

FIRST AILS TO 1912 NATURERS

By J. W. Muller, 33rd Degree Naturer

HOW TO KNOW THE BIRDS AUTOMATICALLY

NORTH American birds occur in two great species — cooked and raw.

The study of raw birds is a profession of great hardship. The Naturer often must sit still in the woods for hours with his back against a tree.

Bird photography is an essential branch of this study. It requires almost inhuman patience and determination. These qualities are not needed for

making the photograph, but for making friends see the bird in the finished picture.

The largest American bird is the blue heron. Naturers who make their first trip into the wilderness often return hurriedly to camp to report that they have just met a pick-ax on legs. This was a blue heron.

There is a smaller pick-ax known as the American bittern. Both these birds are found in diluted solutions of land called

marshes. They wade around in the juice.

Most birds can be identified more easily in books. For this reason some of our most violent Nature-lovers watch birds exclusively in books.

The habits of the birds also are different in books. When the Naturer first discovers this, he writes a letter full of harsh ornithological words to the book-manufacturer, but later he discovers that it is the fault of the birds.

Birds in the wilds refuse to have habits in a flowing literary style like the book-birds. This inconsiderate trait in birds has made it necessary to invent most of their habits for them, with the valuable result that many an inventor, who otherwise would invent some modern inconvenience or wire-tapping scheme, has turned his powers into the more ideal field of Naturing.

One of the first up-lifting discoveries made by every Naturer is that male birds are larger and more beautiful than their wives. The beneficent fact does much to sustain the self-respect of many men whose self-respect otherwise would be without any negotiable collateral.

In wandering through the woods at dusk, the Naturer is often perplexed by seeing what appears to be the illuminated face of a large clock in a tree. Occasionally he tries vainly to see what time it is, till he discovers that it is not a clock, but

the face of a bird. This bird is the owl.

The owl is noteworthy mainly because it was the first horseless vehicle to use the automobile horn.

The bald-headed eagle is distantly related to the owl, the distance being about one mile. The greatest achievement in Naturing is to find a nest of this majestic bird. The Naturer should look at the tops of the dead pine trees till he sees a large bundle of kindling wood. This is the eagle's nest.

The bald-headed eagle is exceedingly rare, and for this reason his picture is put on the silver and gold currency of the United States.

While in the woods the Naturer will hear a hammering noise. He should fix his ear to this and follow the sound. He will then find an insane bird known as the wood-pecker which suffers from the incurable delusion that its head is a mallet.

There are also game birds. Game birds are so called because of their flavor. Only a very game person can eat them. The most notorious game bird is the grouse. Its distinguishing feature is that it sits on the ground till the Naturer approaches and then explodes.

The American turkey is a game bird only when wild. Some un-Thinkers believe that the tame turkey also is a game bird because it is won at raffles. This is incorrect.

The quail is a game bird, read-

ily recognized by the fact that it is very easy to shoot at and easier to miss. Food Naturers or Menu-ists claim that quails are never found except on bits of toast.

Another and more important game bird is the chippie or Anglo-American sparrow. When raw the sparrow is not classed as a game bird, but when cooked he is the game reed bird and costs \$1 in low-principled restaurants and \$2 in high-principled ones.

As soon as the Naturer enters any part of Nature, he will hear a chorus of sounds like a mass-meeting of peace-societies. These sounds are made by the American crow. The crow is better known to the people than any other bird because it is the easiest for artists to draw, requiring only an ink-blot.

There are also water-birds such as wild ducks. There are not a great many varieties of wild duck, the best known one being the decoy duck. This is made of wood. There is also the canvas back duck. This, however, is not made of canvas but of fibrous substance known as duck-meat.

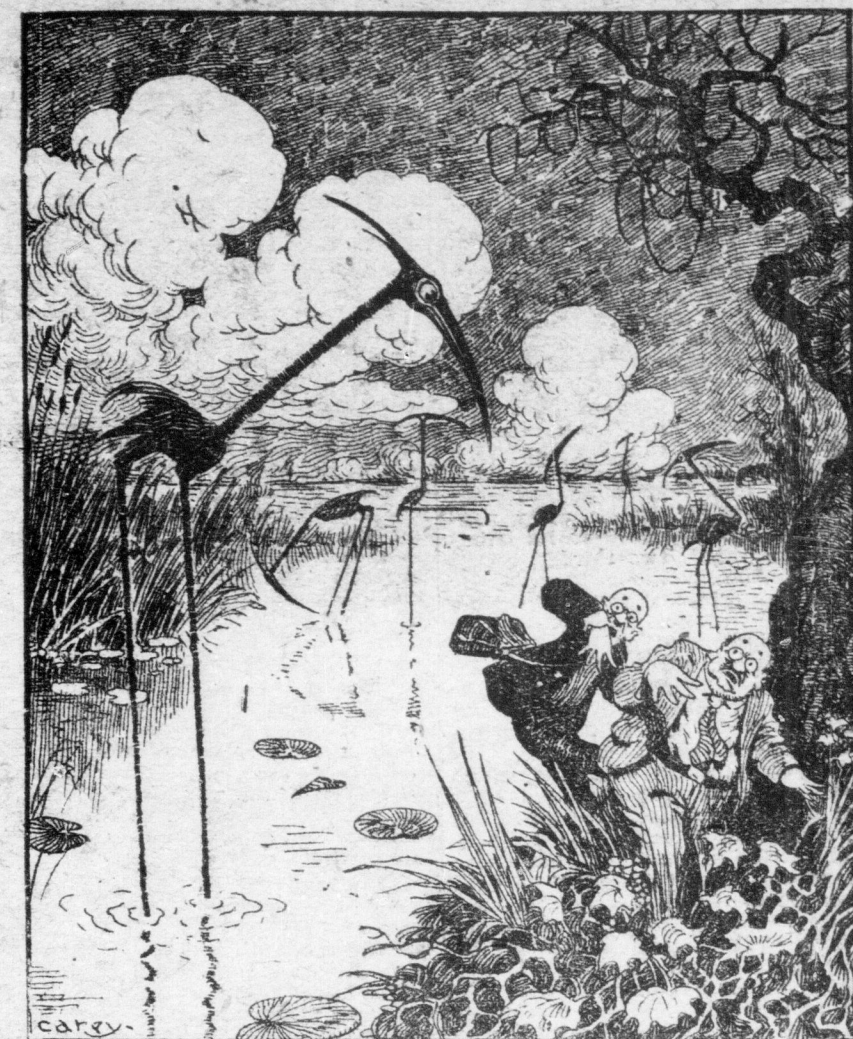
Ducks are the most widely spread of all birds. This Nature-fact can be beautifully illustrated by firing a gun at a flock. As soon as the gun has exploded the ducks will be seen scattering from Canada to South America.

There are also wild geese and wild swans. These birds are of great assistance to poets by fly-

ing south with melancholy cries which dives at the sight of a Naturer and does not un-dive again for enormous lengths of time. This bird is better known as the hell-diver, but the name in understood to be somewhat exaggerated.

There are also fossil birds. These birds lay petrified eggs. Young fossil birds are known as clay pigeons.

Next week to all Naturers Mr. Muller will make a Confidential Communication about the Wild Flowers.



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The Greatest Achievement in Naturing Is To Find the Nest of This Majestic Bird.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHINA AS SHE IS

Selected by Edwin Markham

[Written for The London Advertiser.]

Professor Edward A. Ross, in his new volume, "The Changing Chinese" (The Century Company), has set forth an interesting record of his travels in the Far East. Here is a part of what he says of present conditions in China, now in the uproar of the most astonishing revolution in history:

"China is the European Middle Ages made visible. All the cities are walled, and the walls and the gates have been kept in repair with an eye to their effectiveness. The mandarin has his headquarters only in a walled fortress-city.

"The streets of the cities are narrow, crooked, poorly paved, filthy and malodorous. In North China they admit the circulation of the heavy springless carts, by which alone passengers are carried; but, wherever rice is cultivated, the mud is eliminated, and the streets are adapted only to the circulation of wheelbarrows and pedestrians. The shopkeeper builds his counter in front of his lot; the stalls line the street with their crates and baskets; the artisans overhang their work benches, and the final result is that the traffic filters painfully through a six-foot passage which would be yet more encroached on but for the fact that the officials insist on their being room left for their sedan chairs to pass each other.

"Until recently there was no force in the cities to maintain public order. Now khaki-clad policemen, club in hand, patrol the streets; but their efficiency in time of tumult is by no means vindicated. A slouching, bare-foot, mild-faced gendarme, such as you see in Canton, is by no means an

awe-inspiring embodiment of the majesty of the law.

"There is no common supply of water. When a city lies by a river, the raw river water is borne about to the houses by regular water-carriers; and the livelong day the river-stairs are wet from the drip of buckets. When the water is too thick it is partially clarified by stirring it with a perforated joint of bamboo containing some pieces of alum. There is no public lighting, and after nightfall the streets are dark, forbidding and little frequented. Until kerosene began to penetrate the empire, the common source of light was a candle in a paper lantern, or a section which lighted in an open cup of peanut oil. Owing to the lack of a good illuminant, the bulk of the people retire with the fowls and rise with the sun.

"Fuel is economized and household economy simplified among the poor by the custom of relying largely on the food cooked and vended in the street. The portable street restaurant is in high favor.

"Proper chimneys are wanting, and wherever cooking goes on the walls are black with the smoke that is left to escape as it will. Chinese interiors are apt to be dark; for, in the absence of window glass, the only means of letting in light without weather is by pasting paper as lattice. The floors are dirt, brick or tile; the roof tile or thatch. To the passerby, private ease and luxury are little in evidence. If a man has house and grounds of beauty, a high wall hides them from the gaze of the public.

"Most striking is the contrast between China and Japan in respect to neatness. The Chinese seem neglectful and ignorant of the art of caretaking and repair. They have never acted on the maxim, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' They prefer to build rather than to keep up the old. In Japan everything looks spick and span—thatch well trimmed, walls well washed, mats bright, roads in good repair, piles of rubbish nowhere to be seen. The Chinese jacket is fortunate in opening at the side instead of at the front. When the winter winds of Peking gnaw at you with Siberian teeth, you realize how stupid is our western way of cutting a notch in front right down through overcoat, coat and vest, apparently in order that the cold may do its worst to the tender throat and chest. On seeing the sensible Chinese front and fasten it on his shoulder, you feel like an exposed totem-worshiper.

"In the absence of good roads and draft animals the utmost use has been made of the countless waterways, and there are probably as many boats in China as in all the rest of the world. Nowhere else are there such clever river people; nowhere else is there so lavish an application of man-muscle to water movement. The rivers are alive with junks propelled by towers who occupy the forward deck and stand as they ply the oars.

"In the south, population is forced from the land on to the water, and myriads pass their lives in sampans and houseboats. In good weather, these poor families, living as it were in a single small room, with a porch at either end, seem as happy as people anywhere. There is no landlord to grind them down, no foreman to speed them up.

"Their children, little river Arabs, have their wits sharpened early, and not for long is the baby tied to a seal-

DELIGHTS THAT A MOTORIST IS VERY LIKELY TO MISS

Here's a Man Who Says That the Motorist Loses the Beauty of England and France—Must Travel Slowly to See It.

A few days ago I met a friend who proudly announced that he had just returned from a motor tour through France. I gathered that, if he had not made his journey, the only permanent impressions were that he had been under-treated at a certain inn in the Valley of the Loire, and scandalously overcharged by an unlicensed cicerone. His ignorance of other details of the tour amply confirmed my view that for extracting from travel all the education—literary, historical, and sociological—that it should yield, and over-estimated vehicle. It is as far removed from the power of enabling us to see the charm of a country as a submarine is from enabling us to realize the marvels of life.

Heterodoxy. I know that this will be regarded as heterodoxy of the flattest description, but I am prepared to stand by it. I have had experience of many tours, on foot, by bicycle, by train, and by motor car, and I say that the motor car is the least desirable of all. Yet how aggravating it seems, when you are "padding the hoof" along the stony

How Nerve Cells Are Broken Down

Every man or woman who works with the brain uses up daily an enormous amount of nerve force. Millions of tiny nerve cells are broken down and must be replaced if mental and bodily efficiency are to be maintained. If brain fog, headaches, sleeplessness or irritability set in, the evidence is plain that nature is not rebuilding as fast as work is breaking down. You cannot allow this depleting process to continue long if nervous prostration or paralysis is to be ward off.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you to get the balance on the other side of the account, so that each day will add a little to your stock of health and vitality. A man whose work is largely mechanical may keep going with health below par, but the brain worker must have a clear head or fall behind in the race. Restore the wasted nerve cells with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and know the joys of good health and success.

highway, or peddling your cycle laboriously up a steep hill, to be overtaken by a silent-running car which glides swiftly along, and conveys the impression that the occupants are getting the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of exertion. Then your mind goes on to the glowing advertisements of motor car tours through Snowdonia, through the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," through the Lakeland fells, and even through the leafy Shakespearian land. Your own destination and your next meal is ten miles ahead and you are wondering how quickly you would be there and soon would your appetite be satisfied if you were a motorist.

"Doing" the Country. I have American friends who land at Liverpool, strongly determined to "do" the old country. It is to their eternal credit that they do not take a "non-stop" express to London, but that they do the next worst thing by taking the motor car. Chester is reached in a flash, and a brief stay made "for lunch," or, if time permits, for a hurried run through the "rows" of a medieval-modern city, or a scamper round its walls. Away off south, and as they pass the end of the Vale of Llangollen they fling a glance westward, and, thinking they have seen Wales, Shrewsbury is reached in sufficient time to buy a packet of Shrewsbury cakes, and then along the banks of the Severn until Worcester crosses into "flowing mercy" is taken as read, and only a glimpse of the cathedral is possible, for time calls loudly and the travellers must sleep in Stratford-on-Avon that night. So they flash along, "back off" Shakespeare—whom they half believe to be Bacon—in an hour or less, and turn their car towards London with obvious relief.

Seeing Nothing. Have they seen England? When Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of "Our Old Home" he lingered here. But to see nothing in a motor car is to see as well in the dark recesses of an old stage-coach. If it be open you are subject to a wind that varies in speed from ten to forty miles an hour, according to the proximity of a policeman. Your eyes are filled with cold air or biting dust, your legs are cramped, and the temperature of your feet suggests that you are rapidly nearing the North Pole. A mile or more on the off-side you see an ancient castle crowning a hill. Your chauffeur knows "every inch of that road, sir," but he cannot tell you the name of it, and the romance and history are lost to you. A sudden turn in the road, and you are in the long, narrow, winding street of an English country town. If you are

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New Brunswick, Canada. — "I can highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any suffering woman. I have taken it for female weakness and painful menstruation and it cured me." — Mrs. DEVERE, BARBOUR, Harvey Bank, New Brunswick, Canada.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

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HAD VERY BAD COUGH.

Tickling Sensation In Throat.

Could Not Sleep At Night.

A bad cough, with that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat, is one of the most aggravating coughs a person can possibly have.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will quickly stop that tickling in the throat which causes the dry cough that keeps you awake at night, for the simple reason that it is so rich in the healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, it cannot help but do otherwise.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.