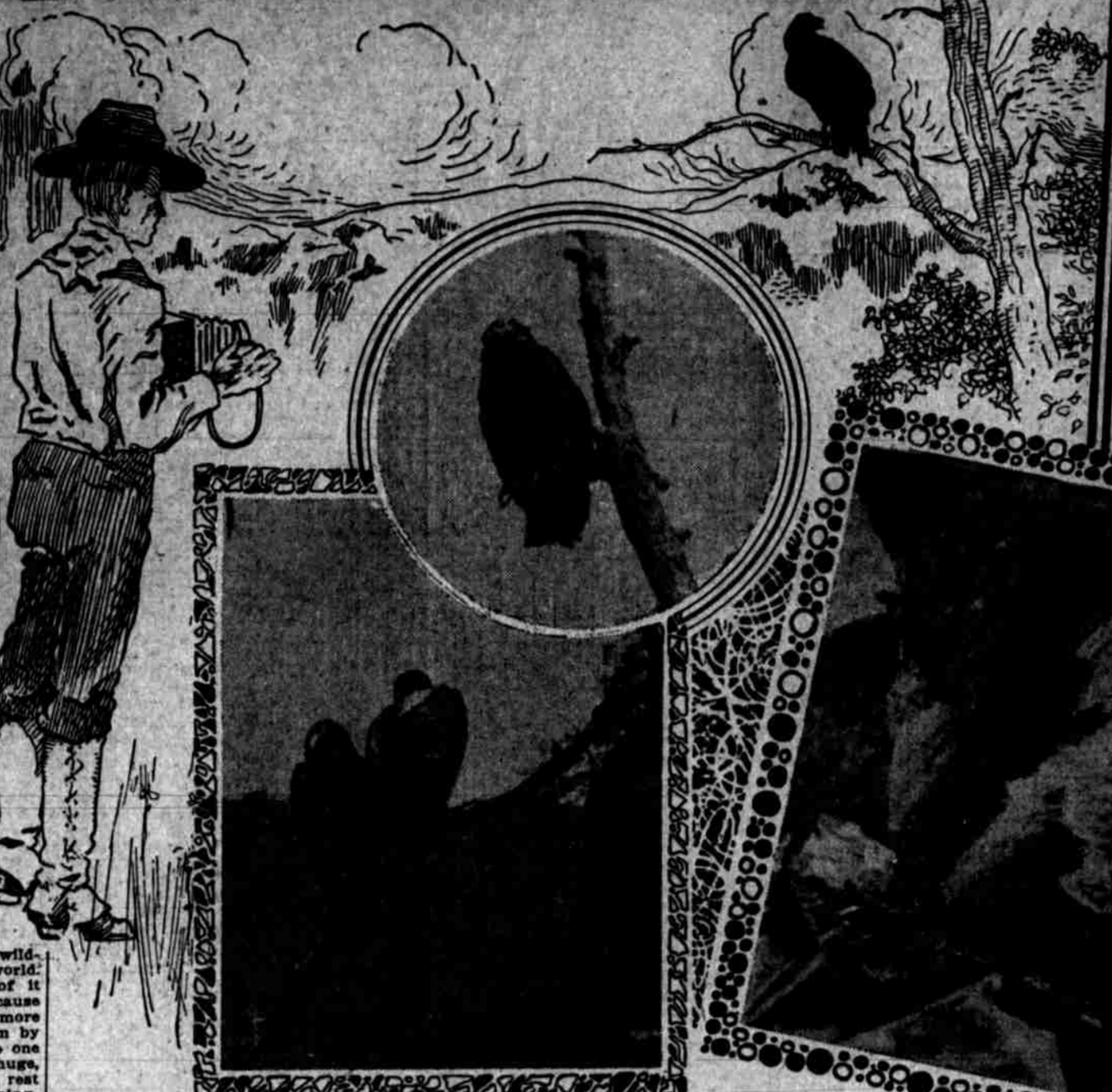


HUNTING THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR WITH THE CAMERA



W. L. FINLEY



OF the more than 80,000,000 people in this country, probably not more than 1,000 have seen the California condor, solitary ranger of the heavens, in freedom; only two people have ever made pictures of the condor, and The Sunday Journal is the first paper to publish the photographs. The condor is the largest bird in the world and the wildest; of its habits, appearance and characteristics comparatively little was known until William L. Finley and Herman T. Bohman of this city made a study of it, and got on terms of such intimacy with it that they were able to watch the incubation and to feed and handle and photograph the young and take pictures of the old birds. This took many weeks of delicate work, but the naturalists were repaid for their toil by what it produced. When you have read what they noted you can tear out the encyclopedia articles on the condor; they were written by people who had never seen the bird. It may be mentioned that on the trip he made to study the California condor Mr. Finley almost lost his life.

THE California condor is the wildest and rarest bird in the world. What has been written of it has been apocryphal, because the writers never knew anything more about it than what was told them by some one who said he knew some one who thought he had seen the huge, lonely denizen of the sky sink to rest on the highest branch of a lightning-blasted pine far up toward the loftiest peak of some untraveled mountain. In all the museums and historic associations and scientific societies of the world there are but 40 eggs of the California condor; the discovery of a condor's nest is a matter of international interest. Mr. Finley and Mr. Bohman were offered a large sum to kill the birds for stuffing for an eastern museum. Their condors are still free, the only sign of life amid the deadly desolation of the San Bernardino mountains.

It was known that two condors had an aserie amid the upper fastnesses of the "San Bernardino" mountains; some prospectors, gazing in the heat of a verdigris-colored sky, had been startled to see a shadow wave across their path when no cloud was in the heavens, and had noted the majestic birds swinging in great circles on wings that hardly quivered far overhead.

It was a story such as that that took Finley and Bohman to California and to a little town that nestles in a valley that is little more than a canyon be-

tween great mountains. Days were spent in watching the heavens for a sign of the condors and the watchers almost gave up the search in despair, when one evening they saw their quarry. The men who hunt with cameras returned to their headquarters, loaded burros with food and bedding and, going back to the mountains, began a search for the condor's nest. They found it under a huge rock, that was almost a cave; there had been no effort at housebuilding on the part of the condors; there was a hollow amid the shale and debris and there lay one egg of dull bluish-white color, and about 5 by 3 inches. The condor lays but one egg in a season, and it is a question whether the season is once a year or once in two years. It was hours before the bird returned; their feeding grounds extended away to New Mexico and almost to the borders of Lower California. Day after day the men watched the nest, and as time passed the fear of the condors disappeared and the hunt-

ers had a chance to view them at comparatively close range.

A Queer-Looking Bird.

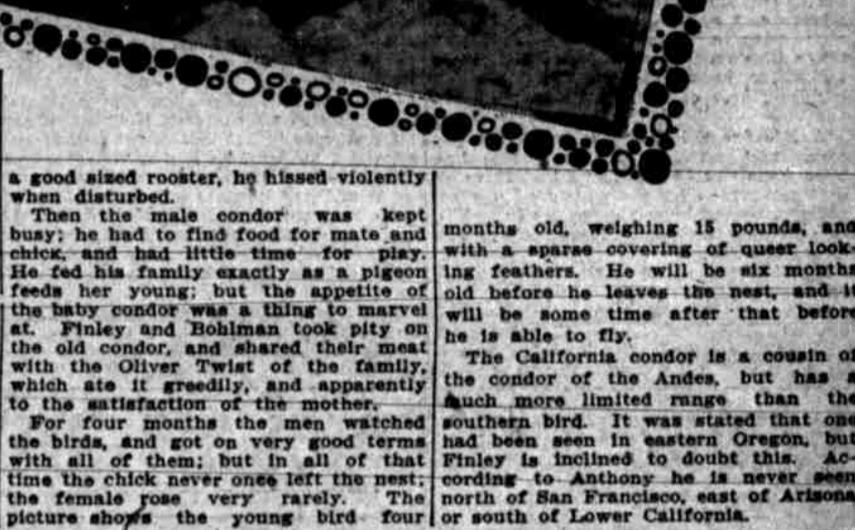
The condor is a strange-looking bird. The head is as bald as lava rock and the tightly drawn skin of the older birds is bright red, running to orange, which extends to the crop; about the neck is a ruff of black feathers, which gives the condor, with his big, unwinching eyes, a most ludicrous appearance. On the knee is a great patch of red skin; the under part of the wings, which have a stretch of about 13 feet, are white; the rest of the bird is black. He is a silent fowl, and all the time Mr. Finley and Mr. Bohman watched the parents but once did they utter a sound; that was like a grunt of a pig, and as the condor seemed to be in an easy frame of mind it was taken as an expression of satisfaction.

One day the female condor did not go out to feed, and the hunters knew

the period of incubation had begun. They drew closer to the nest, and marveled as the days passed at the infinite patience of the female, which never left the egg; and at the gentleness of the male, which every night brought home food and fed his mate. Then the time began to get long for the watchers; three weeks passed, and no chick appeared; another week and the female still brooded. At the end of that time the men had to go back to town—a two days' trip—for food.

A Ravenous Youngster.

They returned in four days and when they looked at the nest a piece of egg shell was lying near. They gently moved the mother bird, and there was the queerest sight they had ever seen. Master Condor was all eyes and legs; black, bare and solemn, and as big as



a good sized rooster, he hissed violently when disturbed.

Then the male condor was kept busy; he had to find food for mate and chick, and had little time for play. He fed his family exactly as a pigeon feeds her young; but the appetite of the baby condor was a thing to marvel at. Finley and Bohman took pity on the old condor, and shared their meat with the Oliver Twist of the family, which ate it greedily, and apparently to the satisfaction of the mother.

For four months the men watched the birds, and got on very good terms with all of them; but in all of that time the chick never once left the nest; the female jone very rarely. The picture shows the young bird four

months old, weighing 15 pounds, and with a sparse covering of queer looking feathers. He will be six months old before he leaves the nest, and it will be some time after that before he is able to fly.

The California condor is a cousin of the condor of the Andes, but has a much more limited range than the southern bird. It was stated that one had been seen in eastern Oregon, but Finley is inclined to doubt this. According to Anthony he is never seen north of San Francisco, east of Arizona or south of Lower California.

THE WORLD'S MOST NOTABLE WOMEN'S CLUB HAS BEEN FORCED INTO BANKRUPTCY

By Evelyn Montague.
(Copyright in the United States and Great Britain by Curtis Brown. All Rights Reserved.)

AFTER achieving a phenomenal success, the Empress club, which was for years the swiftest woman's club in London, went down with a crash. An official receiver is in possession of the gorgeous rooms where titled dames and their attendant satellites were wont to hold high levees, and creditors are usefully figuring on their probable losses.

The story of the rise and fall of the

Empress club sheds an illuminating light on certain phases of English society, which Lord Charles Bessford, in his blunt, uncompromising sailor fashion, declares to be "eaten out with the canker of money" and "rotten from top to bottom." The Empress club bowed down at the shrine of the golden calf, and when disaster overtook it was repudiated by its idol. Though in its earlier years the management exercised sufficient discrimination concerning the moral qualifications for membership to satisfy the by no means stringent notions of what constitutes respectability in modern society, as spelled with the

big "B" in English journals, latterly it drew its doors open wide to those who could pay the price and go the pace. In consequence, for a time, money poured into its coffers, and the receipts of the departments which catered to luxurious tastes in the matter of solid and liquid refreshments—especially the latter—increased enormously.

Whispers Against the Members.

But among those who obtained admission by means of the golden key were several women who had committed the unpardonable sin of being found out, and who had to people beneath unpleasant things about the club, which scandal-mongers carried far and wide. The management, blind to everything but the financial condition, allowed matters to drift from bad to worse. Titled folk began to drop out. Those who had joined for the sake of gaining social prestige followed the lead of their ladyships, with many protests of righteous indignation against the contamination to which they had unwittingly exposed themselves. As long as the duchesses and countesses tarried, they cared not a jot to what extent their skirts were besmirched by brushing against the garments of women of dubious reputations. But when the peeresses vanished their morals were shocked and they betook themselves elsewhere in pursuit of virtue and social exclusiveness. The management found itself powerless to stop the stampede, and there was nothing left to do but wind it up and turn the assets over to the creditors.

The club was founded as a sort of commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession to the throne of the empress queen. At least that is what its promoters asserted, and there by justified their assumption of the grand old lady's Indian title.

Very Cheap Advertising.

Philanthropy was just beginning to be the fashion, and another happy idea of the executive was to give one shilling (25 cents) out of every member's subscription to the "Prince of Wales" (now the king's) hospital fund. Few people figured out what a very small percentage of the subscription fee 25 cents represented, and the action was loudly applauded as evidence of praiseworthy loyalty and self-denying devotion to a deserving charity.

Still shrewder was the wisdom displayed in getting together a lot of titled women to fill the ornamental positions. The club opened its doors with a list of 20 vice-presidents, every one a peeress, headed by her grace, the Duchess of Leeds, the original of Sarah Grand's heroine "Ideala." English society is nothing if not snobbish. Women tumbled over one another in their eagerness to be enrolled among these exalted representatives of feminine aristocracy. The presence of several American women of title furnished equally attractive bait, owing to the supposed length of their purses. Among them were Lady Tankerville, who was one of the vice-presidents, and Lady Hesketh, Lady Arthur Butler, Lady Cooper and several others, who joined as life members.

In a short while the club outgrew its

original premises. The subscription fee was increased from three guineas (\$15.75) to 20 guineas (\$107.50), but even that latter price was considered cheap for the privilege of scraping up an acquaintance with a baroness, a countess or possibly a duchess. Just before the stampede began, it was proposed to raise the annual subscription fee to 50 guineas, so numerous were the applicants for admission. The management built at enormous expense a magnificent palace in Dover street.

Most Luxurious Club.

In the matter of furnishing and decorations—in all-around up-to-dateness—the Empress clubhouse was probably the most luxurious and perfectly appointed establishment of its kind in the world. No expense was spared in its embellishment. Magnificence was aimed at and achieved. And it succeeded by leaps and bounds. It was the first woman's club that dared to provide a smoking-room for women; the first, too, that ventured a billiard-room. At these innovations Mrs. Grundy raised her virtuous eyebrows and exclaimed, "What next?" The question was answered later.

It was not the smoking-room, nor the billiard-room, nor the refreshment-room which wrecked the Empress. In these days of feminine emancipation club-women will wink at all these things, and more. But clubwomen have not yet reached the point where they will tolerate association with women whose reputations won't stand investigation—not at least when such association ceases to be sanctified by the saving presence of duchesses and countesses and other dames of high degree.

What played havoc with the Empress was the sparing use made of the black-ball. Elated by its success, the management grew indifferent to everything but money. Practically any woman who could furnish a banker's reference as a guarantee of ability to pay the subscription fees was admitted to membership. In this way second-rate actresses with shady reputations, divorcees and women who had chosen "protection" in preference to the more rigid ties of matrimony gained entrance to the club.

Some Notorious Guests.

They brought in as their guests men who were notorious rakes. The atmosphere of the club became decidedly rowdyish. It was no uncommon sight to see waiters hurrying about as early as 10 a. m. with brandies and sodas, pick-me-ups, cocktails and liqueurs. Among the last a particularly insidious sort of abstinence was the favorite and was procurable nowhere else in London. Rightly or wrongly, there are not a few men in London who blame the Empress for having made their wives dispositionaries. The excise people told appalling tales of the quantity of intoxicants sold there. But the management had an eye only for increased receipts, and grew gleeful over the evidence of growing prosperity. The most objectionable people were the frequent spenders who were the life of the club. The notorious Earl Cowley, who has been correspondent in various divorce cases, was a constant visitor at the Empress. Men who had lost sight of

their divorced wives for years met them there, reposing luxuriously in Louis XVI chairs. It may perhaps be considered to the credit of the club that it was the means of bringing about the remarriage of some half dozen divorced couples.

A Chance Meeting.

No such happy result, however, followed the meeting between Mrs. Brown Potter and her ex-husband, after years of separation. She was supping at the club one evening with a party of friends and he with another, and it so happened that the tables faced each other. Mrs. Potter's dramatic training stood her in good stead and she behaved as though nothing unusual was in progress, but the unfortunate Potter was rendered so painfully nervous that he capsize a bottle of champagne, and with a very red face beat a hasty retreat from the room. He never crossed the portals of the Empress again.

The decline in the club's reputation after the introduction of the rowdy element was accelerated by the mysterious fashion in which the belongings of members and their friends disappeared. For the last year or so no one dreamed of leaving anything in the cloakroom. Women walked about with their wraps and any other paraphernalia they might have brought with them. When they sat down they deposited them in their laps, but even such precautions did not always avail. Things occasionally vanished right under their owners' noses.

Here is an instance. A guest, having upon her lace scarf, pinned to the tablecloth, for the sake of security, the small jeweled brooch with which it was fastened. When she rose from the table at the conclusion of her lunch she discovered that it was missing.

The Theft of the Brooch.

"My brooch has gone," she said to her hostess, "yes you saw me pin it to the cloth."

The servant who had waited upon them was summoned and questioned, but he protested that he had never seen it.

"The trinket," said the owner, "is not worth half a sovereign. I simply value it because it belonged to a dear friend. But to whomsoever finds it I shall give £2."

Before she left the premises, however, the "lost" article was restored to her by the servant who had waited at the table. He had "found" it, he said, under the table.

"My brooch was stolen," said the lady. "My ruse to get it back has been successful, and although it is worth £100 I have no intention of giving you the £2 I promised for its return."

Among other things which helped bring the Empress low was woman's grand capacity for breaking rules. Now no one who knows anything of woman in the aggregate would accuse her of being generous in the matter of tips, which are, of course, rigidly forbidden in all clubs. At the same time, if it suits her purpose, she can be liberal to the point of lavishness. If a woman sits in her club all the afternoon and sips liqueurs or brandy and soda, what will the attendants who wait upon her think—and say—if she does not tip them freely?



DUCHESS OF LEEDS FIRST PRESIDENT OF EMPRESS CLUB



LADY TANKERVILLE AMONG TITLED FOUNDERS OF EMPRESS CLUB