"GLAD TO KNOW YOU"---BIRDS

FRIENDLY TERMS EASILY ESTABLISHED WHEN CONVINCED NO HARM IS MEANT.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THEM

Purple Martins War on Mosquitoes and Flies—Wrens' Surplus House Building as It Is Looked Upon by the Naturalist.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.
(Associate Member American Ornithologists' Union.)
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Scraping acquaintance with the birds is not the difficult matter it is thought to be by persons whose mental impressions of feathered life are those left by the sight of a startled bird scurrying away before the sound of approaching footsteps.

As a matter of fact there are many of these, "our little brothers of the

Brown Thrasher with Food.

air," as St. Francis called them, who are willing to become brotherly indeed if they be met in the spirit of kinship.

Some years ago there was a dispute between one veteran American ornithologist on the one side and two younger but equally well-known ornithologists on the other as to the cause of the birds' fear of man. One said the fear is instinctive and consequently always existed. The other said it is the result partly of the teaching of the young by the parent birds, and partly of inherited timidity—inherited only through those generations of the feathered race which have been in contact with man and have learned that he is to be dreaded.

There is no intention here of taking part in the discussion, but it may be said that pioneers entering a country where no man before has set foot have found that some of the birds paid no more attention to the human intruders than they did to the deer of the forest. Let a bird, no matter how wild its nature, learn by actual experience that you mean it no harm and you may get upon as friendly a footing with it as you are with the family cat.

There is no one, be he urbanite or suburbanite, who cannot have his bird friends about him if he so will. A man living on one of the crowded business thoroughfares of a great city, with clattering cars passing his door every two minutes of the day, has a colony of purple martins dwelling in little box houses upon the roof of his building. Six years they have lived there, never failing to return at the waning of winter.

The purple martin (Progne subis) loves the companionship of man. It has a musical, twittering note that is one of the softest sounds in nature. It is one of the dreaded foes of the insect hordes and it repays man for a little proffered kindness by doing its best to make mosquito bars and fly-traps a useless luxury. The purple martin in its movements from place to place is much of a mystery. It will be abundant in one section of the country for years and then will disappear as com-

House Wren, Nest and Eggs.

pletely as though its race had been annihilated. Apparently it has been seized simply with a moving mania like unto that which attacks many human families in the May month. Residents of a part of the country where martins were unknown suddenly wake up to find that they have new and welcome bird neighbors. The martin has come for a change of air and scene, but with an unchanged appetite for the same insect tidbits.

In recent years the purple martin has been diminishing rapidly in numbers in New England. In New York state it has left some of the villages to which it was attached for years, and has appeared in other places where before it was practically unknown. In the great city of Chicago there are more purple martins than were ever known to have dwelt under the pall of the town's smoke. Put a common box, divided into compartments with circular entrances thereto, upon the roof tree and the chances are that this bird in its raiment of royal purple will honor you with its presence through the summer.

The house wren is ubiquitous. Give it a tin can or a box in the rear yard of your city residence or the same lodging accommodations on the lawn of your country home and the wren will come, will look over the premises, and if it finds those things which to a wren amount to modern conveniences it will lease the apartment for the season.

The house wren is a singer, however, and to those who object to having their morning naps disturbed the wren becomes something of a nuisance.

If you wish the wren's company nail its little house to the side of a building or place it upon a pole in the yard. Make the circular entrance exactly the size of a silver quarter and cut it midway between the top and bottom of the box. The English sparrow is the wren's arch enemy, but the little fellow can take care of itself if the sparrow be unable to get into the home and destroy the eggs. Luckily the wren can slip into a hole which is barely large enough for the entrance of the sparrow's head.

Should a house wren condescend to bear you company for the summer its music is not the only amusement that it will offer. There is a fund of fun to be had in watching Mr. Wren build mock nests after his mate is snug on her eggs in the first completed home. With tireless industry, stopping only to sing between straws, the male bird will carry building material into every crook and cranny in the vicinity of his real nest. At this writing one wren husband is spending his time while

Brown Thrasher Feeding Its Captive Young.

his wife cares for the eggs in building a make-believe nest in a fold of an awning. He gets 20 or 30 straws in position and then the wind destroys the result of his work, but at it he goes again and cares not a whit that apparently his labor is to be as unending as the stone rolling of Sisiphus.

In the marsh wren (Cistothorus palustris) this home-building mania is carried to an extreme, and both the male and the female birds are affected by it. They will construct four or five perfect nests before they make up their minds in which one to rear their young. The marsh wrens build in colonies, and it is not unusual to find 50 completed nests in a swamp where only a round dozen pairs of the birds have an abiding place. Scientists have tried for years to solve the problem, the answer to which will be the reason for this superfluity of wren homes, and science is still confronted by a question mark.

The brown thrasher is not a bird of the cities, but it will visit the gardens of the suburbs and there make its home if man has been sparing in the use of the pruning knife and has left a thicket retreat in some secluded corner. The song of the brown thrasher is inferior in its varied sweetness only to the song of the mocking bird, and there are persons who find little to choose between the performances of these rival songsters. The notes of the thrasher are clear and ringing, and can be heard upon a calm morning for the distance of a third of a mile. The thrasher takes to a tree top and there, lifting his head heavenward, he sings uninterruptedly, seeming to lose himself in the very passion of his music.

One morning in late April I heard a thrasher singing from the top of an osage orange tree. I lay down on the grass within the shadow of his tree perch, and listened to his song. The bird looked down upon me and sang and sang again. Almost uninterruptedly for ten minutes he continued his exquisite solo. I flattered myself that the bird was singing to me, but after a little there was a movement in the heart of the tree just below the soloist. I looked and there sat Mme. Thrasher drinking in the love notes of her lord, and certainly no lover's plea ever fell more musically and more acceptably upon a lady's ear.

The brown thrasher is apt to be timid, save when the love of its offspring conquers its fear and makes it willing to dare any danger that threatens. Prof. Dearborn of the Field Columbian museum caged a fledgeling brown thrasher in order to save it from marauding cats. The cage was hung where the mother thrasher could see its baby behind the prison bars. The old bird flew instantly to the little one with food, and fed it daily between the cage wires until its charge was strong enough to fly and to sing defiance to Tom and Tabby. It is perhaps needless to say that the young one was released to join its parents the instant that its wing power was developed.

In recent years the barn swallow (chelidon erythrogaster), one of the commonest birds of the country districts, has been invading the cities. The invading host is not large, but there is probably no great town in the northern United States which does not have "hawking" about its streets a few pairs of these birds, which formerly were seldom absent from the farm. As Bradford Torrey, the New England nature writer, puts it, many a business man has stopped suddenly in the crowded streets at the sight of a scurrying bird, which he recognized as a friend of his youthful days before he had left the countryside to turn his steps cityward.

It was a barn swallow which made a bird lover of at least one present day tramper of the fields. Let him be nameless, but he was led into the ways of considering the birds by a barn swallow which as an unthinking boy he had shot at and wounded. The tip of the bird's wing was struck. The swallow was not injured severely enough to cripple it, but the feather at the wing's tip turned and drooped, leaving the bird so marked that its identity would be unmistakable until the feather was shed with the next molting.

The swallow felt the sting of the shot and instantly turned and circled about the head of the boy, who fondly thought he was a sportsman. The bird turned and twittered within a few feet of the lad's head and then flew away. A week later the swallows had flocked preparatory to migrating. The sky overhead was black with them. The boy, still with gun in hand, walked down the country road. From out of the cloud of swallows one darted down and flew round and round the boy, chirping angrily. The swallow had hanging from its wing tip a broken feather. That incident left its impress. The shotgun was replaced by the opera glass, which, on the whole, makes a much more satisfactory field companion.

EDWARD B. CLARK.

WAS GRIST TO HIS MILL.

Proof That It's an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good.

A prominent Chicago lawyer tells of an amusing incident which he witnessed subsequent to a certain breach of promise suit in which he had acted as the defendant's attorney. The two were standing talking when they were joined by a third man, a friend of the client and an acquaintance of the lawyer. The third man had been out of town for some little time.

"Hello, old man, what are you looking so blue about?" the newcomer demanded, as they shook hands.

"Oh, I've had a little hard luck—I've got to pay Miss Blank $5,000 on account of a breach of promise judgment," was the disconsolate reply.

"Say, I'm glad to hear that, old fellow!" the friend exclaimed fervently, seizing the dejected one's hand and shaking it vigorously.

"'Glad to hear it!' I've got to pay that money, I tell you! What do you mean?" the other demanded in astonishment.

"Just that, my boy. It will be just about enough for us to set up housekeeping on—Miss Blank and I are to be married next month, you know."

Compensation for Artists.

A correspondent writes to the London Times to suggest that the considerable number of artists whose works are accepted for the Royal academy but not hung through lack of space, might have their names printed on the backs of the catalogue as some slight mitigation of their hard fate.

Saving No Fuel.

"The pavement was hot enough the other day to fry an egg on."

"Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of himself, "but I don't care for fried eggs."—Washington Star.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Thrift in the Family.

A little girl was playing with a girl friend of her own age on the porch of her home in West Philadelphia.

An elderly gentleman, her mother's father, and an elderly lady, her father's mother, were sitting on the porch talking pleasantly with each other. The little girl had often wished her grandparents were of the same name, like other children's grandparents.

Presently the little guest remarked: "What a nice grandmother and grandfather you have."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a sigh, "but they don't match."

SAVED AT THE CRISIS.

Delay Meant Death from Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Herman Smith, 901 Broad Street, Athens, Ga., says: "Kidney disease started with slight irregularity and weakness and developed into dangerous dropsy. I became weak and languid, and could do no housework. My back ached terribly. I had bearing down pains and my limbs bloated to twice their normal size. Doctors did not help, and I was fast drifting into the hopeless stages. I used Doan's Kidney Pills at the critical moment and they really saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEAP-YEAR LAUGH.

"You look worried, old man!"

"Yes. Had three proposals last night and I don't know which one I ought to accept!"

OLE MIS' MOON WITH THEM.

No Chance of the Visitors Being Homesick in the City.

Mme. Fairfax was wont to stand on the porch of her old Virginia home and rejoice on moonlight nights in the beauty, says the Youth's Companion. "There's my moon," she would say, as it rose from behind the eastern hills. "Look, Dahlia, see how beautiful it is," and her tiny colored maid, who was ever at hand with shawl or fan for her beloved mistress, would answer, enthusiastically: "Your moon certainly do look pow'ful handsome to-night."

When Mme. Fairfax journeyed to the city to visit her son, Dahlia, looking out of the window with wondering eyes on the first evening of her life away from home, exclaimed, in a voice of mingled astonishment and relief: "Well, I declar' to goodness, if ole Mis' Moon ain't done come along to Washington wif me an ole mis'! We can't be homesick nohow, wif ole Mis' Moon shining on us."

WONDERED WHY

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it.

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Excursion to Milwaukee.

Reduced rates of fare and one-half for the round trip are offered to merchants in the West and Northwest by the Milwaukee Association of Jobbers and Manufacturers. The dates of sale at all stations distant 100 miles or more from Milwaukee are August 15-23 inclusive, tickets good returning until September 2 and August 29—September 6 inclusive, tickets good returning until September 16. To obtain these rates merchants must get from their local agent receipt for one full paid fare to Milwaukee which, when countersigned by any Milwaukee jobber or manufacturer and by the secretary of the Milwaukee Association of Jobbers and Manufacturers will entitle holder to return ticket for one-half fare.

Milwaukee jobbers and manufacturers want the patronage of up-to-date business men. They offer best goods at right prices and believe in and offer fair treatment. The absolute superiority of their manufactures is known throughout the world. Combine business with pleasure. Milwaukee is one of the most attractive summer resorts in the country. Visit the Wisconsin State Fair, Sept. 7-11. Bring your family with you. Office of the Milwaukee Association of Jobbers and Manufacturers, 45-49 University Building, corner Mason and Broadway.

Conviction of ignorance is the doorstep to the temple of wisdom.—Spurgeon.

Moreau Does It Right
When it comes to kodak finishing and supplies. Try him 616 Nicollet Ave. Mpls.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.—George Eliot.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A man isn't necessarily a wood sawyer because he says nothing.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn
get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

It isn't a secret if a woman hesitates in the telling of it.

WE PAY TOP PRICES FOR CREAM. Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Even a drunken man doesn't care to be held up by a footpad.

We want your CREAM ship us to-day. MILTON DAIRY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

A coat of arms doesn't always hide the family skeleton.

WE PAY HIGH PRICE FOR CREAM. The Crescent Creamery Co., St. Paul.

Be careful not to stumble over your own bluff.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles

That firm, crisp quality and delicious flavor is what you get when you insist on **Libby's Mixed Pickles** at your dealers. They are always the finest and never disappoint. It's the same with Libby's Sweet Gherkins and Sweet Midgets. Ask for them.

Libby's Olives

The cultivation of centuries marks the olive groves of Spain as the world's best.

Libby's Olives are imported from the oldest and most famous of these groves. The result is a rare product, delightfully appetizing. Try one bottle and you'll buy more and never be without them.

Libby's Preserves

Pure, ripe fruit and pure sugar in equal parts, cooked just right and timed to the second, in **Libby's Great White Kitchen**, is the secret of the extreme superiority of Libby's Preserves. There's none as good at any price.

Grocers and delicatessen stores carry all of **Libby's Food Products.** They are warranted the best to both you and the dealer

Write for free booklet—"How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Insist on Libby's at your dealer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

FOR SUN

BLEMISHES

As well as for the preservation and purification of the skin no other skin soap so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as Cuticura. For eczemas, rashes, inflammations, chafings, sunburn, wind irritations, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for the care of the hair and scalp, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura are unrivaled.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Post Free, Cuticura Booklet on the Skin.

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in colors, 14x17 inches, for limited time only, with pound package "20-Mule-Team" Borax. If your dealer hasn't the pictures send top of pound package "20-Mule-Team" Borax and 4c with dealer's name and receive picture FREE. Local agents wanted. Write for money-making plan.
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.