

A Message From The "Bird Man"

Although as far as we know, no one really put his head into Mr. Gorst's mouth and looked around, as he told the people at Chautauqua, they might, we really believe that the "bird man" who could trill and sing and whistle just like a bird, had no artificial whistle in his mouth. Through the most careful study of the birds themselves, and through long practise in imitating them, he has come to the point where he can so clearly imitate them that he gets the birds all mixed up thinking that he is one of them.

From the very beginning of his "talk" when he whistled Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in Mockingbird style to the very end when he described the evening hymn of the Hermit Thrush as he has heard it sing in the woods of New Hampshire at sunset, he was altogether enjoyable and different from almost every other person most of us have ever heard.

Imitated Birds Perfectly

And when he started to show us how the different birds talk, he startled us by his ability to make them sound "persactly like the bird itself."

It we had not seen him there on the stage, when he sung the canary's song, we would have thought we were hearing the canary that lives next door to us, singing his little throat out with the joy of life, but it was really the "Bird Man" up on the stage.

Then, as he sang the bluebird's song, it sounded just like the song of that beautiful little friend who comes out of hiding place so early in the spring, with his blithe message of happiness for which he is now so widely known. Mr. Gorst told us just exactly how he sung this song, what letters he used and what tones he sounded, and how long it took to sing it (just a second and a half) and just what key the bluebird sang it in (the key of D Major), and yet try as hard as we can, we cannot even make one single note that sounds like it. In fact he explained the chart he had made which describes the different kinds of whistles and sounds and the letters which stand for those sounds, but, though many Juniors were trying to make those sounds as they came out of the big tent a week ago Friday night, somehow or other they did not sound as Mr. Gorst's whistles sounded. He said the principal letters he used were o, l, c, p, e, w, h, k, and t, and said that he could get six octaves above c, or so high that he sounded exactly like squeaky shoes. Which it did!

One of the most interesting things he did was to whistle two tones together, and sometimes, even three. This is a very wonderful thing for a human to do. If you're not sure just how wonderful it is, try it yourself.

English Sparrow Can Learn to Sing

Although we think that each bird has one song that it sings most of the time, he showed us that he could prove that many birds have several songs, and often sing the same songs with many variations. For instance, many of us think that the little oven bird says "teacher, teacher" all the time. Mr. Gorst thinks it does too, but he says he has counted nine different ways that he has heard it say that same word, as he sang (or whistled) all of them to us.

Another thing he taught us who thought that most birds' songs were just "happensos" was that the songs of most birds are all planned out or organized—that there is a certain rhythm, a certain number of sounds and beats, a clearly marked beginning and a definite end, just as good poetry always has.

The robin's song was so natural that most people in the tent smiled to one another, recognizing the voice of their tame little red breasted friend. But when he told us the song of the beautiful scarlet tanager was just like the robin would sing this song if he had a bad cold, we could scarcely believe him, but after he whistled it for us, we were convinced that it sounded as much like that as anything.

He said that birds can be taught to sing and that some have been taught to sing tunes. One canary, he told us was put in a church in his cage as part of the Easter decorations, and all at once he started to sing, "Yankee Doodle."

But the thing that surprised us the most was that even an English sparrow was not hopeless as a singer. We have always liked his cheer-

ful chirp, but we never believed this bird could really sing, but Mr. Gorst says it can be taught to sing, and without a very great deal of trouble. He knows of scientists, and he says that after a while that little bird learned to sing the canary's song.

Boys Never Yet Caught a Bird

"Don't try to make nature too human," said Mr. Gorst, "it is beautiful and wonderful enough just as it is."

Two ways the Bird Man suggested for attracting birds to our homes are: building bird boxes, and keeping a close watch on all cats.

He also suggested a simple book, small enough to go easily into a coat pocket, with which, and a pair of bird glasses, one can learn a great deal about birds as he goes on long walks or even as he sits on his own porch in the summer time. The name of the book is "Reed's Bird Guide," and it is published by the Doubleday Page company, in Garden City, New York.

Mr. Gorst, said, that probably we have thought that boys caught birds after they had gone out with their shotguns and had shot the bird and then brought it home, but he says they never have brought home a bird that way and they never would. And this is the way he explained this statement which at first sounds very queer. He said that a bird was four things. It was a beautiful song, beautiful feathers, useful ways, and interesting ways. When a boy shoots a bird, he cannot really bring home the bird, though he brings its body, for the beautiful song is silent, the feathers soon lose their color, after the happy little heart stops beating, there are no more interesting ways to watch and no longer any habits that will prove useful to mankind such as eating insect pests and weed seeds.

He says that he can get birds, though, and this is the way he does it. He starts out on long walks, and sits for a long time watching them through his bird glasses, and their song, and finds out all he can about their habits. That he says is the only way to "get" birds.

Gorst's Pictures Artistic

Most of the pictures of birds that the "Bird Man" used in his story were drawn himself and were very clear in their colorings and exact as to size. Besides all this they were artistically drawn, and showed an appreciation of color combinations. For instance, wherever the bird was a full colored bird, he was shown against a background that had a great deal of color in it, as the brilliant orange trumpet flowers which were in the background of the picture of the catbird. But when the bird was one which wore a coat of very gay color, the background was toned down, so that the brightness of the bird's feathers shone out clearly. The background of the bluebird for instance was a very natural suggestion of an early spring morning, and instead of signing his name, just plain "Gorst," do you know what he did? He made his first two initials and the letters of his name, "C. C. Gorst," look like a very delicious looking insect and so it fitted right into the picture. In fact it looked as if it were just meant for the bird's next meal. And perhaps it was.

SOCIETY NEWS

Miss Bertha Farmer, of Economy, entertained a number of her friends, last Saturday afternoon at her tent, 55 Osage avenue, on the Chautauqua grounds.

Miss Dorothy Ballinger, of New Castle, who is camping at Chautauqua, spent the day Wednesday as the guest of Miriam and Marguerite Burbanck, at their home in Reeveston.

Misses Miriam and Marguerite and Master William Burbanck will go to Indianapolis with their parents, Sunday, and will attend the State Fair there next week.

A HEN WORTH HAVING, EH?

Pauke—"What makes that hen in your back yard cackle so loud?"

Jake—"Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she laid it!"—Lone Scout.

Where the Rooster Went to Roost

BY JULIA R. BURR

It was about time for the chickens to go to roost. In one corner of the chicken yard the old rooster and hen were having quite a fuss. The old rooster seemed to be getting the worst of it and before I could find out the trouble, the old hen chased the rooster out of the chicken yard and would not let him come back.

The old rooster then began to look around for another place to roost. He strutted around for quite a while and finally spied a small bush tree and decided that he would have to go there. He flew up into the tree and settled down. Below him was a creek and above him he could see the sky. Then a quiet little breeze swung the tree to and fro, while the crickets sang. With the crickets singing and the tree swinging he went to sleep.

When early morning came he was not with the other roosters crowing while before he was always the first one to crow.

It seemed that he never would awake, but who could, when being rocked all night long and in the morning still?

But finally he did awake. He jumped down from his beloved perch

to find the old hen looking for him. She told him she was sorry she made him stay out all night and was afraid he had caught cold. The rooster who still liked to be petted told her it was alright and tried to make the old hen believe the fuss was all his fault. That night the old hen and rooster both went to roost on the rooster's new roost.

The End

Band for Junior Navy in Chicago

A boys' band, the greatest organization of its kind in the country, will be a feature of the United States Junior Naval Reserve, of Chicago, now recruiting juvenile sailors.

One hundred boys musically inclined will be given training in reserve on Lake ship. W. J. Bossert, a Spanish-American war veteran of Camp Luzon will be in charge of the band.

This reserve which aims to train boys in the United States Marine or in the United States Navy has headquarters in all the states of the union.

Miss Betty and Master Josiah Test, of Akron, Ohio, are visiting their parents in Richmond.

THE FIGHT

(Note: The following poem represents a boy who has read a Wild West story and is dreaming of it in school.—Author).

It was evening in the mountains, I was riding down the trail, On my saddle hung the bag That carried the U. S. mail.

As I neared the little timber, That was lying to my right, I put some shells in my gun, For I knew I'd have to fight.

All at once a dozen Redskins Jumped out right in the rear, I started to shoot the pesky critters, When some one pulled my ear.

I looked up, it was my teacher, She looked so cross and mean, That the Indians and the mail Simply faded to a dream.

—Lone Scout, Ralph Ware.

"You're the finest looking man I've ever seen, Dick." "I wish I could return the compliment."

"You could if you'd lie as much as I did."

Teacher—"Tom, why were you late for school this morning?"

Tom—"The bell rang before I got here."

Back to School

School Begins Today As Mother Sees it

I'm glad vacations' over, and school is called again!
For thirteen weeks my romping boys have crazed their mother's brain;
For thirteen weeks I've counted the sultry days away—
I'm glad vacation's over and school begins today.

There's John, and Joe, and Jimmy—their clothes were nearly new
When they came home from school that day and said the term was through;
Now John, and Joe, and Jimmy, with sun-brown hands and feet,
Come in at night about the plight of beggars on the street.

There is no order in the house; I cannot find a thing;
The drawers are tumbled upside down with six hands hunting string;
The chairs are always in a row; the whole house fairly jars
With Jimmy jumping off and on, to run his train of cars.

My brand new carving knife, I found out in the grass, where Joe
Had used it making arrows for Jimmy's little bow;
And John came home from fishing—came whistling through the gate—
With father's best tobacco box filled up with worms for bait.

The hens have had a frightful time the whole vacation through;
They could not hide a nest away, the best that they could do;
I heard a rooster crow this morn; to me it seemed to say
"I'm glad vacation's over and school begins today!"

—Selected.

Soon all the schools will begin again! When the sun comes up on the second of September (and we hope the sun will shine that day, because it is so dreary to go back to school on a rainy day) it will see all the children who live in the country districts starting away from home more or less eager to be back at school. It will also see the children starting back to St. Andrew's School, and to St. John's school, while the rest of the children of Richmond are still playing and enjoying vacation. But their vacation will soon be ended, for on the next Monday morning, they too, will be walking—though some will be running—back to school!

