thousandth of a square inch in size.

Swiftly revolves the cylinder that bears the film. Over every part of its surface goes that bright needle-point, which penetrates the film and strikes a delicate photo-electric cell that is responsive to light. Any photograph is, of course, composed of varying patches of light and shadow. When the beam strikes a light place on the film, it passes uninterrupted to the cell beneath. A shadow lets through only a little light; black stops it entirely.

The cell releases an electrical impulse that is exactly proportional in strength to the power of the light that has come through the film. Out over the wires go these impulses, traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second.

At each receiving station the electric waves operate a delicate valve. This releases varying amounts of light upon a blank film which revolves in perfect synchronization with the sending apparatus. Thus is made the picture which is as perfect as the original.

The ruins in that distant city still may be smoldering when you pick up your News-Review and there find thrilling pictures of the disaster.

Not by wire transmission alone does The News-Review secure picture beats on the world's news. Radio pictures of the British strike were sent and distributed by NEA Service.

In distribution of its graphic news, NEA Service spares no effort, no expense. Airplanes, special trains, motorcycle couriers bring it to The News-Review and you with the greatest speed that man has made possible.

There is no way to predict the strides that are yet to be taken by the seven-league boots of newspaper progress. However, you always may be sure that, through NEA Service and Telephoto transmission, you will find the FIRST pictures of important news events in



A Telephoto transmitting machine.

Too Weak to hold a broom

Are you suffering from run-down health—backaches—dizziness—exhaustion—headaches—loss of appetite—indigestion—constipation? Don't go on suffering when perhaps all you need is a good general tonic. In Lyko you get just the right formula to tone up the whole system. One of the medicinal ingredients in Lyko aids digestion; another keeps the bowels open; another acts on the kidneys; another corrects a torpid liver; another claims Lyko is the most wonderful general tonic they have ever used. They prove that you, too, can get back your old-time vim and vigor. Why not get a bottle of Lyko from your druggist today and let it help you regain the health and happiness that make life a joy?

Lyko Helped His Wife
An Oklahoma man, Mr. Gallion, tells about the help Lyko gave his wife after other remedies had failed. His letter says: "The wonderful relief Lyko has given my wife she has been taking all kinds of medicine which did no good. I saw Lyko advertised and got it and it is doing her lots of good."

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OUT OUR WAY



By Williams



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Washing, greasing, engine cleaning, tire and tube repairing and storage.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
DOUGLAS COUNTY