

# GIVEN AWAY FREE!

## Nosler's Grocery

Phone 4 Phone 4

To first Name drawn will receive

**One Case Assorted Fruits and Vegetables. Value \$2.00**

To second name drawn

**One 49-lb sack Feather Flake Flour Value \$1.25**

To third name drawn

**One 24 1/2-lb. sack Feather Flake Flour Value 65c**

To fourth name drawn

**One 10-lb. sack Feather Flake Flour Value 30c**

Tickets will be given with every 50c purchase or fraction thereof. Our goods were bought at the lowest prices in years and priced accordingly. We cordially invite you to examine the quality and compare our prices with any other store in Coos County.

Drawing of tickets will be at 8:00 o'clock P. M. Saturday, December 24th.

### OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

During the summer months, birds are mighty scarce about our yards. In those months there is plenty of feed, millions of insects and fat juicy grubs that our little feathered friends reap a harvest from; and then, too, many, many of them migrate during the Spring and are not seen during the summer at all. But when the cold days come the birds come from their high mountain retreats and migrate from other states and if they have been treated right at one particular spot the past winter and spring, they never forget and will always show up there again. For many days we had been on the lookout for the return of our little friends of past seasons and the other morning we were rewarded by the first sight of them. As if by magic, the entire yard was filled with robins. But we were prepared for them. The feed rack was waiting with choice food and it only took a few seconds to sprinkle the ground with more food. Then came the van-guard of the chirping sparrows and mingling with them were several white-crowned sparrows and then came "Brownie" our little singing brush thrush, who stayed with us for six solid months and sang through each day of the spring; nested nearby and was the last to depart in the latter days of May. It was just like greeting old friends again, as different species of birds arrived daily. Then the juncos came (snowbirds) dozens and dozens of them. And then one morning a rare sight greeted us. An old-fashioned cat-bird alighted upon the feed rack. What a rare sight! The second one seen in the yard in twenty years! And such a beautiful bird he was—white-breasted and blood-red beneath his wings; a black bordered neck and jet-black head, the black extended entirely down the back to the tip of his tail and his shoulders boasting white dots. He gorged himself, uttered his harsh cat call and flew away. But he will probably return. So, where a few scant days back there was not a sign of a bird in the yard, today dozens and dozens of them may be seen at most any time. And every few minutes that cheerful little rogue, the chick-a-dee, shows up to take a few pecks at the fat meat suspended from the limb of an apple tree and while he pecks away he utters his cheerful little note which all nature lovers so love to hear. I do not know of any greater pleasure that may be had at such small expense as feeding birds. And really, you must remember that we owe our little friends a great deal; for without their ceaseless efforts of controlling insects, naturalists claim that this world would be a desolate waste within a very short time. So don't forget folks—feed the birds.

A news dispatch from Klamath Falls states that thousands of ducks are frozen solidly in the ice and are dying from cold and starvation. That's a hard one to swallow. Up in Canada, in one of the greatest grouse districts in the world, the grouse are migrating. By the tens of thousands they are leaving their old haunts and moving across country. Hundreds of them are being killed with clubs in the hands of residents of that section; automobiles and trains are also taking heavy toll from their ranks. Old residents fear that it means the end of this game bird in that district.

I have never heard of a grouse migration being witnessed before, but there are several states in the Union where grouse have abounded for years, from which almost overnight the birds would disappear and would not re-appear again for a number of years and always in lesser numbers than the original flocks. Quail, I believe, hold their own better throughout the years than any other game bird. But all North American game birds are gradually losing out and the time is not far distant, unless something is done about it, when many species will go the way of the passenger pigeon and the buffalo. With baited lakes and ponds to lure ducks within range of the deadly guns, which take an estimated annual toll of twenty million birds; with disease lurking ever, in their favorite natural feeding and nesting grounds, the poor birds have an uneven battle to face.

Judge Miles, of Arkansas, is quoted in a game conservation magazine as stating that in 1930 on one lake in Arkansas duck carcasses were found washed upon the shore that totaled 40,000. This was on a commercial pond where so much is charged a shooter to shoot per day. The shooters were merely shooting for fun and were not sportsmen enough to retrieve their birds. Minnesota also has commercial lakes and our neighbor state—California. In all the vast reaches of the Sacramento valley there are dozens and dozens of gun clubs that have taken the cream of the shooting. There clubs are actually selling ducks on the wing. Limits in ducks and geese are guaranteed the shooter who will pay five and ten dollars for a shooting ticket, per day. If there is any difference in this method and the actual sale of dead birds I'd like to have it pointed

### Seven Shopping Days Left

# Santa Claus Arrives in Coquille

He will make his appearance at Warner's Store in the Odd Fellows Bldg. **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17**

from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 4 to 6 p. m. and he wants to meet all the children of Coquille at those times; also the grown-ups. He will have something for everybody. Don't fail to come.

It is the tendency of the buying public this year to give practical gifts instead of ornamental or useless articles.

HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS



Gifts from 25c to \$25



**T. WARNER** Successor to Wm. A. Zosel

## New low Price on all kinds of COAL

Local and Long Distance **HAULING** Phones 101J—224L

**Mansell Drayage & Delivery Co.**

Safety First! Use Cow Bell Dairy's Pasteurized Milk and protect your health.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

### Soils Meeting at Fairview Today

Farmers in that community will gather at the Fairview Grange hall Friday afternoon, December 16, at 1:40 p. m., where matters pertaining to soil management and testing will be discussed, according to an announcement made by George Jenkins, county agent.

There has been considerable interest among farmers in that community during the past year in the growing of alfalfa. Irrigation is being practiced on a small scale also. Any person interested in having tests for acidity for available phosphates are requested to bring samples of soil to this meeting. A cupful of soil is enough for each sample and should be taken from different parts of the field, according to George Jenkins.

A. S. King, extension specialist in soil work, will attend the meeting and in addition to the soil, the use of agricultural lime, commercial fertilizers and general soils management will be discussed.

# ELECTRICAL GIFTS ARE IDEAL

Special CHRISTMAS OFFER



What a fine thing it would be to make Christmas the excuse to buy Mother the Vacuum Cleaner, Washing Machine, or Ironing Machine she has wanted. No other gift can bring the every day pleasure for years to come that will accompany an electrical gift. There is an electrical gift for every purpose. See your dealer at once so that you can make your selection early. Special Christmas offers on electric refrigerators and electric ranges.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

out to me. It is simply selling the birds on the wing. Lots of sportsmen seem to believe it is impossible to exterminate our migratory fowl. They used to think the same about our buffalo, too. And the passenger pigeon! There were at one time millions and millions of these birds. They would actually darken the sun for long moments in their flight. They were trapped and used as live pigeon shoots. As high as 25,000 would be slain at one shoot. And now, today not one passenger pigeon remains alive. And the heath hen, that great game bird that used to be seen by the hundreds of thousands and was constantly warred upon, boasts of only one today. Just one! What a pitiful reminder of the millions that once lived upon our soil. With seven million hunters taking the field against our game birds it is even now necessary to raise birds in pens in many of our states—our own for example. These birds are simple in their protective instinct when compared to a native bird of the same species. Look at Oregon's famous wild turkeys! why they actually come right down in the farmer's yards in many districts and mingle with the chickens and in fact eat the chicken's feed. And it is really heart-touching to see some of the poor little Chinese pheasants that have been liberated here in the past, and just before the opening of the shooting season at that. Poor little dumb things, without even sufficient plumage to distinguish a male from a female. And these are released for the sportsmen to war upon. Birds that have been taking their feed

from the hand of man; birds that have actually been run down and caught by bare hands. Not in ten thousand years will pen raised birds develop into real game birds. They simply lack that protective instinct that is the base of every native bird's existence. Too much attention is being paid to pen raised birds and our real game birds, our native ones, are sadly neglected. If the money that is used in the propagation of pen raised birds was actually put into use for the protection of the remaining native game birds something would really be accomplished. Our wild birds' nests, carefully guarded against the prowling skunk, bob-cat, domestic cat gone wild, hawks and crows, upon hatching would be worth a whole coop of hand-raised birds. But our wild birds' nests are not guarded in any sense of the world. In fact, scant attention is paid them. No, they can face all the dangers of the woods and fields and seldom is a helping hand extended to them. All the money is put in raising pen birds; all attention is given the coops that produce half domesticated fowl for the sportsmen to kill each fall. What is really becoming of our real native birds? Where are the grouse that once abounded? Where are the native pheasants that were here by the hundreds a few short years back? The answer is simple—they are on the same road to extinction that the passenger pigeon and the heath hen went. Unless something is really done, our native game birds face certain extinction. Once gone they can never be replaced, for no planted, half-domesticated, pen-

raised bird can take the place of our native bird. The duck season which ended yesterday was really a pitiful affair as far as the majority of gunners were concerned in this valley. At no time was there enough water to warrant good shooting. The way the season now stands it is a safe bet that not one season in five will the shooters in this valley really enjoy duck shooting. The owners of baited lakes and ponds enjoy all the cream of the shooting in this county. This applies to sand hill lakes on the Bay, where more ducks are killed the first week of the season than are killed in this valley during an entire season. The season is all wrong. It is a safe bet that before the first of February that there will be thousands of ducks in our meshes and swimming within gun shot of the highway. If every district in the United States which ducks frequent faced the same conditions as the Coquille Valley regarding shooting there would never in history be a shortage of birds.

### Camp Fire Girls Notes

The To-ha-he girls met at the city hall Dec. 13. They talked about the success of the popcorn ball sale, also about the Christmas box which is to be sent to Shirley Johnson Tuesday. The group will meet one week at Miss Hassler's home and the other week at the city hall, being unable to meet at the city hall all the time.—Jane Kramer.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.