

BULL PUP THAT COST GOLD WATCH

Davenport's Boyhood Experience in Portland—His Collection of Birds.

A GOOD many years ago Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist, went to school in Portland and boarded with a well-known East Side family, as his parents lived at Silverton. Homer was not so much interested in books as he was in dogs. His personal appearance was not much trouble to him either, and consequently when his father sent him as a birthday gift a beautiful gold watch and chain he cared so little for the present that he traded it for two bull pups.

He kept the pups only a short time, for one day when he was down town with the dogs he met some one who had a generally disreputable bull pup which had been in a fight the day before, and the desirability of possessing this animal appealed to Homer so strongly that he promptly traded both his pups for the wounded dog.

The new pup was in quite a distressing state as the result of the fight; his ears were ragged and torn, one of his eyes was almost put out and he was so lame as to be hardly able to walk. However, his new owner proudly brought him home, bandaged his wounds in quite a scientific manner and insisted to his scandalous friends that the bull pup was quite worth, and more than worth, the two other dogs he had paid for it.

The next morning, while Homer was still asleep, another member of the household went out in the backyard and discovered the dog stiff and dead. A messenger was sent immediately to break the news to Homer.

"Come down stairs and bury your father's watch and chain," said the bearer of evil tidings.

Homer was so disgusted that morning that he didn't want anything more to do with Portland life, or Portland dogs, or Portland people.

"Pa's going to give me a farm," he announced, "I'm going to get married and settle down."

"Better not, Homer," advised one of his friends, "you'll trade your farm to the first man who comes along with a couple of bull pups, or your wife for one." And Homer refused to speak to that particular person for a week.

Homer's Boyhood Dream.

During Homer Davenport's Oregon boyhood days were not his only hobby—he was equally fond of horses, and his dream of some day possessing a stableful of blooded horses and a farm stocked with the finest of fancy poultry has since come true, in as splendid a way as he could have wished in the days when he was decorating Silverton barns and fences with his animal sketches.

In the poultry line pheasants are his particular fancy and he has at his urban place in New Jersey a collection larger than is exhibited at any zoological garden in the world. An article on how to start a collection of pheasants was written by Mr. Davenport for a recent number of "Country Life in America," and in this he modestly disclaims any pride in his vast assortment of these birds.

"When I had a dozen these varities I did feel proud of them," he says, "but now that I have turned what might have been a quiet, peaceful farm into a great cawing, whistling, pecking and I am embarrassed, rather than proud."

But there is evidently no doubt in Mr. Davenport's mind that the pheasant hobby is worth while. He tells how to begin a collection with a pair which may be secured for \$12, and in closing his story he says that the most fascinating thing in the world is the study of pheasants, mind, not merely that it seems so to him, but is so positively.

His Greatest Treasure.

The most treasured bird in the Davenport yards is what Mr. Davenport calls the "great Argus." The most valuable and difficult to capture of any of the pheasants. It is a native of Borneo, the Javan peninsula and the Himalayas Mountains, where the natives trap it for the wonderfully beautiful plumage which only a modern rifle could reach it, the Argus is so shy, even if, as Mr. Davenport says, a sportsman could be found cruel enough to shoot it, and there is no record of one of these having been shot. When full grown the male bird is about seven feet long.

"There is no beauty in his plumage," says Mr. Davenport, "until he spreads his wings, then you forget where and who you are."

"He lives the life of a bachelor, a mod-



HOMER DAVENPORT'S BULL PUP THAT COST HIM A GOLD WATCH.

ern bachelor. He fans a spot on the level earth with his wings some ten or 12 feet square, near his bachelor quarters. Here he comes frequently, except when molting, and displays his enormous wings, like a butterfly or a skirt dancer, by erecting his wings over past his head where the peculiar Argus eyes are revealed in a diagonal position, at which they show off to the best effect.

"His marriage is a sort of a contract affair and shortly after courtship the hen leaves him alone while she strays away and rears her young."

Barks Like a Dog.
"All that the natives of Borneo know of his habits is that he barks like a dog, and keeps out of their sight. Something wakes them Summer nights by whistling loud and coarsely, but they think it's a dog."

"I have spent more time studying my Argus pheasant than any other single variety. I find that he has fooled the dogs and that they answer his bark. When he spreads his wings he carefully hides his head under the right wing, and sometimes peeps out between the third or fourth flight feathers while so displaying these wings."

"But the most romantic pleasure he affords, besides gathering the wing feathers, which he drops in the autumn, is his call-like whistle, during the quietest hours of the night. For instance last Summer I was awakened by this loud, harsh whistle. I looked at the clock and it was 1 o'clock. The whistle so startled me that I forgot to count the small notes. He seems to climb a scale and at the top he inverts the notes and descends until he reaches the bottom note, which is so harsh and shrill that on hearing it at 2 in the morning you are apt to have goose-flesh on the calves of your legs."

"The next night at the first note I awoke

perfectly calm and in possession of my wits. I counted in all 22 notes 11 up and 11 down the scale. The bird at the time was roosting nearly a quarter of a mile from where I was, so you can imagine the power of this whistle, and I never heard such echoes as came from the mountain near the valley. I do not think he missed a night for most of the Summer."

"It would be fatal to leave this marvellous pheasant out of the house for an hour on a Winter night. His long, soft feathers offer so resistance to the wind and he would die of pneumonia within 24 hours."

"They are the only members of the pheasant family of which the male is not armed with spurs, but when you consider his delicate-winged plumage you can readily see why the Creator has neglected his fighting utensils."

Mrs. Davenport's Argus Feather.

Mrs. Homer Davenport is the only woman in America who can go into her poultry yard and pick up the feather of an Argus, of which there are only two specimens in captivity in the United States, or in the world, since the pair in the London Zoological Gardens died recently.

It goes without saying that the exquisite Argus plumage, with its quiet brown and gold and cream feather stud, with a line of jewel eyes, is almost priceless as a millinery material.

Mrs. Davenport's friends have been greatly entertained by a story of an adventure she had when wearing a toque trimmed with one of these valuable feathers.

It was in a New York millinery establishment, where the proprietor, her entire corps of assistants and all the wares were distinctly Parisian, and where

it took more than an ordinary hat or bonnet to attract attention.

Mrs. Davenport was quietly examining the Madame's hats when she overheard a conversation regarding her own. "C'est Madame a la plume d'un Argus dans son chapeau," said one of the saleswomen to Madame, the proprietor, who, in her turn, gave the smart little toque a quick, sharp glance.

"Non, vous entendez mal, il n'est pas le vrai, mais il est un tres bon imitation."

Mrs. Davenport wheeled about, smiling. "You are talking of my hat?" she said. "I beg your pardon, but the feather is a genuine Argus plume."

"Et est ce very, madame?" stammered the Frenchwoman, who had not supposed the American understood, "and so very valuable. May I ask where ze feather was obtained?"

"I picked it up in my yard in East Orange," answered Mrs. Davenport, never dreaming of the effect this statement was to have.

The milliner's eyes widened in amazement, but she said nothing, evidently taking her customer for an insane person. While Mrs. Davenport remained in the shop her presence was ignored. No one asked her what she would like to see, or came near her.

What good would it have done to try to explain that her husband was one of the best-known fencers in New York of horses and birds of all sorts, and that he had sent a man to the Himalayas to get the Argus pheasant, and had obtained them at an expense of \$3000?

Mrs. Davenport gathered up her train and left the shop, and as she went out she said to herself: "Ze poor madame, she es crazy about hats and fowls."

MITA BELL.

TALES OF THE STREET AND TOWN

"YES," said the pink-cheeked school-marm, "you'd be surprised at the array of family skeletons trotted out for the teacher's inspection by the pupils of every primary school. All the trials and tribulations of a family are related to the teacher, sometimes in a most embarrassing fashion. For instance, the reading lesson the other day was about somebody's pet dog, and how much its master loved it. Little Willie Smith was moved to say:

"We got a dog to our house—it's got mange awful, papa wanted to kill it, but mamma said she'd get a divorce if he'd be such a cruel brute, then papa he killed the dog and mamma she throwed the sugar bowl and went and had hysterics and the doctor came and—"

"I shut him off at that point, but Willie routed me a moment afterward by saying: 'Oh, teacher, your cheeks is just like my mamma's. D'you rub red stuff on every day, too?'"

"SHOCK-YER-JAW-WEAH clubs and all that sort of thing are very fine," said the red-headed tourist, "but this year glamor of romance surrounding the be-blanked, be-painted and be-feathered red man gets despised like hilltop mist on a sunny Summer morning when you get in contact with the real thing. I'd always been on the lookout for the noble Indian of painting and story, but I never saw one that quite filled my idea until the other day, when the train stopped at a little station up the O. R. & N. line. Under a picturesque shelter of blackberries in view of my car window sat a rather comely young squaw, evidently approaching maturity. She was sewing beads on some sort of curio, and looked quite savagely domestic. I was looking at her, a tall, splendid-looking Umatilla, 'noble red man,' every inch of him, barbaric splendor in his whole get-up. He approached me squaw with that peculiar air which indicates proprietorship.

"Here's a savage lady," said I, and got out my camera for a snap-shot. The buck addressed some request to his lady. The latter shook her head sulkily, whereupon the noble one drew back his right foot and kicked her vigorously twice. Thereupon the woman reached her hand into a small bag, drew out a silver dollar and handed it to her lord. He accepted it with a grunt and, turning, strode away toward a saloon.

"Too bad," I remarked to a gray-haired man in the opposite seat. "Too bad that civilization has made such a degenerate of the Indian."

"Degenerate nothin'," replied the old man disgustedly. "I seen 'em 40 years ago, before they hardly knew the whites, and they were just as tender and chivalrous then as that chap is today. Don't you waste any tears over the degeneracy of

the red man, pardner; he never was anything but a brutal, lazy, brave, treacherous, cruel, swell-headed savage."

AMONG the bitter-sweet and bitter-sour experiences of life may be counted one's return, after an absence of, say, a decade at least, to old haunts and acquaintances of whom one has heard nothing in the interim. Frederick Spielhagen, the German novelist, must have realized this when he wrote "The Circle of the Years," and later a sequel, showing the effect wrought by time and circumstance on the same characters.

My first impression of X I shall never forget. I chanced to be in the office of a certain company in the building some 15 years ago, when a bearded, businesslike young man burst in with:

"When are you going to settle that bill?"

His manner was so determined and the remarks he proceeded to make so emphatic that the manager paid the bill on the spot, the only bill I ever heard that the (now defunct) company ever paid. Later I became well acquainted with X. He was interesting as an example of fine character, youth, indomitable, rugged, ambitious, determined to succeed. Just graduated from the Columbia Law School, he had come to the chief city of his state, but his little all into a year's lease of a front office of the best business building in the city. He had carefully cultivated the compressed lips and frowning brow, and he maintained a silk hat and frock coat. It was clear from what he told me that older lawyers had been interested by his earnestness, his determination, his businesslike demeanor, evidently fine character and devotion to his profession, and some work was being thrown his way from time to time. Clearly he saw the glimmering of success on the horizon of his ambition. To crown all, a magnificent girl, highly educated, beautiful and of a fine family, had promised to become his wife. He was a trifle troubled because her people had requested a year's delay before the marriage, but then a year would soon

pass. Cheerful and optimistic, he told me that everything with him was "all right."

A few days since, after an absence of ten years, I visited that city again, and betwixt me of X. I found him in the same building, but in a rather small and dingy inside room. The diploma still hung high, but aside from a plain desk and office chair (with a rocker for clients) the place was quite barren. A middle-aged and rather shabby man greeted me, his shoulders white with dandruff and fringes hanging on his trousers-leg bottoms. It was X, with his upper lip shaven and beard full-grown. He was very busy, as usual, with legal papers, which I later learned related to the prosecution of a case for the collection of a small debt.

"I expected to find you Governor of the state by this time," I said.

"I haven't heard that you have become a J. P. Morgan yourself," he replied. Then we exchanged stories.

"Did you marry that wonderful girl?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he returned, carelessly. "I got her, and I'm the father of three children."

He hesitated a moment, then suddenly burst out with something of his old frankness:

"Well, I don't know exactly why I haven't made good; sometimes I think I was handicapped and almost ruined by that love affair. A young lawyer's got no business to be bothered by love like I was when you last saw me. The girl kept me dancing on the griddle of uncertainty for four years, so that I was unfit for business, and then completed the damage by marrying me."

"He paused a moment, then added rather bitterly:

"Fate played me a scummy trick. When I first knew that girl she weighed 140, and was a dream of beauty. When she returned here finally to marry me she had faded, in the four years, to a very thin, peevish and sticky woman. My children are unhealthy and peevish too, my home is less pleasant than this office chair, and—well, I don't think I shall ever make good now."

would often do for the pale one, whereupon the waggish person would laugh uproariously.

As the vessel steamed into San Francisco Bay all the passengers crowded forward, among them the funny map, more ludicrous than ever.

"I wasn't sick a minute," he explained loudly. "I never get sick; it would do me good if I did, I think. Wish I could get sick some time."

"Say, Mister," interrupted a white-haired old chap, "you don't wish that half so much as we do. If you could get sick and stay that way till you'd thrown yourself into the sea, but I don't wonder that you can't. You see, you're an empty vessel, my friend, empty as the cradle when baby's gone."

THE patrons of the Marquon who sat in the first balcony Thursday night to hear Florence Roberts' production of "Sapho" got two shows for their money, for this balcony had a Sapho of its own present who made things lively for a time. An apparently loving couple occupied two aisle seats about half way up, and between acts he bent over the lady in an attitude most jocular, while she beamed at him most Sapho-like. But there are cases where love is not blind, and my lady had a sudden hunch. She saw her huge lord's eyes wander past her and down toward a front row seat around to the side. It took her not more than half a second to "spot" the charmer, who wore a red gown and was returning Alphonse's wireless messages, and quick as a wink she landed him a knock-out blow in the face with the back of her hand. The report of the blow was audible all over the balcony, and for the time being Miss Roberts was not in it. The Portland Sapho claiming all attention. She gave the offender a good haranguing, and she didn't whisper it either. The errant knave employed many masculine wiles to quiet her wrath, but she kept breaking out in new spots and giving her opinion of him all through the next act. He finally succeeded in persuading her to leave with him before the play was over, and the balcony once more turned its attention to the stage.

Division of Idaho Discredited.
Boise News.

The rapid growth and development of Idaho means that within three or five years, anyway, several lines of new railroads will traverse the state, binding together the now widely separated sections of the state, thus removing all desire or cause for separation. When that time comes pride in a united state, with resources and industries more varied than any other commonwealth of the West, will outweigh all trivial local animosities, and all will rejoice in the fact that the state division movement was allowed to die a-borning, as it most certainly will.

The cure of medicine makes are the proofs of its merit and Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the most.

Irresistible Laws

The one question asked by every person who makes his first trip over the high plateau between the rivers is: "Why was not Portland built here in the first place?" Here is the natural location for the city. This high level plateau skirted by two rivers navigable to the ocean-going vessels of the world is the natural location for the ships to exchange cargoes with the railroads from the vast interior. The mighty avalanche moves down the mountain side with irresistible force into the ocean. Why? Because the laws of nature ordained it so. In obedience to the same nature the city of Portland is moving to this high plateau. It is not within the power of man to stop it. Look at the mills, factories and wholesale houses gathering along the four miles of deep water-front tributary to University Park.

Cities Build Down Stream

All cities on navigable rivers start at the highest point up stream that it is possible for deep-sea vessels to go, then its future growth must necessarily be down stream. There is no exception to this rule. Portland's big growth is down stream. Portland will have 250,000 population in 10 years. Of this at least 50,000 will be on the high plateau between the rivers. The increasing Oriental trade will make an increasing demand for our business property. The Celilo Canal will emphasize the importance of our location.

We Are Not Quitters

Other real estate dealers close out their lots at the earliest possible date, pocket their profits and leave the purchaser to hold the bag. We reserve from sale each alternate block which we expect to bring us enormous prices in a few years from now. Therefore, for years to come, you will find us still working for the upbuilding of values at University Park. While the values of our reserve blocks are growing the values of your lots in the next block must also be increasing. Such advantages should not be overlooked by small investors.

University Park

University Park occupies the best portion of that high plateau between the rivers. It has four miles of deep water front tributary to it. It is the seat of the Columbia University. It is the high-toned residence suburb of Portland. It is the home of culture and refinement. Its building restriction keeps out the shanties, its liquor restriction extends no welcome to the immoral. It is the ideal place in which to bring up a family. It has Portland city schools, Portland city water, electric street lights, one street-car line, and the certainty of a second street-car line, churches of every leading denomination, many elegant residences, the grandest scenery on earth; in fact, everything that helps to make life pleasant. It is not outside wildest property because it now has everything that goes to make a great city except places of immorality and degradation. It is the only property convenient to the Lewis and Clark Fair grounds that can be purchased at a moderate price. It will be an ideal place to tent during the Fair.

Fifty Dollars Per Lot

Until February 1 we will offer lots at the amazingly low price of \$50 and upward, according to size and location. We will venture the prophecy that lots at University Park will sell for \$50 per front-foot inside of ten years. We must sell part of our lots to permit improvements to go forward. The advance in the value of our reserve block will bring us big profits, therefore we can afford to sell the other lots so cheap.

Terms

Our terms are one-tenth cash down, balance \$5 per month on each lot; no interest if you pay all payments on or before due; no taxes; warranty deed and abstract. We are sole agents for University Land Co. and University Park. G. H. Van Houten and A. W. Bagley are my only authorized salesmen.

Francis I. McKenna

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