THOUSANDS OF BIRDS SAVED DURING STORM BY RESIDENTS OF PORTLAND

Ingenious Device Arranged by A. W. Schlader at East Side Home Enables Hundreds of Feathered Family to Live Through Extreme Cold Weather.

1—Refuge From the Storm. 2—The Search for Food Eliminates All Fear. 3—Homemakers. 4—The Delicatessen in the Lilac Bush.

THOUSANDS of game and song birds have been saved from destruction during the recent storms through the thoughtfulness of many Portland residents. Among the followers of James John Audubon no other person appears to have realized the danger to the feathered folk in the wind, sleet and snow more than has A. W. Schlader, of 7135 Fifty-first avenue Southeast.

An ingenious device for holding food that appealed to all species of birds that have braved the extreme Oregon Winter weather, the daily reprovisioning of the birds' banquet board and the exercise of a little charity, have been rewarded.

The "delicatessen" provided for the birds by Mr. Schlader was made of a wire box, eight by ten by six inches, the wires being far enough apart to allow the birds to feed comfortably, but not far enough apart to admit of any large pieces of food being carried off by the banqueters. Fresh beef, suet, bread and apples were placed in the wire receptacle and the whole placed in a lilac bush near the house of Mr. Schlader. A pie tin full of cornmeal and bread crumbs was placed near this and to these sources of food the birds flocked by the hundreds.

Many and varied were the delights experienced by Mr. Schlador in watching the birds feed.

"One male robin took particular delight in eating all he could and then perching upon the edge of the feeding place and keeping all the birds away," said Mr. Schlador. "It was amusing at first, but after it became a habit I had to frighten him away before he would let any of the other birds feed.

"A chickadee was too foxy for the greedy robin. Being used to hang upside down from the limbs of trees in the search for its food of insects and bugs, the chickadee would hop up and hang to the under side of the delicatessen and eat his fill, entirely unnoticed by the greedy robin."

It is the admonition of Mr. Schlador to all interested ones to take a little care in the feeding of birds during the severe weather and any charity of that sort will be amply rewarded in the amount of good that those same birds may do to crops and fruit by the elimination of harmful bugs and insects.

The saving of the lives of birds is not only sentimental. It is economic gain.

AMUSEMENTS OF MANY KINDS ARE OFFERED SOLDIERS IN HOSPITALS

Nurses "Hold Hand" for One-Armed Men in Card Games in Evenings, While Others of Wounded Go to Vaudeville or to Music Halls.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

"SOMEWHERE in England," Jan. 2. — (Special.) Correspondence.) — After coming off night duty I was so tired that I went to bed that night at 9 P. M. and slept until 1 P. M. the next day and then thought it was breakfast time. My right hand was a good deal swollen from wielding a broom so vigorously and often. My glove was too tight and I could not get my rings on at all, which did not matter in the least as I had no intention of wearing them. I fortunately have had a few days' leave of absence to sell the games for the benefit of the hospital and have caught up my sleep and shrunk down again to fit my glove.

We sold 50 games today.

* * *

I have just been through the ordeal of another examination, but think I managed to pass all right. I do know, however, that I forgot to put a man's arm in a sling when describing the treatment for a case of complicated broken rib.

Christmas week will be a busy time at the hospital. Something extra will have to be done to entertain the soldiers. They love to decorate the hospital with holly, evergreen and mistletoe.

A lot of the men go to the Palace Music hall every Wednesday evening, when the wounded soldiers are the honored guests of the management. At first they were violently embarrassed by the loud applause and cheers of the rest of the audience when they entered, but now, by request, they are allowed to take their seats in peace like ordinary mortals. For Tommy Atkins is a very modest man.

The Sergeant-Major could not go this week as he has to stay in bed, but he told me he was all right and did not miss anything as the other man in his ward was thoughtful enough to take down all the jokes in shorthand to tell him when he got back. It is not every vaudeville joke which will bear taking down in shorthand, is it?

Regiment Clears Off Snow.

I am glad to say we are still cheered by the sight of khaki at every turn. The town is full of cheerful soldiers. They are most helpful people to have about, always willing to lend a hand at anything. I have an electric flashlight, which has a way of getting out of order, but Tommy, of the engineers, is always right at hand to put it right. If one enters a streetcar full of soldiers usually they all get up and offer their seats.

The soldiers were very busy cleaning the snow off the tram lines the other day. The snow vanished as quickly as in a rapid thaw when a regiment of energetic soldiers went for it. Khaki and snow, laughter and jokes were all mixed up together.

* * *

I had a letter from the Gunner-Sergeant yesterday. Unfortunately there was not much of it but beginning and end as the censor had torn away all the rest. A fervent hope that every time his gun fired it "killed something at the other end," was really all that was left besides.

* * *

I noticed one of our patients—a Sergeant in the Royal Scots—seeing some soldier friends off at the station the other day. His right hand is injured and useless, his legs are so badly injured with bayonet wounds that he can only walk on crutches. Nevertheless, he threw those crutches to a friend, grabbed hold of another man with his left hand and danced a sort of double Highland Fling in the exuberance of his spirits. The theory in the hospital is that, bad as the Sergeant's wounds are, some German got a good deal the worst of it at "Wipers" (Ypres).

Much to the regret of the nurses this Sergeant got "C. B." (confined to Barracks) for staying out an hour or two late one night. All the wounded soldiers have to be in hospital by 8 P. M. He said that the conversation of a civilian he was talking to was so absorbing that he forgot the time—but that excuse did not "go" as it seemed a long oversight from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M.

Chicken Killed to Save Life.

Somebody was telling me of the trouble men got into for replenishing their larders in the trenches from the poultry yards of the French villagers. It is a court-martial offense. I believe one soldier had commandeered a nice plump chicken when he had the misfortune to meet the Captain of the guard.

Says the Captain sternly, "Loot is forbidden."

Tommy replies:

"Well, you see, sir, it was this way. The chickens of this district have got so contaminated with the fighting spirit that one attacked me violently. It was a case of his life or mine, so I had to kill him in self defense."

The Captain accepted the explanation with the remark:

"Pass on, Ananias, all's well."

The other night nurse and I had an amusing experience when we were on duty. We had to take some supper to two men in the annex after "lights out." The annex is in the grounds of the hospital and is a ward with about 25 to 30 beds. The grounds are policed by an orderly, whose duty it is to see that lights are out. We arrived at the annex, knocked and were admitted and, of course, switched on the lights.

Immediately 12 men on each side sat up in their beds and simultaneously each man held out his hands for the supper and said: "For me, nurse, for me." We spurned all pretenders and went down to the other end of the ward to the right ones, one of whom was the Royal Scots Sergeant.

Just then the orderly's voice shouted from the door we entered: "Lights out, lights out! I can hear voices. Will you put those lights out?"

Nurse W. rushed back and called to the orderly:

"It's all right, orderly; it's just the nurses." The Sergeant whispered to me: "They're trying to fool you, nurse, one of the men is a ventriloquist."

Then I saw that the men were just rocking with laughter because, you see, the orderly was not there at all.

So I walked with dignity down the ward and when the orderly's voice called out again, "All right, nurse, good-night," I just turned to the ventriloquist and said, "Good-night" to him. Then all the men laughed again.

Nurse W. was beautifully fooled and she did laugh when I told her.

The men simply love a joke.

"The Dead Finger" is the favorite hospital joke just now. One of the men says mysteriously, "Nurse, have you seen my dead German finger?" Nurse, disgusted, says "No."

He insists on showing the gruesome trophy and opens a little cardboard box, and there, sure enough, is a real, white, waxy finger. Here young nurses usually turn pale and hurry off, horrified, to the great joy of the whole ward.

Retaliation Is Planned.

You see the box has a hole in it and the man first rubs his finger to make it white, puts an elastic band around it to stop the blood circulating and then pokes one finger through the hole—and there you are. I am just waiting to see a "dead finger" and shall either give it a good pinch or take out my scissors and suggest cutting off a piece for a souvenir.

The soldiers at the hospital have a whist party one evening every week and the nurses on duty always play with them. As nurses are few and soldiers are many, as a rule about half the men have to play lady, and exceedingly unladylike ladies they are. I mildly suggested that those playing lady should each wear a nurse's cap, but nobody adopted my suggestion, and they wear the usual handkerchief on one arm.

At the last card party a man with one arm won the prize. He had at first refused to play because he thought he could neither deal nor hold and play his cards. He changed his mind when told that one of the nurses would hold his hand. That, I may mention, is the only time we have been officially given permission to hold a soldier's hand. It is dead against all the rules of a military hospital.

Anyway, the man won the first prize, greatly to his delight, and it proved to be a pair of earrings, as he was playing lady.

Prize Is Exchanged.

I suggested that he could give one each to two of his girls, but he scorned my kindly meant advice and I believe the commandant changed them for a cigarette case.

I have just heard from Portland that my letter about the Belgian ring I sent over to The Oregonian office some time in August never arrived. My letter was evidently submarined on the Arabic, although the ring fortunately seems to have traveled on another boat.

This ring was sent to me by a Belgian soldier who wished it to be either sold or raffled in America for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund.

It was all that he had to give.

He made it out of a piece of the Zeppelin which Lieutenant Warneford brought down over Brussels. He made it in the trenches with a file and polished it on his bayonet. His mother, Madame K., brought it to me. She gave us the war cookery classes down in Cornwall last Summer.

The ring is beautifully made of aluminum and is about the right size for a woman's third finger.

Perhaps someone interested in the fund would call at The Oregonian office and try to sell or raffle the ring for the benefit of the Belgians and to please the soldier.

I have seen the new army of Britain in the making and, alas, some members of that army in the marring. Either made or marred, Tommy Atkins is a real man. It takes courage to endure the wearisome pain of a healing wound or the shock of a hot poultice, just as it does to advance through a forest of barbed wire under a hail of shrapnel.

This morning the Highlander told me he believed he should be getting a grassy grave and a white marble cross yet. I told him that I thought he was much more likely to get the Victoria cross. He is both patient and long-suffering.

The delightful Boy from the Dardanelles, who has a bayonet wound in his foot, is a most cheerful patient and keeps a whole ward entertained. He attracts all the nurses to Ward 4 as the North Pole attracts the needle.

It is a sad blow if we cannot find an excuse to go in there, however busy we may be. The window is getting quite worn out, because one nurse goes in to shut the open window and another goes in to open the shut window, and so on—all day long.

We have a man in the next ward who was an old army man, retired, and a reserve man in the merchant service when war broke out. He knows the Pacific Coast like a book. He has been shot through the spine and has lost the use of one arm. He and the Sergeant-Major in his ward have a bed-making contest every morning. I tell the Sergeant-Major that if he had one hand tied behind him I should back the other man to win.

One-Armed Man Hostile.

The man with the useless arm has one ambition, and that is to get well enough to go back with the rest of the British army and finish up the war. He would rather read the war news every morning than eat his breakfast.

The Boy is in a room with two other boys, and they are all about 20 years old. They have a splendid time together exchanging experiences. The other two were in France. One of them has frost-bitten feet—"trench feet" is the hospital term—and he and the Boy have walking contests. The Boy says the other one has the real "Charlie Chaplin glide." They consider they have most "fortunate wounds," because they feel so well and have such good appetites, and yet can rest comfortably in bed and have trays brought up to them.

The Boy told me he should come and help me scrub, because if he could not stand he could kneel, and that would be nearer the floor!

I am the wiser for knowing the interesting natural history fact that the horrid little insects that are ever with them in the trenches get quite bewildered and lose their way on a check shirt, and can be caught unawares before they "come to" and killed by scores. The Boy also adds that the ideal garment would be seamless, because these horrid little pests use the seams for ambushes. He would rather have the Turks to contend with than the fleas. He also confided to me that he liked visitors if they were not "too beastly sympathetic"—but when they wailed, "Oh, you poor dear boys. However can you stand it? I think you are perfectly splendid," etc., he wishes himself somewhere else. They told me that they had told an awful lot of lies about the quantities of Turks and Germans they had killed.

Open Air Is Beneficial.

Another man with a "trench foot" told me that the open-air life in the trenches "suited him a treat." One might wonder how he could be so enthusiastic about it. He is persona grata with the night nurses because he helps us every morning by setting the breakfast tables.

Just at present every patient wants to get well exactly in time to work Christmas into his 10 days' furlough at home after leaving the hospital. No one wants to get well just in time to get that furlough used up before Christmas.

The cured men go out of the hospital every Monday. Tomorrow is a little too soon for Christmas, but next Monday is just right, so there is an epidemic of mysterious relapses, which will prevent the invalid being well enough to go for another week.

I was quite interested the other day to read in a letter from an American friend of the changes in the fashions. It was almost a surprise to be told that full skirts were being worn again. It is not exactly that we have not caught up with the fashions here but rather that we are so busy and always hurrying so, that the fashions cannot catch up with us!

They say that the Paris fashions are only known this year to the Americas, North and South. A nurse's uniform is the correct form here in Europe. One's ambition never goes beyond a lovely cap with strings instead of one without. We are always getting in or out of uniforms and shall certainly be qualified as rapid-change artists on the Orpheum or any other circuit.

Boy Wants to Play Poker.

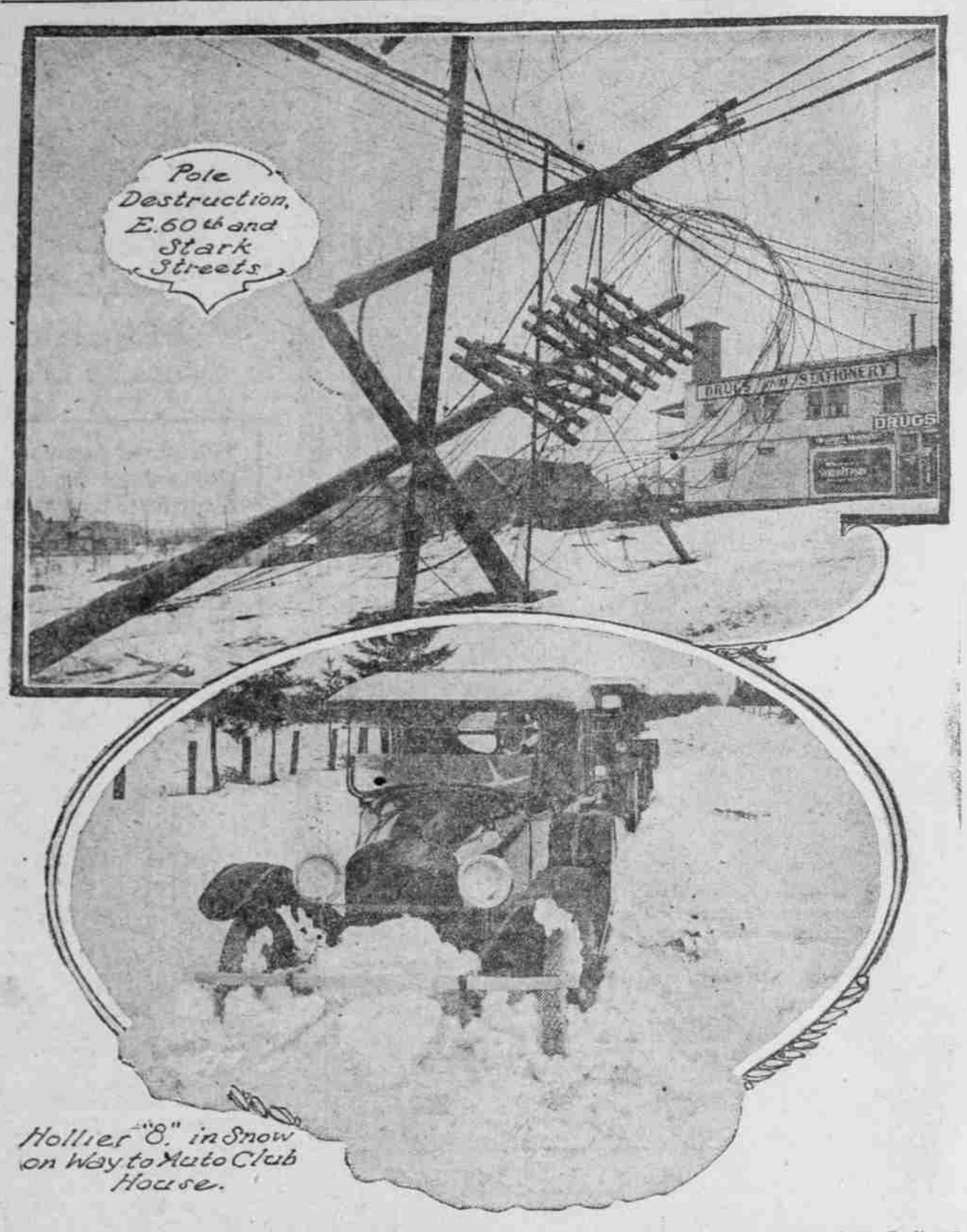
The boy wants me to teach him to play poker, but I strongly doubt if that is one of the duties the hospital requires of its nurses. In fact, I very strongly doubt it, and hospital rules are strict. The duties it does expect us to perform and the rules it expects us to keep are many and varied.

I have been on night duty all this week and am looking forward to a good long sleep. Tonight is my last night as "night nurse." Putting on poultices and hot fomentations is a light recreation that goes along with our duties of sweeping, cleaning, scrubbing tables (we do not scrub floors), drying plates and mugs in their hundreds and preparing an infinite variety of supper trays.

In the early morning we start getting breakfast ready for 45 downstairs and about seven in bed. Then we stay and help until breakfast is over. There are two of us on and we get so tired that our feet positively refuse to walk. We are supposed to get a few hours' sleep. My hours' sleep have been few, however. I go to the hospital at 6 P. M. and leave about 10 A. M.

TRIP THROUGH SNOWDRIFTS TAKEN TO SHOW PROWESS OF NEW AUTOMOBILE

Hollier "8," Driven by Paul J. Feely, of Gerlinger Company, Manages to Penetrate Unbroken Snow as Far as Twelve-Mile House.



AN unusual opportunity was presented last week to test the snowbucking prowess of the new cars and new models of old Portland favorites that recently had their local "coming out" parties. Not within the memory of the oldest habitue of automobile row was there such favorable conditions for finding out how the new members of the motor colony would pull through heavy snow that piled above the running boards.

Members of the Gerlinger Motor Car Company's sales staff were quick to take advantage of the snow-bound highways to demonstrate the unusual power of the Hollier "8," the car which created such wide interest when it made its debut to Portland motorists at the automobile show.

The severe road conditions made it possible to put the Hollier slogan, "more power, less weight," to the most practical kind of a test. The little car lived up to its reputation so completely that the salesmen wish they could make all their demonstrations under conditions that bring out its unique qualities so forcefully.

Rescue in Car Attempted.

One stunt staged with a Hollier was an attempted rescue of George Chambers, secretary of the Portland Automobile Club, who was "snowed in" at the clubhouse on the Lower Sandy. Paul J. Feeley, advertising manager of the Gerlinger Motor Car Company, started out Tuesday afternoon to get to the clubhouse and bring Chambers to town.

He succeeded in bucking the snowbanks as far as the Twelve-Mile House where he was confronted by a 10-foot drift that seemed to extend as far as the eye could reach. After the strenuous work of breaking trail through several bad drifts, the prospect of shoveling a path through this young mountain was not enchanting, so he turned back for another series of bucks through drifts and banks.

"The trip was not without satisfaction, however, for we succeeded in driving the Hollier quite a distance farther than any automobile had been through the snow," says Mr. Feeley. "It was the first car to reach the Twelve-Mile House after the worst of the storm. On the return trip the Hollier came as a Good Samaritan to two automobiles that were stuck in drifts that we had negotiated. Because of its unusual light weight—the Hollier weighs less than 2400 pounds—and its exceptional power, this machine was capable of pushing its way through deep snow that stalled cars of heavier weight and also those light cars of average power."

Customers Are Obtained.

"Fortunately, the Hollier '8' created such a distinct impression at the show that we had 'prospects' interested enough to take demonstrations while the snow was bad," said Mr. Gerlinger in discussing the performance of the new car. "Two of them placed orders for delivery from the shipment of Hoilers that has been held up on account of the weather, while several others put up deposits for later delivery. The masterly way in which the Hollier plowed its way through the snow was ample proof of the contention that a car of its weight and power closely approaches the ideal in an automobile.

Aside from its ability to negotiate the worst kind of roads without apparent effort, there is another feature in connection with the Hollier '8' that gets it earnest consideration from those who buy intelligently. This feature also has to do with the slogan, 'More power, less weight.' If you will compare the Hollier motor dimensions and weight with those of other 'eights' selling at double the price, you will appreciate that the slogan is something more than merely four words.

"Its motor size and car weight have definite relation to its operative and maintenance costs. They mean maximum gasoline and tire mileage; minimum up-keep cost; freedom from vibration, unusual flexibility; a longer duration of that mechanical fitness characteristic of the new machine, and that abundance of power heretofore attained only in heavy cars—and all of these motor luxuries come without the heavy expenses attached to the big automobiles."

DEFENSE ROAD PLAN

Ezra Meeker Seeks to Preserve Old Oregon Trail.

BILL IS UP IN CONGRESS

Representative Humphries Is Sponsor for Proposal to Construct Highway From St. Louis to Olympia, Washington.

If a bill drawn by the unique pioneer, Ezra Meeker, and introduced in Congress by Representative Humphries, of Washington, is passed, the Old Oregon Trail, blazoned by the early pioneers of this section, will be preserved intact and made famous for all time to come.

The bill calls for the construction of a highway from St. Louis along the survey of the Old Oregon Trail to the Columbia River Highway, to Portland, thence across to Vancouver and on to Olympia, Wash. The bill was introduced January 15 and is now in the hands of the committee on military affairs. The proposed highway is intended as a memorial to the pioneers who drove ox teams across the plains, but it is also proposed as a step toward preparedness in the event of war.

The general location of the road is roughly given in the bill as follows:

From St. Louis to Kansas City, Mo., following as near as may be the general route of what is commonly known as the Old Trail. From Kansas City, following the joint Santa Fe and Oregon trails for about 40 miles to Gardner, Kan.; thence following the general route of the Oregon Trail to Topeka, Kan., and from Topeka thence to the state line of Nebraska; thence following said trail to the Platte River and thence along the most practical route near the right bank of the said Platte River to a point where in the judgment of said board they may decide as the best point to cross said river, said crossing to be below or at the junction of the north and south forks of said river; thence, as near as may be, along the left river bank of said North Platte River to the state line of Wyoming; thence by the best general route to a point where the Old Trail diverges from the river to the left bank of the Sweetwater River near the landmark known as Independence Rock; thence up Sweetwater River to a point where said Old Trail leaves said river and ascends to the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the South Pass, and thence to the nearby point known as Pacific Springs.

Thence to Bear River Valley and the state line of Idaho; thence down this valley to Soda Springs and to Pocatello, Idaho; thence to American Falls, Idaho and to the best crossing of the Snake River; thence to and down the Boise Valley to Boise City, Idaho; thence to recrossing of Snake River and to Huntington, Or.; thence to La Grande, Or.; thence over the Blue Mountains to The Dalles, Or.; thence through the Columbia River gap to Portland and then to Vancouver on the right bank of the Columbia River in the state of Washington; thence to Olympia, Wash., following generally the Old Oregon Trail and other trails followed by the pioneers in going from St. Louis to Puget Sound, utilizing, wherever practicable, roads and highways already existing.

AUTO SHOWS BREAK RECORDS

Winter Sales So Great Makers Are Unable to Supply Demand.

With the successful 1916 New York and Chicago shows over, officials of the various automobile companies have returned to their factories to hasten production of cars in order to meet the demand. Both the New York and Chicago shows broke all records for attendance and sales, to say nothing of prospects, so that 1916 promises to be the most successful year in the history of the industry.

This is the first year that there has not been a general policy of storing cars by the manufacturers and dealers for the Spring rush, but with the all-year touring types and the self starter, which has allowed for general Winter use of motor cars, the Winter sales have been so great that the factories have been unable to keep up with the demand.

OLDS TO BUILD LIGHT CARS

Marked Development in Manufacture of Machines Noted.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 12.—"Eight cylinders and light weight" is the slogan adopted by the Olds Motor Works in marketing its eight-cylinder models for the year 1916. The combination of these features is held to achieve a marked development in motorcar manufacture, and to set a decided advance in construction.

The weight of the Oldsmobile eight is less than 2800 pounds, which is decidedly low, when the size of the car and its luxury qualifications are taken into consideration. Easy-riding quality has been obtained by a careful refinement and balance of chassis, instead of weight, as formerly.

New Car Owners in County

THE following residents of Multnomah County have just been awarded licenses for new automobiles registered this year for the first time, according to the records of M. O. Wilkins:

E. H. Anderson, 855½ Mississippi avenue, Paige.
O. V. Bradley, 621 Yeon building, Reo.
H. G. Beckwith, 244 Third, Studebaker.
George F. Bodman, 175 East Nineteenth, Paige.
W. E. Burdet, 321 East Taylor, Buick.
City of Portland, street bureau, 261 Sixteenth, Locomobile street-flusher.
City of Portland, street bureau, 261 Sixteenth, Locomobile street-flusher.
S. I. Davis & Co., 54 North Front, Ford.
John Derfer, 742 Prescott, Dodge.
M. M. Dickinson, 427 Pittock, Cole.
L. T. Evans, 24 Troutdale, Dodge.
E. W. Gibbs, Gresham, Overland.
Mrs. Carlton Grant, 54 East Nineteenth South, Mitchell.
J. L. Harper, 1055 East Ankeny, Hudson.
E. C. Hayden, 4912 Forty-second avenue, Oakland.
Dr. E. T. Hedlund, 459 Morgan building, Cole.
J. A. Henry, 200 First, Overland.
G. W. Hurlburt, Fairview, Overland.
Mrs. R. Jacobson, 288 Caruthers, Ford.
M. T. Jones, 333 Morrison, Overland.
George E. Mercer, Columbia and Kenton boulevard, Chevrolet.
C. A. Nyquist, 785 Roosevelt, Ford.
Oregon Taxicab Company, Park and Davis, Studebaker.
T. Ozone, Troutdale, Ford.
Elmer L. Perry, Postoffice, Ford.
W. C. Pope, 282 Oregon, Ford.
L. G. Richardson, 301 Yeon building, Hupmobile.
William L. Robertson, P. O. box 1096, Maxwell.
A. E. Rubenstein, Fifth and Pine, Maxwell.
A. F. Sall, 213 Sixth, Hupmobile.
Charles I. Sigourney, 421 Durham, Chandler.
Jacob Sherman, 571 First, Ford.
D. H. Strowbridge, 106-8 Grand, Studebaker.
Suburban Investment Company, 454 Hawthorne avenue, Ford.
S. S. Thompson, Gresham, Franklin.
Joseph B. Tucker, 72 North Twenty-third, Buick.
D. R. Urfur, 80 North Twentieth, Studebaker.
Dr. Carlo Visetti, Stock Exchange building, Reo.
George Wagner, 275 Gilsan, Dodge.
F. S. Walton, 1250 Hawthorne, Overland.

In an effort to keep the Germans from crossing the Vistula, several hundred women aided the Russian soldiers to dig trenches.