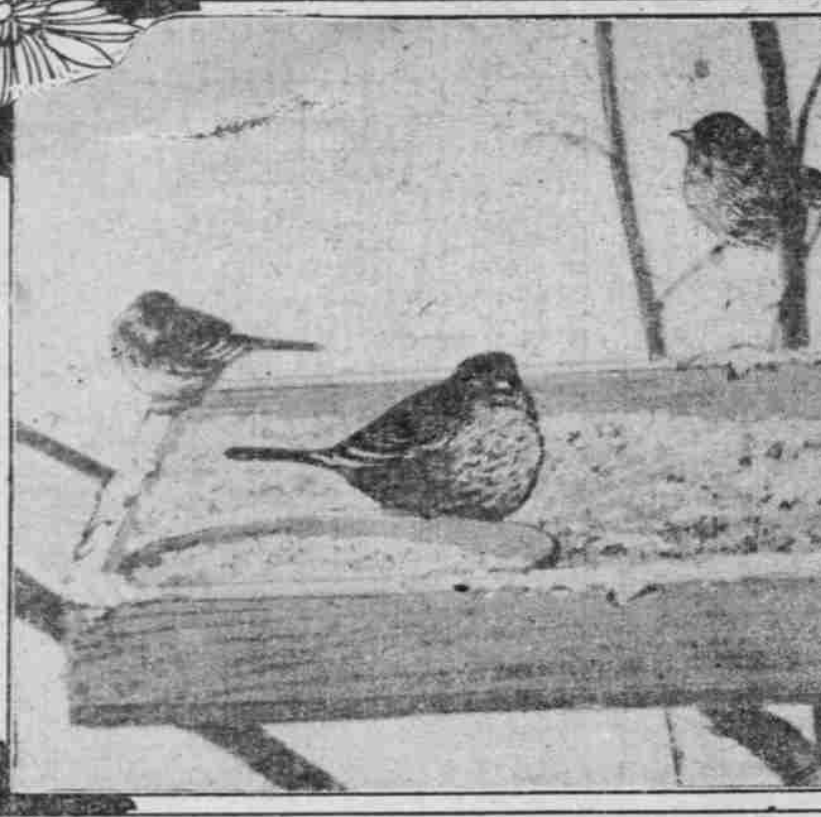


WILLIAM FINLEY'S "FREE LUNCH COUNTER"

HOW IT FED FLOCKS OF BIRDS WHO COULD NOT FIND NOURISHMENT UNDER LAST WEEK'S SNOWS



JUNCO OR SNOW BIRD



AT THE SEED TRAY



VARIED THRUSH (ALASKA ROBIN)



THRUSHES FIGHTING OVER AN APPLE

A LOOK BACKWARD

By Goldwin Smith.

"THE United States now, instead of being the vanguard of democracy, might also be said to be the rearward, the power of the Presidency and the Senate making its Constitution in some respects the most conservative of the set."

"Not least but rather more momentous than the political movement, and fraught with ultimate change is the advance of science, which in two or three generations has been almost miraculous and has carried mechanical invention with it. Mechanical invention, with steamship, rail and telegraph, is bringing the nations into far closer communication and making of them in some respects, almost one commonwealth."

"Even this movement in India is due in no small measure to the substitution for the long voyage around the cape of the short route of the Suez Canal. Magical in locomotion has been the change."

"About half a century ago Greville, as he tells us in his memoirs, was traveling by the first built of the English railroads. He shuddered at hearing that an engine-driver had been going at the perilous pace of 45 miles an hour, but he is happy to learn that the man has been dismissed by the company."

"Immigration has now been made so easy that the labor markets are becoming flooded. The demarcations of national character can hardly fail to become less sharp. Language must always be a boundary. But even this, commerce and industry being almost always bilingual, is becoming a less sharp division."

"All nations eat the fruits of all climes. That little boy would have to grow a little age or beyond that he would taste a banana. The expansion of commerce in all lines has been immense. The humble bakeshop in old Reading, at which the little boy bought cake, has become the great biscuit firm of Huntley & Palmer, employing thousands of hands."

"In one way, unhappily, invention has been met by invention. It has always been increasing the construction of new instruments of war, the incentives to enmity between nations or the appeal to violence and destruction."

"The growth of physical science, or the increase of its influence over the mind, have had the most momentous effects in another sphere. Those Christmas climes, when the child first heard them, spoke to all hearts alike, both of home and the church. To not a few they now speak of the home alone. This change has come rapidly and startlingly over the intellectual world."

"The child when still a youth heard a great professor of physical science struggling to reconcile geology with Genesis. Now he reads the work of a religious writer struggling to reconcile Genesis with geology."

"Let the evolutionists, however, remember two things. First, the evolution cannot have evolved itself; second, that, unlike brutes, humanity, as we have been here noting, advances, and we cannot tell what the end may be—whether it may not be the final ascendancy of the spiritual over the material in man. Man, let the evolutionists remember, advances and rises. The beast does not."—Address to Cornell Students.

Silence.

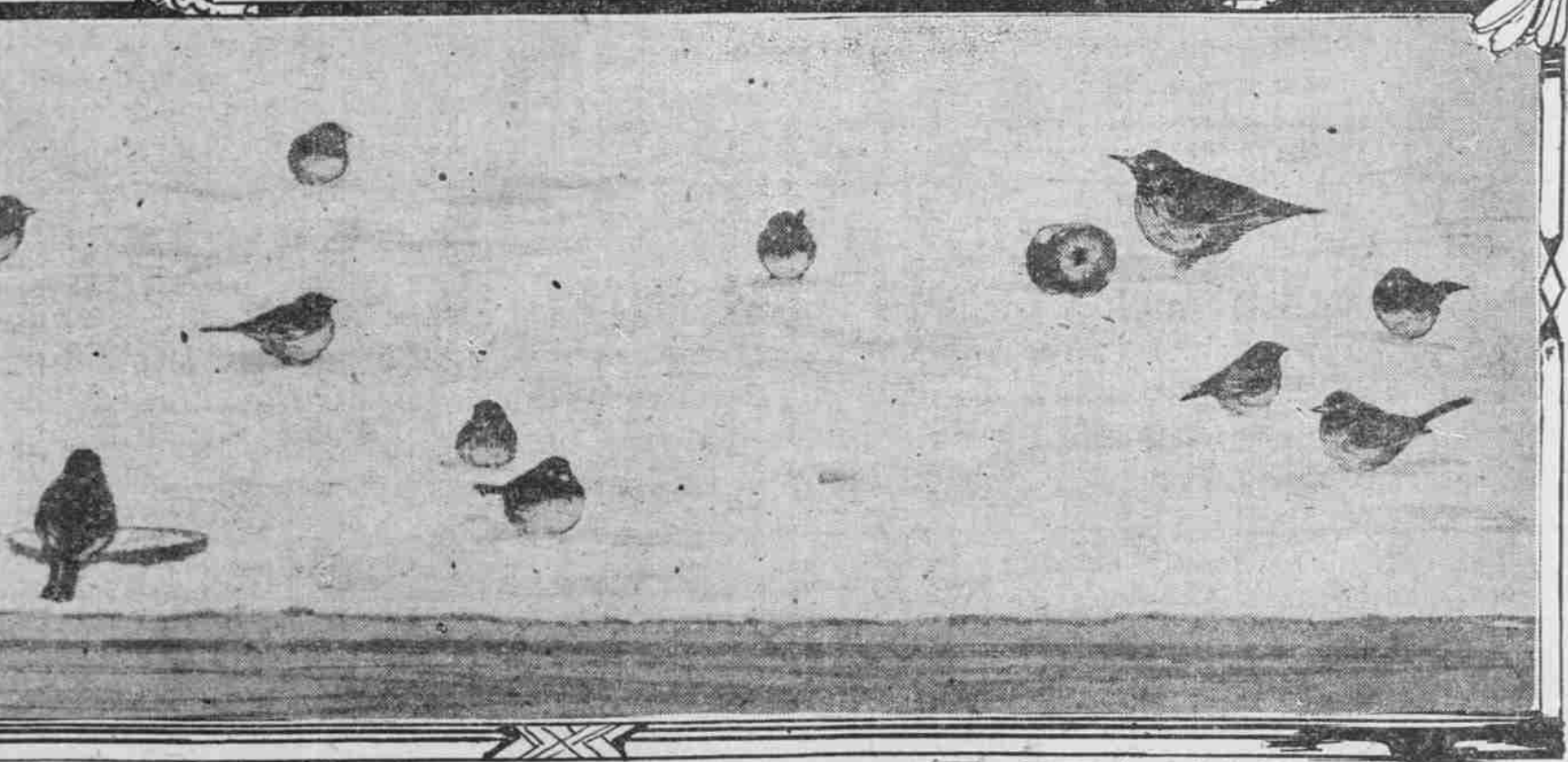
A. O'Shaughnessy:

"Tis a world of silence, I gave a cry
In the first sorrow my heart could not
withstand:
I saw men pause and listen, and look sad,
As though an answer in their hearts they
had:
Some turn'd away, some came and took
my hand,
For all reply."

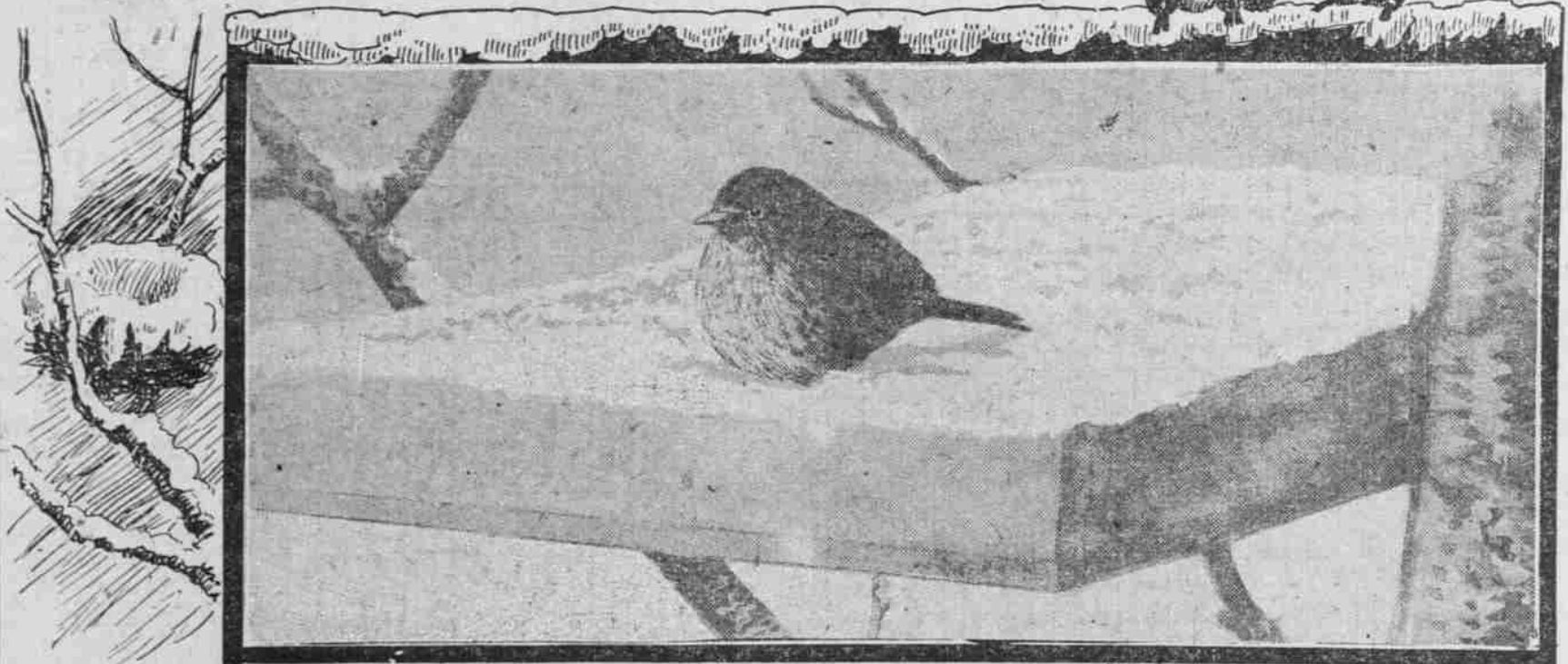
I stood beside a grave. Years had passed by:
Sick with unanswered life I turn'd to
death.
And whisper'd all my question to the grave,
And watch'd the flowers' desecrated wave.
And grass sprang up with a brief breath,
For all reply."

I raised my eyes to Heaven; my prayer
went high
Into the luminous mystery of the blue;
My thought of God was purer than a flame,
And God, it seem'd, a little nearer came.
Then pass'd; and greater still the silence
grew.
For all reply."

But you! If I can speak before I die,
I spoke to you with all my soul, and when
I look at you 'tis still my soul you see.
Oh! in your heart was there no word for
me?
All would have answered had you an-
swer'd then
With even a sign."



NEAL TIME AT MR. FINLEY'S HOUSE 9 MILES SOUTH OF PORTLAND!



SONG SPARROW AT LUNCH

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

I SETTLED myself deeper into the armchair in front of the open fire and looked upon the cold Williamette. I had finished a romp with the children. They were warmly tucked in bed. All day the sky had been weighed down by the snow-filled air. Now the storm was on in earnest. The north wind drove around the corner of the house and whirled the fine, dry snow into drifts. It raged through my fire along the hillside. I was thankful for a roof over my head. I shall be comfortable tonight with the wood-heaped hall on my hearth. But how some of the poor, unsheltered creatures of the wild must suffer!

I love the storm. There's something fascinating in its wildness. The wind rattled the windows and shrieked around the corners, looking for cracks and crannies to find a way in. The old fire growled at each blast. I wondered where the different birds were sleeping. How can they have warm beds in such a night as this?

This afternoon when I went up to the barn to milk, I had to shovel snow from the door and break the ice in the trough. As soon as my two cows came out and got a blast of the north wind and a peeping of icy flakes, they wanted to get back under cover. My chickens had the same feeling.

I hurried with the chores, heaped the wood boxes full and added the chunks high on the hearth. What if it is cold? What if it snows three feet deep and stops the cars two weeks? I do not have to go to town. We have over 200 quarts of fruit in the cellar, about 20 boxes of apples, cabbages, beets, carrots, parsnips and a few big pumpkins that are stored full of summer sun. The wood shed is full, plenty of corn to pop, and two children to play with. We have a lot of new books, shelves of magazines and plenty of writing to do. Our chickens, our horse and our two cows are well housed and have hay to last four months. But how about the wild birds?

This afternoon I watched the crows trooping in silently and settling in the fir. They had been foraging. Their flight was slow and lumbering. They were cold and hungry. Their very alliance told of another bitter night in the fir. I felt a pang of pity for them. I was standing in the snow almost to my knees. My teeth chattered as the north wind whirled the icy flakes about me.

A chickadee came flying over and lit in one of my Baldwin trees. How can such a tiny creature endure the storm? He seemed to have come some distance. Perhaps he, like the crows, had been out foraging all day. It was 4 o'clock and the day was going rapidly. He seemed to know it, for he stopped just long enough to tuck around once and fitted down to an opening in a hollow limb. He disappeared so suddenly I was not sure where he went. I crept up close where I could look in, and there he sat. He looked up with an expression that clearly said he didn't care to be bothered, so I withdrew as quickly as possible, glad to know that one bird was safe in a warm bed.

After the robins had taken their supper on the back porch, they too, silently disappeared in the big fir at the back of the house. The snow birds, song sparrows and towhees all quietly scattered, some going to the trees, some creeping into nooks and crevices about the woodshed, house and barn.

What a scurrying through the trees the first morning after the ground was frozen and covered! Most of the natural food supply had been cut off. Chickadees and kinglets might get along all right. They hunt in the cranberries of the bark under the limbs, and in the foliage of the fir. But the juncos or snowbirds are of the earth. So are the song sparrows, the

towhees and the meadow larks. What of the robins, the flickers and the quail? Consider the birds, they sow not and they reap not, nor do they have storehouses, and yet they are fed—not always here in Oregon, when we get a spell of weather like this.

I would be a mighty poor farmer if I didn't care for my birds and pension them as I do the rest of my creatures. My two cows pay me in milk and butter, 10 cents a roll. My chickens pay me in eggs—sometimes. My birds never fail me. Five different kinds—the chickadee, the snowbird, the violet-green swallow, the house wren and the chipping sparrow—nestled within a few feet of my back door last Spring. My 10 acres sheltered about 20 different families. They cost me very little for what they give. I would not exchange all the game fowls I ever owned for a few of this wild birds about my orchard.

Of course, I run a free lunch counter. All people do in winter who are thoughtful and like the birds. The daily bill of fare is mixed birdseed, suet, chopped and in chunks, baked potato, apples, sand and crumb pudding. Birdseed is cheap. For a dime you can get enough suet for hundreds of square chickadee meals. I raise my own potatoes and apples.

Among other trees, I own three old Grindstone apple trees. If I had harked to my neighbor, I should have cut them down long ago and replaced them with finer and more marketable varieties. A Grindstone has some good qualities. It is an old-fashioned apple. It is so dry it is a good keeper. In the second place, it will hang on the tree almost till Spring. These three apple trees of mine are worth more from the bird standpoint than the rest of my orchard combined. They are known in the bird world about Christmas time just as our Sunday school tree is known in the neighborhood of boys. The birds from all the country about flock here and feed. I counted over a dozen varied thrushes, or Alaska robins, feasting on these apples on New Year's day. Since the snow came I have counted as high as 23 about one of these trees at a time.

It takes time to build up a bird patron-

age in this lunch-counter business, just as it does with a restaurant. Our Winters are mild, as a rule, and bird food seems to be plentiful most of the season. I used to think it made little difference to the birds whether I set out food or not. The first winter I started in business I had very few boarders. I felt like going out into the highways and byways and compelling them to come in. Often I saw birds near by, but they seemed to pay no attention to the tables that were set. Later on the news of the free lunch counter seemed to spread and I began to have visitors. After two or three seasons I had a regular hotel. The birds came and went at frequent intervals, and the same ones returned many times during the day.

I have no doubt some of the same birds return to my lunch counter year after year. They are now my regular patrons. They know food is always there, and

they can depend on the supply. The chickadees almost always order suet, and they know where chunks are tied to the trees. The snowbirds, song sparrows and towhees order seed, and they know where the seed cups are. The varied thrushes and robins know where there are good apples to eat.

I never saw such a line of hungry boarders as have come to my tables during the past week. I have hundreds to feed, and business has increased several times in volume. Boarders have come from all directions. Chickadees are hanging to chunks of suet continually. As soon as one gets his fill, another is ready to take his place. It is the same with the snow birds at the seed tray. There is no set time for meals; they are served from daylight till dark. The queer part of it is, they do not take

their dinners amiably together. There is continual fighting and sputtering about the board. One would think when the weather is so cold and food so scarce, birds would not be so ready to fuss and fight. At times the birds feed together in a close flock in perfect harmony, but these visitors have apparently always been used to having plenty of food and elbow room.

I was amused to watch a song sparrow feeding in the seed tray. The snow had fallen and covered the seed a half an inch deep, but he scratched it out and found plenty below. Standing in the snow seemed to be hard on his toes. He would stand on one foot and pull the other up, and tuck it under his feathers. Then, in a few minutes, he would put that one down and draw the other foot up to warm his toes.

While I was watching, along came a

blue jay and pitched into the suet. He jerked out big bites, and pulled and tore at the suet, till a chunk the size of a walnut came loose. He took the whole thing without a word, and flew over to a limb of a big fir. He planted one foot on the chunk, and hammered and pounded till his appetite was appeased. Then he tucked the rest of the suet away, close in against the trunk of the tree, for another meal.

Jennings Lodge, near Portland, January 12.

"Ma! I Want That."

Exchange.

It sometimes happens that when children behave well at table it is because there is nothing on the table they particularly want.

There are nearly 50,000 police in England and Wales.