

HOME TOWN HELPS

EVERY CITIZEN A BOOSTER

Right Idea Seems to Prevail Among Those Who Have Built Up Ohio's Great Metropolis.

A local business man told this little story at the Advertising club the other day:

"I was in the south on business not long ago," he said, "and found myself one day at a hotel table with three other men, all southerners and all strangers to me. Well, somebody said something about his home town—something not very complimentary—and somebody else said something along the same line, and then I opened up about Cleveland. Well, I gave them the best I had with me. I told where we stood in iron and steel, and in clothing, and electricity, and hardware, and printing, and civic pride. I told 'em about our parks and boulevards, and our Warrensville farm and our three-cent fare. I talked fast so as to get it all in, and I tried not to miss a point. Well, they sat there watching me and not saying a word, but when I stopped for want of breath a fine, portly man pulled a notebook out of his pocket.

"'I'd like your name and address,' he said.

"Then he put out his hand.

"'Glad to know you,' he told me. 'I'm president of the chamber of commerce of —,' and he named a leading city of the South. 'And what I want to say is that if we had a half dozen boosters like you our town would be a blamed sight bigger and more useful. Hold on,' he added, 'you're not a special, official booster, are you?'

"'No,' I told him, 'I'm just one of the 700,000.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR SUBURBAN HOME



Here is a porch with inviting seats and opportunity for climbing plants, but without gracefulness or attempt at beauty of line.

TREES FOR HOME GROUNDS

Small Varieties Add Greatly to the Appearance of the House, and Also to Its Value.

In planting ornamental trees about the home, we naturally consider their utility in providing shade. There are, however, a number of beautiful trees, small in size, that occupy an intermediate place between shrubs and shade trees. Their beauty gives them a place of honor, but they should not be placed where their growth will interfere with other plants as they grow larger.

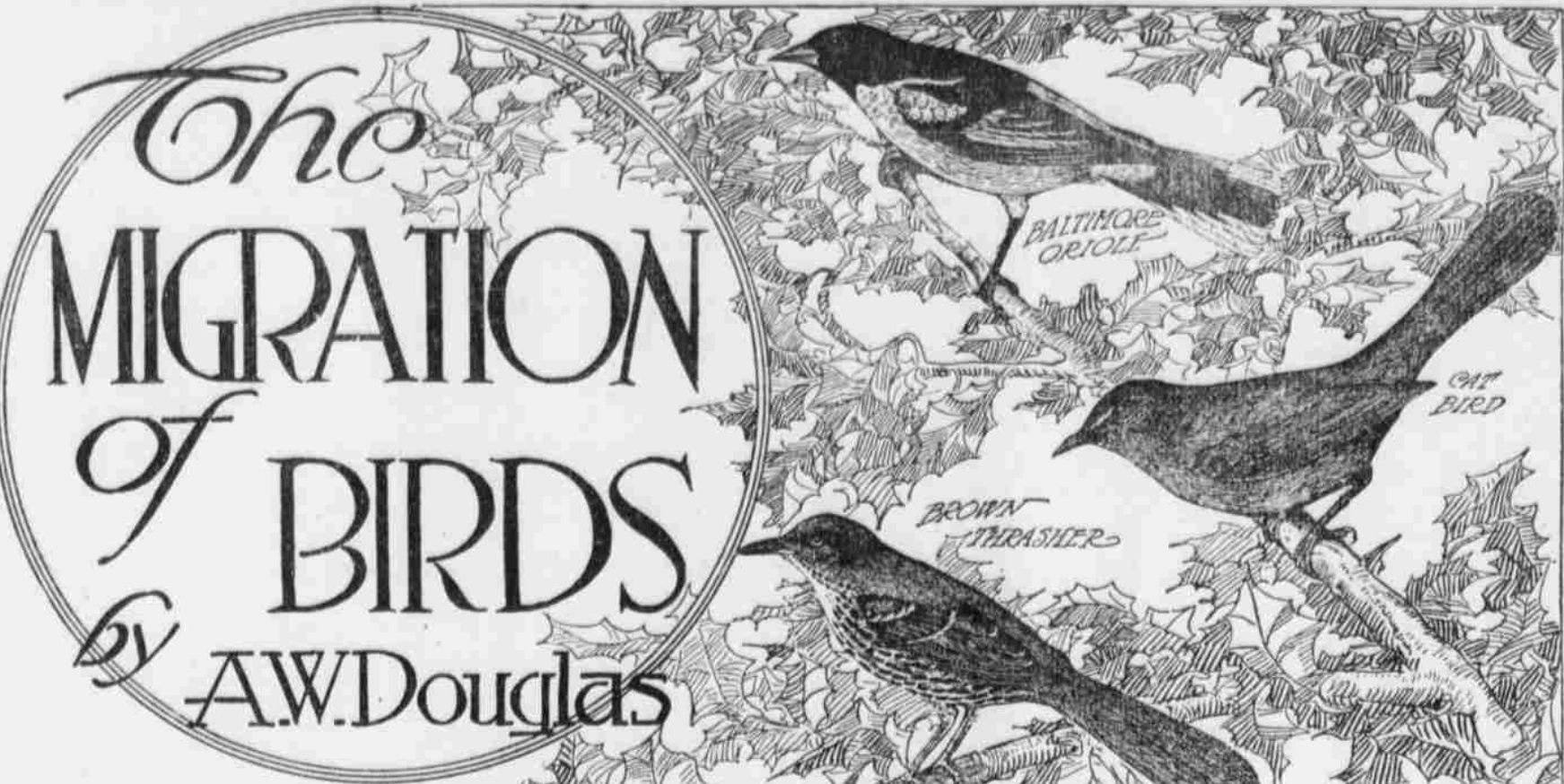
The white fringe, or fringe tree, *Chionanthus virginica*, is a native of the United States, forming a large shrub, rather than a small tree, as it is rounded and bushy. It has large glossy leaves three to five inches long, dark green, that are handsome through the season. In May or June it bears an abundance of white flowers, in drooping racemes. The blossoms have narrow, fringe-like petals, and are very graceful. One specimen under observation, now about eighteen years planted, is probably twelve feet high, a symmetrical vase shape; it flowers abundantly. A young specimen, suitable for planting, costs about seventy-five cents.—Rural New Yorker.

Washington's Advantage.
Observing that civic art is founded on common sense, utility and commercial considerations, Arnold W. Brunner, an architect who has been working for the development of civic beauty in New York, recently made a statement which has a bearing upon Washington. He pleaded for more artistic cities on the ground that the lives of men and women are influenced by their surroundings.

A quiet, restful room, he pointed out, helps a man to do his work, and he added: "Our streets have the same influence. I hold that quiet, dignified, orderly streets have a psychological effect on the people. Such streets are found in Paris, Berlin and many other European cities. Broadway, on the other hand, is chaotic, shabby, confused, irregular; and it produces an unrestful effect on one."—Washington Times.

The Critic's Office.

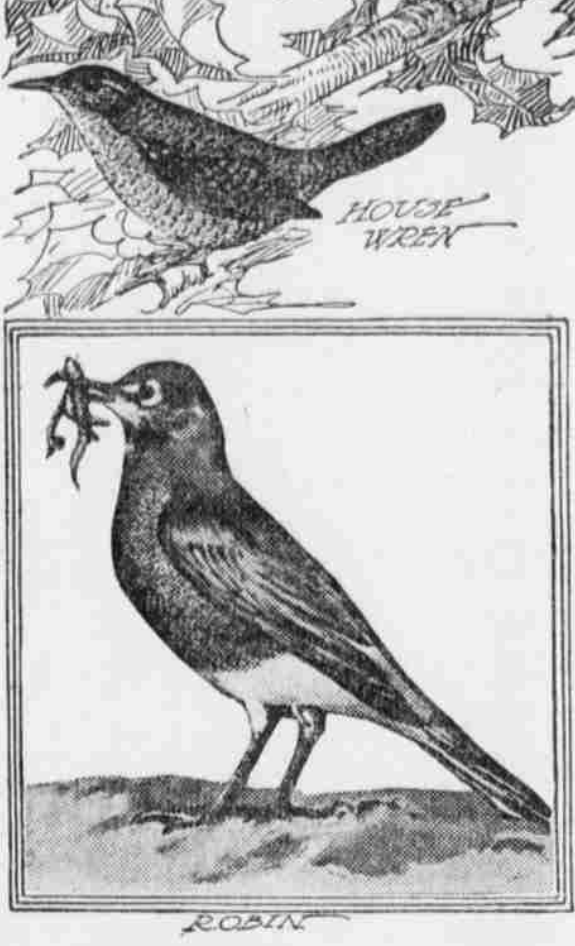
A friend who is preparing a paper on criticism asked us our notion of a critic, and the best we could do off-hand was to bring to mind the young hero who, finding a break in a dike, thrust his arm into the hole and held back the devastating flood until help arrived. The flood is mediocrity, and criticism should be a dike holding it back, instead of being, as it is in this country, a sluiceway. Given a wall, it would be the duty of the critic to keep an eye on it, and to plug a leak whenever he spotted it.—Chicago Tribune.



The MIGRATION OF BIRDS

By A.W. Douglas

FACTS in natural history are so interesting as the annual migration of birds, and largely because there is such little real understanding as to the nature and methods of this remarkable phenomenon. Theories are plentiful, but a demonstrable explanation of all the facts involved is still wanting. Some of the inherent characteristics of migration, such as the apparent sense of direction possessed by birds, seem to defy observation and analysis, and to be absolutely beyond our ken so far as any understanding goes. The cause itself of this curious habit so far is only conjectural, but the most logical explanation seems to be a search for food. This apparently holds good for the fall flight from North to South, when insects have perished from the cold, and vegetation died, so that both insectivorous and grain-eating birds are alike affected. Yet some members of both species, crows, jays, quail, partridges, wood ducks, cardinal grosbeaks (the ordinary red bird) and often some red-headed woodpeckers, remain North throughout the winter and manage somehow to make a living and perpetuate their species.



ROBIN

Even if these be exceptions to the general rule, there still remains the unanswered question, Why do not those birds who winter in the South remain there throughout the year instead of going North when the spring opens? Food is abundant and apparently southern latitudes are as fitting for the rearing of young as the far North. As a matter of fact, we really do not know, though we have some interesting and plausible theories about it that do not bear the test of questioning. So as usual when we run across some mystery in animal life that we cannot unravel, we call it "instinct," and let it go at that. Of this one thing we may, however, be quite sure, that instinct in animals always serves some useful purpose, and is usually an expression of nature's care for the preservation of the species.

Years of observation have developed the interesting fact that there are certain well-defined routes in all countries which the migrations follow, certain water courses, certain chains of mountains, certain valleys, and this seems to obtain from one generation of birds to another. Whether the younger birds learn this from the older birds who have been before, or whether they simply mechanically follow the older birds in their flights is largely conjecture, but two facts seem well established. First, that animals evidently have some method of communicating with each other. Everyone who has heard Bob White call together the scattered coveys, or the hen give the alarm for a hawk to her chickens, is convinced of this point. The second fact seems, however, to controvert the theory of the older teaching the younger ones the way they should go, for it has been shown in many instances that flocks composed entirely of the year's brood of young birds make their first migratory flight alone and unattended by the older birds, and find their way unerringly along the usual routes of migration. Once more we have to fall back upon instinct.

Just how birds find their way from one distant latitude to another is the most inexplicable of all the many mysterious facts of migration. The length of the flight from northern habitat to southern winter resort varies according to the different species of birds all the way from 1,000 to 3,000 miles, and in a few cases to 5,000 miles. Yet these distances are apparently traversed in generally direct straight lines, and with the most orderly and businesslike methods of procedure. To say that the older birds show the younger birds the way (since this has been shown to be untrue in many cases) only removes the difficulty back into the remote past, for at some time there had to be some birds to find the way the first time, and we only dodge this difficulty when we talk of inherited instinct.

It is clearly not a case of birds seeing their way and being guided by landmarks. It is known that migrations as a rule take place at night, and that in general birds fly very high, in fact, at tremendous heights, when migrating. Under such conditions finding their way by sight is impossible. Moreover, the sight theory breaks down in the case of those birds who cross great stretches of water where there are no landmarks whatever. There is a species of cuckoo which summers in New Zealand and winters in eastern Australia, which means a straight flight of some 1,200 miles without rest or stop across the trackless waters. Certain species of humming birds that winter in Central and South America spend their summer vacation in the United States, and to do so must fly across some 1,000 miles of the Gulf of Mexico.

A recent experiment demonstrated that neither the theory of seeing the way nor previous knowledge of the route can account for the finding of the way in migration. Fifteen terns were taken from their nesting places on Bird Key, Tortugas (one of the islands of the Florida reef) and were released at distances varying from 20 to 850 miles from their home, and 13 of the 15 found their way back safely. Observations have also shown that the same birds return to the same spot year after year. Robins that winter in Florida will build their nests in the same tree in a northern state as long as they live. An explanation which is in much favor is the probable possession of a sixth sense—the sense of direc-

tion—concerning whose physical basis and nature we are entirely in the dark. It seems to be a sense common to most animals. It is extremely well developed in horses and dogs, and likewise in fishes, who year after year come back to the same stream to spawn. It is possessed to a lesser degree by man, being more pronounced in the savage than in the civilized man, probably because in the latter disease has dulled its perception.

The speed at which birds fly during migration probably varies according to the natural capacity of the species. Nevertheless, in such flights

The Bird Or the Cat?

"The Bird or the Cat?" has become a scratching subject which is making the feathers fly in many a heretofore peaceful neighborhood. Bird lovers who have attempted to establish sanctuaries for their feathered friends have been compelled to revise their visiting lists according to where her royal highness, Tabbykins, holds sway.

The bird man who has found his sorrow that any bird and cat combination means catastrophe, even while he is taking the mangled body of the little feathered tenant, that he has worked for months to attract, from the clutches of the innocent-looking, fluffy, four-footed murderer, will be assailed by the cat-owner, who indignantly declares that while other low-bred creatures may catch birds, she knows her own blue-blooded darling Fluffykins is too well bred and too well fed to do such a deed!

Naturalists statistically rank the fells domestic as third in the bird-destroying ranks, holding every roosting cat responsible for the lives of at least fifty birds a year. A game warden who reports 200 quail killed by a mother cat in less than a year on the game preserve advocates the wholesale extermination of cats under the supervision of a game warden.

The value of the cat to catch mice or rats is disputed by a bird enthusiast, who maintains that this New of the animal world will hush forever the joyous song of any little feathered chorister simply for his own amusement when not in need of food. When he dines he goes after a cold bird in preference to any other delicacy, and will catch mice or rats only as a last resort to keep from starving.

The most serious arraignment against both the domestic and stray cat is made by the boards of health, who have found these animals to be carriers of scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases most fatal to their human associates.

A successful business man says that if a cat kills a little chicken in the yard of the average farmer, the cat is made away with. If the four-footed hunter comes home with a quail, he is petted; yet the quail is of greater economic value to the farmer than is either the cat or the chicken. He thinks, for humane reasons, the wild or stray cat left on abandoned farms should be put out of the way.

A cat-a-cumb, where feline prowlers may be laid permanently to rest, is considered a necessary adjunct to every bird sanctuary by a bird conservationist, who has tried, without success, various methods to prevent cats from killing helpless song and insectivorous birds so valuable to man. Another long sufferer from cat depredations considers a near-by deeper bath, in which to immerse and leave the savage depredator, is the only way in which a bird bath may be maintained.

Some friends of the birds think to license the cat and hold the owner responsible for his pet's destructiveness will solve not only the vexing cat, but also the kitten, question. They conclude that if a person pays for a license he will not be so

they display a speed and endurance entirely out of their ordinary wont. A little sandpiper, which summers in northern Siberia near the Arctic, has to fly over the Himalaya mountains in order to reach India, where it passes the winter. In doing this it must rise to heights of four miles and upwards to clear the towering ranges. Wilson's petrel is known to range from the South Antarctic ocean to the northern limits of British America. As ducks and geese are almost the only birds whose migrations have been seen in the daytime, many telescopic observations and instantaneous photographs have been taken of them during flight. These observations indicate that the flight of ducks, particularly teal, must frequently reach a speed of 100 miles an hour and over. Even with the slower flying birds it is possible to cover long stretches in one night, as the flight seems to be pursued without rest "all through the night." The probable choice of night for flight is that the day may be devoted to feeding. Besides, the dangers of the birds of prey, other than owls, are thus avoided. The ducks that reach this latitude in the spring are frequently very thin and poor, evidently owing to the strenuousness of their voyage.

One of the remarkable characteristics of migration is the regularity of its annual movement among the different species, often the same day each fall and spring marking the departure and arrival. The flights seem invariably to be in flocks, whether the species be gregarious or otherwise. No sooner is the destination reached than the nongregarious species separate, either singly or in pairs. One exception to this are robins, which are gregarious in the North, but invariably go in flocks in the South. Just why some birds of the same species stop in one latitude while others go farther on is not known, though probably the question of food supply is the determining factor. The whole subject of migration is one of the interesting phenomena in nature which has been a matter of common observation for some thousand years and yet of whose essential nature we have only the scantiest information.

MYSTERIOUS JAGS.

"Hoffels says he makes it a rule never to take a drink before six o'clock in the evening."

"Ahem!"

"Well?"

"I frequently see him full during the day and I was just wondering if he had hit upon some way to take his liquor hypodermically."

PUZZLED.

"I never can tell what you men are talking about," said the debutante, with a pout.

"What's the matter now, Celestine?"

"I met Mr. Brookerly just now, and he said he'd been up to his neck in wheat all morning, yet I never saw him look more immaculate."

IN THE EUGENIC HOUSEHOLD.

"These eggs are exactly as I like them, Hortense."

"Yes, Archimedes, I submerged them in water at 212 degrees Fahrenheit for exactly two and one-half minutes."

TOO BULKY.

Stout Wife—How do you like my masquerade costume? I'm a page.

Husband—Page? You look more like a volcano.—Princeton Tiger.

HIGHBROWS.

She—Didn't you think the people at Mrs. Gardner's reception were all extremely dull?

Yes, but you know it was author's day.—Life.

NATURAL DEDUCTION.

"I wonder how those spirit messages are written," remarked the dense party.

"With a medium pencil, I imagine," replied the wise guy.

NOT THE RIGHT KIND.

"I don't see how you can stand these howling students with their class yells for everything."

"Well, you see, they're such a cheery sort."

Lengrand No. 59062

In a bay Belgian Stallion, 9 years old; weight 1900 lbs.; small stripes in forehead, and right hind foot white. He was bred by Mr. Felix Conpez, of Bassilly, and was imported March 1, 1911, by W. A. Lang & Co., of Greely, Iowa. He was foaled in 1906.



PEDIGREE—Sired by Prince du Chenoy (21808), he by Duc du Chenoy (11056), out of Charlotte II (15409). Dam, Mouche de Thines (62809), she by Organiste (3604), out of Panie de Villers (40705).

Will Stand the Season of 1915
Monday, at the Chas. Bliven farm.
Tuesday, at the Char. Heikes farm.
Wednesday and Thursday at Henry Filmore's.
Friday, at the Homer Livery Barn.
Saturday, at the E. L. Ross place on the old Wm. Nixon farm.

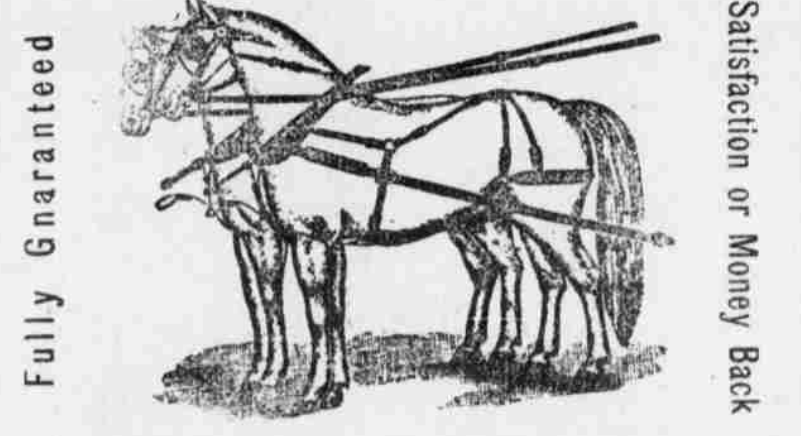
TERMS—\$15 to insure in foal; \$20 for standing colt. Upon the sale or removal of mares from the county, foal bill becomes due at once; or when mares are not properly returned for trial service, fees become due at once. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents, but at risk of owner of mare, if she sustains any.

Leonard Ross Owner & Attendant
Homer, Nebr.

Westcott's Undertaking Parlors

Auto Ambulance
Old Phone, 426 New Phone 2067
Sioux City, Iowa.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You



The Famous Sturges Bros. Harness
If they Don't Have Them, write or call on
Sturges Bros., 411 Pearl St., Sioux City, Ia.

Licensed Embalmer Lady Assistant
Ambulance Service

Wm. F. Dickinson Undertaking

415 Sixth Street
Sioux City, Iowa



10 Great Serials

full of life and action, filled with the fire of fine inspiration and followed by 250 short stories of adventure, will make

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
Better Than Ever in 1915

The... the Family Page, a rare Editorial Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Doctor's Advice, and "a ton of fun," Articles of Travel, Science, Education. From the best minds to the best minds, the best the world can produce for you and everyone in the home. There is no age limit to enthusiasm for The Youth's Companion.

CUT THIS OUT
and send it for name of this paper with \$2.00 for The COMPANION for 1915, and we will send

FREE All the issues of THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1914.

FREE THE COMPANION HOME CALENDAR for 1915.

THEN The \$2 Weekly Issues of THE COMPANION for 1915.

52 Times a Year — not 12.

Send to-day to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., for THREE CURRENT ISSUES—FREE

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE