

THE PASSING OF THE PELICAN

Wm. H. Finley in Collier's Weekly.

Above us on every side is stretched a sea of tules. For four weeks we had been exploring a small portion of the Klamath country that lies in Southern Oregon and Northern California. For days we had followed the widening channels that flow between thousands of tule islands, and at last we were camped on the edge of the great Venice of bird islands.

The next about noon I was lying in camp watching a pair of avocets that were wading along swing their long bills from side to side in the mud as a reaper swings his scythe. Suddenly I heard a distant roaring sound that was coming nearer, like the approach of a thunderstorm. I jumped up expecting to see a black cloud arising from the south. Another peal of thunder followed rapidly, and another. And, as I looked, I saw a big white pelican tobogganing out of the heavens like a meteor, leaving a trail of thunder at its tail.

The Colony a Wonderful Sight
In the days that followed I often watched the promenade of the white pelicans. After the night shift returned from the feeding ground, and the young birds had breakfast, their parents sat around for two or three hours sunning themselves. Then they began raising from the colony, swinging around in big circles, higher and higher until in half an hour the whole band looked like a flurry of snowflakes in the clear blue sky. The eye soon lost sight of the birds entirely, except as the sun was reflected in faint flashes from the snowy breasts. After two or three hours the promenade was ended by the birds descending with rigid half-closed wings.

The marsh with all the mysteries has no other sight to compare with the white pelican. It is almost twice as large as the brown pelican. With its eight or nine feet of wings and a weight of 15 to 20 pounds, it rises with difficulty from the surface of the water, kicking with its feet to get a start and leaving a trail of little splashes in the wake. When once aloft, it floats with little effort. The experience of the past decade shows that the white pelican is doomed to go as the buffalo has gone and as the antelope is going. Even if it is protected, the reclaiming of some of our lakes, such as Malheur lake in Southern Oregon, the Lower Klamath, lying on the border between Oregon and California, and Pyramid lake in Nevada, may in time destroy some of the largest colonies that exist.

The pelican has a large skinny bag that hangs from the lower part of his bill. This when distended, holds several quarts of water. When not in use this sack is contracted so it occupies very little space. The white pelican uses this as a dip net swimming along and scooping up the young fry. It was formerly thought that this pouch served to convey live fish swimming in water to the little pelicans at home, but, as Audubon remarked long ago, it is doubtful whether the pelican could fly at all with his burden so out of trim.

One might think that the pelican was too heavy and clumsy to make a good fisher, but the brown pelican is as expert as the kingfisher at diving. From a height of 30 to 40 feet, he drops into a school of young fish and rises to the surface with his pouch filled with fish and water. As the diver stretches his neck and draws his bill straight up, the water runs out and the whole catch is swallowed at with one gulp.

Through the western part of the United States the pelican season begins in April after the snow and ice have melted, and lasts until August or September, when the young are old enough to care for themselves. Sometimes one will find eggs just hatching from May up till July. The pelican generally lay two or three eggs, and incubate about four weeks before hatching.

Not Handsome.
The first time I ever saw a motely crowd of half grown pelicans, I thought nature had surly done her best to make something ugly and ridiculous. It was a warm day and the birds stood around with their mouths open, panting like a lot of dogs after a chase, their paunches shaking at every breath. When I went near the youngsters went tottering off on their big webbed feet with wings dragging on this side and that, as if they were poorly handled crutches. The youngsters huddled together in small place. Those on the outside climbed and pushed to get to the center till it looked worse than any football scrimmage I ever saw.

In this wide area of low islands and water it was necessary, since we wanted to study the pelican at close range to adopt some method of hiding. We took a large wagon umbrella covered with a piece of green canvas that hung down around the

and covered the top with weeds and reeds. The whole thing soon passed as part of the environment, while from the inside the camera man could point his camera out through a slit in the canvas, take pictures and make observations at will.

One might wonder how such a huge billed bird as a pelican could feed a helpless chick just out of the egg. The old bird regurgitated a fishy soup into the forth end of its pouch, and the baby pelican pitched right in and helped himself out of the family dish. As the young birds grew older and larger, at each meal he kept reaching further into the pouch, until finally when he was half-grown it was a most remarkable sight. The mother opened her mouth, and the whole head and neck of the nestling disappeared down her capacious maw while he hunted for his dinner in the internal regions.

Gradually Disappearing.
The American white pelican was formerly found in the east as well as the west, but the range of the bird has contracted until it is rarely seen on the Atlantic coast. The bird formerly nested in Minnesota, but the most eastern nesting site today within the United States is in the Yellowstone Park. A bird so conspicuous in size and color and one that nests on the ground, can never rear its young free from the disturbances of predaceous animals and men unless it can find a remote island, where a large number of them can nest together. As these places become fewer and fewer, the white pelican will be forced nearer and nearer the point of disappearance.

BOY JEKYL-HYDE NEAR DEATH IN HOSPITAL

RICHMOND, July 14.—Lying at the point of death in St. Luke's hospital here, Ely Runyon, 19 years old, son of Mrs. Dr. Emily E. C. Runyon, a prominent physician, furnishes a puzzle to psychologists and physicians.

The "Boy Raffles," as he is known to the police, received a blow on the head when he dived into a shallow pool on the Fourth of July at the Young Republic, where he was sent after he had robbed the home of E. A. Mosley. The youth was thought by experts to have a dual personality and to commit burglary while under the spell of an obsession. When he emerged from them he always expressed his disgust at the crimes he had committed. Runyon has figured in burglaries in Savannah, Ga., Richmond and other cities.

It is the hope of physicians that the blow received will counteract the strange criminal obsession.

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RAILROAD CHIEFS NOW SEE GOOD CROPS AHEAD

NEW YORK, July 14.—Railroad presidents are beginning to take a more cheerful view of the crop situation. This change comes by a strange coincidence at a time when Wall street hears that the "big interests" have been buying stocks. For two months the financiers who control the great railroad systems of the country have been bearish on the stock market. All the crop news has been extremely discouraging during this period. The railroads of the west are the biggest collectors of crop news in the country. Every railroad has a crop bureau. It was impossible to get any hopeful news out of these crop experts up to three or four days ago. Now they are all beginning to see the bright side of things. President W. C. Brown came back to town on Wednesday. He found conditions along the Big Four to be particularly rosy. Mr. Brown was one of the gloomiest of the gloomy railroad officials two weeks ago.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul crop collecting bureau has been very downcast over the outlook for the crops throughout the northwest.

After the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul declared the regular dividend on the stock yesterday the news ticker sent out the following:

"An official of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul declared that he considered the crop outlook in the northwest somewhat brighter than during the last week or ten days."

R. L. Winchell, president of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad company, who left for the southwest, said before his departure:

"I am very well satisfied with crop conditions in the southwest."

"BACK TO THE FARM" BECOMING A REALITY

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14.—Terence V. Powderly, chief of the division of information of the department of commerce and labor, says: "There is now a let-up in the demand for men for work on the railroads, on construction and the like, but the demand for farm labor is on the increase."

"When we began this bureau two and one-half years ago," said Mr. Powderly, "we heard a great deal of the cry, 'Back to the farm!' But most of the men who were talking about going back to the farm did not go. They had never been on the farm, in the first place."

"Today a change has taken place. I returned last night from New York. Mr. Green, who is in charge of the station there, says the interest of aliens and of immigrants already in

this country in farm work is increasing. Men on construction work and other work in the city are registering in the hope of being sent to the farms.

"Immigration is brought about largely by the fact that people here write home to their friends and advise them to come. In the past letters sent to Europe have been from men working in the mines or from men in the cities. But the division of information has been sending aliens to the farms in large numbers in the last two years and a half.

Not less than 8000 persons have been sent to permanent positions on farms. Of these only 20 have failed to stay. Those who have gone to the farms have been writing to their friends abroad or to their friends employed in the cities, and the result is a gradually growing tendency to go to the land. The demand for farm work comes from all over the country.

STOLE \$3.40 AND NOW RETURNS \$300 IN ITS PLACE

CINCINNATI, O., July 14.—Miss Irene Tedesche, sister of Mrs. F. H. Phillips, today has a letter whose writer she would like to know.

The communication came from Louisville and was written by a girl who said she was Miss Tedesche's classmate two years ago at the University of Chicago. She said she had taken \$3.40 from Miss Tedesche's pocketbook during her university career. So much has her conscience troubled her since that she inclosed \$300 to make restitution.

If it's a job for a want ad don't leave it to a placard!

FOOD FERMENTING CAUSES INDIGESTION

"I got a box of Mi-o-na tablets for a distress in my stomach, and the first dose relieved me, and after I took the fourth I have not felt any more of it. I think it is a wonderful medicine."—Hiram Shultz, Watseka, Ill., July 27, '09.

If your stomach is out of order or distressed, no matter from what cause, Mi-o-na stomach tablets will give instant relief, and if taken regularly, will cure indigestion, acute or chronic, or money back.

Every sufferer from stomach trouble, gas, belching, sour stomach, nervousness, dizziness and biliousness, should get a fifty cent box of Mi-o-na stomach tablets today and start a treatment.

In three days' time the stomach and bowels will be thoroughly purified, cleaned and renovated, the sourness will go, and pure, sweet breath will take the place of foul breath.

Continue the treatment for two weeks and the stomach will become so strong that it will be able to digest the heartiest meal without distress. A few Mi-o-na tablets will do this. Sold by druggists everywhere and by Chas. Strang.

Booth's Pills best for constipation. 25c.

ROCK SPRINGS COAL.

The first car sold like hot cakes and right from the car, and by so buying the purchasers save money. The second car arrived this morning and unloading commences tomorrow. People are buying ice now instead of coal, but remember you will want some of this coal this winter, and now is the time to get it. It will be higher in price and harder to get next month. See Burbridge, the drayman, now, and place your order. 103

Robert F Maguire
Late special agent U. S. General Land Office, announces that he has opened law offices in the Medford National Bank Building, for general practice before state and federal courts and the Department of the Interior.

Notice.
All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to VAN DYKE'S will please call and settle, as books must be balanced at once on account of store having been sold to F. W. Gray.

A SNAP

FOR SALE BY OWNER.

80 acres improved land; several good springs; house, barn, etc.; 5 acres in bearing fruit; 5 acres good corn; 6 tons hay; if sold at once, \$40 PER ACRE TAKES IT.

Good Terms

Inquire 720 West 12th.

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NATATORIUM PARK
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Attractions furnished by THE FRANK MILLER AMUSEMENT CO. OF PORTLAND. FOUR BIG FREE ACTS. Balloon Ascension and Parashute Leap at 10:30 a. m. daily. Slide for Life at 2:30 p. m. Maximo, the Wonderful Educated Canine, dives from a ladder 70 feet high every afternoon and evening. The Peerless Lashell, in aerial and acrobatic feats in mid-air twice daily, afternoon and evening.

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will buy more goods than a warm one will in hot weather.

A cool customer will buy with less palaver.

He—or she—will be better natured, less cranky and easier to sell to; and you know it.

Moreover, you yourself, and your employes, will be in a better selling mood—if your store is cool and pleasant than if it is sticky and suffocating and savors of a boiler-room in its stifflingness.

The Electric Fan is a blessing and a cheer which you can ill afford to ignore.

Life in the dog days is a question of degrees.

Make your place of business habitable and inviting to the people, and the trend of trade will be in your direction.

It stands to reason—it's logical—it's apparent.

Why not invest a little money in trade-winning coolness?

Electric Fans will create a tempting and delightful breeze, and in every breeze there'll be dollars for you.

May our representative call and take it up with you?
Don't wait until it's 90 in the shade. Phone us today.

Rogue River Electric Comp'y

P. S.—How about that Electric Sign you've been thinking about?

BUICK Model No. 19

The latest size of Buick and the most popular car in the world, now on hand.

It has been impossible heretofore to secure these cars on the Pacific Coast, owing to great demand east. The largest automobile factories in the world have been unable to fill the orders for them.

No. 19 is between the White Streak (No. 10) and Nos. 16 and 17. It is the car designed for family use.

Buicks are all satisfactory cars, but No. 19 has proven the most satisfactory of all. See them.

Medford Buick Co.

TOU VELLE, Manager.

Garage, - - Riverside, near Main.