

WINNING AN AUTOMOBILE BRINGS MAY FRIENDS

SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK BY IRVIN S. COBB

A YOUTH who was not up elaborately and regardless in an automobile cap and a fur automobile coat, with the fur all standing out the wrong way on it, like the hide of a shot rabbit, strode through the lobby of the St. Rockless. Quite a number of men who were sitting down got right up to speak to him, and at least two of them shook hands with him warmly.

"That young Woppleh pears to have plenty of friends," remarked the House Detective of the St. Rockless. "No him," said the Hotel Clerk. "He hasn't a friend to his name, so far as I know. He's so frugal with what brains he has that he rarely uses any of them and his remarks have all the sprightly flavor of the stammering man who learned in 20 easy lessons by mail, to say 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled poppers' without stuttering and then spent the rest of his life trying to work it into the conversation."

"He's not the kind that has friends. It's his automobile. That has the friends. An automobile may have its faults, and frequently does, but I never saw one yet that didn't have a winning way about it when it comes to making friends. An automobile in the shop may seem cold and haughty and forever out of your reach, but once let it pass into possession of somebody you know and can work for joy rides, and you'll be surprised to find out how many lovable, attractive traits that automobile will develop. You won't be able to say enough for it. It's a mighty fine old tailor's goosie of a 1902 model machine these days that haven't got a whole block of admirers and well-wishers hanging around, speaking in high terms of its noble qualities and waiting for the owner to suggest something about going for a little spin up the river with, maybe, a bite to eat at the Clairmont counting back."

"A private yacht is almost always personally popular, regardless of who she belongs to, and a country house, where you can go for week-end parties all Summer and save on your own board bill in town, is never at a loss for true friends, but taking it all around I'm of the opinion that an automobile holds more people by the bond of true and deep affection than anything else on earth. A simple runabout that didn't cost over \$1000 is held in general esteem by those who come in contact with her, while the feeling that is entertained for a large touring car with all the modern conveniences and an obliging chauffeur that don't mind how late he's kept up at night, very often approaches sheer idolatry."

"The automobile will have its day, Larry. I suppose most everything does that gets too common. I can remember when persons who were otherwise sane in all respects actually thought a Queen

Anne cottage was a proper habitation for human beings, and went and built 'em by the thousand, and even lived in 'em, surrounded on all sides by demoniac porticos with jagged jiggers around the edges, and foolish, dippy little towers clinging to the outer wall like a wren on a spire, and just about as pretty, or so, as soon after, we had the worst motto, which is now, happily, no more, oh joy!

And then the old-fashioned high-wheel bicycle, and the Belgian hare, and the moustache cup, and the vinegar crock in the middle of the dining-room table. "And where are all those things now? I recall when no careful dresser who had a drooping or semi-drooping style of whiskers would dare to think of tilting his morning coffee into himself unless he had a moustache cup, but now I doubt if there's one in general use unless it's by the Bearded Lady, with Barnum & Ball's who, from what I can hear, is a tidy creature and very careful about her appearance. Then there was the Belgian hare, a distant relative of the more modern Welsh rabbit. Don't you remember, Larry, when everybody was going to buy a pair of Belgian hares and make a million dollars by the next Spring. But this interesting animal lost his following when it dawned upon us that about all you could get out of a Belgian hare was more Belgian hares at the rate of 22 the first year, 200 the second year, 22,000 the third year and 22,000,000 the fourth year. Nobody ever tried to figure beyond the fourth year; they'd have run out of arithmetic. So he went into the discard, too, and the place he'd held in the popular estimation was taken by the pneumonia microbe, which breeds almost as fast as he does, doesn't take up as much room and is nearer in his personal habits. And we've lost the silver card receiver out of the reception hall, and the crazy quilt is practically an extinct species; and the burnt-wood placard isn't as numerous and deadly as it was a few seasons back; and ping-pong is a lost science, and serve it right; and the once universally admired vinegar crock is now found only at depot restaurants up the branch line, with several pickled flies floating about in the vinegar bottle to invite the traveler's appetite, and a dried yellowish deposit, like a top-soil, around the nozzle of the mustard jar, the whole being superimposed upon a turkey-red tablecloth with designs of conventionalized coffee stains on it."

"And so, in due time, I presume, Larry, the alarph or something will be crowding the automobile out of the picture. But it's staying with us a good while, especially the earlier domestic variety, which usually stayed until a team came and hauled it back to the repair shop."



"HE STOPPED IN THE DALE"

And so, no matter what happens, the impress it has left upon our history can never be entirely obliterated. As I was

just pointing out to you, it's won millions of friends for itself among those who don't have to pay its gasoline and

repair bills. It has made some men rich and a great many poor. It has added several new names to our language and

many to our cemeteries. It has richened our public roads with the full satiating smile of crude oil and fresh-spilled grease. It has brought to us a number of picturesque words and phrases, such as "tonneau" and "git a horse," and "death at the hands of an unknown red automobile." And finally it has been responsible for the popular and growing form of lunacy known as the "automobile bug."

"You're that like," asked the House Detective. "I can illustrate what it's like by telling you about the sad case of my friend Skiddington," said the Hotel Clerk. "There was a time when Skiddington had a devoted family and a growing business and a happy home. That was before he became an automobile bug of the more violent and dangerous type. I remember distinctly when the dread disease first began to claim him for its own. It was in the early days of the automobile industry when a car looked like a cross between a switch engine and a bath cabinet and had the bad habits of both parents. But Skiddington bought one. He did most of his riding standing still, but he stuck to it. He got to be a pretty fair amateur blacksmith, only he couldn't work well at the trade unless he was lying down on his back in the middle of a dusty road in warm weather assaulting the abdomen of a balky junk pile with a monkey wrench. With the training he got he made a good hand to mend the bottoms of business and bathtubs. Once he took me with him for a pleasant day's outing over hill and dale. But we never got as far as the hill. We stopped in the dale, where there were no trees and the Summer sun shone down on the back of my neck. And while I sat up on the seat and stood guard, prepared to shoot away any crows that might come along and try to bite his legs with protruded beaks beneath the wheels in an unprotected manner, he spent the best part of the afternoon squinting up into the vital organs of his pet, and tending them up with an oil can and a crowbar. The shadows of evening were gathering when he emerged. He smelled like a petroleum warehouse next door to the place where they clean hats with gasoline. If he caught fire then, he'd be burned with a bright clear flame for at least two days and probably smoldered another. As we started afoot down the road toward the nearest trolley station he remarked that he knew almost enough about a machine now to take out a chauffeur's license. But I told him if he was calculating to keep the car he had, that what he ought to take out was a card in the stationary engine's union and a membership in the Bona-Wee Club. "But he didn't keep her. He sold her to a scrap dealer probably, and bought a



"GOT UP REGARDLESS"

newer and more expensive kind that had just come on the market. And as more kinds came on after that, each one a little more expensive and a little bit newer, he bought that one, too, the same being the unfailing symptom of the disease. When his wife sued him for a divorce she named the blonde lady clerk in the auto supply shop as the co-respondent, and when he filed his bankruptcy petition his list of assets was made up of 13 automobiles, a private garage (mortgaged) and a suit of Sunday clothes, but slightly worn. He's earning a congenial living now driving one of those racing cars that looks like a winged wash-bowler and travels like a scandal about the preacher's family in a small town."

"I know them cars," said the House Detective. "The name of 'em sounds like Mercy Duds." "Mercy Duds is a good name," said the Hotel Clerk. "The victim is usually slain instantly and without pain."

GAME BIRDS FOR OREGON MOUNTAIN REGIONS

BY E. WENSTROM.

AT this session of the Legislature bills will be introduced for the protection of our game birds. Stringent measures should be taken to prevent extermination of these birds, especially the Mountain pheasant. Ten years ago Mongolia pheasants were plentiful in this locality and now we rarely see one. It is but a few years since the Mongolian pheasants were imported to this country from China, and they thrived and multiplied wonderfully. However, the forest must give way for close settlement, which will eventually drive the birds back into the mountain regions. I believe the time has come when we should import birds especially adapted for the mountain regions. Why not import the Capercalzie and Black Game, which abound on the Scandinavian Peninsula? The following paragraphs are mostly taken from the writings of W. W. Thomas, American Minister to Sweden and Norway during Harrison's administration, in which he gives a complete description of these birds and their habits.

The Capercalzie (Tetrao urogallus) (Swedish-Flader) is the largest and noblest of the grouse family, the family to which our spinnated grouse (prairie chicken) and ruffed grouse (partridge or pheasant) belong.

The full-grown cock capercalzie weighs from 10 to 12 pounds and some specimens considerably exceed this weight. These birds, in fact, approach very nearly the size of the wild turkey of America. The hen capercalzie is of different color and much smaller than the cock, still a grand bird of six pounds weight. The home of the capercalzie extends over a wide range of latitude and temperature in two continents. From the wooded mountainous regions of Northern Spain and Greece, northward throughout Europe, this bird is found in most of the lofty forest districts suitable for him, and where he has not been exterminated by man. This grouse fairly abounds in the great pine and spruce forests of the Scandinavian Peninsula, Finland and Russia and the vast forest stretches of Northern Asia.

The capercalzie is an extremely hardy bird. In Sweden and Norway he is found in large numbers up to and beyond the Arctic circle, as far as the 70th parallel of north latitude. He can endure the severest cold and deepest snows of the longest Winters. He often avoids the bitterest weather by burrowing into the snow, thus obtaining warmth and shelter.

Loves the Pine Woods.

This bird subsists on the coarsest and most common food. He feeds upon the buds and leaves of trees, the needles or leaves of the pine and spruce, young pine cones, clover and grass, berries of all sorts, seed and grain and insects of every kind. In the depth of Winter a capercalzie has been known to live for months on a week in the same pine tree, subsisting entirely upon pine leaves and the young pine cones.

The capercalzie is pre-eminently a bird of the pine woods, or pine mixed with birch, spruce, maple and other growths. He loves wooded hillsides better than wooded plains, and he must have fresh water near by, either a brook or pond or a piece of swampy ground.

He is a local, not a migratory bird, though sometimes lack of food or other causes may drive him to extensive wanderings.

In his habits he much resembles our American ruffed grouse, though he is nearly ten times as large, and I believe

will thrive anywhere in the United States where our ruffed grouse (called partridge in New England and pheasant in the Middle States) is found.

Like our grouse, too, the capercalzie can be "treed" by a yelling cur, and is often shot while thus sitting in a tree by the country folk. This is hardly sportsmanlike, but it is chivalry itself compared with another method.

In the glorious May mornings of the Northland the lordly capercalzie summons the dames of his harem around him. Perched on some lofty pine of the forest, at the first blush of dawn, he sounds his love call. His song is short, but often repeated, and as the impassioned bird pours forth his last sighing notes, he is transported with such ecstasy that he neither sees nor hears. This is the pot-hunter's opportunity. Creeping on a few steps at the close of the capercalzie's song and hiding the instant he ceases, he steals within easy shot and, crouching behind some convenient tree, waits till the noble bird is again lost in the rapture of song, and then deliberately pots him.

The Black Game.

The black game (Tetrao Tetrix-Swedish, Orre) inhabits the same regions as the capercalzie. He is equally hardy, and can withstand the cold and snow of the most rigorous northern Winters.

His weight is about three pounds, nearly the same as our prairie chicken. The male bird is a lustrous metallic black in color. Hence the name. He has, however, a white stripe in his wings, and is easily distinguished by his beautiful, jet-black, outward-curving tail feathers. The female is somewhat smaller, and her plumage is a speckled gray. She is called "The gray hen." (Swedish, Orre-hona).

The black game is also a grouse, and is often found in company with the capercalzie, or, at least, in close proximity. The black game is also a bird of the woods, but the birch is distinctly

his tree, though he is not with in mixed growths of almost every variety.

He does not frequent the deep woods so much as the capercalzie. He loves better the borders of the forest, and the woods, and groves, with frequent openings. He is also found in cranberry swamps, and in swampy lands is often found miles away from any forest. His food is much the same as the capercalzie, though not quite so coarse. It consists chiefly of the buds and leaves of trees, berries and insects. In Summer, the black feeds principally upon the buds of the birch, hazel, alder, willow and beech; and, when pressed for food, will eat the young green cones of the pine. This bird seems to be equally fond of animal food and readily eats snails, worms, the larvae of ants, flies, beetles, etc.

The capercalzie and black game are the two most important wild birds in Sweden and Norway, and make a valuable addition to the food of the Scandinavian people. These birds are excellent food for our prairie chickens. Throughout the Fall and most of the Winter, you may see the capercalzie and black game, hanging up in great bunches, or lying heaped in great piles, about the market-places of Stockholm; scattered about as profusely as wild ducks in the markets of Chicago or Minneapolis in the month of October.

Will Thrive on Pacific Coast.

Will the capercalzie and black game thrive in the United States? On this question I think there can be no reasonable doubt. The fact is that a great portion of the United States—at least one-third, perhaps one-half—is fitted to be the home of these valuable birds. For there is a suitable climate, a suitable broken country of hill and dale, well watered and covered with a suitable forest-growth, and this forest-growth to-

gether with its underbrush and bushes, will not only provide shelter for these birds, but will furnish them with all the food they require, until they become as plentiful as European sparrows now are in our streets and public parks.

It is my firm conviction that both the



THE BLACK COCK.

capercalzie and black game will thrive throughout all the wooded districts of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and westward through the greater portion of the states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. They will also find a congenial home along the wooded slopes of the Rocky Mountains for their entire length, as well as in all the wooded ravines and declivities of the mountain ranges of California, Oregon and Washington.

Their Introduction.

How can these birds be introduced among us? The easiest and cheapest

way would be by obtaining their eggs, sending them to America, and having them hatched out there. I am sorry that I cannot recommend this course. Eggs have repeatedly been sent to Germany and Great Britain, but every such attempt has turned out a complete failure.



The only other method is to procure and ship adult birds. This has also been tried, and the results are such as to give us great encouragement. The capercalzie was originally found in Scotland. His great size and fine flesh caused him to be keenly hunted, and some generations ago he was utterly exterminated. About 50 years since, some capercalzie, adult birds, were shipped from Sweden across the North Sea to Scotland. They arrived safely, were liberated in a suitable locality, and are living and increasing to this day, and the capercalzie is again added to the food birds of Scotland.

Good Travelers.

I find there have been several shipments of both capercalzie and black game, of late years, from Sweden to various parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary—to localities where these birds had been shot out or where they had never existed.

In all the instances, where proper care has been exercised, most of the birds arrived in good condition, have taken kindly to their new homes, and are breeding well there.

A few years ago a considerable shipment of black game was made from Sweden to Southern Austria, near the Italian boundary, and notwithstanding the birds were ten days upon the road and that there were many changes of trains, they all arrived sound and well, not a bird dying on the passage. There are now steamers from Gothenburg, Sweden, direct to New York, which in Summer take about eight days to make the trip, and the time from New York to Portland is four or five days. Surely the fatigue and hardship of this passage would be less than ten days in freight cars.

Neither will the salt air have any bad effect upon the birds. Both species love to inhabit the wooded islands along the coast, and fly readily from one to the other across great stretches of water. Black game have also been introduced into Newfoundland, and are doing well there.

I find the birds recently shipped to

Twelve-Pound "Grouse," as Big as Wild Turkeys, May Be Imported From Sweden.

Germany have cost \$12 each for capercalzie and \$7 for black game. These prices seem to me high. I learn, however, that many of the birds are injured in snaring and many more die after a few days' confinement.

Birds suitable for export and for which the above prices are asked, are all strong and full-grown, without injury or blemish. They are kept for a considerable time in captivity and are, in fact, nearly half domesticated before they are considered suitable to ship on a long voyage. So these prices may, perhaps, be only a fair compensation for labor, and time and the inevitable large mortality among the birds during the earlier part of their captivity.

I believe at least 100 birds of each species should be shipped to give the experiment a fair trial. This will make the cost:

100 Capercalzie at \$12.....\$1200

100 Black Game at \$7.....700

Total.....\$1900

The birds must be placed in rooms

coops of the best construction, and not crowded. They must have a light and airy position on shipboard, and some one should be sent to take charge of them, or some sailor or steward on board be specially instructed, so as to properly feed and care for them. The expense of building coops, or freight, and of caretaking will be considerable, to which must be added freight and expenses from the American port of landing to destination; so that, allowing for all contingencies, a sum of \$300 dollars will probably be required for the undertaking.

I am convinced that the importing of these birds would be a decided success as, from the banks of the beautiful rivers to the snow-clad peaks of the Cascades, they could find almost any desired climate and all kinds of vegetation.

Who will be the patriotic Oregonian to contribute the amount necessary to add these noble birds to the fauna of this great State of Oregon.

Laurel, Or., Jan. 19.

Papers Printed for Many Reasons

Even Beggars Have Periodicals of Their Own; Every Fad Has Its Uses.

IN THESE progressive days every profession, trade, calling, vocation, interest, fad, cult—what not—has its organ, more or less reputable and authoritative, but nearly always interesting to the curious. It would appear that the publication of "freak" periodicals, magazines and journals finds a profitable field throughout the world, inasmuch as a goodly number of them have their birth in foreign countries, though the United States furnishes its due quota.

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There are one or two periodicals of this nature published in this country, the principal one being put out from a town in the Middle West, and their policy differs little from that of the French paper.

Against the papers for the engaged there may be cited, as an offset, a journal for bachelors, printed in the United States. This periodical was the idea of a member of a bachelors' club in an Eastern city, and its columns are given over to articles from the pens of gentlemen, fond of argument in support of the blessedness of "The Single Life," which is, in fact, the name of the paper. A standard caption in this paper is a quotation from Rudyard Kipling, who, as a bachelor, declared that "he travels fastest who travels alone."

The original sheet devoted exclusively to the "interests" of beggars was born in Paris. This paper, entitled "Le Bon Guide," affords daily a complete and accurate list of the addresses, arrivals and departures of travelers known to be of charitable disposition.

The beggars of London, too, have their organ, but it is not of so "high class" a nature as the Parisian publication. The English Beggars' Journal is a weekly, and prides itself on the exclusive character of its information. It is unique in that it

is written, not printed, by a mimeograph, the paper employed being the coarse brown variety commonly used by butchers and grocers in which to wrap their wares.

There are lots of other papers for begging published in various foreign countries and in the United States, too, but the French and English sheets are remarkable by reason of their enormous subscription lists and for the unquestionable influence they exert.

Another queer French journal, which did not long ago, was Le Bien Etre, whose sole reason for existence seemed to be an old-age pension scheme. To subscribers who should die at the expiration of a year Le Bien Etre offered a free burial.

Le Courier des Baigneurs (Bathers' Courier) is the product of a well-known French seaside resort. It is a paper whose sole reason for existence seemed to be an old-age pension scheme. To subscribers who should die at the expiration of a year Le Bien Etre offered a free burial.