

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

A Can of Salmon

"GODDY!" cried Jamie one day as he saw his mother bring out a can of salmon. "Salmon croquettes for lunch! Let me open the can, mother?"

"Gladly," answered his mother. "Only don't cut yourself on the edges. There, that's right—now empty it out in this pan and we'll pick out the bones and skin before we make him into croquettes."

"Poor old fellow!" Jamie sympathized, as he poured the contents of the can out. "It isn't as nice in that old can as it was swimming around in the water, is it?" He looked closer.

"Where is his head, mother?" he cried. "Sardines have heads and tails, too, but this salmon doesn't look like a fish at all."

"It is fish, all right, Jamie, but not a whole one. It would take a mighty big can to hold a whole salmon."

"Why, how big are they?" the little boy wanted to know.

"Oh, the grown-up fish weigh anywhere from ten to eighty pounds—they average about fifteen pounds apiece, I believe, so you see the cans we get contain only a very small part of the salmon."

"Did he live in the ocean or in a river?" Jamie asked, watching his mother pick out the gray skin and put it under the table for Tabby, the cat.

KITTY KINGFISHER

WHILE I don't have quite as much blue in my dress as that busy husband of mine, people say I'm every bit as pretty. In fact, from the way he took on when he courted me, he must think I'm prettier. For one thing, I keep my long head feathers neater than he does; but in most ways, we are very much alike, particularly when we get to discussing the best place for the nest, then we both talk so loud and fast, that neither one hears a word the other says. But in the end, I generally have my way, and the nest goes where I think it ought. Speaking of the nest, we don't build in trees, but in a bank, right near the water, for there's where we get our living, you know.

When we have decided on a place, both of us work, turn about digging out a round hole about ten or fifteen inches deep, straight in the clay, and when we think it is deep enough, we dig down, and make the cutest little round nursery you ever saw. We don't take the trouble to make a soft cradle for the babies when they hatch, for we don't believe in soft beds for children. We think they are healthier if they sleep on a hard, sticky one, so we get all the old fishbones and fish scales we can find, and make the mattress of that. And if the children find it uncomfortable, they never say so, as all their time is taken up crying for something to eat. I tell you we have a time keeping their stomachs half-way full, as I don't believe a young kingfisher ever got so full, but what it could eat some more.

As soon as their eyes are open in the morning, they start in begging for breakfast, and then on until dinner-time, they are fussing about something between meals, and from dinner to supper it is the same thing. Some days when it is stormy, and fishing is poor, we have to carry them nearly everything we catch, and the consequence is, we go to bed hungry. But

we are willing to do almost anything to have a little peace in the family. But never mind, just wait about a year from now when they have babies of their own, then maybe they will appreciate what we have done for them.

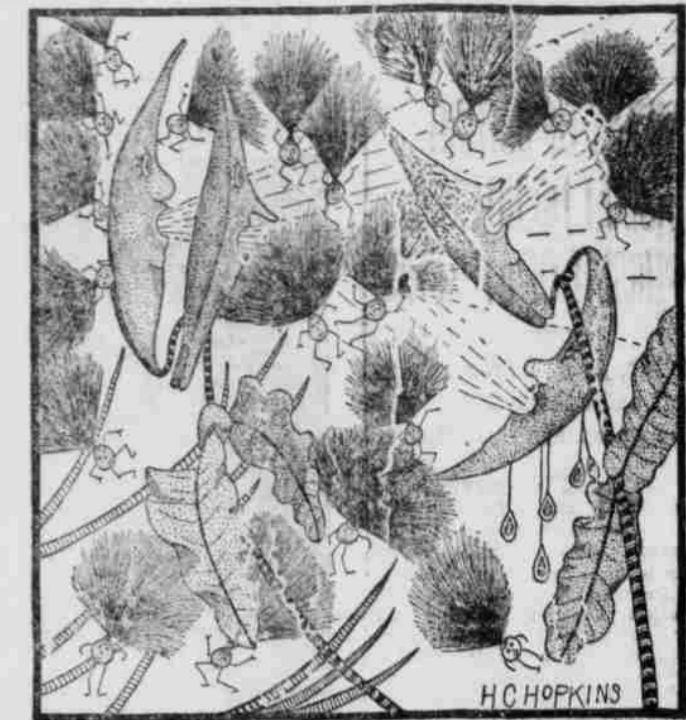
And even when they have left the nest, and are nearly as big as we are, they follow us about, get in the way, hold their bills wide open, and beg to be fed, instead of trying to catch something for themselves—but I sup-



David

pose all parents have their troubles, so I oughtn't to complain.

Aside from the children, that sky-blue husband, who was a bridegroom not three months ago, is sometimes a great trial. He gets me so nervous, that I feel like plunging under the water and staying there for good—if I were right sure he would be sorry, I believe I'd do it. It's like this: He thinks the river for a mile up and down from the nest, actually belongs to him, as if he had bought and paid



H.C. HOPKINS

SEED-CHILDREN

In autumn all the race of flowers is ready to depart; But, ere it sinks into the mold, each blossom bares its heart, And from that cradle children, nursed thro' summer's rain and shine, Take flight to hide till winter's cold and dreary days decline. In whispers carried by the wind, the withered blossoms sigh: "Go seek your fortunes in the world, dear children, ere we die. When spring returns, your blooms unfold that beauty may not fail In wood and field—go tell to men your ever wondrous tale."

fresh and salt waters mix. There he lingers awhile, probably to get used to the ocean water, but soon he swims into the sea, where in a year or two he weighs four or five pounds and is called a 'grilse'. Perhaps he goes back up the river when he is this old, but more likely he waits until he is a full-fledged salmon as big as his mother and father were when they came up the river several years before to lay the eggs.

"I'd love to see salmon swimming up the river," said Jamie. "Do they ever come up the Ohio River?"

"No," his mother told him. "They come up only the rivers that empty into the sea, mostly those rivers that empty into the North Atlantic or Pacific Oceans."

"Is there just one kind of salmon, mother?"

"No, there are many varieties, but only about six kinds that are very good to eat."

"What kind is this?" Jamie wanted to know.

His mother picked up the can and read the label. "This is blue-back or red salmon," she told him. "It was caught in the Columbia River."

"What makes the salmon such a



"Did He Live In The Ocean Or In A River?" Asked Jamie

In The MOVIES

ALTA TODAY

A blitzed that swept the high altitudes of Northern California provided a backdrop for the big scenes in Metro's splendid production of "Big Game," starring May Allison, now showing at the Alta Theatre.

When filming of the new picture was begun Hayard Veiller, chief of productions at Metro's West Coast studios, planned the sending of an expedition to the Canadian woods for the big scenes. But when it was found that the woods, miles of snow and mountains background required by the script were to be found within two days' trip from Hollywood, the nearer journey was made instead.

In addition to the human players who participated in the spectacular snow scenes, a team of shaggy sledge dogs that have been service in several polar expeditions, were used by Miss Allison. The mountaineers that were driven through the land of the Midnight Sun by Stephenson on his last dash to the uncharted regions of the Far North, made their initial appearance before the camera for this production.

"Big Game" is a screen version of the Broadway stage success by Willard Robertson and Kilbourn Gordon. It was prepared for the film by Edward T. Lowe, Jr., of Metro's scenario staff. This supporting company includes Forrest Stanley, Edward Cecil, Zeffie Tilbury, William Elmer and Sidney D'Albrook. Dallas Fitzgerald directed.

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May ALLISON BIG GAME

had thought she had married a man
She found that his coat of arms was more striking than the pattern of his courage—that he feared the cold steel of Jean St. Jean's knife more than the event of the sinister Canadian trapper's overtures to herself.
How Eleanor fought free of the dilemma is a story that will stir the heart deeply
From the Broadway stage success by Willard Robertson and Kilbourn Gordon. Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald