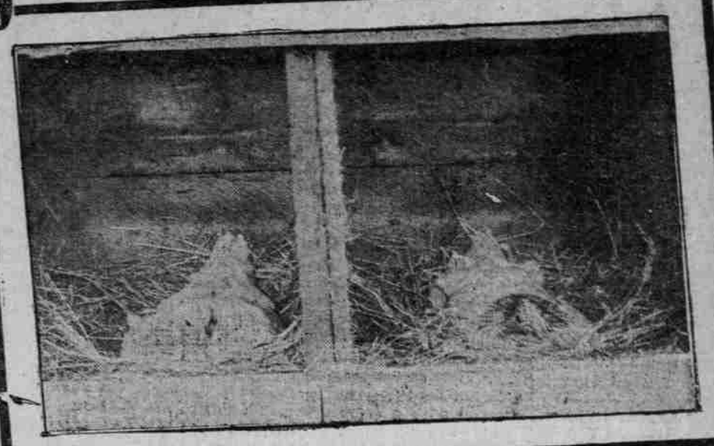
# BREEDING THE CHINA PHEASANT IN CAPTIVITY

## Recent Change in the Law Allows Propagation of the Great Oregon Game Bird to Become an Ally of the Poultry Industry



COCHIN BANTAM HEN SETTING EGGS

In the game code passed by the late session of the Legislature, and soon to become a law, there is a section which permits the sale in open market of China pheasants that have been raised in captivity, upon permission being given by the State Game Warden. It has a proviso that the birds must be pinioned when young, which operation is described later on.

This means that Oregon's most famous game bird, the China pheasant, may now be served at your Sunday dinner or placed on the menus of the better class of hotels and restaurants of Portland. At first thought many supporters of better game protection looked upon this amendment with disfavor. They were quickly won over, however, when it was made plain to them that the sale of domesticated gamebirds indirectly protected the wild game. This has been strongly advocated by James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; National Association of Audubon Societies; State Game Commissioners and the American Breeders' Association. This last-named association is an organization whose purpose is to study the laws of breeding and to promote the improvement of animals by the development of expert methods of breeding, and has many influential members interested in restocking and protecting game fields.

### Becomes a Special Industry.

A recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture says: "The growth of the industry of raising game for market, like cattle and poultry, is manifested in legislation in several states during 1907. Ten states now have such provisions in their laws, and the production and marketing of domesticated game seems destined to become an industry that will demand more and more recognition in future legislation. With proper means of identification provided, so as to prevent evasion of the laws prohibiting traffic in wild game, there would seem to be no reason why this industry should not be encouraged in every possible way."

Chief Deputy Game Warden B. T. Livingston, of Idaho, a recognized authority on game protection, advocates the sale of domesticated game in the open markets, under proper restrictions, each game farmer to pay a yearly license of $100. Mr. Livingston claims that every hand-reared or domesticated game bird sold lessens the chances for some hunter to break the law. This license would perhaps work a hardship on the small breeder.

To permit wild game to be sold on the market leaves the way clear for "pot hunters" to make quick work of extermination. Unless the annual inroads upon the rapidly decreasing game birds of America are checked, shooting, as a healthy recreation, will soon be a thing of the past in almost every state of the Union. The health, crops and woods, as well as the sport, of many extensive localities, are today seriously menaced by the extinction of game birds. From reliable ornithological authority we have the statement that were all bird life destroyed, in ten years the face of the earth would be uninhabitable.

The China ring-neck pheasant has become a valuable asset to the State of Oregon and is claimed by many to have no superior as an all-round game bird. Besides his gameness and delicate flesh, he is unquestionably one of the most ornamental of the game birds.

Professor W. T. Shaw in his superb book, "The China, or Denny Pheasant in Oregon," says: "To know the pheasant well, one must live with him throughout the year. He is a bird of moods, influenced by shifting conditions and passing seasons, of which there are for him, in reality, but two—the open and closed. Within a few days after the law says no more shooting, he becomes bold and fearless, even to the extent of sharing the food of the barnyard fowls in Winter, though always reserved and suspicious. In the brush of the lowlands or from the open meadow comes his two-syllabled call in the stillness of the evening twilight. From his roost among the grass or sedge tussocks, or the great moss-covered branches of an oak, he springs away into the gloom with a startled cry. Throughout the long, dry Summer the young are reared by the female, until the days of Autumn come, the male meanwhile frequently greeting you by the roadside with a glance of curiosity mingled with reserve, standing a moment, erect, in all his brightness of coloration, ducking an instant later to steal silently away among the grass."

The China pheasant hen is very prolific in captivity, laying usually about 60 eggs in a season. One hen, however, has been known to lay 104 eggs in one season. It is claimed, by those who have become expert in their handling, that they are easier reared than chickens. The eggs are remarkably fertile, the birds are not subject to disease, and reach a marketable size in half the time required by chickens.

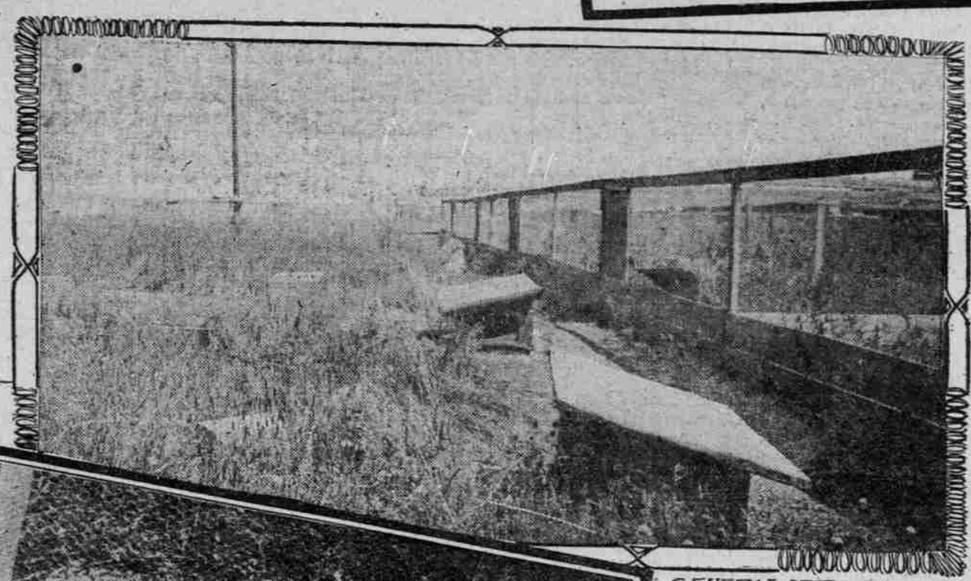
### During Incubation.

In hatching the pheasant eggs best results have been obtained by placing them under common hens, small sized or Bantams, preferred. The nests are made on the ground, thus imitating nature as nearly as possible, and each nest provided with a trap door, in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration. The sitting hens are let off for 20 minutes each day, at a regular hour, for feed, water and a dust bath, after which they are shut up on the nest for another 24 hours. The young pheasants hatch on the 23d day, and their disposition is to immediately leave the nest, hence the added advantage of having the hens locked up. When the young birds are 24 hours old they are removed, together with the mother hen to brood coop, similar to the one shown in the cut, where they are kept for three days. After they learn their foster mother's call they are pinioned and given their liberty, retaining the old hen. When frightened they will run off into the tall grass and hide, but never fail to return to the coop. The process of pinioning consists of clipping off, with a pair of sharp scissors, the last joint of both wings when three days old. This injures neither the looks nor the breeding qualities of the bird, but renders them unable to fly.

Pheasants have been reared on an extensive scale near Corvallis for about six years. Over 3000 China pheasants were shipped from there in 1908, going principally to other state game commissioners, rod and gun clubs and private preserves, all for breeding purposes, of course. Such purchasers frequently want to buy the birds in the proportion of four, five or six hens to one cock. This leaves the breeder with a lot of extra cocks, and it is probably these young cocks that will be sold on the market in Portland to those who desire to pay $1.50 or $2 for a Sunday dinner.

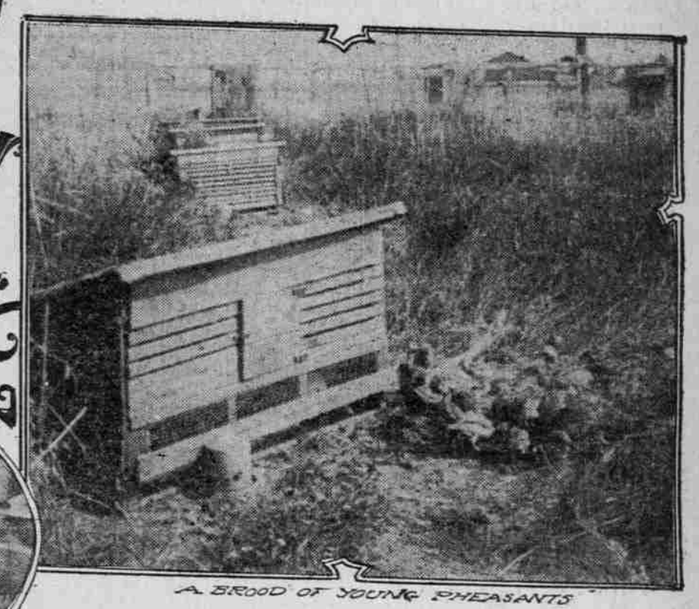
A wise provision in this law is that all pheasants must be shipped alive, and none sold during the open season. The photograph shows the manner in which live pheasants are shipped.

What greater paradox than a domesticated wild bird, and only a few years ago it was claimed that you couldn't raise a China pheasant.

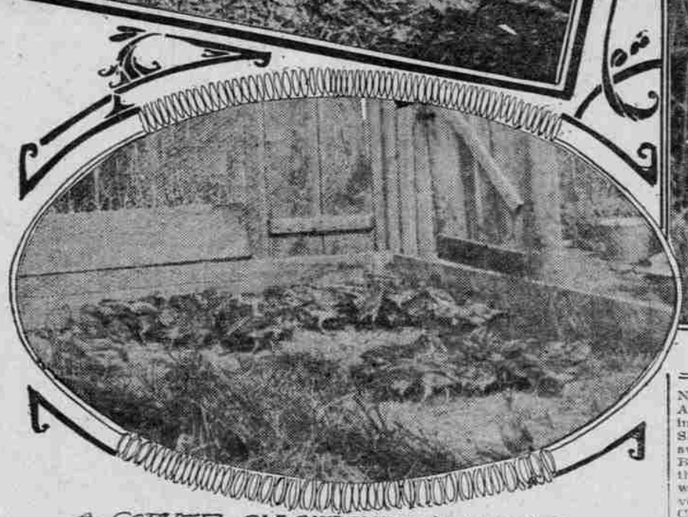


GENERAL VIEW OF A PHEASANT YARD

AFTER THE CALL FOR DINNER



A BROOD OF YOUNG PHEASANTS



A CORNER ON CHINESE PHEASANTS

# Stories Told by Prominent Raconteurs

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### Empty Splendor.

MATTHEW ASTOR WILKS, the son-in-law of Mrs. Hetty Green, has endeared himself to the great woman financier by his simple tastes.

"Astor Wilks," said a hotel-keeper of New York, "sneers at ostentation. I remember when we opened our new rococo dining-room. It was, I admit, rather empty the first week or so. Mr. Wilks, during that empty season, dropped in one night for supper after the play.

"I approached him, eager for a compliment on our bright new splendor. He nodded curtly and said:

"'Truly magnificent. Thirty tables for every customer.'"

### A Take-In.

Senator S. A. Ettelson, of Chicago, is the father of a bill to brand married men with some distinguishing mark or title, for the Senator's statistics show that many married men masquerade as bachelors in vacation time.

"My statistics," said Senator Ettelson to a reporter, show a need for a brand. Married women are sufficiently branded by the 'Mrs.' and the wedding ring; but the difficulty is to find a good brand for married men.

"They do need it, though. Some of them are as unprincipled as the jailbirds Harvey Flynt used to tell about.

"Flynt was a Lancashire mill hand. He did a month in jail, and on his return home a friend met him and said:

"'Hello, Harve! Aw've ne'er seen thee many a long day. How are tha going on?'

"'Oh, fair. Aw've been doing a month down at Preston, tha knows.'

"'How did tha like it?'

"'Oh, not so well.'

"'How's that?'

"'Well, the very first day theer, somebody calls out in next cell, "What has tha for tha dinner?"

"'Aw sung out, "Bread an' watter's all."

"'He says, "Aw've ham and eggs heer. Pass tha bread through hole in wall. Aw'll gie thee a dip in."

"'Well?'

"'Well, what's tha think? Aw ne'er got ma bread back.'"

### Women and the Stage.

David Belasco was in his best mood at a dinner at the St. Regis preceding his vacation—his first vacation in 20 long, hard years.

Mr. Belasco, in the course of a learned review of barefoot dancing, problem plays, and such like outcroppings of stage history, smiled and said:

"It may be true, as some have claimed, that immoral plays are due to the immoral taste of woman. Yes, that may be true; but, gentlemen, did you ever watch at the theater an elderly, staid, perhaps somewhat unprepossessing wife, brooding over a husband a little younger than herself? These wives, surely, are no supporters of the immoral stage spectacle.

"Such a wife sat in one of my theaters during the production of a drama. The heroine, a beautiful girl, said at a dramatic moment:

"'Merciful heavens, I am undone!'

"The wife rose hurriedly.

"'Come, Clarence,' she murmured sternly. 'We've had enough of this. I'm not going to have you drinkin' in any Salome dance or disrobin' act.'"

### One of the Signs.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, at the supper following one of her barefoot dances in New York, praised the dress of American women.

"You do dress well," she said. "But, then you are so intelligent. You are so quick to feel, in the air about you, the signs that tell whether you look your best or not."

"What are these signs?" a young girl asked.

"Oh, they are various," said Lady Constance. "My manicurist, for instance, told me one this morning. She had on a new Easter gown, and when I praised it she said:

"'It isn't becoming, really. I know it isn't becoming. Three gentlemen in the shop this morning, after handing me dollar bills, waited for their change.'"

### A Salted Gold Mine.

Senator Bailey was discussing the fist fight that two Washington waiters fought in their rivalry over which should have the honor of serving him.

"Oh, well, I don't blame those boys," said Senator Bailey. "They showed the proper spirit—the spirit which understands that things worth having must be striven for. They weren't like Vincent Cressley, of Copiah County, and whenever I go back they shall be my waiters in alternation.

"Vincent Cressley celebrated one Easter morning by going for the first time in his life to a horse race. He was a feeble-minded fool, and his companions easily persuaded him to stake in the third race a dollar on a sixty-to-one shot.

"The horse won.

"When the bookmaker gave Vincent his winnings, the silly fellow couldn't believe his eyes.

"'Do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that I get all this for my one dollar?'

"'That's what you do,' said the bookmaker.

"Vincent's look was like Sinbad's in the Valley of Diamonds.

"'By ginger,' he muttered, 'and I never knowed it! Say, how long has this thing been goin' on?'"

### The Lesson.

Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, was discussing at a dinner the Easter myths and legends of the world.

"The legends that are beautiful and immortal," he said, "have in them truths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in likewise of immortal works of art—Pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages."

"For instance?" said a young girl.

"For instance," smiled Professor Zueblin, "in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant.

"In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy.

"'What do you learn, Joe,' she said, 'from the Samson story?'

"'It don't never pay,' piped Joe, 'to have a woman cut a feller's hair.'"

### Good at Multiplication.

The Countess Pierre de Coldirodi, at a dinner at the Colony Club in New York, sneered at the resolution, recently adopted by the Woman's Club of Evanston, that women should learn boxing.

"These Evanston ladies," said the Italian novelist, "think that, a boxing woman would get more respectful consideration at the hands of thieves, of flaneurs—or mashers, as you say—and of husbands.

"But that idea is all wrong. Woman will never be a boxer. And the idea that a knowledge of pugilism would improve her condition is similar, in its absurdity, to an idea expressed recently by my little daughter.

"My little daughter is a friend to reading and a foe to ciphering. In natural history she succeeds, but in the simplest sums she falls.

"Looking up, the other day, from a work on the Australian fauna, she said to her governess wistfully:

"'I wish I was a rabbit!'

"'Why, my child?'

"'Because this book says they multiply with extraw-nary rapidity.'"

### Finished.

Lawrence Mott, the young and talented millionaire novelist, has been making a study of New York life. From the romance of the Canadian wilderness Mr. Mott purposes to turn in his next work to the romance of a great city's slums.

At a dinner at his White Plains mansion—the mansion from which, with reckless bravery, he drove a gang of burglars last month—Mr. Mott said of his slum studies:

"Swear-offs, I find, don't refer solely to alcohol any more. There are now opium swear-offs, cocaine injection swear-offs, cologne drinking swear-offs, and so on.

"But a man with a bandaged arm wanted to establish a new swear-off the other day. Entering a Magistrate's Court, he said to the clerk:

"'Swear me off. Two years.'

"'Booze or drugs?' asked the clerk, reaching languidly for a form.

"'Neither. Carpet-beatin',' said the applicant. 'To save my wife half a dollar on her housecleanin', I undertook to beat the settin'-room body-brussels last night, and here I've wrenched my shoulder so I'll lose sixteen dollars—a full week's work. On second thoughts, make that for life.'"

### The Difficulty.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is an anti-suffragette. She has joined the anti-suffragette organization, the National League for the Civic Education of Women. At a luncheon the other day she said:

"It isn't possible for women to do the same work as men, day in and day out, in good weather and in foul. For instance, what woman could be a postman, out in all kinds of weather and at all hours, walking miles daily?"

She smiled.

"A woman postman would compare with a male one as the beggar compared with the millionaire.

"'You've got no grounds to envy me,' said the millionaire to the beggar. 'I've got just as many troubles as you have.'

"'No doubt yer right, boss,' said the beggar humbly. 'But the difficulty with me is, I ain't got nothin' else.'"

### In Praise of Bad Weather.

Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, said in a recent letter that bad weather did men good. The struggle with snow blizzards, cyclones and hot waves sharpened their minds, gave them backbone.

"New England's weather is the worst," he said. "But those northwest winds of the Maine coast bring down the invigorating fresh air, and New England provides the stamina of the American nation.

"They are, the New Englanders, such optimists. On a Spring day I watched two little girls, one from Washington, the other from Dark Harbor, playing at housecleaning.

"On a line in the garden they had all the carpets and draperies and rugs of their doll's house hung to air, when the Washington girl's bad-boy brother came and gave the line a jerk, and upset all those pretty things in the dust.

"The Washington girl began to cry with rage and despair, but the little New Englander—she briskly gathered up the scattered treasures, smiled and said:

"'Oh, never mind. Let's play Jimmy was a high wind.'"

# Waiting for the Right Man

## Persia's Future Not So Hopeless as Generally Believed.

PORTLAND, April 10.—(To the Editor.)—I have perused with great interest your remarks about the failure of the revolutionary movement in Persia, and I would like to add a few remarks to your editorial. You say that "the fortunes of war in miserable Persia have finally turned against the people and the government is enjoying its revenge for their resistance."

This is not exactly so. The St. Petersburg telegram announced that the Royalist troops are again in occupation of Tabriz; and supposing the telegram spoke the truth, it would only demonstrate that the Nationalist movement in the Province of Azerbaian has collapsed. We know that in Teheran the authority of the Shah in Shah Mohammad Ali is upheld by the swords of Colonel Liakhoff's Cossacks. But a glance at the map will show us that Teheran and Tabriz are not the whole of Persia; in fact, they are only a very small part and the successes of the Cossacks in Teheran and the Royalists in Tabriz can have only little effect upon the fortunes of war in the remaining provinces of the Persian Empire. From Astrabad to Resht, from Isfahan to the shores of the Persian Gulf the writ of the Shah in Shah's authority has ceased to run and sovereignty is dying a natural and well-deserved death. Any desperado from the free mountains, any fighting Anjuman with courage and ability can proclaim a practical dictatorship in the outlying provinces, and Mohammad Ali with all his Russian-drilled Cossacks will not be able to quell such a rebellion. Persia is simply waiting for the right man, and the right man will undoubtedly appear before very long on the Caspian stage.

Is there any reason why such a man should not appear?

Among the leading classes of Persia is a good strain of ancient Central Asiatic Mongol blood, and the spirit of the Mongolian Khans is not yet dead. A glance through the annals of history will show us that the rise of the individual Mongol conquerors, such as Genghis Khan, Timour the Limper, Bajazet, Baber and Akbar, has always been unheralded and unforeseen, has always occurred in the hour of need. Just as Genghis Khan, the rough herdsman from the shores of Lake Baikal, annihilated with one swift blow the great Northern dynasty and made the Golden Khan his vassal, just as he invaded the Kwaresmian Empire, the Persia of those days, and humbled the Seljuk Mamelukes who were then the Shahs, just as he established the rule of justice, tolerance and equity on the ruins of the great Khanates which he had destroyed, so a modern Mongol conquistador, a reincarnation of one of the thirteenth century Tartar chiefs, may appear any day on the Persian horizon and startle the world and the Associated Press correspondents with epoch-making news. For we must never forget that Asia is the true home of democracy, and that nearly all the prominent men of the Mother Continent have been self-made men. Most of the great rulers of Asia and North Africa have been Mamelukes, slaves pure and simple, who worked their way up to the highest step on the ladder.

Persia has been in worse straits in the historic past and from a strictly Persian point of view there is absolutely no need for intervention, except financial help, such as has been given to Egypt, Turkey and China in the past. From the political point of view of the Russian and British statesmen, a certain amount of intervention is desirable since the interests of the two countries and of British India are suffering, trade being paralyzed on all the chief routes. But intervention is nearly in all cases followed by occupation, and occupation would lead to many complications, would lead to much mischief. I believe it is best to let the Shah in Shah and the Persian people settle their own quarrel in their own way, even if trade suffers a temporary setback. In time, perhaps in the near future, a true leader of the Persian people will oust Mohammad Ali and exile him to a pleasant home on the banks of the Seine; and if then Great Britain and Russia should be willing to lend the aid of financial experts, the way would be paved for the establishment of a "Mejlias," a parliament which could work in complete harmony with both sovereign and people and regenerate ancient Persia.

Intervention at the present moment may appeal to Gladstonian humanitarians, but it would be a blunder and a failure; it would undoubtedly lead to the creation of new factions and thus plunge the unhappy country into still greater anarchy, into a still deeper financial morass. You say that something must be done for Persia; this something is very easily put into words, and still more easily accomplished.

Let Persia alone, and do not forget that the United States, as well as England, have had their bloody civil strifes without "something" having been done through the intervention of foreign powers. There may be, as you say, monstrosities in Teheran and in Tabriz, but I repeat that in the other provinces the Shah's authority has utterly collapsed, and the fact that the Deria Begi, the very fount of Persian dignity in Bushire, has been held up on his way to the coast, illustrates most forcibly that the Shah is powerless to cope with the revolt and that in time this revolt will spread to the capital and annihilate the Cossacks of Colonel Liakhoff. Then the Shah in Shah will have to join the "Kings in Exile," and the monstrous rule of another royal wastrel will die a natural death.

There have been and there are many monstrosities and iniquities in the history of the European and the American Aryans. Let us remind the public of the actual application of torture in Austrian Lombardy not over 70 years ago; of the merciless expropriation of Polish landowners and peasants legalized of late years by the Prussian Chamber; of the periodical outrages against negroes, Chinese and other foreigners in our own country; of the treatment of inoffensive nuns and Sisters of Mercy seven years ago in republican France.

Let us think of all these parallels and then let us stop talking of Persian monstrosities and the duty of the human race to intervene.

H. M. M'KERR-KASTAN.

Czar Nicholas is really an Oldenburg, although he is accepted as a Romanoff. If his name were to be traced through the paternal line it would be found that the founder of his family was an Oldenburg. But in accord with the generally accepted rule, it is traced through the feminine line.