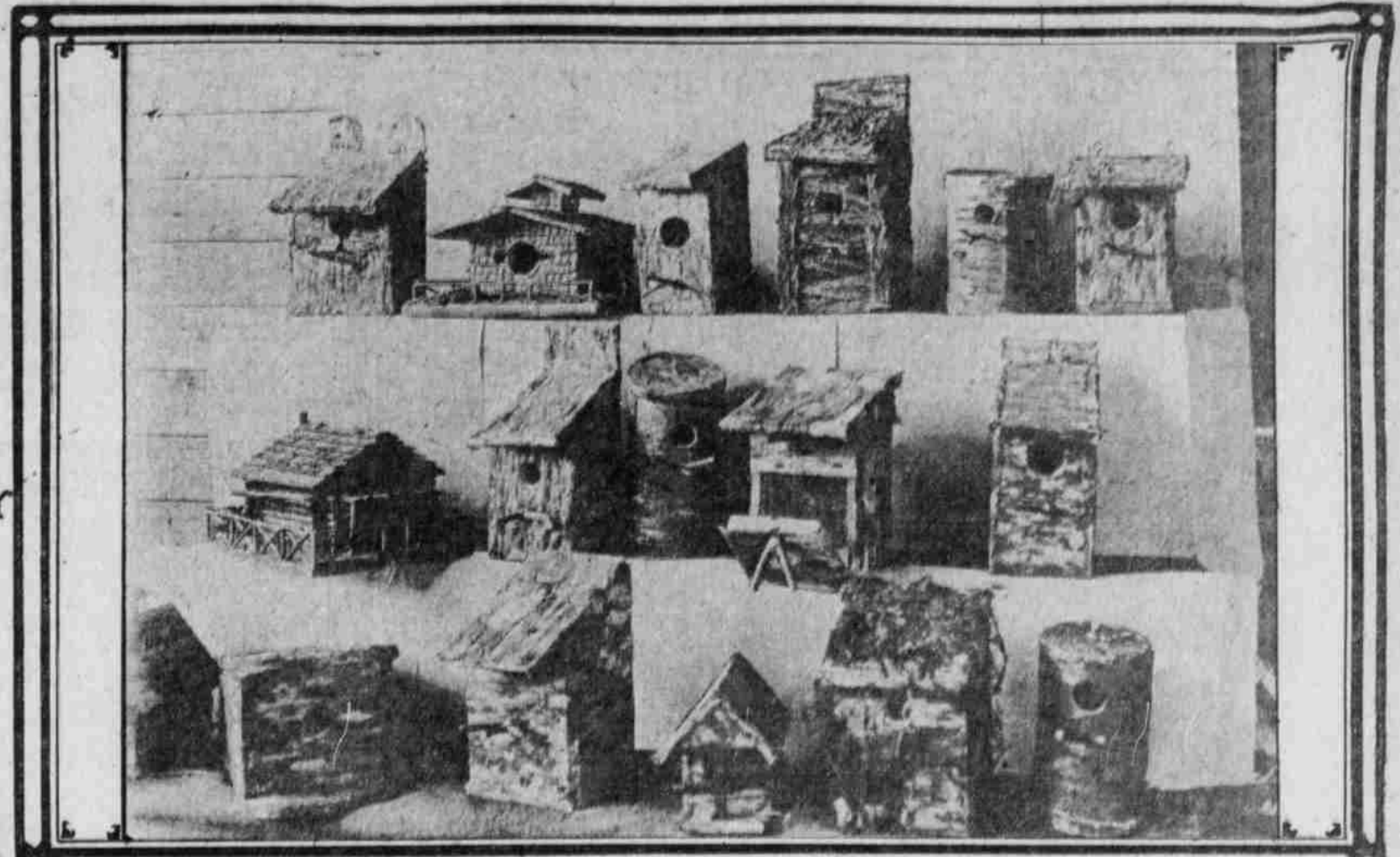


BUILD HOUSES; RENT THEM FOR A SONG

WILLIAM L. FINLEY
OFFERS TIMELY
COUNSEL
TO
OREGON
BOYS AND
GIRLS



TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF DESIGN FROM THESE



MAKING A BIRD HOUSE



WOODPECKER'S OLD HOLE FOR A WREN'S HOME



MOSS COVERED BIRD-BOX IN A TREE

THE WILLIAM L. FINLEY

NOW that winter has passed and signs of the recent financial panic are disappearing, things are looking brighter. The birds are returning and there is an increasing demand for houses. Thousands of swallows have arrived lately, bluebirds are plentiful, and wrens are getting edgier over this house-hunting business. The other day I saw six swallows arguing about the lease on a house in my back yard. In the city it is a problem with our native birds when several hundred thousand English sparrows stay all winter and locate all the claims in advance. If we do not kick these imported foreigners out, they will soon oust our native songsters, and our population will be composed of nothing but feathered riffraff.

Is there a boy or girl who would not be wealthy for the asking? Be a landlord! Own a house and rent it. Or several! Tenants are abundant, and the rental is not to be scorned by any child even if he does let his house for a song. If one lives in the country as I do, he can have larger holdings, but no matter if he dwells right in the midst of the city where property has a value of hundreds of dollars a front foot, he can own a house and have tenants.

Before I moved to the country, I owned a birdhouse that sheltered a family of bluebirds, on the roof of our home above the city street. I got more real rental out of it than any bird property I have ever owned. I was on hand most

of the time to collect rent. I soon made an important and interesting discovery. It may not be an entirely new one, but I have never known of it or seen it recorded. The father and mother bluebird had reared one family of children and the mother was on her second setting of eggs. When the second brood had hatched, the older children were full grown and were able to care for themselves. The parents had to give all their time to hunting food for the younger brood. The birds of the first brood, although only a few weeks older than the ones in the nest and although they had no previous experience in caring for babies, followed their parents about, hunting worms and helping them feed and raise the new family.

By close observation, any boy or girl can make new discoveries in ornithology. The real books on bird life have not yet been written. We have volumes and volumes of scientific manuals on bird classification, structure and variation in plumage. How much have we on real live bird character? Handbooks of birds like city directories, are valuable and necessary, but suppose we had ornithological handbooks and manuals of the human race. How much real knowledge of mankind do you think we would possess?

In making a bird house one should keep in mind the size and the location, from the point of view of the bird tenant that is to occupy it. If one wishes to keep out English sparrows, the doorway must be placed six or eight feet from the ground. For English does not like a house that can be reached from a chair. For a house wren or swallow, the doorway need not be larger than the size of a half dollar, or about an inch and a quarter in diameter. For a bluebird, one should have the door a little larger, perhaps an inch and a half or two inches in diameter.

A little study will show that birds differ somewhat from people, and architectural the same rule will not apply for both. The feathered tribe, as a rule, has little use for bird hotels, that is, houses with a variety of compartments. Any-

thing but a crowded apartment house for a bird! Of all things, he dislikes a big brightly room with a lot of windows, or doors at both ends.

Some people, like one of my neighbors, prefer a showy white house built upon a hill. Another friend has a neat little house built among the firs, but it has such a variety of colored paints that it does not fit the environment. In fact, most of us have our thoughts turned in such a variety of channels that we have gone beyond the simple and more artistic.

This bird never does. His home is always a part of his surroundings. If you want to make a bird house, make it out of old weathered boards, or better still, sections of tree trunks with the natural bark on the outside. The best bird house is one that is drilled out of the dead limb by the bird itself. It is always dry when the weather is wet. It has the advantage of being protected from bird-hunting animals. Formerly, I made my bird houses out of old boxes, but now, when I want a new one to rent I take a saw and hunt among the maples and alders until I find a mansion that has been drilled out the previous year by a woodpecker or chickadee. The limb is always dead and can be cut off and carried home easily and erected in a new and advantageous position.

A long, deep bird house with the doorway near the top is best for bluebirds, swallows and wrens. The floor should be six or eight inches, or even more, from the entrance. The bird tenant would rather go down into its nest than through a horizontal hallway. This arrangement is good, for it gives young birds plenty of room for climbing and stretching. They do not climb out and leave home before they are well grown and able to fly, and so are not liable to fall a prey to stray cats.

There is one great objection to the erection of bird houses about the yard when they are placed near the ground. The racket of innumerable bird homes, the most detestable enemy of our common songsters, is the domestic cat. Most of our bird homes should have the protection of a wire netting guard. On an average every cat you see is responsible for the death of 50 song birds each year. By

actual count one cat destroyed six bird nests in a single day. We house dogs and cats to hold these animals somewhat in check. Our laws fine a man for killing our song bird. In the meantime we allow worthless cats to be without restraint and destroy as many songsters as they wish. I should never think of giving my house or sow the freedom of my garden than allow a vagabond cat on my premises. Of course, much can be done in the way of training cats to let birds alone. Every owner of a cat should in duty bound see that it is provided with other food than young robins, song sparrows, wrens and thrushes. Many cats are not maintained about farms to keep mice and other rodents in check, but the cat in turn does as much or more harm than good. Rodents can be dealt with much more effectively by the intelligent use of poisons and traps.

DIGGING NATURE'S FREIGHT LINES

Waterways Linking Pittsburg, Chicago, Minneapolis and Sioux City to the Gulf of Mexico.

THIS movement for the improvement of the Mississippi, this rebirth of water transportation in the valley, has come about through a long agitation, slowly, and then at the end suddenly, with a tremendous rush. Twenty years ago any one who publicly advocated the development of a 14-foot channel in the lower Mississippi was set aside as an fanatic. Ten years ago one was considered a dreamer. Five years ago he was an idealist. Today he must hasten his steps to keep abreast of the times.

Twenty years ago the most important thing about the rivers and harbors was the number of congressional districts into which it divided the spots. Ten years ago the members of Congress had begun to question this way of doing business. Today there is a tendency to concentrate the whole bill, or the major part of it, upon one desirable project each year and to carry the project through.

The Mississippi River commission, which has charge of the stream below Cairo, tried many expedients, some of them of its own devising, some copied and enlarged from foreign works. Out of them all has been developed a special type of revetment, or bank protection, consisting of mattresses of willow brush, woven with galvanized wire cables, and sunk against the bank where the current strikes it, by a facing of rubble stones. By this means the engineers are able to hold the Mississippi rigidly in its channel, for the current is thus prevented from eroding the bank, which is the first step in shifting. And by holding the current in a fixed channel, the same revetment, aided by narrowing dikes from the opposite shore, makes the river scour the channel deep and clear in its fixed position. No simpler and yet so more effectively successful apparatus has ever been devised.

For many years the engineers have been "getting wise." But the process has gone on almost unnoticed by the Westerners. At last, however, some one discovered what was doing. It was the fashion that, as it had long been, to call these rivers at the same time "dead" and "uncontrol-

able." All of a sudden some one discovered that they were really very much alive and very easily controllable. He was a wise person, and having decided what to do, he set to work. He found a phrase to fit it. A catchy phrase is a fine weapon. This one caught the taste of the people and spread like "Sweet Alice, Hen Boat" up and down the Mississippi and in every remotest tributary, till the whole valley was repeating it. It was simply this:

"Fourteen feet through the valley!"

That was all. But there is a great deal of meaning packed into those few words. They mean an end to having a six-foot channel here, a three-foot one there, and a 10-foot channel farther on, to the fretting away of thousands on this back-water and that slough; to letting Tom, Dick and Harry among the young lieutenants survey out the rivers and declare what channels can be made in them. Instead, the people themselves, merchants, farmers, teachers, lawyers, all have arisen together and have demanded one thing: a 14-foot channel through the valley.

They mean—these five words—that this channel is to be built at once, and that all other river improvements are to be secondary to it. They do not mean that we are to neglect nor abandon the Ohio nor the upper Mississippi nor the Missouri, but that we see now that some of these will gain its true value until there is a big main trunk line through the valley. Afterward, we will make a channel nine feet deep and perhaps 14-up the Ohio to Pittsburg. We will make a six-foot channel in the upper Mississippi, down which St. Paul and Minneapolis can ship their millions of barrels of export flour; up which they and the Northern railroads can draw their coal. On the Missouri we shall have six feet to Sioux City, and a good channel 14-up the deluge of Dakota wheat which now stops all other traffic on the railways, will flow this way, and in flowing down will be counterbalanced by up-bound flows of coal sent in such quantity and so easily that the Northwest will never again go cold for lack of it.

In all the history of the Mississippi no President of the United States had ever traveled on it. Abraham Lincoln crossed

WOMAN'S BEAUTY LESS THAN MAN'S

Masculine Neglect of Natural Advantages the Cause of Present Inferiority.

M. WENDLAND, one of the greatest authorities in Germany on aesthetics and the laws of beauty, has written a learned treatise to prove that nature has endowed men with far more beauty than women, and that there is not a feature in a man's face or a limb in his body that is not superior to the corresponding feature or limb in a woman. The book is attracting the widest attention.

"We are accustomed to speak of the beautiful sex," he says. "We are also used to smile and speak scornfully of a man who is praised for his beauty. But this does not alter the facts. When I speak of a beautiful man I do not mean a dandy out of a tailor's journal or a drawing-room lion in uniform. But this sneering tone adopted whenever manly beauty is spoken of is a direct consequence of the decay of this masculine beauty.

"Go where you will, you will see weakly young men with the demeanor of old men—crooked backs with other monstrousities, with flabby faces and huge abdomens. They are disgusting specimens of their kind, but it must be admitted that they are degenerate and in no sense real human types.

"In the course of the ages women have developed their beauty, such as it is, while man has neglected his. He pays little attention to his most beautiful appendage, his beard; to his proud, strong neck and shoulders. He has even come to believe that the narrow shoulders, long body and short legs of women are more beautiful.

"How are men to regain what they have lost? If a man lives an orderly life he will regain his beauty; if he is vicious he will speedily grow ugly. The characteristic ugliness of most men is simply a phenomenon which is the consequence of a pathological process. A face may be unsympathetic and repellent, but if it shows perfect health it can never be absolutely ugly. The intelligent, healthy boy is never ugly, even when he has irregular features. It is only in adolescence that his features assume these ugly outlines which are afterward developed in manhood.

"A man loses his modesty earlier than a woman. With his innocence he forfeits his beauty. Here the ways of men and women part, with the results that we see.

"What influences the body influences the face. It is not sickness alone that gives the features their particular impress. The slightest self-indulgence, evil habits, extremes of eating or drinking, any excess, no matter how slight, if indulged in, all tell their story to any one who has learned to read the face of a man.

"What has caused that thick, crooked, half-pendulous lip on so many men? Tobacco—cigars, pipes, cigarettes. Where do the red noses and copper cheeks come from? Wine and spirits. Why do the features lose every vestige of spirit and purity? Alcohol, intemperance. And the hang-dog face with the furtive eyes which more and more men are developing? Impure thoughts. The lax, big-stomached man with his besotted look and spongy muscles? Beer.

"All over Germany, and other countries as well, the number of those who drink and smoke increases, and in consequence the number of those who spit and scratch themselves and are filthy. They are our contemporaries, and they hurt the feelings of any man or woman with even a trace of aesthetic sense. Such men are ugly.

"The high collars reaching up to the ears, the stiffly-ironed shirts, the top hats! Have men a right to point the finger of scorn at women because they wear corsets?

"Live cleanly, think cleanly, live in the fresh air and your beauty will be again as superb as it was in the days of ancient Greece. Our hair will return to us, so will our teeth, and our straight backs, and clean lines, and bright eyes."

One physical culture instructor in Boston, who is having great success in teaching round-shouldered girls to stand and

Fish Are Bitten.
Edgar C. Rice in the Detroit News.
Fishermen were a target.
Through the storm hours,
Leaves are a bringer
Of the perfect flowers.
Leaves are all a stir,
Whisper to the breeze,
Ride the wind in the air,
In the murmur of trees,
How are all a thrill,
How they are all a thrill,
Fish are all a bite,
In the little creek at home.

Lilies are a growin'.
On its showy edge,
Water is a fable,
Past a mossy ledge
Of the little hollow,
Ripples of silver white,
Past the sunny willows,
How they are all a thrill,
In the little creek at home.

'Tis no time for sadness,
Lay aside your fears,
The world is full of gladness,
All the world is fair,
Now the water falls
Over the steep rocks,
How they are all a thrill,
In the little creek at home.

Write 'em busy writin'
This foolish page,
Fish are all a bite,
In the little creek at home.