Project Gutenberg's Our Vanishing Wild Life, by William T. Hornaday

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Its Extermination and Preservation

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\*\*\* START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OUR VANISHING WILD LIFE \*\*\*

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"\_I know no way of judging of the Future but by the Past\_."

--\_Patrick Henry\_.

REPORT

of a select committee of the Senate of Ohio, in 1857, on a bill proposed

to protect the passenger pigeon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having

the vast forests of the North as its breeding grounds, traveling

hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere

to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them, or be missed

from the myriads that are yearly produced."

"The snipe (\_Scolopax wilsonii\_) needs no protection.... The snipe, too,

like the pigeon, will take care of itself, and its yearly numbers can

not be materially lessened by the gun."

[Illustration: THE LAST LIVING PASSENGER PIGEON

Now in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens. Twenty years old in 1912.

Copyright 1911, by Enno Meyer.]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FOLLY OF 1857 AND THE LESSON OF 1912

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR VANISHING

WILD LIFE

ITS

EXTERMINATION AND PRESERVATION

BY

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Sc.D.

DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK;

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY";

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BISON SOCIETY

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

"Hew to the line! Let the chips fall where they will."--\_Old Exhortation\_.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."--\_Othello\_.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1913

\* \* \* \* \*

SPECIAL NOTICE

For the benefit of the cause that this book represents, the author

freely extends to all periodicals and lecturers the privilege of

reproducing any of the maps and illustrations in this volume except the

bird portraits, the white-tailed deer and antelope, and the maps and

pictures specially copyrighted by other persons, and so recorded. This

privilege does not cover reproductions in books, without special

permission.

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[Illustration: Portrait of William Dutcher]

TO

William Dutcher

FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES, AND

LIFE-LONG CHAMPION OF AMERICAN BIRDS

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY

A SINCERE ADMIRER

"\_I drink to him, he is not here,

Yet I would guard his glory;

A knight without reproach or fear

Should live in song and story\_."

--\_Walsh\_.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOREWORD

The preservation of animal and plant life, and of the general beauty

of Nature, is one of the foremost duties of the men and women of

to-day. It is an imperative duty, because it must be performed at

once, for otherwise it will be too late. Every possible means of

preservation,--sentimental, educational and legislative,--must be

employed.

The present warning issues with no uncertain sound, because this great

battle for preservation and conservation cannot be won by gentle tones,

nor by appeals to the aesthetic instincts of those who have no sense of

beauty, or enjoyment of Nature. It is necessary to sound a loud alarm,

to present the facts in very strong language, backed up by irrefutable

statistics and by photographs which tell no lies, to establish the law

and enforce it if needs be with a bludgeon.

This book is such an alarm call. Its forceful pages remind me of the

sounding of the great bells in the watch-towers of the cities of the

Middle Ages which called the citizens to arms to protect their homes,

their liberties and their happiness. It is undeniable that the welfare

and happiness of our own and of all future generations of Americans are

at stake in this battle for the preservation of Nature against the

selfishness, the ignorance, or the cruelty of her destroyers.

We no longer destroy great works of art. They are treasured, and

regarded as of priceless value; but we have yet to attain the state of

civilization where the destruction of a glorious work of Nature, whether

it be a cliff, a forest, or a species of mammal or bird, is regarded

with equal abhorrence. The whole earth is a poorer place to live in when

a colony of exquisite egrets or birds of paradise is destroyed in order

that the plumes may decorate the hat of some lady of fashion, and

ultimately find their way into the rubbish heap. The people of all the

New England States are poorer when the ignorant whites, foreigners, or

negroes of our southern states destroy the robins and other song birds

of the North for a mess of pottage.

Travels through Europe, as well as over a large part of the North

American continent, have convinced me that nowhere is Nature being

destroyed so rapidly as in the United States. Except within our

conservation areas, an earthly paradise is being turned into an earthly

hades; and it is not savages nor primitive men who are doing this, but

men and women who boast of their civilization. Air and water are

polluted, rivers and streams serve as sewers and dumping grounds,

forests are swept away and fishes are driven from the streams. Many

birds are becoming extinct, and certain mammals are on the verge of

extermination. Vulgar advertisements hide the landscape, and in all

that disfigures the wonderful heritage of the beauty of Nature to-day,

we Americans are in the lead.

Fortunately the tide of destruction is ebbing, and the tide of

conservation is coming in. Americans are practical. Like all other

northern peoples, they love money and will sacrifice much for it, but

they are also full of idealism, as well as of moral and spiritual

energy. The influence of the splendid body of Americans and Canadians

who have turned their best forces of mind and language into literature

and into political power for the conservation movement, is becoming

stronger every day. Yet we are far from the point where the momentum of

conservation is strong enough to arrest and roll back the tide of

destruction; and this is especially true with regard to our fast

vanishing animal life.

The facts and figures set forth in this volume will astonish all those

lovers of Nature and friends of the animal world who are living in a

false or imaginary sense of security. The logic of these facts is

inexorable. As regards our birds and mammals, the failures of supposed

protection in America--under a system of free shooting--are so glaring

that we are confident this exposure will lead to sweeping reforms. The

author of this work is no amateur in the field of wild-life protection.

His ideas concerning methods of reform are drawn from long and

successful experience. The states which are still behind in this

movement may well give serious heed to his summons, and pass the new

laws that are so urgently demanded to save the vanishing remnant.

The New York Zoological Society, which is cooperating with many other

organizations in this great movement, sends forth this work in the

belief that there is no one who is more ardently devoted to the great

cause or rendering more effective service in it than William T.

Hornaday. We believe that this is a great book, destined to exert a

world-wide influence, to be translated into other languages, and to

arouse the defenders and lovers of our vanishing animal life before it

is too late.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN,

10 December, 1912. \_President of the New York Zoological Society\_

\* \* \* \* \*

PREFACE

The writing of this book has taught me many things. Beyond question, we

are exterminating our finest species of mammals, birds and fishes

\_according to law!\_

I am appalled by the mass of evidence proving that throughout the entire

United States and Canada, in every state and province, the existing

legal system for the preservation of wild life is fatally defective.

There is not a single state in our country from which the killable game

is not being rapidly and persistently shot to death, legally or

illegally, very much more rapidly than it is breeding, with

extermination for the most of it close in sight. This statement is not

open to argument; for millions of men know that it is literally true. We

are living in a fool's paradise.

The rage for wild-life slaughter is far more prevalent to-day throughout

the world than it was in 1872, when the buffalo butchers paved the

prairies of Texas and Colorado with festering carcasses. From one end of

our continent to the other, there is a restless, resistless desire to

"kill, \_kill!\_"

I have been shocked by the accumulation of evidence showing that all

over our country and Canada fully nine-tenths of our protective laws

have practically been dictated by the killers of the game, and that in

all save a very few instances the hunters have been exceedingly careful

to provide "open seasons" for slaughter, as long as any game remains to

kill!

\_And yet, the game of North America does not belong wholly and

exclusively to the men who kill! The other ninety-seven per cent of the

People have vested rights in it, far exceeding those of the three per

cent. Posterity has claims upon it that no honest man can ignore.\_

I am now going to ask both the true sportsman and the people who do not

kill wild things to awake, and do their plain duty in protecting and

preserving the game and other wild life which belongs partly to us, but

chiefly to those who come after us. Can they be aroused, before it is

too late?

The time to discuss tiresome academic theories regarding "bag limits"

and different "open seasons" as being sufficient to preserve the game,

has gone by! We have reached the point where the alternatives are \_long

closed seasons or a gameless continent;\_ and we must choose one or the

other, speedily. A continent without wild life is like a forest with no

leaves on the trees.

The great increase in the slaughter of song birds for food, by the

negroes and poor whites of the South, has become an unbearable scourge

to our migratory birds,--the very birds on which farmers north and south

depend for protection from the insect hordes,--the very birds that are

most near and dear to the people of the North. \_Song-bird slaughter is

growing and spreading\_, with the decrease of the game birds! It is a

matter that requires instant attention and stern repression. At the

present moment it seems that the only remedy lies in federal protection

for all migratory birds,--because so many states will not do their duty.

We are weary of witnessing the greed, selfishness and cruelty of

"civilized" man toward the wild creatures of the earth. We are sick of

tales of slaughter and pictures of carnage. It is time for a sweeping

Reformation; and that is precisely what we now demand.

I have been a sportsman myself; but times have changed, and we must

change also. When game was plentiful, I believed that it was right for

men and boys to kill a limited amount of it for sport and for the table.

But the old basis has been swept away by an Army of Destruction that now

is almost beyond all control. We must awake, and arouse to the new

situation, face it like men, and adjust our minds to the new conditions.

The three million gunners of to-day must no longer expect or demand the

same generous hunting privileges that were right for hunters fifty years

ago, when game was fifty times as plentiful as it is now and there was

only one killer for every fifty now in the field.

The fatalistic idea that bag-limit laws can save the game is to-day \_the

curse of all our game birds, mammals and fishes!\_ It is a fraud, a

delusion and a snare. That miserable fetish has been worshipped much too

long. Our game is being exterminated, everywhere, by blind insistence

upon "open seasons," and solemn reliance upon "legal bag-limits." If a

majority of the people of America feel that so long as there is any game

alive there must be an annual two months or four months open season for

its slaughter, then assuredly we soon will have a gameless continent.

The only thing that will save the game is by stopping the killing of it!

In establishing and promulgating this principle, the cause of wild-life

protection greatly needs three things: money, labor, and publicity. With

the first, we can secure the second and third. But can we get it,--and

\_get it in time to save?\_

This volume is in every sense a contribution to a Cause; and as such it

ever will remain. I wish the public to receive it on that basis. So much

important material has drifted straight to it from other hands that this

unexpected aid seems to the author like a good omen.

The manuscript has received the benefit of a close and critical reading

and correcting by my comrade on the firing-line and esteemed friend, Mr.

Madison Grant, through which the text was greatly improved. But for the

splendid encouragement and assistance that I have received from him and

from Professor Henry Fairneld Osborn the work involved would have borne

down rather heavily.

The four chapters embracing the "New Laws Needed; A Roll-Call of the

States," were critically inspected, corrected and brought down to date

by Dr. T.S. Palmer, our highest authority on the game laws of the Nation

and the States. For this valuable service the author is deeply grateful.

Of course the author is alone responsible for all the opinions and

conclusions herein recorded, and for all errors that appear outside of

quotations.

I trust that the Reader will kindly excuse and forget all the

typographic and clerical errors that may have escaped me in the rush

that had to be made against Time.

W.T.H.

UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, NEW YORK,

December 1, 1912.

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OUR VANISHING WILD LIFE

PART I. EXTERMINATION

CHAPTER I

THE FORMER ABUNDANCE OF WILD LIFE

\_"By my labors my vineyard flourished. But Ahab came. Alas! for Naboth."\_

In order that the American people may correctly understand and judge the

question of the extinction or preservation of our wild life, it is

necessary to recall the near past. It is not necessary, however, to go

far into the details of history; for a few quick glances at a few high

points will be quite sufficient for the purpose in view.

Any man who reads the books which best tell the story of the development

of the American colonies of 1712 into the American nation of 1912, and

takes due note of the wild-life features of the tale, will say without

hesitation that when the American people received this land from the

bountiful hand of Nature, it was endowed with a magnificent and

all-pervading supply of valuable wild creatures. The pioneers and the

early settlers were too busy even to take due note of that fact, or to

comment upon it, save in very fragmentary ways.

Nevertheless, the wild-life abundance of early American days survived

down to so late a period that it touched the lives of millions of people

now living. Any man 55 years of age who when a boy had a taste for

"hunting,"--for at that time there were no "sportsmen" in America,--will

remember the flocks and herds of wild creatures that he saw and which

made upon his mind many indelible impressions.

"Abundance" is the word with which to describe the original animal life

that stocked our country, and all North America, only a short

half-century ago. Throughout every state, on every shore-line, in all

the millions of fresh water lakes, ponds and rivers, on every mountain

range, in every forest, \_and even on every desert\_, the wild flocks and

herds held sway. It was impossible to go beyond the settled haunts of

civilized man and escape them.

It was a full century after the complete settlement of New England and

the Virginia colonies that the wonderful big-game fauna of the great

plains and Rocky Mountains was really discovered; but the bison

millions, the antelope millions, the mule deer, the mountain sheep and

mountain goat were there, all the time. In the early days, the millions

of pinnated grouse and quail of the central states attracted no serious

attention from the American people-at-large; but they lived and

flourished just the same, far down in the seventies, when the greedy

market gunners systematically slaughtered them, and barreled them up for

"the market," while the foolish farmers calmly permitted them to do it.

We obtain the best of our history of the former abundance of North

American wild life first from the pages of Audubon and Wilson; next,

from the records left by such pioneers as Lewis and Clark, and last from

the testimony of living men. To all this we can, many of us, add

observations of our own.

To me the most striking fact that stands forth in the story of American

wild life one hundred years ago is the wide extent and thoroughness of

its distribution. Wide as our country is, and marvelous as it is in the

diversity of its climates, its soils, its topography, its flora, its

riches and its poverty, Nature gave to each square mile and to each acre

a generous quota of wild creatures, according to its ability to maintain

living things. No pioneer ever pushed so far, or into regions so

difficult or so remote, that he did not find awaiting him a host of

birds and beasts. Sometimes the pioneer was not a good hunter; usually

he was a stupid fisherman; but the "game" was there, nevertheless. The

time was when every farm had its quota.

The part that the wild life of America played in the settlement and

development of this continent was so far-reaching in extent, and so

enormous in potential value, that it fairly staggers the imagination.

From the landing of the Pilgrims down to the present hour the wild game

has been the mainstay and the resource against starvation of the

pathfinder, the settler, the prospector, and at times even the

railroad-builder. In view of what the bison millions did for the

Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Kansas and Texas, it is only right and square

that those states should now do something for the perpetual preservation

of the bison species and all other big game that needs help.

For years and years, the antelope millions of the Montana and Wyoming

grass-lands fed the scout and Indian-fighter, freighter, cowboy and

surveyor, ranchman \_and sheep-herder\_; but thus far I have yet to hear

of one Western state that has ever spent one penny directly for the

preservation of the antelope! And to-day we are in a hand-to-hand fight

in Congress, and in Montana, with the Wool-Growers Association, which

maintains in Washington a keen lobbyist to keep aloft the tariff on

wool, and prevent Congress from taking 15 square miles of grass lands on

Snow Creek, Montana, for a National Antelope Preserve. All that the

wool-growers want is the entire earth, all to themselves. Mr. McClure,

the Secretary of the Association says:

"The proper place in which to preserve the big game of the West is in

city parks, where it can be protected."

To the colonist of the East and pioneer of the West, the white-tailed

deer was an ever present help in time of trouble. Without this

omnipresent animal, and the supply of good meat that each white flag

represented, the commissariat difficulties of the settlers who won the

country as far westward as Indiana would have been many times greater

than they were. The backwoods Pilgrim's progress was like this:

Trail, deer; cabin, deer; clearing; bear, corn, deer; hogs, deer;

cattle, wheat, independence.

And yet, how many men are there to-day, out of our ninety millions of

Americans and pseudo-Americans, who remember with any feeling of

gratitude the part played in American history by the white-tailed deer?

Very few! How many Americans are there in our land who now preserve that

deer for sentimental reasons, and because his forbears were

nation-builders? As a matter of fact, are there any?

On every eastern pioneer's monument, the white-tailed deer should

figure; and on those of the Great West, the bison and the antelope

should be cast in enduring bronze, "\_lest we forget!\_"

The game birds of America played a different part from that of the deer,

antelope and bison. In the early days, shotguns were few, and shot was

scarce and dear. The wild turkey and goose were the smallest birds on

which a rifleman could afford to expend a bullet and a whole charge of

powder. It was for this reason that the deer, bear, bison, and elk

disappeared from the eastern United States while the game birds yet

remained abundant. With the disappearance of the big game came the fat

steer, hog and hominy, the wheat-field, fruit orchard and poultry

galore.

The game birds of America, as a class and a mass, have not been swept

away to ward off starvation or to rescue the perishing. Even back in the

sixties and seventies, very, very few men of the North thought of

killing prairie chickens, ducks and quail, snipe and woodcock, in order

to keep the hunger wolf from the door. The process was too slow and

uncertain; and besides, the really-poor man rarely had the gun and

ammunition. Instead of attempting to live on birds, he hustled for the

staple food products that the soil of his own farm could produce.

First, last and nearly all the time, the game birds of the United States

as a whole, have been sacrificed on the altar of Rank Luxury, to tempt

appetites that were tired of fried chicken and other farm delicacies.

To-day, even the average poor man hunts birds for the joy of the outing,

and the pampered epicures of the hotels and restaurants buy game birds,

and eat small portions of them, solely to tempt jaded appetites. If

there is such a thing as "class" legislation, it is that which permits a

few sordid market-shooters to slaughter the birds of the whole people in

order to sell them to a few epicures.

The game of a state belongs to the whole people of the state. The

Supreme Court of the United States has so decided. (Geer vs.

Connecticut). If it is abundant, it is a valuable asset. The great value

of the game birds of America lies not in their meat pounds as they lie

upon the table, but in the temptation they annually put before millions

of field-weary farmers and desk-weary clerks and merchants to get into

their beloved hunting togs, stalk out into the lap of Nature, and say

"Begone, dull Care!"

And the man who has had a fine day in the painted woods, on the bright

waters of a duck-haunted bay, or in the golden stubble of September, can

fill his day and his soul with six good birds just as well as with

sixty. The idea that in order to enjoy a fine day in the open a man must

kill a wheel-barrow load of birds, is a mistaken idea; and if

obstinately adhered to, it becomes vicious! The Outing in the Open is

the thing,--not the blood-stained feathers, nasty viscera and Death in

the game-bag. One quail on a fence is worth more to the world than ten

in a bag.

The farmers of America have, by their own supineness and lack of

foresight, permitted the slaughter of a stock of game birds which, had

it been properly and wisely conserved, would have furnished a good

annual shoot to every farming man and boy of sporting instincts through

the past, right down to the present, and far beyond. They have allowed

millions of dollars worth of \_their\_ birds to be coolly snatched away

from them by the greedy market-shooters.

There is one state in America, and so far as I know \_only one\_, in which

there is at this moment an old-time abundance of game-bird life. That is

the state of Louisiana. The reason is not so very far to seek. For the

birds that do not migrate,--quail, wild turkeys and doves,--the cover is

yet abundant. For the migratory game birds of the Mississippi Valley,

Louisiana is a grand central depot, with terminal facilities that are

unsurpassed. Her reedy shores, her vast marshes, her long coast line and

abundance of food furnish what should be not only a haven but a heaven

for ducks and geese. After running the gauntlet of guns all the way from

Manitoba and Ontario to the Sunk Lands of Arkansas, the shores of the

Gulf must seem like heaven itself.

The great forests of Louisiana shelter deer, turkeys, and fur-bearing

animals galore; and rabbits and squirrels abound.

Naturally, this abundance of game has given rise to an extensive

industry in shooting for the market. The "big interests" outside the

state send their agents into the best game districts, often bringing in

their own force of shooters. They comb out the game in enormous

quantities, without leaving to the people of Louisiana any decent and

fair quid-pro-quo for having despoiled them of their game and shipped a

vast annual product outside, to create wealth elsewhere.

At present, however, we are but incidentally interested in the

short-sightedness of the people of the Pelican State. As a state of

oldtime abundance in killable game, the killing records that were kept

in the year 1909-10 possess for us very great interest. They throw a

startling searchlight on the subject of this chapter,--the former

abundance of wild life.

From the records that with great pains and labor were gathered by the

State Game Commission, and which were furnished me for use here by

President Frank M. Miller, we set forth this remarkable exhibit of

old-fashioned abundance in game, A.D. 1909.

\* \* \* \* \*

OFFICIAL RECORD OF GAME KILLED IN LOUISIANA DURING THE SEASON (12

MONTHS) OF 1909-10

BIRDS

Wild Ducks, sea and river 3,176,000

Coots 280,740

Geese and Brant 202,210

Snipe, Sandpiper and Plover 606,635

Quail (Bob-White) 1,140,750

Doves 310,660

Wild Turkeys 2,219

----------

Total number of game birds killed 5,719,214

MAMMALS

Deer 5,470

Squirrels and Rabbits 690,270

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Total of game mammals 695,740

Fur-bearing mammals 1,971,922

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Total of mammals 2,667,662

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Grand total of birds and mammals 8,386,876

\* \* \* \* \*

Of the thousands of slaughtered robins, it would seem that no records

exist. It is to be understood that the annual slaughter of wild life in

Louisiana never before reached such a pitch as now. Without drastic

measures, what will be the inevitable result? Does any man suppose that

even the wild millions of Louisiana can long withstand such slaughter as

that shown by the official figures given above? It is wildly impossible.

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. At the session of the

Louisiana legislature that was held in the spring of 1912, great

improvements were made in the game laws of that state. The most

important feature was the suppression of wholesale market hunting, by

persons who are not residents of the state. A very limited amount of

game may be sold and served as food in public places, but the

restrictions placed upon this traffic are so effective that they will

vastly reduce the annual slaughter. In other respects, also, the cause

of wild life protection gained much; for which great credit is due to

Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny.

It is the way of Americans to feel that because game is abundant in a

given place at a given time, it always will be abundant, and may

therefore be slaughtered without limit. That was the case last winter in

California during the awful slaughter of band-tailed pigeons, as will be

noted elsewhere.

It is time for all men to be told in the plainest terms that there never

has existed, anywhere in historic times, a volume of wild life so great

that civilized man could not quickly exterminate it by his methods of

destruction. Lift the veil and look at the stories of the bison, the

passenger pigeon, the wild ducks and shore birds of the Atlantic coast,

and the fur-seal.

[Illustration: SHALL WE LEAVE ANY ONE OF THEM OPEN?]

As reasoning beings, it is our duty to heed the lessons of history, and

not rush blindly on until we perpetrate a continent destitute of wild

life.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER II

EXTINCT SPECIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS

For educated, civilized Man to exterminate a valuable wild species of

living things is a crime. It is a crime against his own children, and

posterity.

No man has a right, either moral or legal, to destroy or squander an

inheritance of his children that he holds for them in trust. And man,

the wasteful and greedy spendthrift that he is, has not created even the

humblest of the species of birds, mammals and fishes that adorn and

enrich this earth. "The earth is THE LORD'S, and the fulness thereof!"

With all his wisdom, man has not evolved and placed here so much as a

ground-squirrel, a sparrow or a clam. It is true that he has juggled

with the wild horse and sheep, the goats and the swine, and produced

some hardy breeds that can withstand his abuse without going down before

it; but as for species, he has not yet created and placed here even so

much as a protozoan.

The wild things of this earth are \_not\_ ours, to do with as we please.

They have been given to us \_in trust\_, and we must account for them to

the generations which will come after us and audit our accounts.

But man, the shameless destroyer of Nature's gifts, blithely and

persistently exterminates one species after another. Fully ten per cent

of the human race consists of people who will lie, steal, throw rubbish

in parks, and destroy forests and wild life whenever and wherever they

can do so without being stopped by a policemen and a club. These are

hard words, but they are absolutely true. From ten per cent (or more) of

the human race, the high moral instinct which is honest without

compulsion \_is absent\_. The things that seemingly decent citizens,--men

posing as gentlemen,--will do to wild game when they secure great

chances to slaughter, are appalling. I could fill a book of this size

with cases in point.

To-day the women of England, Europe and elsewhere are directly promoting

the extermination of scores of beautiful species of wild birds by the

devilish persistence with which they buy and wear feather ornaments made

of their plumage. They are just as mean and cruel as the truck-driver

who drives a horse with a sore shoulder and beats him on the street. But

they do it! And appeals to them to do otherwise they laugh to scorn,

saying, "I will wear what is fashionable, when I please and where I

please!" As a famous bird protector of England has just written me, "The

women of the smart set are beyond the reach of appeal or protest."

To-day, the thing that stares me in the face every waking hour, like a

grisly spectre with bloody fang and claw, is \_the extermination of

species\_. To me, that is a horrible thing. It is wholesale murder, no

less. It is capital crime, and a black disgrace to the races of

civilized mankind. I say "civilized mankind," because savages don't do

it!

There are three kinds of extermination:

\_The practical extermination of a species\_ means the destruction of its

members to an extent so thorough and widespread that the species

disappears from view, and living specimens of it can not be found by

seeking for them. In North America this is to-day the status of the

whooping crane, upland plover, and several other species. If any

individuals are living, they will be met with only by accident.

\_The absolute extermination\_ of a species means that not one individual

of it remains alive. Judgment to this effect is based upon the lapse of

time since the last living specimen was observed or killed. When five

years have passed without a living "record" of a wild specimen, it is

time to place a species in the class of the totally extinct.

\_Extermination in a wild state\_ means that the only living

representatives are in captivity or otherwise under protection. This is

the case of the heath hen and David's deer, of China. The American bison

is saved from being wholly extinct as a wild animal by the remnant of

about 300 head in northern Athabasca, and 49 head in the Yellow-stone

Park.

It is a serious thing to exterminate a species of any of the vertebrate

animals. There are probably millions of people who do not realize that

civilized (!) man is the most persistently and wickedly wasteful of all

the predatory animals. The lions, the tigers, the bears, the eagles and

hawks, serpents, and the fish-eating fishes, all live by destroying

life; but they kill only what they think they can consume. If something

is by chance left over, it goes to satisfy the hunger of the humbler

creatures of prey. \_In a state of nature, where wild creatures prey upon

wild creatures, such a thing as wanton, wholesale and utterly wasteful

slaughter is almost unknown!\_

When the wild mink, weasel and skunk suddenly finds himself in the midst

of scores of man's confined and helpless domestic fowls, or his caged

gulls in a zoological park, an unusual criminal passion to murder for

the joy of killing sometimes seizes the wild animal, and great slaughter

is the result.

From the earliest historic times, it has been the way of savage man,

red, black, brown and yellow, to kill as the wild animals do,--only what

he can use, or \_thinks\_ he can use. The Cree Indian impounded small

herds of bison, and sometimes killed from 100 to 200 at one time; but it

was to make sure of having enough meat and hides, and because he

expected to use the product. I think that even the worst enemies of the

plains Indians hardly will accuse them of killing large numbers of

bison, elk or deer merely for the pleasure of seeing them fall, or

taking only their teeth.

[Illustration: SIX RECENTLY EXTERMINATED NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS

Great Auk Labrador Duck

Eskimo Curlew Pallas Cormorant

Passenger Pigeon Carolina Parrakeet]

It has remained for the wolf, the sheep-killing dog and civilized man to

make records of wanton slaughter which puts them in a class together,

and quite apart from other predatory animals. When a man can kill bison

for their tongues alone, bull elk for their "tusks" alone, and shoot a

whole colony of hippopotami,--actually damming a river with their

bloated and putrid carcasses, all untouched by the knife,--the men who

do such things must be classed with the cruel wolf and the criminal dog.

It is now desirable that we should pause in our career of destruction

long enough to look back upon what we have recently accomplished in the

total extinction of species, and also note what we have blocked out for

the immediate future. Here let us erect a monument to the dead species

of our own times.

It is to be doubted whether, up to this hour, any man has made a list of

the species of North American birds that have become extinct during the

past sixty years. The specialists have no time to spare from their

compound differential microscopes, and the bird-killers are too busy

with shooting, netting and clubbing to waste any time on such trifles as

exterminated species. What does a market-shooter care about birds that

can not be killed a second time? As for the farmers, they are so busy

raising hogs and prices that their best friends, the birds, get scant

attention from them,--until a hen-hawk takes a chicken!

Down South, the negroes and poor whites may slaughter robins for food by

the ten thousand; but does the northern farmer bother his head about a

trifle of that kind? No, indeed. Will he contribute any real money to

help put a stop to it? Ask him yourself.

Let us pause long enough to reckon up some of our expenditures in

species, and in millions of individuals. Let us set down here, in cold

blood, a list of the species of our own North American birds that have

been totally exterminated in our own times. After that we will have

something to say about other species that soon will be exterminated; and

the second task is much greater than the first.

\* \* \* \* \*

ROLL CALL OF THE DEAD SPECIES OF AMERICAN BIRDS

THE GREAT AUK,--\_Plautus-impennis\_, (Linn.), was a sea-going diving bird

about the size of a domestic goose, related to the guillemots, murres

and puffins. For a bird endowed only with flipper-like wings, and

therefore absolutely unable to fly, this species had an astonishing

geographic range. It embraced the shores of northern Europe to North

Cape, southern Greenland, southern Labrador, and the Atlantic coast of

North America as far south as Massachusetts. Some say, "as far south as

Massachusetts, the Carolinas and Florida," but that is a large order,

and I leave the A.O.U. to prove that if it can. In the life history of

this bird, a great tragedy was enacted in 1800 by sailors, on Funk

Island, north of Newfoundland, where men were landed by a ship, and

spent several months slaughtering great auks and trying out their fat

for oil. In this process, the bodies of thousands of auks were burned as

fuel, in working up the remains of tens of thousands of others.

On Funk Island, a favorite breeding-place, the great auk was

exterminated in 1840, and in Iceland in 1844. Many natives ate this bird

with relish, and being easily captured, either on land or sea, the

commercialism of its day soon obliterated the species. The last living

specimen was seen in 1852, and the last dead one was picked up in

Trinity Bay, Ireland, in 1853. There are about 80 mounted and unmounted

skins in existence, four skeletons, and quite a number of eggs. An egg

is worth about $1200 and a good mounted skin at least double that sum.

THE LABRADOR DUCK,--\_Camptorhynchus labradoricus\_, (Gmel.).--This

handsome sea-duck, of a species related to the eider ducks of arctic

waters, became totally extinct about 1875, before the scientific world

even knew that its existence was threatened. With this species, the

exact and final cause of its extinction is to this day unknown. It is

not at all probable, however, that its unfortunate blotting out from our

bird fauna was due to natural causes, and when the truth becomes known,

it is very probable that the hand of man will be revealed.

The Labrador duck bred in Labrador, and once frequented our Atlantic

coast as far south as Chesapeake Bay; but it is said that it never was

very numerous, at least during the twenty-five years preceding its

disappearance. About thirty-five skins and mounted museum specimens are

all that remain to prove its former existence, and I think there is not

even one skeleton.

THE PALLAS CORMORANT,--\_Carbo perspicillatus\_, (Pallas).--In 1741, when

the Russian explorer, Commander Bering, discovered the Bering or

Commander Islands, in the far-north Pacific, and landed upon them, he

also discovered this striking bird species. Its plumage both above and

below was a dark metallic green, with blue iridescence on the neck and

purple on the shoulders. A pale ring of naked skin around each eye

suggested the Latin specific name of this bird. The Pallas cormorant

became totally extinct, through causes not positively known, about 1852.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON,--\_Ectopistes migratoria\_, (Linn.).--We place this

bird in the totally-extinct class, not only because it is extinct in a

wild state, but only one solitary individual, a twenty-year-old female

in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, now remains alive. One living

specimen and a few skins, skeletons and stuffed specimens are all that

remain to show for the uncountable millions of pigeons that swarmed over

the United States, only yesterday as it were!

There is no doubt about where those millions have gone. They went down

and out by systematic, wholesale slaughter for the market and the pot,

before the shotguns, \_clubs\_ and \_nets\_ of the earliest American

pot-hunters. Wherever they nested they were slaughtered.

It is a long and shameful story, but the grisly skeleton of its Michigan

chapter can be set forth in a few words. In 1869, from the town of

Hartford, Mich., \_three car loads\_ of dead pigeons were shipped to

market each day for \_forty days\_, making a total of 11,880,000 birds. It

is recorded that another Michigan town marketed 15,840,000 in two years.

(See Mr. W.B. Mershon's book, "The Passenger Pigeon.")

Alexander Wilson, the pioneer American ornithologist, was the man who

seriously endeavored to estimate by computations the total number of

passenger pigeons in one flock that was seen by him. Here is what he has

said in his "American Ornithology":

"To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these

immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the numbers of that

above mentioned, as seen in passing between Frankfort and the Indiana

territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth

(and I believe it to have been much more) and that it moved at the rate

of one mile in a minute, four hours, the time it continued passing,

would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again,

supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three

pigeons; the square yards in the whole space multiplied by three would

give 2,230,272,000 pigeons! An almost inconceivable multitude, and yet

probably far below the actual amount."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Happening to go ashore one charming afternoon, to purchase some milk at

a house that stood near the river, and while talking with the people

within doors, I was suddenly struck with astonishment at a loud rushing

roar, succeeded by instant darkness, which, on the first moment, I took

for a tornado about to overwhelm the house and every thing around in

destruction. The people observing my surprise, coolly said, 'It is only

the pigeons!' On running out I beheld a flock, thirty or forty yards in

width, sweeping along very low, between the house and the mountain or

height that formed the second bank of the river. These continued passing

for more than a quarter of an hour, and at length varied their bearing

so as to pass over the mountains, behind which they disappeared before

the rear came up.

"In the Atlantic States, though they never appear in such unparalleled

multitudes, they are sometimes very numerous; and great havoc is then

made amongst them with the gun, the clap-net, and various other

implements of destruction. As soon as it is ascertained in a town that

the pigeons are flying numerously in the neighborhood, the gunners rise

\_en masse\_; the clap-nets are spread out on suitable situations,

commonly on an open height in an old buckwheat field, four or five live

pigeons, \_with their eyelids sewed up\_,[A] are fastened on a movable

stick, a small hut of branches is fitted up for the fowler at the

distance of forty or fifty yards. By the pulling of a string, the stick

on which the pigeons rest is alternately elevated and depressed, which

produces a fluttering of their wings, similar to that of birds

alighting. This being perceived by the passing flocks, they descend with

great rapidity, and finding corn, buckwheat, etc, strewed about, begin

to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the

net. In this manner ten, twenty, and even thirty dozen have been caught

at one sweep. Meantime the air is darkened with large bodies of them

moving in various directions; the woods also swarm with them in search

of acorns, and the thundering of musquetry is perpetual on all sides

from morning to night. Wagon loads of them are poured into market, where

they sell from fifty to twenty-five and even twelve cents per dozen; and

pigeons become the order of the day at dinner, breakfast and supper,

until the very name becomes sickening."

[Footnote A: To-day, we think that the fowlers of the roccolos of

northern Italy are very cruel in their methods of catching song-birds

wholesale for the market (chapter xi); but our own countrymen of

Wilson's day were just as cruel in the method described above.]

\* \* \* \* \*

The range of the passenger pigeon covered nearly the whole United

States from the Atlantic coast westward to the Rocky Mountains. A few

bold pigeons crossed the Rocky Mountains into Oregon, northern

California and Washington, but only as "stragglers," few and far

between. The wide range of this bird was worthy of a species that

existed in millions, and it was persecuted literally all along the line.

The greatest slaughter was in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. In 1848

Massachusetts gravely passed a law protecting the \_netters\_ of wild

pigeons from foreign interference! There was a fine of $10 for damaging

nets, or frightening pigeons away from them. This was on the theory that

the pigeons were so abundant they could not by any possibility ever

become scarce, and that pigeon-slaughter was a legitimate industry.

In 1867, the State of New York found that the wild pigeon needed

protection, and enacted a law to that effect. The year 1868 was the last

year in which great numbers of passenger pigeons nested in that State.

Eaton, in "The Birds of New York," said that "millions of birds occupied

the timber along Bell's Run, near Ceres, Alleghany County, on the

Pennsylvania line."

In 1870, Massachusetts gave pigeons protection except during an "open

season," and in 1878 Pennsylvania elected to protect pigeons on their

nesting grounds.

The passenger pigeon millions were destroyed so quickly, and so

thoroughly \_en masse\_, that the American people utterly failed to

comprehend it, and for thirty years obstinately refused to believe that

the species had been suddenly wiped off the map of North America. There

was years of talk about the great flocks having "taken refuge in South

America," or in Mexico, and being still in existence. There were

surmises about their having all "gone out to sea," and perished on the

briny deep.

A thousand times, at least, wild pigeons have been "reported" as having

been "seen." These rumors have covered nearly every northern state, the

whole of the southwest, and California. For years and years we have been

patiently writing letters to explain over and over that the band-tailed

pigeon of the Pacific coast, and the red-billed pigeon of Arizona and

the southwest are neither of them the passenger pigeon, and never can

be.

There was a long period wherein we believed many of the pigeon reports

that came from the states where the birds once were most numerous; but

that period has absolutely passed. During the past five years large cash

rewards, aggregating about $5000, have been offered for the discovery

of one nesting pair of genuine passenger pigeons. Many persons have

claimed this reward (of Professor C.F. Hodge, of Clark University,

Worcester, Mass.), and many claims have been investigated. The results

have disclosed many \_mourning doves\_, but not one pigeon. Now we

understand that the quest is closed, and hope has been abandoned.

The passenger pigeon is a dead species. The last wild specimen (so we

believe) that ever will reach the hands of man, was taken near Detroit,

Michigan, on Sept. 14, 1908, and mounted by C. Campion. That is the one

definite, positive record of the past ten years.

The fate of this species should be a lasting lesson to the world at

large. Any wild bird or mammal species can be exterminated by commercial

interests in twenty years time, or less.

THE ESKIMO CURLEW,\_--Numenius borealis\_, (Forst.). This valuable game

bird once ranged all along the Atlantic coast of North America, and

wherever found it was prized for the table. It preferred the fields and

meadows to the shore lines, and was the companion of the plovers of the

uplands, especially the golden plover. "About 1872," says Mr. Forbush,

"there was a great flight of these birds on Cape Cod and Nantucket. They

were everywhere; and enormous numbers were killed. They could be bought

of boys at six cents apiece. Two men killed $300 worth of these birds at

that time."

Apparently, that was the beginning of the end of the "dough bird," which

was another name for this curlew. In 1908 Mr. G.H. Mackay stated that

this bird and the golden plover had decreased 90 per cent in fifty

years, and in the last ten years of that period 90 per cent of the

remainder had gone. "Now (1908)," says Mr. Forbush, "ornithologists

believe that the Eskimo curlew is practically extinct, as only a few

specimens have been recorded since the beginning of the twentieth

century." The very last record is of two specimens collected at Waco,

York County, Nebraska, in March, 1911, and recorded by Mr. August Eiche.

Of course, it is possible that other individuals may still survive; but

so far as our knowledge extends, the species is absolutely dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the West Indies and the Guadeloupe Islands, five species of macaws

and parrakeets have passed out without any serious note of their

disappearance on the part of the people of the United States. It is at

least time to write brief obituary notices of them.

We are indebted to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, of Tring, England, for

essential facts regarding these species as set forth in his sumptuous

work "Extinct Birds".

THE CUBAN TRICOLORED MACAW,--\_Ara tricolor\_, (Gm.). In 1875, when the

author visited Cuba and the Isle of Pines, he was informed by Professor

Poey that he was "about ten years too late" to find this fine species

alive. It was exterminated for food purposes, about 1864, and only four

specimens are known to be in existence.

[Illustration SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN

Great Auk

Pallas Cormorant

Labrador Duck

Passenger Pigeon

Eskimo Curlew

Cuban Tricolor Macaw

Gosse's Macaw

Guadeloupe Macaw

Yellow Winged Green Parrot

Purple Guadaloupe Parakeet

Carolina Parakeet

EXTERMINATED BY CIVILIZED MAN 1840-1910]

GOSSE'S MACAW,--\_Ara gossei\_, (Roth.).--This species once inhabited the

Island of Jamaica. It was exterminated about 1800, and so far as known

not one specimen of it is in existence.

GUADELOUPE MACAW,--\_Ara guadeloupensis\_, (Clark).--All that is known of

the life history of this large bird is that once it inhabited the

Guadeloupe Islands. The date and history of its disappearance are both

unknown, and there is not one specimen of it in existence.

YELLOW-WINGED GREEN PARROT,--\_Amazona olivacea\_, (Gm.).--Of the history

of this Guadeloupe species, also, nothing is known, and there appear to

be no specimens of it in existence.

PURPLE GUADELOUPE PARRAKEET,--\_Anodorhynchus purpurescens\_,

(Rothschild).--This is another dead species, that once lived in the

Guadeloupe Islands, and passed away silently and unnoticed at the time,

leaving no records of its existence, and no specimens.

THE CAROLINA PARRAKEET,--\_Conuropsis carolinensis\_, (Linn.), brings us

down to the present moment. To this charming little green-and-yellow

bird, we are in the very act of bidding everlasting farewell. Ten

specimens remain alive in captivity, six of which are in the Cincinnati

Zoological Garden, three are in the Washington Zoological Park and one

is in the New York Zoological Park.

Regarding wild specimens, it is possible that some yet remain, in some

obscure and \_neglected\_ corner of Florida; but it is extremely doubtful

whether the world ever will find any of them alive. Mrs. Minnie Moore

Willson, of Kissimee, Fla. reports the species as totally extinct in

Florida. Unless we would strain at a gnat, we may just as well enter

this species in the dead class; for there is no reason to hope that any

more wild specimens ever will be found.

The former range of this species embraced the whole southeastern and

central United States. From the Gulf it extended to Albany, N.Y.,

northern Ohio and Indiana, northern Iowa, Nebraska, central Colorado and

eastern Texas, from which it will be seen that once it was widely

distributed. It was shot because it was destructive to fruit and for its

plumage, and many were trapped alive, to be kept in captivity. I know

that one colony, near the mouth of the Sebastian River, east coast of

Florida, was exterminated in 1898 by a local hunter, and I regret to say

that it was done in the hope of selling the living birds to a New York

bird-dealer. By holding bags over the holes in which the birds were

nesting, the entire colony, of about 16 birds, was caught.

Everywhere else than in Florida, the Carolina parrakeet has long been

extinct. In 1904 a flock of 13 birds was seen near Lake Okechobee; but

in Florida many calamities can overtake a flock of birds in eight years.

The birds in captivity are not breeding, and so far as perpetuation by

them is concerned, they are only one remove from mounted museum

specimens. This parrakeet is the only member of its order that ranged

into the United States during our own times, and with its disappearance

the Order Psittaciformes totally disappears from our country.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER III

THE NEXT CANDIDATES FOR OBLIVION

In the world of human beings, murder is the most serious of all crimes.

To take from a man that which no one ever can restore to him, his life,

is murder; and its penalty is the most severe of all penalties.

There are circumstances under which the killing of a wild animal may be

so wanton, so revolting and so utterly reprehensible that the act may

justly be classed as murder. The man who kills a walrus from the deck of

a steamer that he knows will not stop; the man who wantonly killed the

whole colony of hippopotami that Mr. Dugmore photographed in life; the

man who last winter shot bull elk in Wyoming for their two ugly and

shapeless teeth, and the man who wantonly shot down a half-tame deer

"for fun" near Carmel, Putnam County, New York, in the summer of

1912,--all were guilty of \_murdering\_ wild animals.

The murder of a wild animal species consists in taking from it that

which man with all his cunning and all his preserves and breeding can

not give back to it,--its God-given place in the ranks of Living Things.

Where is man's boasted intelligence, or his sense of proportion, that

every man does not see the monstrous moral obliquity involved in the

destruction of a species!

If the beautiful Taj Mehal at Agra should be destroyed by vandals, the

intelligent portion of humanity would be profoundly shocked, even though

the hand of man could at will restore the shrine of sorrowing love.

To-day the great Indian rhinoceros, certainly one of the most wonderful

four-footed animals still surviving, is actually being exterminated; and

even the people of India and England are viewing it with an indifference

that is appalling. Of course there are among Englishmen a great many

sportsmen and several zoologists who really care; but they do not

constitute one-tenth of one per-cent of the men who ought to care!

In the museums, we stand in awe and wonder before the fossil skeleton of

the Megatherium, and the savants struggle to unveil its past, while the

equally great and marvelous \_Rhinoceros indicus\_ is being rushed into

oblivion. We marvel at the fossil shell of the gigantic turtle called

\_Collosochelys atlas\_, while the last living representatives of the

gigantic land tortoises are being exterminated in the Galapagos Islands

and the Sychelles, for their paltry oil and meat; and only one man (Hon.

Walter Rothschild) is doing aught to save any of them in their haunts,

where they can breed. The dodo of Mauritius was exterminated by swine,

whose bipedal descendants have exterminated many other species since

that time.

A failure to appreciate either the beauty or the value of our living

birds, quadrupeds and fishes is the hall-mark of arrested mental

development and ignorance. The victim is \_not always to blame\_; but in

this practical world the cornerstone of legal jurisprudence is the

inexorable principle that "ignorance of the law excuses no man."

These pages are addressed to my countrymen, and the world at large, not

as a reproach upon the dead Past which is gone beyond recall, but in the

faint hope of somewhere and somehow arousing forces that will reform the

Present and save the Future. The extermination of wild species that now

is proceeding throughout the world, is a dreadful thing. It is not only

injurious to the economy of the world, but it is a shame and a disgrace

to the civilized portion of the human race.

It is of little avail that I should here enter into a detailed

description of each species that now is being railroaded into oblivion.

The bookshelves of intelligent men and women are filled with beautiful

and adequate books on birds and quadrupeds, wherein the status of each

species may be determined, almost without effort. There is time and

space only in which to notice the most prominent of the doomed species,

and perhaps discuss a few examples by way of illustration. Here is a

\* \* \* \* \*

PARTIAL LIST OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS THREATENED WITH EARLY EXTERMINATION

WHOOPING CRANE

TRUMPETER SWAN

AMERICAN FLAMINGO

ROSEATE SPOONBILL

SCARLET IBIS

LONG-BILLED CURLEW

HUDSONIAN GODWIT

UPLAND PLOVER

RED-BREASTED SANDPIPER

GOLDEN PLOVER

DOWITCHER

WILLET

PECTORAL SANDPIPER

BLACK-CAPPED PETREL

AMERICAN EGRET

SNOWY EGRET

WOOD DUCK

BAND-TAILED PIGEON

HEATH HEN

SAGE GROUSE

PRAIRIE SHARP-TAIL

PINNATED GROUSE

WHITE-TAILED KITE

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WHOOPING CRANE.--This splendid bird will almost certainly be the

next North American species to be totally exterminated. It is the only

new world rival of the numerous large and showy cranes of the old world;

for the sandhill crane is not in the same class as the white, black and

blue giants of Asia. We will part from our stately \_Grus americanus\_

with profound sorrow, for on this continent we ne'er shall see his like

again.

The well-nigh total disappearance of this species has been brought close

home to us by the fact that there are less than half a dozen individuals

alive in captivity, while in a wild state the bird is so rare as to be

quite unobtainable. For example, for nearly five years an English

gentlemen has been offering $1,000 for a pair, and the most

enterprising bird collector in America has been quite unable to fill the

order. So far as our information extends, the last living specimen

captured was taken six or seven years ago. The last wild birds seen and

reported were observed by Ernest Thompson Seton, who saw five below Fort

McMurray, Saskatchewan, October 16th, 1907, and by John F. Ferry, who

saw one at Big Quill Lake, Saskatchewan, in June, 1909.

The range of this species once covered the eastern two-thirds of the

continent of North America. It extended from the Atlantic coast to the

Rocky Mountains, and from Great Bear Lake to Florida and Texas. Eastward

of the Mississippi it has for twenty years been totally extinct, and the

last specimens taken alive were found in Kansas and Nebraska.

[Illustration: WHOOPING CRANES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK

Very Soon this Species will Become Totally Extinct.]

THE TRUMPETER SWAN.--Six years ago this species was regarded as so

nearly extinct that a doubting ornithological club of Boston refused to

believe on hearsay evidence that the New York Zoological Park contained

a pair of living birds, and a committee was appointed, to investigate in

person, and report. Even at that time, skins were worth all the way from

$100 to $150 each; and when swan skins sell at either of those figures

it is because there are people who believe that the species either is on

the verge of extinction, or has passed it. The pair referred to above

was acquired in 1900. Since that time, Dr. Leonard C. Sanford procured

in 1910 two living birds from a bird dealer who obtained them on the

coast of Virginia. We have done our utmost to induce our pair to breed,

but without any further results than nest-building.

The loss of the trumpeter swan (\_Olor americanus\_) will not be so great,

nor felt so keenly, as the blotting out of the whooping crane. It so

closely resembles the whistling swan that only an ornithologist can

recognize the difference, a yellow spot on the side of the upper

mandible, near its base. The whistling swan yet remains in fair numbers,

but it is to be feared that soon it will go as the trumpeter has gone.

THE AMERICAN FLAMINGO, SCARLET IBIS AND ROSEATE SPOONBILL are three of

the most beautiful and curious water-haunting birds of the tropics. Once

all three species inhabited portions of the southern United States; but

now all three are gone from our star-spangled bird fauna. The brilliant

scarlet plumage of the flamingo and ibis, and the exquisite pink

rose-color and white of the spoonbill naturally attracted the evil eyes

of the "milliner's taxidermists" and other bird-butchers. From Florida

these birds quickly vanished. The six great breeding colonies of

Flamingoes on Andros Island, Bahamas, have been reduced to two, and from

Prof. E.A. Goeldi, of the State Museum Goeldi, Para, Brazil, have come

bitter complaints of the slaughter of scarlet ibises in South America by

plume-hunters in European pay.

I know not how other naturalists regard the future of the three species

named above, but my opinion is that unless the European feather trade is

quickly stopped as to wild plumage, they are absolutely certain to be

shot into total oblivion, within a very few years. The plumage of these

birds has so much commercial value, for fishermen's flies as well as for

women's hats, that the birds will be killed as long as their feathers

can be sold and any birds remain alive.

Zoologically, the flamingo is the most odd and interesting bird on the

American continent except the emperor penguin. Its beak baffles

description, its long legs and webbed feet are a joke, its nesting

habits are amazing, and its food habits the despair of most

zoological-garden keepers. Millions of flamingos inhabit the shores of a

number of small lakes in the interior of equatorial East Africa, but

that species is not brilliant scarlet all over the neck and head, as is

the case with our species.

If the American flamingo, scarlet ibis and roseate spoonbill, one or all

of them, are to be saved from total extinction, efforts must be made in

each of the countries in which they breed and live. Their preservation

is distinctly a burden upon the countries of South America that lie

eastward of the Andes, and on Yucatan, Cuba and the Bahamas. The time

has come when the Government of the Bahama Islands should sternly forbid

the killing of any more flamingos, on any pretext whatever; and if the

capture of living specimens for exhibition purposes militates against

the welfare of the colonies, \_they should forbid that also\_.

THE UPLAND PLOVER, OR "BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER."--Apparently this is the

next shore-bird species that will follow the Eskimo curlew into

oblivion. Four years ago,--a long period for a species that is on the

edge of extermination,--Mr. E.H. Forbush[B] wrote of it as follows:

"The Bartramian Sandpiper, commonly known as the Upland Plover, a bird

which formerly bred on grassy hills all over the State and migrated

southward along our coasts in great flocks, is in imminent danger of

extirpation. A few still breed in Worcester and Berkshire Counties, or

Nantucket, so there is still a nucleus which, if protected, may save the

species. Five reports from localities where this bird formerly bred give

it as nearing extinction, and four as extinct. This is one of the most

useful of all birds in grass land, feeding largely on grasshoppers and

cutworms. It is one of the finest of all birds for the table. An effort

should be made at once to save this useful species."

[Footnote B: "Special Report on the Decrease of Certain Birds, and its

Causes."--Mass. State Board of Agriculture, 1908.]

THE BLACK-CAPPED PETREL, (\_Aestrelata hasitata\_).--This species is

already recorded in the A.O.U. "Check list" as extinct; but it appears

that this may not as yet be absolutely true. On January 1, 1912, a

strange thing happened. A much battered and exhausted black-capped

petrel was picked up alive in Central Park, New York, taken to the

menagerie, and kept there during the few days that it survived. When it

died it was sent to the American Museum; and this may easily prove to be

the last living record for that species. In reality, this species might

as well be listed with those totally extinct. Formerly it ranged from

the Antilles to Ohio and Ontario, and the causes of its blotting out are

not yet definitely known.

This ocean-going bird once had a wide range overseas in the temperate

areas of the North Atlantic. It is recorded from Ulster County, New

York, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia and Florida. It was about

of the size of the common tern.

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, (\_Gymnogyps californianus\_).--I feel that the

existence of this species hangs on a very slender thread. This is due to

its alarmingly small range, the insignificant number of individuals now

living, the openness of the species to attack, and the danger of its

extinction by poison. Originally this remarkable bird,--the largest

North American bird of prey,--ranged as far northward as the Columbia

River, and southward for an unknown distance. Now its range is reduced

to seven counties in southern California, although it is said to extend

from Monterey Bay to Lower California, and eastward to Arizona.

Regarding the present status and the future of this bird, I have been

greatly disturbed in mind. When a unique and zoologically important

species becomes reduced in its geographic range to a small section of a

single state, it seems to me quite time for alarm. For some time I have

counted this bird as one of those threatened with early extermination,

and as I think with good reason. In view of the swift calamities that

now seem able to fall on species like thunderbolts out of clear skies,

and wipe them off the earth even before we know that such a fate is

impending, no species of seven-county distribution is safe. Any species

that is limited to a few counties of a single state is liable to be

wiped out in five years, by poison, or traps, or lack of food.

[Illustration: CALIFORNIA CONDOR

Now Living in the New York Zoological Park.]

On order to obtain the best and also the most conservative information

regarding this species, I appealed to the Curator of the Museum of

Vertebrate Zoology, of the University of California. Although written in

the mountain wilds, I promptly received the valuable contribution that

appears below. As a clear, precise and conservative survey of an

important species, it is really a model document.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE STATUS OF THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR IN 1912 \_By Joseph Grinnell\_

"To my knowledge, the California Condor has been definitely observed

within the past five years in the following California counties: Los

Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Kern, and

Tulare. In parts of Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo and Kern

counties the species is still fairly common, for a large bird, probably

equal in numbers to the golden eagle in those regions that are suited to

it. By suitable country I mean cattle-raising, mountainous territory,

of which there are still vast areas, and which are not likely to be put

to any other use for a very long time, if ever, on account of the lack

of water.

"While in Kern County last April, I was informed by a reliable man who

lives near the Tejon Rancho that he had counted twenty-five condors in a

single day, since January 1 of the present year. These were on the Tejon

Rancho, which is an enormous cattle range covering parts of the

Tehachapi and San Emigdio Mountains.

"Our present state law provides complete protection for the condor and

its eggs; and the State Fish and Game Commission, in granting permits

for collectors, always adds the phrase--'except the California condor

and its eggs.' I know of two special permits having been issued, but

neither of these were used; that is, no 'specimens' have been taken

since 1908, as far as I am aware.

"In my travels about the state, I have found that practically everyone

knows that the condor is protected. Still, there is always the hunting

element who do not hesitate to shoot anything alive and out of the

ordinary, and a certain percentage of the condors are doubtless picked

off each year by such criminals. It is possible, also, that the

mercenary egg-collector continues to take his annual rents, though if

this is done it is kept very quiet. It is my impression that the present

fatalities from all sources are fully balanced by the natural rate of

increase.

"There is one factor that has militated against the condor more than any

other one thing; namely, the restriction in its food source. Its forage

range formerly included most of the great valleys adjacent to its

mountain retreats. But now the valleys are almost entirely devoted to

agriculture, and of course far more thickly settled than formerly.

"The mountainous areas where the condor is making its last stand seem to

me likely to remain adapted to the bird's existence for many

years,--fifty years, if not longer. Of course, this is conditional upon

the maintenance and enforcement of the present laws. There is also the

enlightenment of public sentiment in regard to the preservation of wild

life, which I believe can be depended upon. This is a matter of general

education, which is, fortunately, and with no doubt whatever,

progressing at a quite perceptible rate.

"Yes; I should say that the condor has a fair chance to survive, in

limited numbers.

"Another bird which in my opinion is far nearer extinction than the

condor, so far as California is concerned, is the white-tailed kite.

This is a perfectly harmless bird, but one which harries over the

marshes, where it has been an easy target for the idle duck-hunter.

Then, too, its range was limited to the valley bottoms, where human

settlement is increasingly close. I know of only \_two\_ live pairs within

the state last year!

"Finally, let me remark that the rate of increase of the California

condor is not one whit less than that of the band-tailed pigeon! Yet,

there is no protection at all for the latter in this state, even in the

nesting season; and thousands were shot last spring, in the

unprecedented concentration of the species in the southern coast

counties. (See Chambers in \_The Condor\_ for May, 1912, p. 108.)"

\* \* \* \* \*

The California Condor is one of the only two species of condor now

living, and it is the only one found in North America. As a matter of

national pride, and a duty to posterity, the people of the United States

can far better afford to lose a million dollars from their national

treasury than to allow that bird to become extinct. Its preservation for

all coming time is distinctly a white man's burden upon the state of

California. The laws now in force for the condor's protection are not

half adequate! I think there is no law by which the accidental poisoning

of those birds, by baits put out for coyotes and foxes, can be stopped.

A law to prevent the use of poisoned meat baits anywhere in southern

California, should be enacted at the next session of California's

legislature. The fine for molesting a condor should be raised to $500,

with a long prison-term as an alternative. A competent, interested game

warden should be appointed \_solely for the protection of the condors\_.

It is time to count those birds, keep them under observation, and have

an annual report upon their condition.

THE HEATH HEN.--But for the protection that has been provided for it by

the ornithologists of Massachusetts, and particularly Dr. George W.

Field, William Brewster and John E. Thayer, the heath hen or eastern

pinnated grouse would years ago have become totally extinct. New York,

New Jersey and Massachusetts began to protect that species entirely too

late. It was given five-year close seasons, without avail. Then it was

given ten-year close seasons, but it was \_too late\_!

To-day, the species exists only in one locality, the island of Martha's

Vineyard, and concerning its present status, Mr. Forbush has recently

furnished us the following clear statement:

"The heath hens increased for two years after the Massachusetts Fish

and Game Commission established a reservation for them, but in 1911

they had not increased. There are probably about two hundred birds

extant.

"I found a great many marsh hawks on the Island and the Commission

did not kill them, believing them to be beneficial. In watching

them, I concluded that they were catching the young heath hens. A

large number of these hawks have been shot and their stomachs sent

to Washington for examination, as I was too busy at the time to

examine them. So far as I know, no report of the examination has

been made, but Dr. Field himself examined a few of the stomachs and

found the remains of the heath hen in some.

"The warden now says that during the past two years, the heath hen

has not increased, but I can give you no definite evidence of this.

I am quite sure they are being killed by natives of the island and

that at least one collector supplies birds for museums. We are

trying to get evidence of this.

"I believe if the heath hen is to be increased in numbers and brought

back to this country, we shall have to have more than one warden on

the reservation and, eventually, we shall have to establish the bird

on the mainland also."

[Illustration: PINNATED GROUSE, OR "PRAIRIE CHICKEN"

From the "American Natural History"]

THE PINNATED GROUSE, SAGE GROUSE AND PRAIRIE SHARP-TAIL.--In view of the

fate of the grouse of the United States, as it has been wrought out thus

far in all the more thickly settled areas, and particularly in view of

the history of the heath hen, we have no choice but to regard all three

of the species named above as absolutely certain to become totally

extinct, within a short period of years, unless the conditions

surrounding them are immediately and radically changed for the better.

Personally, I do not believe that the gunners and game-hogs of

Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California

will permit any one of those species to be saved.

If the present open seasons prevail in the states that I have mentioned

above, no power on earth can save those three species of grouse from the

fate of the heath hen. To-day their representatives exist only in small

shreds and patches, and from fully nineteen-twentieths of their original

ranges they are forever gone.

The sage grouse will be the first species to go. It is the largest, the

most conspicuous, the one most easily found, and the biggest mark for

the gunner. Those who have seen this bird in its native sage-brush well

understand how fatally it is exposed to slaughter.

Many appeals have been made in behalf of the pinnated grouse; but the

open seasons continue. The gunners of the states in which a few remnants

still exist are determined to have them, all; and the state legislatures

seem disposed to allow the killers to have their way. It may be

however, that like New York with the heath hen, they will arouse and

virtuously lock the stable door--after the horse has been stolen!

[Illustration: SAGE GROUSE

The First of the Upland Game Birds that will Become Extinct]

THE SNOWY EGRET AND AMERICAN EGRET, (\_Egretta candidissima and Herodias

egretta\_).--These unfortunate birds, cursed for all time by the

commercially valuable "aigrette" plumes that they bear, have had a very

narrow escape from total extinction in the United States, despite all

the efforts made to save them. The "plume-hunters" of the millinery

trade have been, \_and still are\_, determined to have the last feather

and the last drop of egret blood. In an effort to stop the slaughter in

at least one locality in Florida, Warden Guy Bradley was killed by a

plume-hunter, who of course escaped all punishment through the

heaven-born "sympathy" of a local jury.

Of the bloody egret slaughter in Florida, not one-tenth of the whole

story ever has been told. Millions of adult birds,--all there

were,--were killed \_in the breeding season\_, when the plumes were ripe

for the market; and millions of young birds starved in their nests. It

was a common thing for a rookery of several hundred birds to be attacked

by the plume-hunters, and in two or three days utterly destroyed. The

same bloody work is going on to-day in Venezuela and Brazil; and the

stories and "affidavits" stating that the millions of egret plumes being

shipped annually from those countries are "shed feathers," "picked up

off the ground," are absolute lies. The men who have sworn to those lies

are perjurers, and should be punished for their crimes. (See Chapter

XIII).

By 1908, the plume-hunters had so far won the fight for the egrets that

Florida had been swept almost as bare of these birds as the Colorado

desert.

Until Mr. E.A. McIlhenny's egret preserve, at Avery Island, Louisiana,

became a pronounced success, we had believed that our two egrets soon

would become totally extinct in the United States. But Mr. McIlhenny has

certainly saved those birds to our fauna. In 1892 he started an egret

and heron preserve, close beside his house on Avery Island. By 1900 it

was an established success. To-day 20,000 pairs of egrets and herons are

living and breeding in that bird refuge, and the two egret species are

safe in at least one spot in our own country.

[Illustration: SNOWY EGRETS IN THE McILHENNY EGRET PRESERVE

It is at This Period That the Parent Birds are Killed for Their Plumes,

and the Young Starve in the Nest

Photo by E.A. McIlhenny]

Three years ago, I think there were not many bird-lovers in the United

States, who believed it possible to prevent the total extinction of both

egrets from our fauna. All the known rookeries accessible to

plume-hunters had been totally destroyed. Two years ago, the secret

discovery of several small, hidden colonies prompted William Dutcher,

President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, and Mr. T.

Gilbert Pearson, Secretary, to attempt the protection of those colonies.

With a fund contributed for the purpose, wardens were hired and duly

commissioned. As previously stated, one of those wardens was shot dead

in cold blood by a plume hunter. The task of guarding swamp rookeries

from the attacks of money-hungry desperadoes to whom the accursed plumes

were worth their weight in gold, is a very chancy proceeding. There is

now one warden in Florida who says that "before they get my rookery they

will first have to get me."

Thus far the protective work of the Audubon Association has been

successful. Now there are twenty colonies, which contain all told, about

5,000 egrets and about 120,000 herons and ibises which are guarded by

the Audubon wardens. One of the most important is on Bird Island, a mile

out in Orange Lake, central Florida, and it is ably defended by Oscar E.

Baynard. To-day, the plume hunters who do not dare to raid the guarded

rookeries are trying to study out the lines of flight of the birds, to

and from their feeding-grounds, and shoot them in transit. Their motto

is--"Anything to beat the law, and get the plumes." It is there that the

state of Florida should take part in the war.

The success of this campaign is attested by the fact that last year a

number of egrets were seen in eastern Massachusetts--for the first time

in many years. And so to-day the question is, can the wardens continue

to hold the plume-hunters at bay?

THE WOOD-DUCK (\_Aix sponsa\_), by many bird-lovers regarded as the most

beautiful of all American birds, is threatened with extinction, in all

the states that it still inhabits with the exception of eight. Long ago

(1901) the U.S. Biological Survey sounded a general alarm for this

species by the issue of a special bulletin regarding its disappearance,

and advising its protection by long close seasons. To their everlasting

honor, eight states responded, by the enactment of long close-season

laws. This, is the

ROLL OF HONOR

CONNECTICUT

MAINE

MASSACHUSETTS

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW JERSEY

NEW YORK

VERMONT

WEST VIRGINIA

[Illustration: WOOD DUCK

Regularly Killed as "Food" in 15 States]

And how is it with the other states that number the wood-duck in their

avian faunas? I am ashamed to tell; but it is necessary that the truth

should be known.

Surely we will find that if the other states have not the grace to

protect this bird on account of its exquisite beauty they will not

penalize it by extra long open seasons.

\_A number of them have taken pains to provide extra long\_ OPEN \_seasons

on this species, usually of five or six months!!\_ And this for a bird so

exquisitely beautiful that shooting it for the table is like dining on

birds of paradise. Here is a partial list of them:

\* \* \* \* \*

WOOD-DUCK-EATING STATES (1912)

Georgia kills and eats the Wood-duck from Sept. 1, to Feb. 1.

Indiana, Iowa and Kansas do so " Sept. 1, to Apr. 15.

Kentucky, (extra long!) does so " Aug. 15, to Apr. 1.

Louisiana (extra long!) " " " Sept. 1, to Mar. 1.

Maryland " " " Nov. 1, to Apr. 1.

Michigan " " " Oct. 15, to Jan. 1.

Nebraska (extra long!) " " " Sept. 1, to Apr. 1.

Ohio " " " Sept. 1, to Jan. 1.

Pennsylvania, (extra long!) " " " Sept. 1, to Apr. 11.

Rhode Island, " " " " " Aug. 15, to Apr. 1.

South Carolina " " " " " Sept. 1, to Mar. 1.

South Dakota " " " " " Sept. 10, to Apr. 10.

Tennessee " " " " " Aug. 1, to Apr. 15.

Virginia " " " Aug. 1, to Jan. 1.

Wisconsin " " " Sept. 1, to Jan. 1.

The above are the states that really possess the wood-duck and that

should give it, one and all, a series of five-year close seasons. Now,

is not the record something to blush for?

Is there in those fifteen states \_nothing\_ too beautiful or too good to

go into the pot?

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WOODCOCK \_(Philohela minor)\_, is a bird regarding which my

bird-hunting friends and I do not agree. I say that as a species it is

steadily disappearing, and presently will become extinct, unless it is

accorded better protection. They reply: "Well, I can show you where

there are woodcock yet!"

A few months ago a Nova Scotian writer in \_Forest and Stream\_ came out

with the bold prediction that three more years of the usual annual

slaughter of woodcock will bring the species to the verge of extinction

in that Province.

It is such occurrences as this that bring the end of a species:

"Last fall [1911, at Norwalk, Conn.] we had a good flight of woodcock,

and it is a shame the way they were slaughtered. I know of a number of

cases where twenty were killed by one gun in the day, and heard of one

case of fifty. This is all wrong, and means the end of the woodcock, if

continued. There is no doubt we need a bag limit on woodcock, as much as

on quail or partridge." ("Woodcock" in \_Forest and Stream\_, Mar. 2,

1912.)

As far back as 1901, Dr. A.K. Fisher of the Biological Survey predicted

that the woodcock and wood-duck would both become extinct unless better

protected. As yet, the better protection demanded has not materialized

to any great extent.

Says Mr. Forbush, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, in his admirable

"Special Report," p. 45:

"The woodcock is decreasing all over its range in the East, and needs

the strongest protection. Of thirty-eight Massachusetts reports,

thirty-six state that "woodcock are decreasing," "rare" or "extinct,"

while one states that they are holding their own, and one that they are

increasing slightly since the law was passed prohibiting their sale."

Let not any honest American or Canadian sportsman lullaby himself into

the belief that the woodcock is safe from extermination. As sure as the

world, it is \_going\_! The fact that a little pocket here or there

contains a few birds does not in the slightest degree disprove the main

fact. If the sportsmen of this country desire to save the seed stock of

woodcock, they must give it \_everywhere\_ five or ten-year close seasons,

and \_do it immediately\_!

OUR SHORE BIRDS IN GENERAL.--This group of game birds will be the first

to be exterminated in North America as a \_group\_. Of all our birds,

these are the most illy fitted to survive. They are very conspicuous,

very unwary, easy to find if alive, and easy to shoot. Never in my life

have any shore birds except woodcock and snipe appealed to me as real

game. They are too easy to kill, too trivial when killed, and some of

them are too rank and fishy on the plate. As game for men I place them

on a level with barnyard ducks or orchard turkeys. I would as soon be

caught stealing a sheep as to be seen trying to shoot fishy yellow legs

or little joke sandpipers for the purpose of feeding upon them. And yet,

thousands of full-grown men, some of them six feet high, grow indignant

and turn red in the face at the mention of a law to give all the

shore-birds of New York a five-year close season.

But for all that, gentlemen of the gun, there are exactly two

alternatives between which you shall choose:

(1) Either give the woodcock of the eastern United States just \_ten

times\_ the protection that it now has, or (2) bid the species a long

farewell. If you elect to slaughter old \_Philohela minor\_ on the altar

of Selfishness, then it will be in order for the millions of people who

do not kill birds to say whether that proposal shall be consummated or

not.

Read if you please Mr. W.A. McAtee's convincing pamphlet (Biological

Survey, No. 79), on "Our Vanishing Shore Birds," reproduced in full in

Chapter XXIII. He says: "Throughout the eastern United States, shore

birds are fast vanishing. Many of them have been so reduced that

\_extermination seems imminent\_. So averse to shore birds are present

conditions [of slaughter] that the wonder is that any escape. All the

shore birds of the United States are in great need of better

protection.... Shore birds have been hunted until only a remnant of

their once vast numbers are left. Their limited powers of reproduction,

coupled with the natural vicissitudes of the breeding period, make their

increase slow, and peculiarly expose them to danger of extermination. So

great is their economic value that their retention in the game list and

their destruction by sportsmen is a serious loss to agriculture."

And yet, here in New York state there are many men who think they

"know," who indignantly scoff at the idea that our shore birds need a

five-year close season to help save them from annihilation. The writer's

appeal for this at a recent convention of the New York State Fish, Game

and Forest League fell upon deaf ears, and was not even seriously

discussed.

The shore-birds must be saved; and just at present it seems that the

only persons who will do it are those who are \_not\_ sportsmen, and who

never kill game! If the sportsmen persist in refusing to act, to them we

must appeal.

Besides the woodcock and snipe, the species that are most seriously

threatened with extinction at an early date are the following:

SPECIES IN GREAT DANGER

Willet \_Catoptrophorus semipalmatus\_

Dowitcher \_Macrorhamphus griseus\_

Knot: Red-Breasted Sandpiper \_Tryngites subruficollis\_

Upland Plover \_Bartramia longicauda\_

Golden Plover \_Charadrius dominicus\_

Pectoral Sandpiper \_Pisobia maculata\_

Of these fine species, Mr. Forbush, whose excellent knowledge of the

shore birds of the Atlantic coast is well worth the most serious

consideration, says that the upland plover, or Bartramian sandpiper, "is

in imminent danger of extinction. Five reports from localities where

this bird formerly bred give it as nearing extinction, and four as

extinct. This is one of the most useful of all birds in grass land,

feeding largely on grasshoppers and cutworms.... There is no difference

of opinion in regard to the diminution of the shore birds; the reports

from all quarters are the same. It is noteworthy that practically all

observers agree that, considering all species, these birds have fallen

off about 75 per cent within twenty-five to forty years, and that

several species are nearly extirpated."

[Illustration: THE GRAY SQUIRREL, A FAMILIAR FRIEND WHEN PROTECTED]

In 1897 when the Zoological Society published my report on the

"Extermination of Our Birds and Mammals," we put down the decrease in

the volume of bird life in Massachusetts during the previous fifteen

years at twenty-seven per cent. The later and more elaborate

investigations of Mr. Forbush have satisfactorily vindicated the

accuracy of that estimate.

There are other North American birds that easily might be added to the

list of those now on the road to oblivion; but surely the foregoing

citations are sufficient to reveal the present desperate conditions of

our bird life in general. Now the question is: What are the great

American people going to do about it?

THE GRAY SQUIRREL.--The gray squirrel is in danger of extermination.

Although it is our most beautiful and companionable small wild animal,

and really unfit for food, Americans have strangely elected to class it

as "game," and shoot it to death, \_to eat\_! And this in stall-fed

America, in the twentieth century! Americans are the only white people

in the world who eat squirrels. It would be just as reasonable, and no

more barbarous, to kill domestic cats and eat them. Their flesh would

taste quite as good as squirrel flesh and some of them would afford

quite as good "sport."

Every intelligent person knows that in the United States the deadly

shot-gun is rapidly exterminating every bird and every small mammal that

is classed as "game," and which legally may be killed, even during two

months of the twelve. The market gunners slaughter ducks, grouse, shore

birds and rabbits as if we were all starving.

The beautiful gray squirrel has clung to life in a few of our forests

and wood-lots, long after most other wild mammals have disappeared; but

throughout at least ninety-five per cent, of its original area, it is

now extinct. During the past thirty years I have roamed the woods of my

state in several widely separated localities,--the Adirondacks,

Catskills, Berkshires, western New York and elsewhere, and in all that

time I have seen only \_three\_ wild gray squirrels outside of city parks.

Except over a very small total area, the gray squirrel is already gone

from the wild fauna of New York State!

Do the well-fed people of America wish to have this beautiful animal

entirely exterminated? Do they wish the woods to become wholly lifeless?

Or, do they desire to bring back some of the wild creatures, and keep

them for their children to enjoy?

There is no wild mammal that responds to protection more quickly than

the gray squirrel. In two years' time, wild specimens that are set free

in city parks learn that they are safe from harm and become almost

fearless. They take food from the hands of visitors, and climb into

their arms. One of the most pleasing sights of the Zoological Park is

the enjoyment of visitors, young and old, in "petting" our wild gray

squirrels.

We ask the Boy Scouts of America to bring back this animal to each state

where it belongs, by securing for it from legislatures and governors the

perpetual closed seasons that it imperatively needs. It is not much to

ask. This can be done by writing to members of the legislatures and

requesting a suitable law. Such a request will be both right and

reasonable; and three states have already granted it.

The gray squirrel is naturally the children's closest wild-animal

friend. Surely every farmer boy would like to have colonies of gray

squirrels around him, to keep him company, and furnish him with

entertainment. A wood-lot without squirrels and chipmunks is indeed a

lifeless place. For $20 anyone can restock any bit of woods with the

most companionable and most beautiful tree-dweller that nature has given

us.

The question now is, which will you choose--a gray squirrel colony to

every farm, or lifeless desolation?

We ask every American to lend a hand to save Silver-Tail.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER IV

EXTINCT AND NEARLY EXTINCT SPECIES OF MAMMALS

When we pause and consider the years, the generations and the ages that

Nature spends in the production of a high vertebrate species, the

preservation of such species from extermination should seriously concern

us. As a matter of fact, in modern man's wild chase after wealth and

pleasure, it is only one person out of every ten thousand who pauses to

regard such causes, unless cornered by some protectionist fanatic, held

fast and coerced to listen.

We are not discussing the animals of the Pleistocene, or the Eocene, or

any period of the far-distant Past. We are dealing with species that

have been ruthlessly, needlessly and wickedly destroyed by man during

our own times; species that, had they been given a fair chance, would be

alive and well to-day.

In reckless waste of blood and treasure, the nineteenth century has much

for which to answer. Wars and pillage, fires, earthquakes and volcanoes

are unhappily unavoidable. Like the poor of holy writ, we have them with

us always. But the destruction of animal life is in a totally different

category from the accidental calamities of life. It is deliberate,

cold-blooded, persistent, and in its final stage, \_criminal\_! Worst of

all, there is no limit to the devilish persistence of the confirmed

destroyer, this side of the total extinction of species. No polar night

is too cold, no desert inferno is too hot for the man who pursues wild

life for commercial purposes. The rhytina has been exterminated in the

far north, the elephant seals on Kerguelen are being exterminated in the

far south, and midway, in the desert mountains of Lower California a

fine species of mountain sheep is rapidly being shot into oblivion.

\* \* \* \* \*

LARGE MAMMALS COMPLETELY EXTERMINATED

THE ARIZONA ELK, (\_Cervus merriami\_).--Right at our very door, under our

very noses and as it were only yesterday, a well-defined species of

American elk has been totally exterminated. Until recently the mountains

of Arizona and New Mexico were inhabited by a light-colored elk of

smaller size than the Wyoming species, whose antlers possessed on each

side only one brow tine instead of two. The exact history of the

blotting out of that species has not yet been written, but it seems that

its final extinction occurred about 1901. Its extermination was only a

routine incident of the devilish general slaughter of American big game

that by 1900 had wiped out nearly everything killable over a large

portion of the Rocky Mountain region and the Great Plains.

The Arizona elk was exterminated before the separate standing of the

species had been discovered by naturalists, and before even \_one\_ skin

had been preserved in a museum! In 1902 Mr. E.W. Nelson described the

species from two male skulls, all the material of which he knew. Since

that time, a third male skull, bearing an excellent pair of antlers, has

been discovered by Mr. Ferdinand Kaegebehn, a member of the New York

Zoological Society, and presented to our National Collection of Heads

and Horns. It came from the Santa Catalina Mountains, Arizona, in 1884.

The species was first exterminated in the central and northern mountains

of Arizona, probably twenty years ago, and made its last stand in

northwestern New Mexico. Precisely when it became extinct there, its

last abiding place, we do not know, but in time the facts may appear.

THE QUAGGA, (\_Equus quagga\_).--Before the days of Livingstone,

Gordon-Cumming and Anderson, the grassy plains and half-forested hills

of South Africa were inhabited by great herds of a wild equine species

that in its markings was a sort of connecting link between the striped

zebras and the stripeless wild asses. The quagga resembled a wild ass

with a few zebra stripes around its neck, and no stripes elsewhere.

There is no good reason why a mammal that is not in any one of the

families regularly eaten by man should be classed as a game animal.

White men, outside of the western border of the continent of Europe, do

not eat horses; and by this token there is no reason why a zebra should

be shot as a "game" animal, any more than a baboon. A big male baboon is

dangerous; a male zebra is not.

Nevertheless, white men have elected to shoot zebras as game; and under

this curse the unfortunate quagga fell to rise no more. The species was

shot to a speedy death by sportsmen, and by the British and Dutch

farmers of South Africa. It became extinct about 1875, and to-day there

are only 18 specimens in all the museums of the world.

THE BLAUBOK, (\_Hippotragus leucophaeus\_).--The first of the African

antelopes to become extinct in modern times was a species of large size,

closely related to the roan antelope of to-day, and named by the early

Dutch settlers of Cape Colony the blaubok, which means "blue-buck." It

was snuffed out of existence in the year 1800, so quickly and so

thoroughly that, like the Arizona elk, it very nearly escaped the annals

of natural history. According to the careful investigations of Mr.

Graham Renshaw, there are only eight specimens in existence in all the

museums of Europe. In general terms it may be stated that this species

has been extinct for about a century.

DAVID'S DEER, (\_Elaphurus davidianus\_).--We enter this species with

those that are totally extinct, because this is true of it so far as its

wild state is concerned. It is a deer nearly as large as the red deer of

Europe, with 3-tined antlers about equal in total length to those of the

red deer. Its most striking differential character is its \_long tail\_, a

feature that among the deer of the world is quite unique.

Originally this species inhabited "northern Mongolia" (China), but in a

wild state it became extinct before its zoological standing became known

to the scientific world. The species was called to the attention of

zoologists by a Roman Catholic missionary, called Father David, and when

finally described it was named in his honor.

At the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion, in 1900, there were about 200

specimens living in the imperial park of China, a short distance south

of Pekin; but during the rebellion, all of them were killed and eaten,

thus totally exterminating the species from Asia.

Fortunately, previous to that calamity (in 1894), the Duke of Bedford

had by considerable effort and expenditure procured and established in

his matchless park surrounding Woburn Abbey, England, a herd of eighteen

specimens of this rarest of all deer. That nucleus has thriven and

increased, until in 1910 it contained thirty-four head. Owing to the

fact that all the living female specimens of this remarkable species are

concentrated in one spot, and perfectly liable to be wiped out in one

year by riot, war or disease, there is some cause for anxiety. The

writer has gone so far as to suggest the desirability of starting a new

herd of David's deer, at some point far distant from England, as an

insurance measure against the possibility of calamity at Woburn.

Excepting two or three specimens in European zoological gardens that

have been favored by the Duke of Bedford, there are no living specimens

outside of Woburn Park.

[Illustration: SKELETON OF A RHYTINA, OR ARCTIC SEA-COW

In the United States National Museum]

THE RHYTINA, (\_Rhytina gigas\_).--The most northerly Sirenian that (so

far as we know) ever inhabited the earth, lived on the Commander Islands

in the northern end of Behring Sea, and was exterminated by man, for its

oil and its flesh, about 1768. It was first made known to the world by

Steller, in 1741, and must have become extinct near the beginning of the

nineteenth century.

The rhytina belonged to the same mammalian Order as the manatee of

Florida and South America, and the dugong of Australia. The largest

manatee that Florida has produced, so far as we know, was thirteen feet

long. The rhytina attained a length of between thirty and thirty-five

feet, and a weight of 6,000 pounds or over. The flesh of this animal,

like that of the manatee and dugong, must have been edible, and surely

was prized by the hungry sailors and natives of its time. It is not

strange that such a species was quickly exterminated by man, in the

arctic regions. The wonder is that it ever existed at a latitude so

outrageous for a Sirenian, an animal which by all precedents should

prefer life in temperate or warm waters.

[Illustration: BURCHELL'S ZEBRA, IN THE U.S. NATIONAL MUSEUM

Now Believed to be Totally Extinct]

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA (\_Equus burchelli typicus\_).--The foundation type of

what now is the Burchell group of zebras, consisting of four or five

sub-species of the original species of \_burchelli\_, is an animal

abundantly striped as to its body, neck and head, but with legs that are

almost white and free from stripes. The sub-species have legs that are

striped about half as much as the mountain zebra and the Grevy species.

While there are Chapman zebras and Grant zebras in plenty, and of

Crawshay's not a few, all these are forms that have developed northward

of the range of the parent species, the original \_Equus burchelli\_. For

half a century in South Africa the latter had been harried and driven

and shot, and now it is gone, forever. Now, the museum people of the

world are hungrily enumerating their mounted specimens, and live ones

cannot be procured with money, because there are none! Already it is

common talk that "the true Burchell zebra is extinct;" and unfortunately

there is no good reason to doubt it. Even if there are a few now living

in some remote nook of the Transvaal, or Zululand, or Portuguese East

Africa, the chances are as 100 to 1 that they will not be suffered to

bring back the species; and so, to Burchell's zebra, the world is to-day

saying "Farewell!"

[Illustration: THYLACINE OR TASMANIAN WOLF

Now Being Exterminated by the Sheep Owners of Tasmania]

\* \* \* \* \*

SPECIES OF LARGE MAMMALS ALMOST EXTINCT

THE THYLACINE or TASMANIAN WOLF, (\_Thylacinus cynocephalus\_).--Four

years ago, when Mr. W.H.D. Le Souef, Director of the Melbourne

Zoological Garden (Australia), stood before the cage of the living

thylacine in the New York Zoological Park, he first expressed surprise

at the sight of the animal, then said:

"I advise you to take excellent care of that specimen; for when it is

gone, you never will get another. The species soon will be extinct."

This opinion has been supported, quite independently, by a lady who is

the highest authority on the present status of that species, Mrs. Mary

G. Roberts, of Hobart, Tasmania. For nearly ten years Mrs. Roberts has

been procuring all the living specimens of the thylacine that money

could buy, and attempting to breed them at her private zoo. She states

that the mountain home of this animal is now occupied by flocks of

sheep, and because of the fact that the "Tasmanian wolves" raid the

flocks and kill lambs, the sheep-owners and herders are systematically

poisoning the thylacines as fast as possible. Inasmuch as the species is

limited to Tasmania, Mrs. Roberts and others fear that the sheepmen

will totally exterminate the remnant at an early date. This animal is

the largest and also the most interesting carnivorous marsupial of

Australia, and its untimely end will be a cause for sincere regret.

[Illustration: WEST INDIAN SEAL

In the New York Aquarium]

THE WEST INDIAN SEAL, (\_Monachus tropicalis\_).--For at least fifty

years, all the zoologists who ever had heard of this species believed

that the oil-hunters had completely exterminated it. In 1885, when the

National Museum came into possession of one poorly-mounted skin, from

Professor Poey, of Havana, it was regarded as a great \_prize\_.

Most unexpectedly, in 1886 American zoologists were startled by the

discovery of a small herd on the Triangle Islands, in the Caribbean Sea,

near Yucatan, by Mr. Henry L. Ward, now director of the Milwaukee Public

Museum, and Professor Ferrari, of the National Museum of Mexico. They

found about twenty specimens, and collected only a sufficient number to

establish the true character of the species.

Since that time, four living specimens have been captured, and sent to

the New York Aquarium, where they lived for satisfactory periods. The

indoor life and atmosphere did not seem to injure the natural vitality

of the animals. In fact, I think they were far more lively in the

Aquarium than were the sluggish creatures that Mr. Ward saw on the

Triangle reefs, and described in his report of the expedition.

It is quite possible that there are yet alive a few specimens of this

odd species; but the Damocletian sword of destruction hangs over them

suspended by a fine hair, and it is to be expected that in the future

some roving sea adventurer will pounce upon the Remnant, and wipe it

out of existence for whatever reason may to him seem good.

[Illustration: CALIFORNIA ELEPHANT SEAL

Photographed on Guadalupe Island by C.H. Townsend.]

THE CALIFORNIA ELEPHANT SEAL, (\_Mirounga angustirostris\_).--This

remarkable long-snouted species of seal was reluctantly stricken from

the fauna of the United States several years ago, and for at least

fifteen years it has been regarded as totally extinct. Last year,

however (1911), the \_Albatross\_ scientific expedition, under the control

of Director C.H. Townsend of the New York Aquarium, visited Guadalupe

Island, 175 miles off the Pacific coast of Lower California and there

found about 150 living elephant seals. They took six living specimens,

all of which died after a few months in captivity. Ever since that time,

first one person and then another comes to the front with a cheerful

proposition to go to those islands and "clean up" all the remainder of

those wonderful seals. One hunting party could land on Guadalupe, and in

one week totally destroy the last remnant of this almost extinct

species. To-day the only question is, Who will be mean enough to do it?

Fortunately, those seals have no commercial value whatsoever. The little

oil they would yield would not pay the wages of cook's mate. The proven

impossibility of keeping specimens alive in captivity, even for one

year, and the absence of cash value in the skins, even for museum

purposes, has left nothing of value in the animals to justify an

expedition to kill or to capture them. No zoological garden or park

desires any of them, at any price. Adult males attain a length of

sixteen feet, and females eleven feet. Formerly this species was

abundant in San Christobal Bay, Lower California.

At present, Mexico is in no frame of mind to provide real protection to

a small colony of seals of no commercial value, 175 miles from her

mainland, on an uninhabited island. It is wildly improbable that those

seals will be permitted to live. It is a safe prediction that our next

news of the elephant seals of Guadalupe will tell of the total

extinction of those last 140 survivors of the species.

THE CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY BEAR, (\_Ursus horribilis californicus\_).--No one

protects grizzly bears, except in the Yellowstone Park and other game

preserves. For obvious reasons, it is impossible to say whether any

individuals of this huge species now remain alive, or how long it will

be until the last one falls before a .405 Winchester engine of

extermination. We know that a living specimen can not be procured with

money, and we believe that "Old Monarch" now in Golden Gate Park, San

Francisco, is the last specimen of his species that ever will be

exhibited alive.

I can think of no reason, save general Californian apathy, why the

extinction of this huge and remarkable animal was not prevented by law.

The sunset grizzly (on a railroad track) is the advertising emblem of

the Golden State, and surely the state should take sufficient interest

in the species to prevent its total extermination.

But it will not. California is hell-bent on exterminating a long list of

her wild-life species, and it is very doubtful whether the masses can be

reached and aroused in time to stop it. Name some of the species?

Certainly; with all the pleasure in life: The band-tailed pigeon, the

white-tailed kite, the sharp-tailed grouse, the sage grouse, the

mountain sheep, prong-horned antelope, California mule deer, and ducks

and geese too numerous to mention.

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CHAPTER V

THE EXTERMINATION OF SPECIES, STATE BY STATE

Early in 1912 I addressed to about 250 persons throughout the United

States, three questions, as follows:

1. What species of birds have become totally extinct in your state?

2. What species of birds and mammals are threatened with early

extinction?

3. What species of mammals have been exterminated throughout your state?

These queries were addressed to persons whose tastes and observations

rendered them especially qualified to furnish the information desired.

The interest shown in the inquiry was highly gratifying. The best of the

information given is summarized below; but this tabulation also includes

much information acquired from other sources. The general summary of the

subject will, I am sure, convince all thoughtful persons that the

present condition of the best wild life of the nation is indeed very

grave. This list is not submitted as representing prolonged research or

absolute perfection, but it is sufficient to point forty-eight morals.

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BIRDS AND MAMMALS THAT HAVE BEEN TOTALLY EXTERMINATED IN VARIOUS STATES

AND PROVINCES

ALABAMA:

Passenger pigeon, Carolina parrakeet; puma, elk, gray wolf, beaver.

ARIZONA:

Ridgway's quail (\_Colinus ridgwayi\_); Arizona elk (\_Cervus merriami\_),

bison.

ARKANSAS:

Passenger pigeon, Carolina parrakeet, whooping crane; bison, elk,

beaver.

CALIFORNIA:

No birds totally extinct, but several nearly so; grizzly bear (?),

elephant seal.

COLORADO:

Carolina parrakeet, whooping crane; bison.

CONNECTICUT:

Passenger pigeon, Eskimo curlew, great auk, Labrador duck, upland

plover, heath hen, wild turkey; puma, gray wolf, Canada lynx, black

bear, elk.

DELAWARE:

Wild turkey, ruffed grouse, passenger pigeon, heath hen, dickcissel,

whooping crane, Carolina parrakeet; white-tailed deer, black bear, gray

wolf, beaver, Canada lynx, puma.

FLORIDA:

Flamingo, roseate spoonbill, scarlet ibis, Carolina parrakeet, passenger

pigeon.

GEORGIA:

Passenger pigeon, Carolina parrakeet, whooping crane, trumpeter swan;

bison, elk, beaver, gray wolf, puma.--(Last 3, Craig D. Arnold.)

IDAHO:

Wood duck, long-billed curlew, whooping crane; bison.--(Dr. C.S. Moody.)

ILLINOIS:

Passenger pigeon, whooping crane, Carolina parrakeet, trumpeter swan,

snowy egret, Eskimo curlew; bison, elk, white-tailed deer, black bear,

puma, Canada lynx.

INDIANA:

Passenger pigeon, whooping crane, northern raven, wild turkey,

ivory-billed woodpecker, Carolina parrakeet, trumpeter swan, snowy

egret, Eskimo curlew; bison, elk, white-tailed deer, black bear, Canada

lynx, beaver, porcupine.--(Amos W. Butler.)

IOWA:

Wild turkey, Eskimo curlew, whooping crane, trumpeter swan, white

pelican, passenger pigeon; bison, elk, antelope, white-tailed deer,

black bear, puma, Canada lynx, gray wolf, beaver, porcupine.

KANSAS:

American scaup duck, woodcock, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, pileated

woodpecker, parrakeet, white-necked raven, American raven (all Prof.

L.L. Dyche); golden plover, Eskimo curlew, Hudsonian curlew, wood-duck

(C.H. Smyth and James Howard, Wichita). Bison, elk, mule deer,

white-tailed deer, gray wolf, beaver (?), otter, lynx (?) (L.L.D.)

(Reports as complete and thorough as these for other localities no doubt

would show lists equally long for several other states.--(W.T.H.))

KENTUCKY:

Passenger pigeon, parrakeet; bison, elk, puma, beaver, gray wolf.

LOUISIANA:

Passenger pigeon, Carolina parrakeet, Eskimo curlew, flamingo, scarlet

ibis, roseate spoonbill; bison, ocelot.

MAINE:

Great auk, Labrador duck, Eskimo curlew, oystercatcher, wild turkey,

heath hen, passenger pigeon; puma, gray wolf, wolverine, caribou.--(All

Arthur H. Norton, Portland.)

MARYLAND:

Sandhill crane, parrakeet, passenger pigeon; bison, elk, beaver, gray

wolf, puma, porcupine.

MASSACHUSETTS:

Wild turkey, passenger pigeon, Labrador duck, whooping crane, sandhill

crane, black-throated bunting, great auk, Eskimo curlew.--(William

Brewster, W.P. Wharton); Canada lynx, gray wolf, black bear, moose, elk.

MICHIGAN:

Passenger pigeon, wild turkey, sandhill crane, whooping crane, bison,

elk, wolverine.

MINNESOTA:

Whooping crane, white pelican, trumpeter swan, passenger pigeon, bison,

elk, mule deer, antelope.

A strange condition exists in Minnesota, as will be seen by reference to

the next list of states. A great many species are on the road to speedy

extermination; but as yet the number of those that have become totally

extinct up to date is small.

MISSISSIPPI:

Parrakeet, passenger pigeon; bison. (Data incomplete.)

MISSOURI:

Parrakeet, ivory-billed woodpecker, passenger pigeon, whooping crane,

pinnated grouse; bison, elk, beaver.

MONTANA:

Although many Montana birds are on the verge of extinction, the only

species that we are sure have totally vanished are the passenger pigeon

and whooping crane. Mammals extinct, bison.

NEBRASKA:

Curlew, wild turkey, parrakeet, passenger pigeon, whooping crane, and no

doubt \_all\_ the other species that have disappeared from Kansas.

Mammals: bison, antelope, elk, and mule deer.

NEVADA:

By a rather odd combination of causes and effects, Nevada retains

representatives of nearly all her original outfit of bird and mammal

species except the bison and elk; but several of them will shortly

become extinct.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Wild turkey, heath hen, pigeon, whooping crane, Eskimo curlew, upland

plover, Labrador duck; woodland caribou, moose.

NEW JERSEY:

Heath hen, wild turkey, pigeon, parrakeet, Eskimo curlew, Labrador duck,

snowy egret, whooping crane, sandhill crane, trumpeter swan, pileated

woodpecker; gray wolf, black bear, beaver, elk, porcupine, puma.

NEW MEXICO:

Notwithstanding an enormous decrease in the general volume of wild life

in New Mexico, comparatively few species have been totally exterminated.

The most important are the bison and Arizona elk.

NEW YORK:

Heath hen, passenger pigeon, wild turkey, great auk, trumpeter swan,

Labrador duck, harlequin duck, Eskimo curlew, upland plover, golden

plover, whooping crane, sandhill crane, purple martin, pileated

woodpecker, moose, caribou, bison, elk, puma, gray wolf, wolverine,

marten, fisher, beaver, fox, squirrel, harbor seal.

NORTH CAROLINA:

Ivory-billed woodpecker, parrakeet, pigeon, roseate spoonbill,

long-billed curlew (\_Numenius americanus\_), Eskimo curlew; bison, elk,

gray wolf, puma, beaver.--(E.L. Ewbank, T. Gilbert Pearson, H.H. and

C.S. Brimley.)

NORTH DAKOTA:

Whooping crane, long-billed curlew, Hudsonian godwit, passenger pigeon;

bison, elk, mule deer, mountain sheep.--(W.B. Bell and Alfred Eastgate.)

OHIO:

Pigeon, wild turkey, pinnated grouse, northern pileated woodpecker,

parrakeet; white-tailed deer, bison, elk, black bear, puma, gray wolf,

beaver, otter, puma, lynx.

OKLAHOMA:

Records for birds insufficient. Mammals: bison, elk, antelope, mule

deer, puma, black bear.

OREGON:

The only species known to have been wholly exterminated during recent

times is the California condor and the bison, both of which were rare

stragglers into Oregon; but a number of species are now close to

extinction.

PENNSYLVANIA:

Heath hen, pigeon, parrakeet, Labrador duck; bison, elk, moose, puma,

gray wolf, Canada lynx, wolverine, beaver.--(Witmer Stone, Dr. C.B.

Penrose and Arthur Chapman.)

RHODE ISLAND:

Heath hen, passenger pigeon, wild turkey, least tern, eastern willet,

Eskimo curlew, marbled godwit, long-billed curlew.--(Harry S. Hathaway);

puma, black bear, gray wolf, beaver, otter, wolverine.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Ivory-billed woodpecker, Carolina parrakeet; bison, elk, puma, gray

wolf.--(James H. Rice, Jr.)

SOUTH DAKOTA:

Whooping crane, trumpeter swan, pigeon, long-billed curlew; bison, elk,

mule deer, mountain sheep.

TENNESSEE:

Records insufficient.

TEXAS:

Wild turkey, passenger pigeon, ivory-billed woodpecker, flamingo,

roseate spoonbill, American egret, whooping crane, wood-duck; bison,

elk, mountain sheep, antelope, "a small, dark deer that lived 40 years

ago." (Capt. M.B. Davis.)

UTAH:

Records insufficient.

VIRGINIA:

Records insufficient.

WASHINGTON:

Very few species have become totally extinct, but a number are on the

verge, and will be named in the next state schedule.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Pigeon, parrakeet; bison, elk, beaver, puma, gray wolf.

WISCONSIN:

Whooping crane, passenger pigeon, American egret, wild turkey, Carolina

parrakeet; bison, moose, elk, woodland caribou, puma, wolverine.

WYOMING:

Whooping crane, trumpeter swan, wood-duck; mountain goat.

CANADA

ALBERTA:

Passenger pigeon, whooping crane; bison.

BRITISH COLUMBIA:

A. Bryan Williams reports: "Do not know of any birds having become

extinct."

MANITOBA:

Pigeon; bison, antelope, gray wolf.

NEW BRUNSWICK:

Pigeon.

NOVA SCOTIA:

Labrador duck, Eskimo curlew, passenger pigeon.

ONTARIO:

Wild turkey, pigeon, Eskimo curlew.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:

(Reported by E.T. Carbonell): Eskimo curlew, horned grebe, ring-billed

gull, Caspian tern, passenger pigeon, Wilson's petrel, wood-duck,

Barrow's golden-eye, whistling swan, American eider, white-fronted

goose, purple sandpiper, Canada grouse, long-eared owl, screech owl,

black-throated bunting, pine warbler, red-necked grebe, purple martin

and catbird; beaver, black fox, silver gray fox, marten and black bear.

QUEBEC:

Pigeon.

SASKATCHEWAN:

Pigeon; bison.

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BIRDS AND MAMMALS THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

The second question submitted in my inquiry produced results even more

startling than the first. None of the persons reporting can be regarded

as alarmists, but some of the lists of species approaching extinction

are appallingly long. To their observations I add other notes and

observations of interest at this time.

ALABAMA:

Wood-duck, snowy egret, woodcock. "The worst enemy of wild life is the

pot-hunter and game hog. These wholesale slaughterers of game resort to

any device and practice, it matters not how murderous, to accomplish the

pernicious ends of their nefarious campaign of relentless extermination

of fur and feather. They cannot be controlled by local laws, for these

after having been tried for several generations have proven consummate

failures, for the reason that local authorities will not enforce the

provisions of game and bird protective statutes. Experience has

demonstrated the fact that no one desires to inform voluntarily on his

neighbors, and since breaking the game law is not construed to involve

moral turpitude, even to an infinitesimal degree, by many of our

citizens, the plunderers of nature's storehouse thus go free, it matters

not how great the damage done to the people as a whole."--(John H.

Wallace, Jr., Game Commissioner of Alabama.)

ALASKA:

Thanks to geographic and climatic conditions, the Alaskan game laws and

$15,000 with which to enforce them, the status of the wild life of

Alaska is fairly satisfactory. I think that at present no species is in

danger of extinction in the near future. When it was pointed out to

Congress in 1902, by Madison Grant, T.S. Palmer and others that the wild

life of Alaska was seriously threatened, Congress immediately enacted

the law that was recommended, and now appropriates yearly a fair sum for

its enforcement. I regard the Alaskan situation as being, for so vast

and difficult a region, reasonably well in hand, even though open to

improvement.

There is one fatal defect in our Alaskan game law, in the perpetual and

sweeping license to kill, that is bestowed upon "natives" and

"prospectors." Under cover of this law, the Indians can slaughter game

to any extent they choose; and they are great killers. For example: In

1911 at Sand Point, Kenai Peninsula, Frank E. Kleinchmidt saw 82 caribou

tongues in the boat of a native, that had been brought in for sale at 50

cents, while the carcasses were left where they fell, to poison the air

of Alaska. Thanks to the game law, and five wardens, the number of big

game animals killed last year in Alaska by sportsmen was reasonably

small,--just as it should have been.--(W.T.H.)

ARIZONA:

During an overland trip made by Dr. MacDougal and others in 1907 from

Tucson to Sonoyta, on the international boundary, 150 miles and back

again, we saw not one antelope or deer.--(W.T.H.)

CALIFORNIA:

Swan, white heron, bronze ibis. California valley quail are getting very

scarce, and unless adequate protection is afforded them shortly, they

will be found hereafter only in remote districts. Ducks also are

decreasing rapidly.--(H.W. Keller, Los Angeles.)

Sage grouse and Columbian sharp-tailed grouse are so nearly extinct that

it may practically be said that they \_are\_ extinct. Among species likely

to be exterminated in the near future are the wood-duck and band-tailed

pigeon.--(W.P. Taylor, Berkeley.)

COLORADO:

Sage grouse and sharp-tailed grouse; nearly all the shore birds.

CONNECTICUT:

All the shore birds; quail, purple martin.

DELAWARE:

Wood duck, upland plover, least tern, Wilson tern, roseate tern, black

skimmer, oystercatcher, and numerous other littoral species. Pileated

woodpeckers, bald eagles and all the ducks are much more rare than

formerly. Swan are about gone, geese scarce. The list of ducks, geese

and shore-birds, as well as of terns and gulls that are nearing

extinction is appalling.--(C.J. Pennock, Wilmington.)

Wood-duck, woodcock, turtle dove and bob-white.--(A.R. Spaid,

Wilmington.)

FLORIDA:

Limpkin, ivory-billed woodpecker, wild turkey (?).

GEORGIA:

Ruffed grouse, wild turkey.

IDAHO:

Harlequin duck, mountain plover, dusky grouse, Columbian sharp-tailed

grouse, sage grouse. Elk, goats and grizzly bears are becoming very

scarce. Of the smaller animals I have not seen a fisher for years, and

marten are hardly to be found. The same is true of other species.--(Dr.

Charles S. Moody, Sand Point.)

ILLINOIS:

Pinnated grouse, except where rigidly protected. In Vermillion County,

by long and persistent protection Harvey J. Sconce has bred back upon

his farm about 400 of these birds.

INDIANA:

Pileated woodpecker, woodcock, ruffed grouse, pigeon hawk, duck

hawk.--(Amos W. Butler, Indianapolis.)

In northern and northwestern Indiana, a perpetual close season and rigid

protection have enabled the almost-extinct pinnated grouse to breed up

to a total number now estimated by Game Commissioner Miles and his

wardens at 10,000 birds. This is a gratifying illustration of what can

be done in bringing back an almost-vanished species. The good example of

Indiana should be followed by every state that still possesses a remnant

of prairie-chickens, or other grouse.

IOWA:

Pinnated grouse, wood-duck. Notwithstanding an invasion of Jasper

County, Iowa, in the winter of 1911-12 by hundreds of pinnated grouse,

such as had not been known in 20 years, this gives no ground to hope

that the future of the species is worth a moment's purchase. The winter

migration came from the Dakotas, and was believed to be due to the extra

severe winter, and the scarcity of food. Commenting on this

unprecedented occurrence, J.L. Sloanaker in the "Wilson Bulletin" No.

78, says:

"In the opinion of many, the formerly abundant prairie chicken is doomed

to early extinction. Many will testify to their abundance in those years

[in South Dakota, 1902] when the great land movement was taking place.

The influx of hungry settlers, together with an occasional bad season,

decimated their ranks. They were eaten by the farmers, both in and out

of season. Driven from pillar to post, with no friends and insufficient

food,--what else then can be expected?"

Mr. F.C. Pellett, of Atlantic, Iowa, says: "Unless ways can be devised

of rearing these birds in the domestic state, the prairie hen in my

opinion is doomed to early extinction."

The older inhabitants here say that there is not one song-bird in summer

where there used to be ten.--(G.H. Nicol, in \_Outdoor Life\_ March,

1912.)

KANSAS:

To all of those named in my previous list that are not actually extinct,

I might add the prairie hen, the lesser prairie hen, as well as the

prairie sharp-tailed grouse and the wood-duck. Such water birds as the

avocets, godwits, greater yellow-legs, long-billed curlew and Eskimo

curlew are becoming very rare. All the water birds that are killed as

game birds have been greatly reduced in numbers during the past 25

years. I have not seen a wood-duck in 5 years. \_The prairie chicken\_ has

entirely disappeared from this locality. A few are still seen in the

sand hills of western Kansas, and they are still comparatively abundant

along the extreme southwestern line, and in northern Oklahoma and the

Texas panhandle.--(C.H. Smyth, Wichita.)

Yellow-legged plover, golden plover; Hudsonian and Eskimo curlew,

prairie chicken.--(James Howard, Wichita.)

LOUISIANA:

Ivory-billed woodpecker, butterball, bufflehead. The wood-duck is

greatly diminishing every year, and if not completely protected, ten

years hence no wood-duck will be found in Louisiana.--(Frank M. Miller,

and G.E. Beyer, New Orleans.)

Ivory-billed woodpecker, sandhill crane, whooping crane, pinnated

grouse, American and snowy egret where unprotected.--(E.A. McIlhenny,

Avery Island.)

MAINE:

Wood-duck, upland plover, purple martin, house wren, pileated

woodpecker, bald eagle, yellow-legs, great blue heron, Canada goose,

redhead and canvasback duck.--(John F. Sprague, Dover.)

Puffin, Leach's petrel, eider duck, laughing gull, great blue heron,

fish-hawk and bald eagle.--(Arthur H. Norton, Portland.)

MARYLAND:

Curlew, pileated woodpecker, summer duck, snowy heron. No record of

sandhill crane for the last 35 years. Greater yellow-leg is much scarcer

than formerly, also Bartramian sandpiper. The only two birds which show

an \_increase\_ in the past few years are the robin and lesser scaup.

General protection of the robin has caused its increase; stopping of

spring shooting in the North has probably caused the increase of the

latter. As a general proposition I think I can say that all birds are

becoming scarcer in this state, as we have laws that do not protect,

little enforcement of same, no revenue for bird protection and too

little public interest. We are working to change all this, but it comes

slowly. \_The public fails to respond until the birds are 'most gone\_,

and we have a pretty good lot of game still left. The members of the

Order Gallinae are only holding their own where privately protected. The

members of the Plover Family and what are known locally as shore birds

are still plentiful on the shores of Chincoteague and Assateague, and

although they do not breed there as formerly, so far as I know there are

no species exterminated.--(Talbott Denmead, Baltimore.)

MASSACHUSETTS:

Wood-duck, hooded merganser, blue-winged teal, upland plover; curlew

(perhaps already gone); red-tailed hawk (I have not seen one in

Middlesex County for several years); great horned owl (almost gone in my

county, Middlesex); house wren. The eave swallows and purple martins are

fast deserting eastern Massachusetts and the barn swallows steadily

diminishing in numbers. The bald eagle should perhaps be included here.

I seldom see or hear of it now.--(William Brewster, Cambridge.)

Upland plover, woodcock, wood-duck (recent complete protection is

helping these somewhat), heath hen, piping plover, golden plover, a good

many song and insectivorous birds are apparently decreasing rather

rapidly; for instance, the eave swallow.--(William P. Wharton, Groton.)

MICHIGAN:

Wood-duck, limicolae, woodcock, sandhill crane. The great whooping crane

is not a wild bird, but I think it is now practically extinct. Many of

our warblers and song birds are now exceedingly rare. Ruffed grouse

greatly decreased during the past 10 years.--(W.B. Mershon, Saginaw.)

MINNESOTA:

The sandhill crane has been killed by sportsmen. I have not seen one in

three years. Where there were, a few years ago, thousands of blue

herons, egrets, wood ducks, redbirds, and Baltimore orioles, all those

birds are now almost extinct in this state. They are being killed by

Austrians and Italians, who slaughter everything that flies or moves.

Robins, too, will be a rarity if more severe penalties are not imposed.

I have seized 22 robins, 1 pigeon hawk, 1 crested log-cock, 4

woodpeckers and 1 grosbeak in one camp, at the Lertonia mine, all being

prepared for eating. I have also caught them preparing and eating sea

gulls, terns, blue heron, egret and even the bittern. I have secured 128

convictions since the first of last September.--(George E. Wood, Game

Warden, Hibbing, Minnesota.)

From Robert Page Lincoln, Minneapolis.--Partridge are waning fast, quail

gradually becoming extinct, prairie chickens almost extinct.

Duck-shooting is rare. The gray squirrel is fast becoming extinct in

Minnesota. Mink are going fast, and fur-bearing animals generally are

becoming extinct. The game is passing so very rapidly that it will soon

be a thing of the forgotten past. The quail are suffering most. The

falling off is amazing, and inconceivable to one who has not looked it

up. Duck-shooting is rare, the clubs are idle for want of birds. What

ducks come down fly high, being harassed coming down from the north. I

consider the southern Minnesota country practically cleaned out.

MISSOURI:

The birds threatened with extermination are the American woodcock,

wood-duck, snowy egret, pinnated grouse, wild turkey, ruffed grouse,

golden eagle, bald eagle, pileated woodpecker.

MONTANA:

Blue grouse.--(Henry Avare, Helena.)

Sage grouse, prairie and Columbian sharp-tailed grouse, trumpeter swan,

Canada goose, in fact, most of the water-fowl. The sickle-billed curlew,

of which there were many a few years ago, is becoming scarce. There are

no more golden or black-bellied plover in these parts.--(Harry P.

Stanford, Kalispell.)

Curlew, Franklin grouse (fool hen) and sage grouse.--W.R. Felton, Miles

City.

Sage grouse.--(L.A. Huffman, Miles City.)

Ptarmigan, wood-duck, sharp-tailed grouse, sage grouse, fool hen and

plover. All game birds are becoming scarce as the country becomes

settled and they are confined to uninhabited regions.--(Prof. M.J.

Elrod, Missoula.)

NEBRASKA:

Grouse, prairie chicken and quail.--(H.N. Miller, Lincoln.)

Whistling swan.--(Dr. S.G. Towne, Omaha.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Wood-duck and upland plover.

NEW YORK:

Quail, woodcock, upland plover, golden plover, black-bellied plover,

willet, dowitcher, red-breasted sandpiper, long-billed curlew,

wood-duck, purple martin, redheaded woodpecker, mourning dove; gray

squirrel, otter.

NEW JERSEY:

Ruffed grouse, teal, canvasback, red-head duck, widgeon, and all species

of shore birds, the most noticeable being black-bellied plover,

dowitcher, golden plover, killdeer, sickle-bill curlew, upland plover

and English snipe; also the mourning dove.--(James M. Stratton and

Ernest Napier, Trenton.)

Upland plover, apparently killdeer, egret, wood-duck, woodcock, and

probably others.--(B.S. Bowdish, Demarest.)

NORTH CAROLINA:

Forster's tern, oystercatcher, egret and snowy egret.--(T. Gilbert

Pearson, Sec. Nat. Asso. Audubon Societies.)

Ruffed grouse rapidly disappearing; bobwhite becoming scarce.--(E.L.

Ewbank, Hendersonville.)

Perhaps American and snowy egret. If long-billed curlew is not extinct,

it seems due to become so. No definite, reliable record of it later than

1885.--(H.H. Brimley, Raleigh.)

NORTH DAKOTA:

Wood-duck, prairie hen, upland plover, sharp-tailed grouse, canvas-back,

pinnated and ruffed grouse, double-crested cormorant, blue heron,

long-billed curlew, whooping crane and white pelican.--(W.B. Bell,

Agricultural College.)

Upland plover, marbled godwit, Baird's sparrow, chestnut-collared

longspur.--(Alfred Eastgate, Tolna.)

OHIO:

White heron, pileated woodpecker (if not already extinct). White heron

reported a number of times last year; occurrences in Sandusky, Huron,

Ashtabula and several other counties during 1911. These birds would

doubtless rapidly recruit under a proper federal law.--(Paul North,

Cleveland.)

Turtle dove, quail, red-bird, wren, hummingbird, wild canary [goldfinch]

and blue bird.--(Walter C. Staley, Dayton.)

OKLAHOMA:

Pinnated grouse.--(J.C. Clark); otter, kit fox, black-footed

ferret.--(G.W. Stevens.)

OREGON:

American egret, snowy egret.--(W.L. Finley, Portland.)

PENNSYLVANIA:

Virginia partridge and woodcock.--(Arthur Chapman.)

Wood-duck, least bittern, phalarope, woodcock, duck hawk and barn

swallow.--(Dr. Chas. B. Penrose.)

Wild turkey; also various transient and straggling water birds.--(Witmer

Stone.)

RHODE ISLAND:

Wood-duck, knot, greater yellow-legs, upland plover, golden plover,

piping plover, great horned owl.--(Harry S. Hathaway, South Auburn.)

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Wood duck, abundant 6 years ago, now almost gone. Wild turkey (abundant

up to 1898); woodcock, upland plover, Hudsonian curlew, Carolina rail,

Virginia rail, clapper rail and coot. Black bear verging on extinction,

opossum dwindling rapidly.--(James H. Rice Jr., Summerville.)

SOUTH DAKOTA:

Prairie chicken and quail are most likely to become extinct in the near

future.--(W.F. Bancroft, Watertown.)

TEXAS:

Wild turkey and prairie chickens.--(J.D. Cox, Austin.)

Plover, all species; curlew, cardinal, road-runner, woodcock, wood-duck,

canvas-back, cranes, all the herons; wild turkey; quail, all varieties;

prairie chicken and Texas guan.--(Capt. M.B. Davis, Waco.)

Curlew, very rare; plover, very rare; antelope. (Answer applies to the

Panhandle of Texas.--Chas. Goodnight.)

Everything [is threatened with extinction] save the dove, which is a

migrating bird. Antelope nearly all gone.--(Col. O.C. Guessaz, San

Antonio.)

UTAH:

Our wild birds are well protected, and there are none that are

threatened with extinction. They are increasing.--(Fred. W. Chambers,

State Game Warden, Salt Lake City.)

VERMONT:

If all states afforded as good protection as does Vermont, none; but

migrating birds like woodcock are now threatened.--(John W. Tilcomb,

State Game Warden, Lyndonville.)

VIRGINIA:

Pheasants (ruffed grouse), wild turkey and other game birds are nearly

extinct. A few bears remain, and deer in small numbers in remote

sections. In fact, all animals show great reduction in numbers, owing to

cutting down forests, and constant gunning.--(L.T. Christian, Richmond.)

WEST VIRGINIA:

Wood-duck, wild turkey, northern raven, dickcissel.--(Rev. Earle A.

Brooks, Weston.)

Wild turkeys are very scarce, also ducks. Doves, once numerous, now

almost \_nil\_. Eagles, except a few in remote fastnesses. Many native

song-birds are retreating before the English sparrow.--(William Perry

Brown, Glenville.)

Wood-duck and wild turkey.--(J.A. Viquesney, Belington.)

WISCONSIN:

Double-crested cormorant, upland plover, white pelican, long-billed

curlew, lesser snow goose, Hudsonian curlew, sandhill crane, golden

plover, woodcock, dowitcher and long-billed duck; spruce grouse, knot,

prairie sharp-tailed grouse, marbled godwit and bald eagle. All these,

formerly abundant, must now be called rare in Wisconsin.--(Prof. George

E. Wagner, Madison.)

Common tern, knot, American white pelican, Hudsonian godwit, trumpeter

swan, long-billed curlew, snowy heron, Hudsonian curlew, American

avocet, prairie sharp-tailed grouse, dowitcher, passenger pigeon.

Long-billed dowitcher and northern hairy woodpecker.--(Henry L. Ward,

Milwaukee Public Museum.)

Wood-duck, ruddy duck, black mallard, grebe or hell-diver, tern and

woodcock.--(Fred. Gerhardt, Madison.)

WYOMING:

Sage grouse and sharp-tailed grouse are becoming extinct, both in

Wyoming and North Dakota. Sheridan and Johnson Counties (Wyoming) have

sage grouse protected until 1915. The miners (mostly foreigners) are out

after rabbits at all seasons. To them everything that flies, walks or

swims, large enough to be seen, is a "rabbit." They are even worse than

the average sheep-herder, as he will seldom kill a bird brooding her

young, but to one of those men, a wren or creeper looks like a turkey.

Antelope, mountain sheep and grizzly bears are \_going\_, fast! The moose

season opens in 1915, for a 30 days open season, then close season until

1920.--(Howard Eaton, Wolf.)

Sage grouse, blue grouse, curlew, sandhill crane, porcupine practically

extinct; wolverine and pine marten nearly all gone.--(S.N. Leek,

Jackson's Hole.)

CANADA

ALBERTA:

Swainson's buzzard and sandhill crane are now practically extinct. Elk

and antelope will soon be as extinct as the buffalo.--(Arthur G.

Wooley-Dod, Calgary.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA:

Wild fowl are in the greatest danger in the southern part of the

Province, especially the wood-duck. Otherwise birds are increasing

rather than otherwise, especially the small non-game birds. The sea

otter is almost extinct.--(A. Bryan Williams, Provincial Game Warden,

Vancouver.)

MANITOBA:

Whooping crane, wood-duck and golden plover. Other species begin to show

a marked increase, due to our stringent protective measures. For

example, the pinnated grouse and sharp-tailed grouse are more plentiful

than in 15 years. Prong-horned antelope and wolf are threatened with

extinction.--(J.P. Turner, Winnipeg.)

The game birds indigenous to this Province are fairly plentiful. Though

the prairie chicken was very scarce some few years ago, these birds have

become very plentiful again, owing to the strict enforcement of our

present "Game Act." The elk are in danger of becoming extinct if they

are not stringently guarded. Beaver and otter were almost extinct some

few years ago, but are now on the increase, owing to a strict

enforcement of the "Game Act."--(Charles Barber, Winnipeg.)

NEW BRUNSWICK:

Partridge, plover and woodcock. Moose and deer are getting more

plentiful every year.--(W.W. Gerard, St. John.)

NOVA SCOTIA:

The Canada grouse may possibly become extinct in Nova Scotia, unless the

protection it now enjoys can save it. The American golden plover, which

formerly came in immense flocks, is now very rare. Snowflakes are very

much less common than formerly, but I think this is because our winters

are now usually much less severe. The caribou is almost extinct on the

mainland of Nova Scotia, but is still found in North Cape Breton Island.

The wolf has become excessively rare, but as it is found in New

Brunswick, it may occur here at any time again. The beaver had been

threatened with extinction; but since being protected, it has

multiplied, and is now on a fairly safe footing again.--(Curator of

Museum, Halifax.)

ONTARIO:

Quail are getting scarce.--(E. Tinsley, Toronto.)

Wood-duck, bob white, woodcock, golden plover, Hudsonian curlew, knot

and dowitcher [are threatened with extinction.]--(C.W. Nash, Toronto.)

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:

The species threatened with extinction are the golden plover, American

woodcock, pied-billed grebe, red-throated loon, sooty shearwater,

gadwall, ruddy duck, black-crowned night heron, Hudsonian godwit,

kildeer, northern pileated woodpecker, chimney swift, yellow-bellied

flycatcher, red-winged blackbird, pine finch, magnolia warbler,

ruby-crowned kinglet.--(E.T. Carbonell, Charlottetown.)

In closing the notes of this survey, I repeat my assurance that they are

not offered on a basis of infallibility. It would require years of work

to obtain answers from forty-eight states to the three questions that I

have asked that could be offered as absolutely exact. All these reports

are submitted on the well-recognized court-testimony basis,--"to the

best of our knowledge and belief." Gathered as they have been from

persons whose knowledge is good, these opinions are therefore valuable;

and they furnish excellent indices of wild-life conditions as they exist

in 1912 in the various states and provinces of North America north of

Mexico.

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CHAPTER VI

THE REGULAR ARMY OF DESTRUCTION

In order to cure any disease, the surgeon must make of it a correct

diagnosis. It is useless to try to prescribe remedies without a thorough

understanding of the trouble.

That the best and most interesting wild life of America is disappearing

at a rapid rate, we all know only too well. That proposition is entirely

beyond the domain of argument. The fact that a species or a group of

species has made a little gain here and there, or is stationary, does

not sensibly diminish the force of the descending blow. The wild-life

situation is full of surprises. For example, in 1902 I was astounded by

the extent to which bird life had decreased over the 130 miles between

Miles City, Montana, and the Missouri River since 1886; for there was no

reason to expect anything of the kind. Even the jack rabbits and coyotes

had almost totally disappeared.

The duties of the present hour, that fairly thrust themselves into our

faces and will not be put aside, are these:

\_First\_,--To save valuable species from extermination!

\_Second\_,--To preserve a satisfactory representation of our once rich

fauna, to hand down to Posterity.

\_Third\_,--To protect the farmer and fruit grower from the enormous

losses that the destruction of our insectivorous and rodent-eating birds

is now inflicting upon both the producer and consumer.

\_Fourth\_,--To protect our forests, by protecting the birds that keep

down the myriads of insects that are destructive to trees and shrubs.

\_Fifth\_,--To preserve to the future sportsmen of America enough game and

fish that they may have at least a taste of the legitimate pursuit of

game in the open that has made life so interesting to the sportsmen of

to-day.

For any civilized nation to exterminate valuable and interesting species

of wild mammals, birds or fishes is more than a disgrace. It is a crime!

We have no right, legal, moral or commercial, to exterminate any

valuable or interesting species; because none of them belong to us, to

exterminate or not, as we please.

For the people of any civilized nation to permit the slaughter of the

wild birds that protect its crops, its fruits and its forests from the

insect hordes, is worse than folly. It is sheer orneryness and idiocy.

People who are either so lazy or asinine as to permit the slaughter of

their best friends deserve to have their crops destroyed and their

forests ravaged. They deserve to pay twenty cents a pound for their

cotton when the boll weevil has cut down the normal supply.

It is very desirable that we should now take an inventory of the forces

that have been, and to-day are, active in the destruction of our wild

birds, mammals, and game fishes. During the past ten years a sufficient

quantity of facts and figures has become available to enable us to

secure a reasonably full and accurate view of the whole situation. As we

pause on our hill-top, and survey the field of carnage, we find that we

are reviewing the \_Army of Destruction\_!

It is indeed a motley array. We see true sportsmen beside ordinary

gunners, game-hogs and meat hunters; handsome setter dogs are mixed up

with coyotes, cats, foxes and skunks; and well-gowned women and ladies'

maids are jostled by half-naked "poor-white" and black-negro "plume

hunters."

Verily, the destruction of wild life makes strange companions.

Let us briefly review the several army corps that together make up the

army of the destroyers. Space in this volume forbids an extended notice

of each. Unfortunately it is impossible to segregate some of these

classes, and number each one, for they merge together too closely for

that; but we can at least describe the several classes that form the

great mass of destroyers.

THE GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN.--These men are the very bone and sinew of wild

life preservation. These are the men who have red blood in their veins,

who annually hear the red gods calling, who love the earth, the

mountains, the woods, the waters and the sky. These are the men to whom

"the bag" is a matter of small importance, and to whom "the bag-limit"

has only academic interest; because in nine cases out of ten they do not

care to kill all that the law allows. The tenth and exceptional time is

when the bag limit is "one." A gentleman sportsman is a man who protects

game, stops shooting when he has "enough"--without reference to the

legal bag-limit, and whenever a species is threatened with extinction,

he conscientiously refrains from shooting it.

The true sportsmen of the world are the men who once were keen in the

stubble or on the trail, but who have been halted by the general

slaughter and the awful decrease of game. Many of them, long before a

hair has turned gray, have hung up their guns forever, and turned to the

camera. These are the men who are willing to hand out checks, or to

leave their mirth and their employment and go to the firing line at

their state capitols, to lock horns with the bull-headed killers of wild

life who recognize no check or limit save the law.

These are the men who have done the most to put upon our statute books

the laws that thus far have saved some of our American game from total

annihilation, and who (so we firmly believe) will be chiefly

instrumental in tightening the lines of protection around the remnant.

These are the men who are making and stocking game preserves, public and

private, great and small.

[Illustration:

THE REGULAR ARMY OF DESTRUCTION, WAITING FOR THE FIRST OF OCTOBER

Each Year 2,642,274 Well-Armed Men Take the Field Against the Remnant

of Wild Birds and Mammals In the United States.

Drawn by Dan Beard]

If you wish to know some of these men, I will tell you where to find a

goodly number of them; and when you find them, you will also find that

they are men you would enjoy camping with! Look in the membership lists

of the Boone and Crockett Club, Camp-Fire Club of America, the Lewis and

Clark Club of Pittsburgh, the New York State League, the Shikar Club of

London, the Society for the Preservation of the Wild Fauna of the

British Empire, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association,

the Springfield (Mass.) Sportsmen's Association, the Camp-Fire Clubs of

Detroit and Chicago, and the North American Fish and Game Protective

Association.

There are other bodies of sportsmen that I would like to name, were

space available, but to set down here a complete list is quite

impossible.

The best and the most of the game-protective laws now in force in the

United States and Canada were brought into existence through the

initiative and efforts of the real sportsmen of those two nations. But

for their activity, exerted on the right side, the settled portion of

North America would to-day be an utterly gameless land! Even though the

sportsmen have taken their toll of the wilds, they have made the laws

that have saved a remnant of the game until 1912.

For all that, however, every man who still shoots game is a soldier in

the Army of Destruction! There is no blinking that fact. Such men do not

stand on the summit with the men who now protect the game \_and do not

shoot at all!\_ The millions of men who do not shoot, and who also \_do

nothing to protect or preserve wild life\_, do not count! In this warfare

they are merely ciphers in front of the real figures.

THE GUNNERS, WHO KILL TO THE LIMIT.--Out of the enormous mass of men who

annually take up arms against the remnant of wild life, \_and are called

"sportsmen\_," I believe that only one out of every 500 \_conscientiously\_

stops shooting when game becomes scarce, and extinction is impending.

All of the others feel that it is right and proper to kill all the game

that they can kill \_up to the legal bag limit\_. It is the reasoning of

Shylock:

"Justice demands it, and \_the law\_ doth give it!"

Especially is this true of the men who pay their \_one dollar\_ per year

for a resident hunting license, and feel that in doing so they have done

a great Big Thing!

This is a very deadly frame of mind. Ethically it is \_entirely wrong\_;

and at least two million men and boys who shoot American game must be

shown that it is wrong! This is the spirit of Extermination, clothed in

the robes of Law and Justice.

Whenever and wherever game birds are so scarce that a good shot who

hunts hard during a day in the fields finds only three or four birds, he

should \_stop shooting at once, and devote his mind and energies to the

problem of bringing back the game!\_ It is strange that conditions do not

make this duty clear to every conscientious citizen.

The Shylock spirit which prompts a man to kill all that "the law allows"

is a terrible scourge to the wild life of America, and to the world at

large. It is the spirit of extermination according to law. Even the

killing of game for the market is not so great a scourge as this; for

this spirit searches out the game in every nook and cranny of the world,

and spares not. In effect it says: "If the law is defective, it is right

for me to take every advantage of it! I do not need to have any

conscience in the matter outside \_the letter of the law\_."

The extent to which this amazing spirit prevails is positively awful.

You will find it among pseudo game-protectors to a paralyzing extent! It

is the great gunner's paradox, and it pervades this country from corner

to corner. No: there is no use in trying to "educate" the mass of the

hunters of America out of it, as a means of saving the game; for

positively it can not be done! Do not waste time in trying it. If you

rely upon it, you will be doing a great wrong to wild life, and

promoting extermination. The only remedy is \_sweeping laws, for long

close seasons, for a great many species\_. Forget the paltry

dollar-a-year license money. The license fees never represent more than

a tenth part of the value of the game that is killed under licenses.

The savage desire to kill "all that the law allows" often is manifested

in men in whom we naturally expect to find a very different spirit. By

way of illumination, I offer three cases out of the many that I could

state.

Case No. 1. \_The Duck Breeder\_.--A gentleman of my acquaintance has

spent several years and much money in breeding wild ducks. From my

relations with him, I had acquired the belief that he was a great lover

of ducks, and at least wished all species well. One whizzing cold day in

winter he called upon me, and stated that he had been duck-hunting;

which surprised me. He added, "I have just spent two days on Great South

Bay, and I made a great killing. \_In the two days I got ninety-four

ducks!"\_

I said, "How \_could\_ you do it,--caring for wild ducks as you do?"

"Well, I had hunted ducks twice before on Great South Bay and didn't

have very good luck; but this time the cold weather drove the ducks in,

and I got square with them!"

Case No. 2. \_The Ornithologist\_.--A short time ago the news was

published in \_Forest and Stream\_, that a well-known ornithologist had

distinguished himself in one of the mid-western states by the skill he

had displayed in bagging thirty-four ducks in one day, greatly to the

envy of the natives; and if this shoe fits any American naturalist, he

is welcome to put it on and wear it.

Case No. 3. \_The Sportsman\_.--A friend of mine in the South is the owner

of a game preserve in which wild ducks are at times very numerous. Once

upon a time he was visited by a northern sportsmen who takes a deep and

abiding interest in the preservation of game. The sportsman was invited

to go out duck-shooting; ducks being then in season there. He said:

"Yes, I will go; and I want you to put me in a place where I can kill a

\_hundred ducks in a day\_! I never have done that yet, and I would like

to do it, once!"

"All right," said my friend, "I can put you in such a place; and if you

can shoot well enough, you can kill a hundred ducks in a day."

The effort was made in all earnestness. There was much shooting, but few

were the ducks that fell before it. In concluding this story my friend

remarked in a tone of disgust:

"All the game-preserving sportsmen that come to me are just like that!

\_They want to kill all they can kill\_!"

There is a blood-test by which to separate the conscientious sportsmen

from the mere gunners. Here it is:

A \_sportsman\_ stops shooting when game becomes scarce; and he does not

object to long-close-season laws; but

A \_gunner\_ believes in killing "all that the law allows;" and \_he

objects to long close seasons\_!

I warrant that whenever and wherever this test is applied it will

separate the sheep from the goats. It applies in all America, all Asia

and Africa, and in Greenland, with equal force.

[Illustration: G.O. SHIELDS

A Notable Defender of Wild Life]

THE GAME-HOG.--This term was coined by G.O. Shields, in 1897, when he

was editor and owner of \_Recreation Magazine\_, and it has come into

general use. It has been recognized by a judge on the bench as being an

appropriate term to apply to all men who selfishly slaughter wild game

beyond the limits of decency. Although it is a harsh term, and was

mercilessly used by Mr. Shields in his fierce war on the men who

slaughtered game for "sport," it has jarred at least a hundred thousand

men into their first realization of the fact that to-day there is a

difference between decency and indecency in the pursuit of game. The use

of the term has done \_very great good\_; but, strange to say, it has made

for Mr. Shields a great many enemies \_outside\_ the ranks of the

game-hogs themselves! From this one might fairly suppose that there is

such a thing as a sympathetic game-hog!

One thing at least is certain. During a period of about six years, while

his war with the game-hogs was on, from Maine to California, Mr.

Shields's name became a genuine terror to excessive killers of game; and

it is reasonably certain that his war saved a great number of game birds

from the slaughter that otherwise would have overtaken them!

The number of armed men and boys who annually take the field in the

United States in the pursuit of birds and quadrupeds, is enormous.

People who do not shoot have no conception of it; and neither do they

comprehend the mechanical perfection and fearful deadliness of the

weapons used. This feature of the situation can hardly be realized until

some aspect of it is actually seen.

I have been at some pains to collect the latest figures showing the

number of hunting licenses issued in 1911, but the total is incomplete.

In some states the figures are not obtainable, and in some states there

are no hunters' license laws. The figures of hunting licenses issued in

1911 that I have obtained from official sources are set forth below.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY OF DESTRUCTION

\_Hunting Licenses issued in\_ 1911

Alabama 5,090 Montana 59,291

California 138,689 Nebraska 39,402

Colorado 41,058 New Hampshire 33,542

Connecticut 19,635 New Jersey 61,920

Idaho 50,342 New Mexico 7,000

Illinois 192,244 New York 150,222

Indiana 54,813 Rhode Island 6,541

Iowa 91,000 South Dakota 31,054

Kansas 44,069 Utah 27,800

Louisiana 76,000 Vermont 31,762

Maine 2,552 Washington, about 40,000

Massachusetts 45,039 Wisconsin 138,457

Michigan 22,323 Wyoming 9,721

Missouri 66,662

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Total number of regularly licensed gunners 1,486,228

The average for the twenty-seven states that issued licenses as shown

above is 55,046 for each state.

Now, the twenty-one states issuing no licenses, or not reporting,

produced in 1911 fully as many gunners per capita as did the other

twenty-seven states. Computed fairly on existing averages they must have

turned out a total of 1,155,966 gunners, making for all the United

States =2,642,194= armed men and boys warring upon the remnant of game

in 1911. We are not counting the large number of lawless hunters who

never take out licenses. Now, is Mr. Beard's picture a truthful

presentation, or not?

\_New York\_ with only deer, ruffed grouse, shore-birds, ducks and a very

few woodcock to shoot annually puts into the field 150,222 armed men. In

1909 they killed about \_9,000 deer!\_

\_New Jersey\_, spending $30,000 in 1912 in efforts to restock her covers

with game, and with a population of 2,537,167, sent out in 1911 a total

army of 61,920 well-armed gunners. How can any of her game survive?

\_New Hampshire\_, with only 430,572 population, has 33,542 licensed

hunters,--equal to \_thirty-three regiments of full strength!\_

\_Vermont\_, with 355,956 people, sends out annually an army of 31,762 men

who hunt according to law; and in 1910 they killed 3,649 deer.

\_Utah\_, with only 373,351 population, had 27,800 men in the field after

her very small remnant of game! How can any wild thing of Utah escape?

\_Montana\_, population 376,053, had in 1911 an army of 59,291 well-armed

men, warring chiefly upon the big game, and swiftly exterminating it.

How long can any of the big game stand before the army of \_two and

one-half million well-armed men\_, eager and keen to kill, and out to get

an equivalent for their annual expenditure in guns, ammunition and other

expenses?

In addition to the hunters themselves, they are assisted by thousands of

expert guides, thousands of horses, thousands of dogs, hundreds of

automobiles and hundreds of thousands of tents. Each big-game hunter has

an experienced guide who knows the haunts and habits of the game, the

best feeding grounds, the best trails, and everything else that will aid

the hunter in taking the game at a disadvantage and destroying it. The

big-game rifles are of the highest power, the longest range, the

greatest accuracy and the best repeating mechanism that modern inventive

genius can produce. It is said that in Wyoming the Maxim silencer is now

being used. England has produced a weapon of a new type, called "the

scatter rifle," which is intended for use on ducks. The best binoculars

are used in searching out the game, and horses carry the hunters and

guides as near as possible to the game. For bears, baits are freely

used, and in the pursuit of pumas, dogs are employed to the limit of the

available supply.

The deadliness of the automobile in hunting already is so apparent that

North Dakota has wisely and justly forbidden their use by law, (1911).

The swift machine enables city gunmen to penetrate game regions they

could not reach with horses, and hunt through from four to six

localities per day, instead of one only, as formerly. The use of

automobiles in hunting should be everywhere prohibited.

Every appliance and assistance that money can buy, the modern sportsman

secures to help him against the game. The game is beset during its

breeding season by various wild enemies,--foxes, cats, wolves, pumas,

lynxes, eagles, and many other predatory species. The only help that it

receives is in the form of an annual close season--\_which thus far has

saved in America only a few local moose, white-tailed deer and a few

game birds, from steady and sure extermination\_.

\_The bag limits on which vast reliance is placed to preserve the wild

game, are a fraud, a delusion and a snare\_! The few local exceptions

only prove the generality of the rule. In every state, without one

single exception, the bag limits are far too high, and the laws are of

deadly liberality. In many states, the bag limit laws on birds are an

absolute dead letter. Fancy the 125 wardens of New York enforcing the

bag-limit laws on 150,000 gunners! It is this horrible condition that is

enabling the licensed army of destruction to get in its deadly work on

the game, all over the world. In America, the over-liberality of the

laws are to blame for two-thirds of the carnival of slaughter, and the

successful evasions of the law are responsible for the other third.

[Illustration: TWO GUNNERS OF KANSAS CITY

Who Believe in Killing all That the Law Allows. They are not so Much to

Blame as the System That Permits Such Slaughter. (Note the Pump Guns)]

[Illustration: WHY THE SANDHILL CRANE IS BECOMING EXTINCT

Nineteen of Them Killed as "Game" by Three Gunners. Note the Machine Gun.]

The only remedy for the present extermination of game according to law

that so rapidly and so furiously is proceeding all over the United

States, Canada, Alaska, and Africa, is ten-year close seasons on all the

species threatened with extinction, and immensely reduced open seasons

and bag limits on all the others.

Will the people who still have wild game take heed now, and clamp down

the brakes, hard and fast before it is too late, or will they have their

game exterminated?

Shall we have five-year close seasons, or close seasons of 500 years? We

must take our choice.

Shall we hand down to our children a gameless continent, with all the

shame that such a calamity will entail?

We have \_got\_ to answer these questions like men, or they will soon be

answered for us by the extermination of the wild life. For twenty-five

years we have been smarting under the disgrace of the extermination of

our bison millions. Let us not repeat the dose through the destruction

of other species.

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CHAPTER VII

THE GUERRILLAS OF DESTRUCTION

We have now to deal with THE GUERRILLAS OF DESTRUCTION.

In warfare, a \_guerrilla, or bushwhacker\_, is an armed man who

recognizes none of the rules of civilized warfare, and very often has no

commander. In France he is called a "franc-tireur," or free-shooter. The

guerrilla goes out to live on the country, to skulk, to war on the weak,

and never attack save from ambush, or when the odds clearly are on his

side. His military status is barely one remove from that of the spy.

The meat-shooters who harry the game and other wild life in order to use

it as a staple food supply; the Italians, negroes and others who shoot

song-birds as food; the plume-hunters and the hide-and-tusk hunters all

over the world are the guerrillas of the Army of Destruction. Let us

consider some of these grand divisions in detail.

Here is an inexorable law of Nature, to which there are no exceptions:

\_No wild species of bird, mammal, reptile or fish can withstand

exploitation for commercial purposes\_.

The men who pursue wild creatures for the money or other value there is

in them, never give up. They work at slaughter when other men are

enjoying life, or are asleep. If they are persistent, no species on

which they fix the Evil Eye escapes extermination at their hands.

Does anyone question this statement? If so let him turn backward and

look at the lists of dead and dying species.

THE DIVISION OF MEAT-SHOOTERS contains all men who sordidly shoot for

the frying-pan,--to save bacon and beef at the expense of the public, or

for the markets. There are a few wilderness regions so remote and so

difficult of access that the transportation of meat into them is a

matter of much difficulty and expense. There are a very few men in North

America who are justified in "living off the country," \_for short

periods\_. The genuine prospectors always have been counted in this

class; but all miners who are fully located, all lumbermen and

railway-builders certainly are not in the prospector's class. They are

abundantly able to maintain continuous lines of communication for the

transit of beef and mutton.

Of all the meat-shooters, the market-gunners who prey on wild fowl and

ground game birds for the big-city markets are the most deadly to wild

life. Enough geese, ducks, brant, quail, ruffed grouse, prairie

chickens, heath hens and wild pigeons have been butchered by gunners and

netters for "the market" to have stocked the whole world. No section

containing a good supply of game has escaped. In the United States the

great slaughtering-grounds have been Cape Cod; Great South Bay, New

York; Currituck Sound, North Carolina; Marsh Island, Louisiana; the

southwest corner of Louisiana; the Sunk Lands of Arkansas; the lake

regions of Minnesota; the prairies of the whole middle West; Great Salt

Lake; the Klamath Lake region (Oregon) and southern California.

[Illustration: A MARKET GUNNER AT WORK ON MARSH ISLAND

Killing Mallards for the New Orleans Market. The Purchase of This Island by

Mrs. Russell Sage has now Converted it Into a Bird Sanctuary]

The output of this systematic bird slaughter has supplied the greedy

game markets of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore,

Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco,

Portland, and Seattle. The history of this industry, its methods, its

carnage, its profits and its losses would make a volume, but we can not

enter upon it here. Beyond reasonable doubt, this awful traffic in dead

game is responsible for at least three-fourths of the slaughter that has

reduced our game birds to a mere remnant of their former abundance.

There is no influence so deadly to wild life as that of the market

gunner who works six days a week, from sunrise until sunset, hunting

down and killing every game bird that he can reach with a choke-bore

gun.

During the past five years, several of the once-great killing grounds

have been so thoroughly "shot out" that they have ceased to hold their

former rank. This is the case with the Minnesota Lakes, the Sunk Lands

of Arkansas, the Klamath Lakes of Oregon, and I think it is also true of

southern California. The Klamath Lakes have been taken over by the

Government as a bird refuge. Currituck Sound, at the northeastern corner

of North Carolina, has been so bottled up by the Bayne law of New York

State that Currituck's greatest market has been cut off. Last year only

one-half the usual number of ducks and geese were killed; and already

many "professional" duck and brant shooters have abandoned the business

because the commission merchants no longer will buy dead birds.

[Illustration: RUFFED GROUSE

A Common Victim of Illegal Slaughter]

Very many enormous bags of game have been made in a day by market

gunners: but rarely have they published any of their records. The

greatest kill of which I ever have heard occurred under the auspices of

the Glenn County Club, in southern California, on February 5, 1906. Two

men, armed with automatic shot-guns, fired five shots apiece, and got

ten geese out of one flock. In one hour they killed \_two hundred and

eighteen geese\_, and their bag for the day was \_four hundred and fifty

geese!\_ The shooter who wrote the story for publication (on February 12,

at Willows, Glenn County, California) said: "It being warm weather, the

birds had to be shipped at once in order to keep them from spoiling." A

photograph was made of the "one hour's slaughter" of two hundred and

eighteen geese, and it was published in a western magazine with

"C.H.B.'s" story, nearly all of which will be found in Chapter XV.

The reasons why market shooting is so deadly destructive to wild life

are not obscure.

The true sportsman hunts during a very few days only each year. The

market gunners shoot early and late, six days a week, month after month.

When game is abundant, the price is low, and a great quantity must be

killed in order to make it pay well. When game is scarce, the market

prices are high, and the shooter makes the utmost exertions to find the

last of the game in order to secure the "big money."

When game is protected by law, thousands of people with money desire it

for their tables, just the same, and are willing to pay fabulous prices

for what they want, when they want it. Many a dealer is quite willing to

run the risk of fines, because fines don't really hurt; they are only

annoying. The dealer wishes to make the big profit, and \_retain his

customers\_; "and besides," he reasons, "if I don't supply him some one

else will; so what is the difference?"

When game is scarce, prices high and the consumer's money ready, there

are a hundred tricks to which shooters and dealers willingly resort to

ship and receive unlawful game without detection. It takes the very

best kind of game wardens,--genuine detectives, in fact,--to ferret out

these cunning illegal practices, and catch lawbreakers "with the goods

on them," so that they can be punished. Mind you, convictions can not be

secured at \_both\_ ends of the line save by the most extraordinary good

fortune, and usually the shooter and shipper escape, even when the

dealer is apprehended and fined.

[Illustration: A PERFECTLY LAWFUL BAG OF 58 RUFFED GROUSE FOR TWO MEN

From "Rod and Gun in Canada"]

Here are some of the methods that have been practiced in the past in

getting illegal game into the New York market:

Ruffed grouse and quail have both been shipped in butter firkins, marked

"butter"; and latterly, butter has actually been packed solidly on top

of the birds.

Ruffed grouse and quail very often have been shipped in egg crates,

marked "eggs." They have been shipped in trunks and suit cases,--a very

common method for illegal game birds, all over the United States. In

Oklahoma when a man refuses to open his trunk for a game warden, the

warden joyously gets out his brace and bitt, and bores an inch hole into

the lower story of the trunk. If dead birds are there, the tell-tale

auger quickly reveals them.

Three years ago, I was told that certain milk-wagons on Long Island made

daily collections of dead ducks intended for the New York market, and

the drivers kindly shipped them by express from the end of the route.

Once upon a time, a New York man gave notice that on a certain date he

would be in a certain town in St. Lawrence County, New York, with a

palace horse-car, "to buy horses." Car and man appeared there as

advertised. Very ostentatiously, he bought one horse, and had it taken

aboard the car before the gaze of the admiring populace. At night, when

the A.P. had gone to bed, many men appeared, and into the horseless end

of that car, they loaded thousands of ruffed grouse. The game warden who

described the incident to me said: "That man pulled out for New York

with one horse and \_half a car load of ruffed grouse\_!"

Whenever a good market exists for the sale of game, as sure as the world

that market will be supplied. Twenty-six states forbid by law the sale

of \_their own\_ "protected" game, but twenty of them do \_not\_ expressly

prohibit the sale of game stolen from neighboring states! That is \_a

very, very weak point in the laws of all those states\_. A child can see

how it works. Take Pittsburgh as a case in point.

In the winter and spring of 1912 the State Game Commission of

Pennsylvania found that quail and ruffed grouse were being sold in

Pittsburgh, in large quantities. The state laws were well enforced, and

it was believed that the birds were not being killed in Pennsylvania.

Some other state was being \_robbed\_!

The Game Commission went to work, and in a very short time certain

game-dealers of Pittsburgh were arrested. At first they tried to bluff

their way out of their difficulty, and even went as far as to bring

charges against the game-warden whom the Commission had instructed to

buy some of their illegal game, and pay for it. But the net of the law

tightened upon them so quickly and so tightly that they threw up their

hands and begged for mercy.

It was found that those Pittsburgh game-dealers were selling quail and

grouse that had been stolen in thousands, from the state of Kentucky!

Between the state game laws, working in lovely harmony with the Lacey

federal law that prohibits the shipment of game illegally killed or

sold, the whole bad business was laid bare, and signed confessions were

promptly obtained from the shippers in Kentucky.

At that very time, a good bill for the better protection of her game was

before the Kentucky legislature; and a certain member was vigorously

opposing it, as he had successfully done in previous years. He was told

that the state was being robbed, but refused to believe it. Then a

signed confession was laid before him, bearing the name of the man who

was instigating his opposition,--his friend,--who confessed that he had

illegally bought and shipped to Pittsburgh over 5,000 birds. The

objector literally threw up his hands, and said, "I have been \_wrong!\_

Let the bill go through!" And it went.

[Illustration: SNOW BUNTING

A Great "Game Bird"! Of These, 8,058 Were Found in 1902

in one New York Cold-Storage Warehouse]

Before the passage of the Bayne law, New York City was a "fence" for the

sale of grouse illegally killed in Massachusetts, Connecticut,

Pennsylvania, New Jersey and I know not how many other states. The Bayne

law stopped all that business, abruptly and forever; and if the ruffed

grouse, quail and ducks of the Eastern States are offered for sale in

Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Washington, the people of New York

and Massachusetts can at least be assured that they are not to blame.

Those two states now maintain no "fences" for the sale of game that has

been stolen from other states. They have both set their houses in order,

and set two examples for forty other states to follow.

The remedy for all this miserable game-stealing, law-breaking business

is simple and easily obtained. Let each state of the United States and

each province and Canada \_enact a Bayne law, absolutely prohibiting the

sale of all wild native game\_, and the thing is done! But nothing short

of that will be really effective. It will not do at all to let state

laws rest with merely forbidding the sale of game "protected by the

State;" for that law is full of loop-holes. It does much good service,

yes; but what earthly \_objection\_ can there be in any state to the

enactment of a law that is sweepingly effective, and which can not be

evaded, save through the criminal connivance of officers of the law?

By way of illustration, to show what the sale of wild game means to the

remnant of our game, and the wicked slaughter of non-game birds to which

it leads, consider these figures:

DEAD BIRDS FOUND IN ONE COLD STORAGE HOUSE IN NEW YORK IN 1902.

Snow Buntings 8,058

Grouse 7,560

Sandpipers 7,607

Quail 4,385

Plover 5,218

Ducks 1,756

Snipe 7,003

Bobolinks 288

Yellow-legs 788

Woodcock 96

The fines for this lot, if imposed, would have amounted to $1,168,315.

Shortly after that seizure American quail became so scarce that in

effect they totally disappeared from the banquet tables of New York. I

can not recall having been served with one since 1903, but the little

Egyptian quail can be legally imported and sold when officially tagged.

Few persons away from the firing line realize the far-reaching effects

of the sale of wild game. Here are a few flashes from the searchlight:

At Hangkow, China, Mr. C. William Beebe found that during his visit in

=1911=, over =46,000= pheasants of various species were shipped from

that port on one cold-storage steamer to the London market. And this

when English pheasants were selling in the Covent Garden market at from

two to three shillings each, for \_fresh\_ birds!

In =1910=, =1,200= ptarmigan from Norway, bound for the Chicago market,

passed through the port of New York,--not by any means the first or the

last shipment of the kind. The epicures of Chicago are being permitted

to comb the game out of Norway.

In =1910=, =70,000= \_dozen\_ Egyptian quail were shipped to Europe from

Alexandria, Egypt. Just why that species has not already been

exterminated, is a zoological mystery; but extermination surely will

come some day, and I think it will be in the near future.

The coast of China has been raked and scraped for wild ducks to ship to

New York,--prior to the passage of the Bayne law! I have forgotten the

figures that once were given me, but they were an astonishing number of

thousands for the year.

The Division of Negroes and Poor Whites who kill song and other birds

indiscriminately will be found in a separate chapter.

THE DIVISION OF "RESIDENT" GAME-BUTCHERS.--This refers to the men who

live in the haunts of big game, where wardens are the most of the time

totally absent, and where bucks, does and fawns of hoofed big game may

be killed in season and out of season, with impunity. It includes

guides, ranchmen, sheep-herders, cowboys, miners, lumbermen and floaters

generally. In times past, certain taxidermists of Montana promoted the

slaughter of wild bison in the Yellowstone Park, and it was a pair of

rascally taxidermists who killed, or caused to be killed in Lost Park,

in 1897, the very last bison of Colorado.

It seems to be natural for the minds of men who live in America in the

haunts of big game to drift into the idea that the wild game around them

is all theirs. Very few of them recognize the fact that every other man,

woman and child in a given state or province has vested rights in its

wild game. It is natural for a frontiersman to feel that because he is

in the wilds he has a God-given right to live off the country; but

to-day \_that idea is totally wrong\_! If some way can not be found to

curb that all-pervading propensity among our frontiersmen, then we may

as well bid all our open-field big game a long farewell; for the deadly

"residents" surely will exterminate it, outside the game preserves. The

"residents" are, in my opinion, about ten times more destructive than

the sportsmen. A sportsman in quest of large game is in the field only

from ten to thirty days; all his movements are known, and all his

trophies are seen and counted. His killing is limited by law, and upon

him the law is actually enforced. Often a resident hunts the whole

twelve months of the year,--for food, for amusement, and for trophies to

sell. Rarely does a game warden reach his cabin; because the wardens are

few, the distances great and the frontier cabins are widely scattered.

Mr. Carl Pickhardt told me of a guide in Newfoundland who had a shed in

the woods hanging full of bodies of caribou, and who admitted to him

that while the law allowed him five caribou each year, he killed each

year about twenty-five.

Mr. J.M. Phillips knows of a mountain in British Columbia, once well

stocked with goats, on which the goats have been completely exterminated

by one man who lives within easy striking distance of them, and who

finds goat meat to his liking.

I have been reliably informed that in 1911, at Haha Lake, near Grande

Bay, Saguenay District, P.Q., one family of six persons killed

thirty-four woodland caribou and six moose. This meant the waste of

about 14,000 pounds of good meat, and the death of several female

animals.

In 1886 I knew a man named Owens who lived on the head of Sunday Creek,

Montana, who told me that in 1884-5 he killed thirty-five mule deer for

himself and family. The family ate as much as possible, the dogs ate all

they could, and in the spring the remainder spoiled. Now there is not a

deer, an antelope, or a sage grouse within fifty miles of that lifeless

waste.

Here is a Montana object lesson on the frame of mind of the "resident"

hunter, copied from \_Outdoor Life\_ Magazine (Denver) for February, 1912.

It is from a letter to the Editor, written by C.B. Davis.

November 27, 28, 29, and 30, 1911, will remain a red letter day with

a half thousand men for years to come. These half thousand men

gathered along the border of the Yellowstone National Park, near

Gardiner, Montana, at a point known as Buffalo Flats, to exterminate

elk. The snow had driven the elk down to the foothills, and Buffalo

Flats is on the border of the park and outside the park. The elk

entered this little valley for food. Like hungry wolves, shooters,

not hunters, gathered along the border waiting to catch an elk off

the "reservation" and kill it.

On November 27th about 1500 elk crossed the line, and the slaughter

began. I have not the data of the number killed this day, but it was

hundreds.

On the 28th, twenty-two stepped over and were promptly executed.

Like Custer's band, not one escaped. On the evening of the 28th, 600

were sighted just over the line, and the army of 125 brave men

entrenched themselves for the battle which was expected to open next

morning. Before daylight of the 29th the battle began. The elk were

over the line, feeding on Buffalo Flats. One hundred and twenty-five

men poured bullets into this band of 600 elk till the ground was red

with blood and strewn with carcasses, and in their madness they shot

each other. One man was shot through the ear,--a close call; another

received a bullet through his coat sleeve, and another was shot

through the bowels and can't live.

My informer told me he participated in the slaughter, and while he

would not take fifty dollars for what he saw, and the experience he

went through, yet he would not go through it again for $1,000. When

my informer got back to Gardiner that day there were four sleigh

loads of elk, each load containing from twenty to thirty-five elk,

besides thirty-two mules and horses carrying one to two each. This

was only a part of the slaughter. Hundreds more were carried to

other points; and this was only one day's work.

Hundreds of wounded elk wandered back into the park to die, and

others died outside the park. The station at Livingston, Montana,

for a week looked like a packing house. Carcasses were piled up on

the trucks and depot platform. The baggage cars were loaded with elk

going to points east and west of Livingston.

Maybe this is all right. Maybe the government can't stop the elk

from crossing the line. Maybe the elk were helped over; but it

strikes me there is something wrong somewhere.

THE DIVISION OF HIRED LABORERS.--The scourge of lumber-camps in big-game

territory, the mining camps and the railroad-builders is a long story,

and if told in detail it would make several chapters. Their awful

destructiveness is well known. It is a common thing for "the boss" to

hire a hunter to kill big game to supply the hungry outfit, and save

beef and pork.

The abuses arising from this source easily could be checked, and finally

suppressed. A ten-line law would do the business,--forbidding any person

employed in any camp of sheep men, cattle men, lumbermen, miners,

railway laborers or excavators to own or use a rifle in hunting wild

game; and forbidding any employer of labor to feed those laborers, or

permit them to be fed, on the flesh of wild game mammals or birds.

"Camp" laborers are not "pioneers;" not by a long shot! They are

soldiers of Commerce, and makers of money.

A MOUNTAIN SHEEP CASE IN COLORADO.--The state of Colorado sincerely

desires to protect and perpetuate its slender remnant of mountain sheep,

but as usual the Lawless Miscreant is abroad to thwart the efforts of

the guardians of the game. Every state that strives to protect its big

game has such doings as this to contend with:

In the winter of 1911-12, a resident poacher brought into Grant,

Colorado, a lot of mountain sheep meat \_for sale\_; and he actually sold

it to residents of that town! The price was \_six cents per pound\_. A lot

of it was purchased by the railway station-agent. I have no doubt that

the same man who did that job, which was made possible only by the

co-operation of the citizens of Grant, will try the same

poaching-and-selling game next winter, unless the State Game

Commissioner is able to bring him to book.

A WYOMING CASE IN POINT.--As a fair sample of what game wardens, and the

general public, are sometimes compelled to endure through the improper

decisions of judges, I will cite this case:

In the Shoshone Mountains of northern Wyoming, about fifty miles or so

from the town of Cody, in the winter of 1911-12 a man was engaged in

trapping coyotes. It was currently reported that he had been "driven out

of Montana and Idaho." He had scores of traps. He baited his traps with

the flesh of deer, elk calves and grouse, all illegally killed and

illegally used for that purpose. A man of my acquaintance saw some of

this game meat actually used as described.

The man was a notorious character, and cruel in the extreme. Finally a

game warden caught him red-handed, arrested him, and took him to Cody

for trial. It happened that the judge on the bench had once trapped with

him, and therefore "he set the game-killer free, while the game-warden

was roasted."

That wolf-trapper once took into the mountains a horse, to kill and use

as bear-bait. The animal was blind in one eye, and because it would not

graze precisely where the wolfer desired it to remain, he deliberately

destroyed the sight of its good eye, and left it for days, without the

ability to find water.

Think of the fate of any wild animal that unkind Fate places at the

mercy of such a man!

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER VIII

UNSEEN FOES OF WILD LIFE

Quite unintentionally on his part, Man, the arch destroyer and the most

predatory and merciless of all animal species except the wolves, has

rendered a great service to all the birds that live or nest upon the

ground. His relentless pursuit and destruction of the savage-tempered,

strong-jawed fur-bearing animals is in part the salvation of the ground

birds of to-day and yesterday. If the teeth and claws had been permitted

to multiply unchecked down to the present time, with man's warfare on

the upland game proceeding as it has done, scores upon scores of species

long ere this would have been exterminated.

But the slaughter of the millions of North American foxes, wolves,

weasels, skunks, and mink has so overwhelmingly reduced the four-footed

enemies of the birds that the balance of wild Nature has been preserved.

As a rule, the few predatory wild animals that remain are not

slaughtering the birds to a serious extent; and for this we may well be

thankful.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.--In such thickly settled communities as our northern

states, from the Atlantic coast to the sandhills of Kansas and Nebraska,

the domestic cat is probably the greatest four-footed scourge of bird

life. Thousands of persons who never have seen a hunting cat in action

will doubt this statement, but the proof of its truthfulness is only too

painfully abundant.

Unhappily it is the way of the hunting cat to stalk unseen, and to kill

the very birds that are most friendly with man, and most helpful to him

in his farming and fruit-growing business. The quail is about the only

game bird that the cat affects seriously, and to it the cat is very

destructive. It is the robin, catbird, thrush, bluebird, dove,

woodpecker, chickadee, phoebe, tanager and other birds of the lawn, the

garden and orchard that afford good hunting for sly and savage old

Thomas.

When I was a boy in my 'teens, I had a lasting series of object lessons

on the cat as a predatory animal. Our "Betty" was the most ambitious and

successful domestic-cat hunter of wild mammals of which I ever have

heard. To her, rats and mice were mere child's-play, and after a time

their pursuit offered such tame sport that she sought fresh fields for

her prowess. Then she brought in young rabbits, chipmunks and

thirteen-lined spermophiles, and once she came in, quite exhausted, half

dragging and half carrying a big, fat pocket gopher. With her it seemed

to be a point of honor that she should bring in her game and display it.

Little did we realize then that in course of time the wild birds would

become so scarce that their slaughter by house cats would demand

legislative action in the states.

In considering the hunting cat, let us call in a credible witness of the

effects of domestic cats on the bob white. The following is an

eye-witness report, by Ernest B. Beardsley, in \_Outdoor Life\_ for April,

1912. The locality was Wellington, Sumner County, Kansas.

In the meantime, old Queen was having a high old time up ahead, some

hundred feet by then, running up the bank and back down in the draw.

We had hardly caught up when up goes Mr. Savage's gun and he gives

both barrels. I had seen nothing up to date, but I didn't have long

to wait, for by the time I got up to him and the dog, they were both

in the high grass and had a great, big, common gray maltese

house-cat; and Queen had a half-eaten quail that Mr. Cat was busy

with when disturbed.

Well, we followed the draw across the field and got nine of a covey

of sixteen that had been ahead of Mr. Cat; and about four o'clock

that evening we killed another white-and-gray cat. While driving

home that night, Mr. Savage told me that he had killed fifty or more

in three or four years. They will get in a draw full of

tumble-grass, on a cold day when quail don't like to fly, and stay

right with them; and even after feeding on two or three, they will

lie and watch, and when the covey moves, they move. When eating time

comes around they are at it again, and to a covey of young birds

they are sure death to the whole covey.

Well, Will told me never to overlook a house-cat that I found as far

as a quarter of a mile from a farm or ranch, for if they have not

already turned wild, they are learning how easy it is to hunt and

live on game, and are almost as bad. We found Mr. Black-and-White

Hunter had eaten two quail just before we killed him that evening. I

would rather not write what Mr. Savage said when we found the

remains of a partly-eaten bird.

My advice is, don't let tame cats get away when found out hunting;

for the chances are they have not seen a home in months, and maybe

years,--and say! but they do get big and bad. When you meet one,

give it to him good, and don't let your dog run up to him until he

is out for keeps. I learned afterwards that was how Will knew it was

a cat. Queen had learned to back off and call for help on cats some

years before.

In the New York Zoological Park, we have had troubles of our own with

marauding cats. They establish themselves in a day, and quickly learn

where to seek easy game and good cover. In the daytime they lie close in

the thick brush, exactly as tigers do in India, but if not molested for

a period of days, they become bold and attack game in open view. One

bird-killing cat was so shy of man that it was only after two weeks of

hard hunting (mornings and evenings) that it was killed.

We have seen cats catch and kill gray squirrels, chipmunks, robins and

thrushes, and have found the feathers of slaughtered quail. Once we had

gray rabbits breeding in the park, and their number reached between

eighty and ninety. For a time they fearlessly hopped about in sight from

our windows, and they were of great interest to visitors and to all of

us. Then the cats began upon them; and in one year there was not a

rabbit to be seen, save at rare intervals. At the same time the

chipmunks of the park were almost exterminated.

That was the last straw, and we began a vigorous war upon those wild and

predatory cats. The cats came off second best. We killed every cat that

was found hunting in the park, and we certainly got some that were big

and bad. We eliminated that pest, and we are keeping it eliminated. And

with what result?

In 1911 a covey of eleven quail came and settled in our grounds, and

have remained there. Twenty times at least during the past eight months

(winter and spring) I have seen the flock on the granite ledge not more

than forty feet from the rear window of my office. Last spring when I

left the Administration Building at six o'clock, after the visitors had

gone, I found two half-grown rabbits calmly roosting on the door-mat.

The rabbits are slowly coming back, and the chipmunks are visibly

increasing in number. The gray squirrels now chase over the walks

without fear of any living thing, and our ducklings and young guineas

and peacocks are safe once more.

That cats destroy annually in the United States several \_millions\_ of

very valuable birds, seems fairly beyond question. I believe that in

settled regions they are worse than weasels, foxes, skunks and mink

\_combined\_; because there are about one hundred times as many of them,

and those that hunt are not afraid to hunt in the daytime. Of course I

am not saying that \_all\_ cats hunt wild game; but in the country I

believe that fully one-half of them do.

I am personally acquainted with a cat in Indiana, on the farm of

relatives, which is notorious for its hunting propensities, and its

remarkable ability in capturing game. Even the lady who is joint owner

of the cat feels very badly about its destructiveness, and has said,

over and over again, that it ought to be killed; but the cat is such a

family pet that no one in the family has the heart to destroy it, and as

yet no stranger has come forward to play the part of executioner. The

lady in question assured me that to her certain knowledge that

particular cat would watch a nestful of young robins week after week

until they had grown up to such a size that they were almost ready to

fly; then he would kill them and devour them. Old "Tommy" was too wise

to kill the robins when they were unduly small.

In a great book entitled \_Useful Birds and Their Protection\_, by E.H.

Forbush, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, and published by the

Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture in 1905, there appears, on page

362, many interesting facts on this subject. For example:

Mr. William Brewster tells of an acquaintance in Maine, who said

that his cat killed about fifty birds a year. Mr. A.C. Dike wrote

[to Mr. Forbush] of a cat owned by a family, and well cared for.

They watched it through one season, and found that it killed

fifty-eight birds, including the young in five nests.

Nearly a hundred correspondents, scattered through all the counties

of the state, report the cat as one of the greatest enemies of

birds. The reports that have come in of the torturing and killing of

birds by cats are absolutely sickening. The number of birds killed

by them in this state is appalling.

Some cat lovers believe that each cat kills on the average not more

than ten birds a year; but I have learned of two instances where

more than that number were killed in a single day, and another where

seven were killed. If we assume, however, that the average cat on

the farm kills but ten birds per year, and that there is one cat to

each farm in Massachusetts, we have, in round numbers, seventy

thousand cats, killing seven hundred thousand birds annually.

[Illustration: A HUNTING CAT AND ITS VICTIM

This Cat had fed so bountifully on the Rabbits and Squirrels of the

Zoological Park, that it ate only the Brain of this Gray Rabbit]

In Mr. Forbush's book there is an illustration of the cat which killed

fifty-eight birds in one year, and the animal was photographed with a

dead robin in its mouth. The portrait is reproduced in this chapter.

Last year, a strong effort was made in Massachusetts to enact a law

requiring cats to be licensed. On account of the amount of work

necessary in passing the no-sale-of-game bill, that measure was not

pressed, and so it did not become a law; but another year it will

undoubtedly be passed, for it is a good bill, and extremely necessary at

this time. \_Such a law is needed in every state\_!

There is a mark by which you may instantly and infallibly know the worst

of the wild cats--by their presence \_away from home, hunting in the

open\_. Kill all such, wherever found. The harmless cats are domestic in

their tastes, and stay close to the family fireside and the kitchen.

Being properly fed, they have no temptation to become hunters. There are

cats and cats, just as there are men and men: some tolerable, many

utterly intolerable. No sweeping sentiment for \_all\_ cats should be

allowed to stand in the way of the abatement of the hunting-cat

nuisances.

\_Of all men, the farmer cannot afford the luxury of their existence\_! It

is too expensive. With him it is a matter of dollars, and cash out of

pocket for every hunting cat that he tolerates in his neighborhood.

There are two places in which to strike the hunting cats: in the open,

and in the state legislature.

While this chapter was in the hands of the compositors, the hunting cat

and gray rabbit shown in the accompanying illustration were brought in

by a keeper.

DOGS AS DESTROYERS OF BIRDS.--I have received many letters from

protectors of wild life informing me that the destruction of

ground-nesting birds, and especially of upland game birds, by roaming

dogs, has in some localities become a great curse to bird life.

Complaints of this kind have come from New York, Massachusetts,

Connecticut, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Usually the culprits are

\_hunting dogs\_--setters, pointers and hounds.

Now, surely it is not necessary to set forth here any argument on this

subject. It is not open to argument, or academic treatment of any kind.

The cold fact is:

In the breeding season of birds, and while the young birds are incapable

of quick and strong flight, all dogs, of every description, should be

restrained from free hunting; and all dogs found hunting in the woods

during the season referred to should be arrested, and their owners

should be fined twenty dollars for each offense. Incidentally, one-half

the fine should go to the citizen who arrests the dog. The method of

restraining hunting dogs should devolve upon dog owners; and the law

need only prohibit or punish the act.

Beyond a doubt, in states that still possess quail and ruffed grouse,

free hunting by hunting dogs leads to great destruction of nests and

broods during the breeding season.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE WIRES.--Mr. Daniel C. Beard has strongly called

my attention to the slaughter of birds by telegraph wires that has come

under his personal observation. His country home, at Redding,

Connecticut, is near the main line of the New York, New Haven and

Hartford Railway, along which a line of very large poles carries a great

number of wires. The wires are so numerous that they form a barrier

through which it is difficult for any bird to fly and come out alive and

unhurt.

Mr. Beard says that among the birds killed or crippled by flying against

those wires near Redding he has seen the following species: olive-backed

thrush, white-throated sparrow and other sparrows, oriole, blue jay,

rail, ruffed grouse, and woodcock. It is a common practice for employees

of the railway, and others living along the line, to follow the line and

pick up on one excursion enough birds for a pot-pie.

Beyond question, the telegraph and telephone wires of the United States

annually exact a heavy toll in bird life, and claim countless thousands

of victims. They may well be set down as one of the unseen forces

destructive to birds.

Naturally, we ask, what can be done about it?

I am told that in Scotland such slaughter is prevented by the attachment

of small tags or discs to the telephone wires, at intervals of a few

rods, sufficiently near that they attract the attention of flying birds,

and reveal the line of an obstruction. This system should be adopted in

all regions where the conditions are such that birds kill themselves

against telegraph wires, and an excellent place to begin would be along

the line of the N.Y., N.H. & H. Railway.

WILD ANIMALS.--Beyond question, it is both desirable and necessary that

any excess of wild animals that prey upon our grouse, quail, pheasants,

woodcock, snipe, mallard duck, shore birds and other species that nest

on the ground, should be killed. Since we must choose between the two,

the birds have it! Weasels and foxes and skunks are interesting, and

they do much to promote the hilarity of life in rural districts, but

they do not destroy insects, and are of comparatively little value as

destroyers of the noxious rodents that prey upon farm crops. While a few

persons may dispute the second half of this proposition, the burden of

proof that my view is wrong will rest upon them; and having spent

eighteen years "on the farm," I think I am right. If there is any

positive evidence tending to prove that the small carnivores that we

class as "vermin" are industrious and persistent destroyers of noxious

rodents--pocket gophers, moles, field-mice and rats--or that they do not

kill wild birds numerously, now is the time to produce it, because the

tide of public sentiment is strongly setting against the weasels, mink,

foxes and skunks. (Once upon a time, a shrewd young man in the

Zoological Park discovered a weasel hiding behind a stone while

devouring a sparrow that it had just caught and killed. He stalked it

successfully, seized it in his bare hand, and, even though bitten, made

good the capture.)

The State of Pennsylvania is extensively wooded, with forests and with

brush which affords excellent home quarters and breeding grounds for

mammalian "vermin." The small predatory mammals are so seriously

destructive to ruffed grouse and other ground birds that the State Game

Commission is greatly concerned. When the hunter's license law is

enacted, as it very surely will be at the next session of the

legislature (1913), a portion of the $70,000 that it will produce each

year will be used by the commission in paying bounties on the

destruction of the surplus of vermin. Through the pursuit of vermin, any

farmer can easily win enough bounties to more than pay the cost of his

annual hunting license (one dollar), and the farmers' boys will find a

new interest in life.

In some portions of the Rocky Mountain region, the assaults of the large

predatory mammals and birds on the young of the big-game species

occasionally demand special treatment. In the Yellowstone Park the pumas

multiplied to such an extent and killed so many young elk that their

number had to be systematically reduced. To that end "Buffalo" Jones was

sent out by the Government to find and destroy the intolerable surplus

of pumas. In the course of his campaign he killed about forty, much to

the benefit of the elk herds. Around the entrance to the den of a big

old male puma, Mr. Jones found the skulls and other remains of nine elk

calves that "the old Tom" had killed and carried there.

Pumas and lynxes attack and kill mountain sheep; and the golden eagle is

very partial to mountain sheep lambs and mountain goat kids. It will not

answer to permit birds of that bold and predatory species to become too

numerous in mountains inhabited by goats and sheep; and the fewer the

mountain lions the better, for they, like the lynx and eagle, have

nothing to live upon save the game.

The wolves and coyotes have learned to seek the ranges of cattle,

horses and sheep, where they still do immense damage, chiefly in

killing young stock. In spite of the great sums that have been paid out

by western states in bounties for the destruction of wolves, in many,

many places the gray wolf still persists, and can not be exterminated.

To the stockmen of the west the wolf question is a serious matter. The

stockmen of Montana say that a government expert once told them how to

get rid of the gray wolves. His instructions were: "Locate the dens, and

kill the young in the dens, soon after they are born!" "All very easy to

\_say\_, but a trifle difficult to \_do\_!" said my informant; and the

ranchman seem to think they are yet a long way from a solution of the

wolf question.

During the past year the destruction of noxious predatory animals in the

national forest reserves has seriously occupied the attention of the

United States Bureau of Forestry. By the foresters of that bureau the

following animals were destroyed in fifteen western states:

6,487 Coyotes

870 Wild-Cats

72 Lynxes

213 Bears

88 Mountain Lions

172 Gray Wolves

69 Wolf Pups

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7,971

In 1910 the total was 9,103.

[Illustration: THE EASTERN RED SQUIRREL

A Great Destroyer of Birds]

THE RED SQUIRREL.--Once in a great while, conditions change in subtle

ways, wild creatures unexpectedly increase in number, and a community

awakens to the fact that some wild species has become a public nuisance.

In a small city park, even gray squirrels may breed and become so

fearfully numerous that, in their restless quest for food, they may

ravage the nests of the wild birds, kill and devour the young, and

become a pest. In the Zoological Park, in 1903, we found that the red

squirrels had increased to such a horde that they were driving out all

our nesting wild birds, driving out the gray squirrels, and making

themselves intolerably obnoxious. We shot sixty of them, and brought the

total down to a reasonable number. Wherever he is or whatever his

numerical strength, the red squirrel is a bad citizen, and, while we do

not by any means favor his extermination, he should resolutely be kept

within bounds by the rifle.

When a crow nested in our woods, near the Beaver Pond, we were greatly

pleased; but with the feeding of the first brood, the crows began to

carry off ducklings from the wild-fowl pond. After one crow had been

seen to seize and carry away \_five\_ young ducks in one forenoon, we

decided that the constitutional limit had been reached, for we did not

propose that all our young mallards should be swept into the awful

vortex of that crow nest. We took those young crows and reared them by

hand; but the old one had acquired a bad habit, and she persisted in

carrying off young ducks until we had to end her existence with a gun.

It was a painful operation, but there was no other way.

[Illustration: COOPER'S HAWK

A Species to be Destroyed]

BIRD-DESTROYING BIRDS.--There are several species of birds that may at

once be put under sentence of death for their destructiveness of useful

birds, without any extenuating circumstances worth mentioning. Four of

these are \_Cooper's Hawk\_, the \_Sharp-Shinned Hawk, Pigeon Hawk\_ and

\_Duck Hawk\_. Fortunately these species are not so numerous that we need

lose any sleep over them. Indeed, I think that today it would be a

mighty good collector who could find one specimen in seven days'

hunting. Like all other species, these, too, are being shot out of our

bird fauna.

Several species of bird-eating birds are trembling in the balance, and

under grave suspicion. Some of them are the \_Great Horned Owl, Screech

Owl, Butcher Bird\_ or \_Great Northern Shrike\_. The only circumstance

that saves these birds from instant condemnation is the delightful

amount of rats, mice, moles, gophers and noxious insects that they

annually consume. In view of the awful destructiveness of the accursed

bubonic-plague-carrying rat, we are impelled to think long before

placing in our killing list even the great horned owl, who really does

levy a heavy tax on our upland game birds. As to the butcher bird, we

feel that we ought to kill him, but in view of his record on wild mice

and rats, we hesitate, and finally decline.

[Illustration: SHARP-SHINNED HAWK

A Species to be Destroyed]

SNAKES.--Mr. Thomas M. Upp, a close and long observer of wild things

wishes it distinctly understood that while the common black-snakes and

racers are practically harmless to birds, the \_Pilot Black-Snake\_,

--long, thick and truculent,--is a great scourge to nesting birds. It

seems to be deserving of death. Mr. Upp speaks from personal knowledge,

and his condemnation of the species referred to is quite sweeping. At

the same time Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars points out the fact that this

serpent feeds during 6 months of the year on mice, and in doing so

renders good service. In the South it is called the "Mouse Snake."

[Illustration: THE CAT THAT KILLED 58 BIRDS IN ONE YEAR

From Mr. Forbush's Book

Photo by A.C. Dyke]

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CHAPTER IX

THE DESTRUCTION OF WILD LIFE BY DISEASES

Every cause that has the effect of reducing the total of wild-life

population is now a matter of importance to mankind. The violent and

universal disturbance of the balance of Nature that already has taken

place throughout the temperate and frigid zone offers not only food for

thought, but it calls for vigorous action.

There are vast sections in the populous centres of western civilization

where the destruction of species, even to the point of extermination, is

fairly inevitable. It is the way of Christian man to destroy all wild

life that comes within the sphere of influence of his iron heel. With

the exception of the big game, this destruction is largely a

temperamental result, peculiar to the highest civilization. In India

where the same fields have been plowed for wheat and dahl and raggi for

at least 2,000 years, the Indian antelope, or "black buck," the saras

crane and the adjutant stalk through the crops, and the nilgai and

gazelle inhabit the eroded ravines in an agricultural land that averages

1,200 people to the square mile!

We have seen that even in farming country, where mud villages are as

thick as farm houses in Nebraska, wild animals and even hoofed game can

live and hold their own through hundreds of years of close association

with man. The explanation is that the Hindus regard wild animals as

creatures entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and

they are not anxious to shoot every wild animal that shows its head. In

the United States, nearly every game-inhabited community is animated by

a feeling that every wild animal must necessarily be killed as soon as

seen; and this sentiment often leads to disgraceful things. For

instance, in some parts of New England a deer straying into a town is at

once beset by the hue and cry, and it is chased and assaulted until it

is dead, by violent and disgraceful means. New York State, however,

seems to have outgrown that spirit. During the past ten years, at least

a dozen deer in distress have been rescued from the Hudson River, or in

inland towns, or in barnyards in the suburbs of Yonkers and New York,

and carefully cared for until "the zoo people" could be communicated

with. Last winter about 13 exhausted grebes and one loon were picked up,

cared for and finally shipped with tender care to the Zoological Park.

One distressed dovekie was picked up, but failed to survive.

The sentiment for the conservation of wild life has changed the mental

attitude of very many people. The old Chinese-Malay spirit which cries

"Kill! Kill!" and at once runs amuck among suddenly discovered wild

animals, is slowly being replaced by a more humane and intelligent

sentiment. This is one of the hopeful and encouraging signs of the

times.

The destruction of wild animals by natural causes is an interesting

subject, even though painful. We need to know how much destruction is

wrought by influences wholly beyond the control of man, and a few cases

must be cited.

RINDERPEST IN AFRICA.--Probably the greatest slaughter ever wrought upon

wild animals by diseases during historic times, was by rinderpest, a

cattle plague which afflicted Africa in the last decade of the previous

century. Originally, the disease reached Africa by way of Egypt, and

came as an importation from Europe. From Egypt it steadily traveled

southward, reaching Somaliland in 1889. In 1896 it reached the Zambesi

River and entered Rhodesia. From thence it went on southward almost to

the Cape. Not only did it sweep away ninety percent of the native cattle

but it also destroyed more than seventy-five per cent of the buffalos,

antelopes and other hoofed game of Rhodesia. It was feared that many

species would be completely exterminated, but happily that fear was not

realized. The buffalo and antelope herds were fifteen years in breeding

up again to a reasonable number, but thanks to the respite from hunters

which they enjoyed for several years, finally they did recover.

Throughout British East Africa the supply of big game in 1905 was very

great, but since that time it has been very greatly diminished by

shooting.

CARIBOU DISEASE.--From time to time reports have come from the Province

of Quebec, and I think from Maine and New Brunswick also, of many

caribou having died of disease. The nature of that disease has remained

a mystery, because it seems that no pathologist ever has had an

opportunity to investigate it. Fortunately, however, the alleged disease

never has been sufficiently wide-spread or continuous to make

appreciable inroads on the total number of caribou, and apparently the

trouble has been local.

SCAB IN MOUNTAIN SHEEP.--"Scab" is a contagious and persistent skin

disease that affects sheep, and is destructive when not controlled.

Fifteen years ago it prevailed in some portions of the west. In Colorado

it has several times been reported that many bighorn mountain sheep were

killed by "scab," which was contracted on wild mountain pastures that

had been gone over by domestic sheep carrying that disease. From the

reports current at that time, we inferred that about 200 mountain sheep

had been affected. It was feared that the disease would spread through

the wild flocks and become general, but this did not occur. It seems

that the remnant flocks had become so isolated from one another that the

isolation of the affected flocks saved the others.

LUMPY-JAW IN ANTELOPE AND SHEEP.--It is a lamentable fact that some, at

least, of the United States herds of prong-horned antelope are afflicted

with a very deadly chronic infective disease known as actinomycosis, or

lumpy-jaw. It has been brought into the Zoological Park five times, by

specimens shipped from Colorado, Texas, Wyoming and Montana. I think our

first cases came to us in 1902.

In its early stage this disease is so subtle and slow that it is months

in developing; and this feature renders it all the more deadly, through

the spread of infection long before the ailment can be discovered.

One of our antelope arrivals, apparently in perfect health when

received, was on general principles kept isolated in rigid quarantine

for two months. At the expiration of that period, no disease of any kind

having become manifest, the animal was placed on exhibition, with two

others that had been in the Park for more than a year, in perfect

health.

In one more week the late arrival developed a swelling on its jaw,

drooled at the corner of the mouth, and became feverish,--sure symptoms

of the dread disease. At once it was removed and isolated, but in about

10 days it died. The other two antelopes were promptly attacked, and

eventually died.

The course of the disease is very intense, and thus far it has proven

incurable in our wild animals. We have lost about 10 antelopes from it,

and one deer, usually, in each case, within ten days or two weeks from

the discovery of the first outward sign,--the well known swelling on the

jaw. One case that was detected immediately upon arrival was very

persistently treated by Dr. Blair, and the animal actually survived for

four months, but finally it succumbed. From first to last not a single

case was cured.

In 1912, the future of the prong-horned antelope in real captivity seems

hopeless. We have decided not to bring any more specimens to our

institution, partly because all available candidates seem reasonably

certain to be affected with lumpy-jaw, and partly because we are

unwilling to run further risks of having other hoofed animals inoculated

by them. Today we are anxiously wondering whether the jaw disease of the

prong-horn is destined to exterminate the species. Such a catastrophe is

much to be feared. This is probably one of the reasons why the antelope

is steadily disappearing, despite protection.

In 1906 we discovered the existence of actinomycosis among the black

mountain sheep of northern British Columbia. Two specimens out of six

were badly affected, the bones of the jaws being greatly enlarged, and

perforated by deep pits. The black sheep of the Stickine and Iskoot

regions are so seldom seen by white men, save when a sportsman kills his

allotment of three specimens, we really do not know anything about the

extent to which actinomycosis prevails in those herds, or how deadly are

its effects. One thing seems quite certain, from the appearance of the

diseased skulls found by the writer in the taxidermic laboratory of

Frederick Sauter, in New York. The enormous swelling of the diseased jaw

bones clearly indicates a disease that in some cases affects its victim

throughout many months. Such a condition as we found in those sheep

could not have been reached in a few days after the disease became

apparent. Now, in our antelopes, the collapse and death of the victim

usually occurred in about 10 days from the time that the first swelling

was observed: which means a very virulent disease, and rapid progress at

the climax. The jaw of one of our antelopes, which was figured in Dr.

Blair's paper in the Eleventh Annual Report of the New York Zoological

Society (1906) shows only a very slight lesion, in comparison with those

of the mountain sheep.

The conclusion is that among the sheep, this disease does not carry off

its victims in any short period like 10 days. The animal must survive

for some months after it becomes apparent. At least two parties of

American sportsmen have shot rams afflicted with this disease, but I

have no reports of any sheep having been found dead from this cause.

This disease is well known among domestic cattle, but so far as we are

aware it never before has been found among wild animals. The black sheep

herds wherein it was found in British Columbia are absolutely isolated

from domestic cattle and all their influences, and therefore it seems

quite certain that the disease developed among the sheep

spontaneously,--a remarkable episode, to say the least. Whether it will

exterminate the black mountain sheep species, and in time spread to the

white sheep of the northwest, is of course a matter of conjecture; but

there is nothing in the world to prevent a calamity of that kind. The

white sheep of Yukon Territory range southward until in the Sheslay

Mountains they touch the sphere of influence of the black sheep, where

the disease could easily be transmitted. It would be a good thing if

there existed between the two species a sheepless zone about 200 miles

wide.

I greatly fear that actinomycosis is destined to play an important part

in the final extinction that seems to be the impending fate of the

beautiful and valuable prong-horned antelope. In view of our hard

experiences, extending through ten years (1902-1912), I think this fear

is justified. All persons who live in country still inhabited by

antelope are urged to watch for this disease. If any antelopes are found

dead, see if the lower jaw is badly swollen and discharging pus. If it

is, bury the body quickly, burn the ground over, and advise the writer

regarding the case.

THE RABBIT PLAGUE.--One of the strangest freaks of Nature of which we

know as effecting the wholesale destruction of wild animals by disease

is the rabbit plague. In the northern wilderness, and particularly

central Canada, where rabbits exist in great numbers and supply the

wants of a large carnivorous population, this plague is well known, and

among trappers and woodsmen is a common topic of conversation. The best

treatment of the subject is to be found in Ernest T. Seton's "Life

Histories of Northern Animals", Vol. I, p. 640 et seq. From this I

quote:

"Invariably the year of greatest numbers [of rabbits] is followed by a

year of plague, which sweeps them away, leaving few or no rabbits in the

land. The denser the rabbit population, the more drastically is it

ravaged by the plague. They are wiped out in a single spring by

epidemic diseases usually characterized by swellings of the throat,

sores under the armpits and groins, and by diarrhea."

"The year 1885 was for the country around Carberry 'a rabbit year,' the

greatest ever known in that country. The number of rabbits was

incredible. W.R. Hine killed 75 in two hours, and estimated that he

could have killed 500 in a day. The farmers were stricken with fear that

the rabbit pest of Australia was to be repeated in Manitoba. But the

years 1886-7 changed all that. The rabbits died until their bodies

dotted the country in thousands. The plague seemed to kill all the

members of the vast host of 1885."

The strangest item of Mr. Seton's story is yet to be told. In 1890 Mr.

Seton stocked his park at Cos Cob, Conn., with hares and rabbits from

several widely separated localities. In 1903, the plague came and swept

them all away. Mr. Seton sent specimens to the Zoological Park for

examination by the Park veterinary surgeon, Dr. W. Reid Blair. They were

found to be infested by great numbers of a dangerous bloodsucking

parasite known as \_Strongylus strigosus\_, which produces death by anemia

and emaciation. There were hundreds of those parasites in each animal. I

assisted in the examination, and was shown by Dr. Blair, under the

microscope, that \_Strongylus\_ puts forth eggs literally by hundreds of

thousands!

The life history of that parasite is not well known, but it may easily

develop that the cycle of its maximum destructiveness is seven years,

and therefore it may be accountable for the seven-year plague among the

hares and rabbits of the northern United States and Canada.

Possibly \_Strongylus strigosus\_ is all that stands between Canada and a

pest of rabbits like that of Australia. Just why this parasite is

inoperative in Australia, or why it has not been introduced there to

lessen the rabbit evil, we do not know. Mr. Seton declares that the

rabbits of his park were "subject to all the ills of the flesh, except

possibly writer's paralysis and housemaid's knee."

PARASITIC INFECTION OF WILD DUCKS.--The diseases of wild game,

especially waterfowl, grouse and quail, have caused heavy losses in

America as well as in European countries, and scientists have been

carefully investigating the cause and the general nature of the

maladies, as well as probable methods of prevention and cure. Mr. Geo.

Atkinson, a well-known practical naturalist of Portage la Prairie,

Manitoba, writes as follows to a local paper on this subject, which I

find quoted in the \_National Sportsman\_:

The question which has developed these important proportions during

the past year is that of the extent of the parasitic infection of

our wild ducks and other game, and the possibilities of the extended

transmission of these parasites to domestic stock, or even humanity,

by eating.

The parasites in question are contained in small elliptical cases

found underlying the surface muscles of the breast, and in advanced

cases extending deeper into the flesh and the muscular tissues of

the legs and wings. They are not noticeable in the ordinary process

of plucking the bird for the table, and are not found internally, so

that the only method of discovering their presence is by slitting

the skin of the breast and paring it back a few inches when the

worm-like sacs will be seen buried in the flesh.

These parasites have come to my notice periodically during the

process of skinning birds for mounting during the past number of

years, but it was only when they appeared in unusual numbers last

fall that I made inquiries of the biological bureaus of Washington

and Ottawa for information of their life history and the

possibilities of their transmission to other hosts.

Replies from these sources surprised me with the information that

very little was known of the life history of any of the

Sarcosporidia, of which group this was a species. Nothing was known

of the method of infection or the transference from host to host or

species to species, and both departments asked for specimens for

examination.

Authorities are a unit in opinion that the question is one of great

importance to game conservation, and although opinions of the

dangers from eating differ somewhat, a record is given of a hog fed

upon affected flesh developing parasites in the muscles in six

weeks' time, while a case of a man's death from dropsy was found to

be the result of development of these parasites in the valves of the

heart.

The ability of these low forms of life to withstand extremes of heat

makes it necessary for more than ordinary cooking to be assured of

killing them, and since their presence is unnoted in the ordinary

course of dressing the birds for the table, there is little doubt

that very considerable numbers of these parasites are consumed at

our tables every season, with results at present unknown to us.

The species I have found most particularly infected have been

mallards, shovellers, teal, gadwall and pintails, and the birds,

outwardly in the best condition, have frequently been found loaded

with sacs of these parasites and only the turning back of the breast

skin can disclose their presence.

The greatest slaughter of wild ducks by disease occurred on Great Salt

Lake, Utah. Until the "duck disease" (intestinal coccidiosis) broke out

there, in the summer of 1910, the annual market slaughter of ducks at

the mouth of Bear River had been enormous. When at Salt Lake City in

1888 I made an effort to arouse the sportsmen whom I met to the

necessity of a reform, but my exhortations fell on deaf ears. Naturally,

the sweeping away of the remaining ducks by disease would suggest a

heaven-sent judgment upon the slaughterers were it not for the fact that

the last state of the unfortunate ducks is if anything worse than the

first.

On Oct. 17, 1911, the annual report of the chief of the Biological

Survey contained the following information on this subject:

\_Epidemic Among Wild Ducks on Great Salt Lake\_.--Following a long

dry season, which favored the rearing of a large number of wild

ducks, but materially reduced the area of the feeding ponds,

resulting in great overcrowding, a severe epidemic broke out about

August 1, 1910, among the wild ducks about Great Salt Lake, Utah.

Dead ducks could be counted by thousands along the shores and the

disease raged unabated until late fall. Shooting clubs found it

necessary to declare a closed season. Some of the dead ducks were

forwarded to the Biological Survey and were turned over for

examination to the Bureau of Animal Industry, by the experts of

which the disease was diagnosed as intestinal coccidiosis.

Various plans of relieving the situation were tried. The irrigation

ditches were closed, thus providing the sloughs and ponds with fresh

water, and lime was sprinkled on the mud flats and duck trails.

Great improvement followed this treatment, and experiments proved

that ducks provided with abundant fresh water and clean food began

to recover immediately. These methods promised success, but later it

was proposed that the marshes be drained and exposed to the sun's

rays--a course which cannot be recommended. That coccidia are not

always killed by exposure to the sun is shown by their survival on

the sites of old chicken yards. An added disadvantage of the plan is

that draining and drying the marshes would have a bad effect on the

natural duck food, and upon the birds themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER X

DESTRUCTION OF WILD LIFE BY THE ELEMENTS

It is a fixed condition of Nature that whenever and wherever a wild

species exists in a state of nature, free from the trammels and

limitations that contact with man always imposes, the species is fitted

to survive all ordinary climatic influences. Freedom of action, and the

exercise of several options in the line of individual maintenance under

stress, is essential to the welfare of every wild species.

A prong-horned antelope herd that is free can drift before a blizzard,

can keep from freezing by the exercise, and eventually come to shelter.

Let that same herd drift against a barbed-wire fence five miles long,

and its whole scheme of self-preservation is upset. The herd perishes

then and there.

Cut out the undergrowth of a given section, drain the swamps and mow

down all the weeds and tall grass, and the next particularly hard winter

starves and freezes the quail.

Naturally the cutting of forests, clearing of brush and drainage of

marshes is more or less calamitous to all the species of birds that

inhabit such places and find there winter food and shelter. Red-winged

blackbirds and real estate booms can not inhabit the same swamps

contemporaneously. Before the relentless march of civilization, the wild

Indian, the bison and many of the wild birds must inevitably disappear.

We cannot change conditions that are as inexorable as death itself. The

wild life must either adjust itself to the conditions that civilized man

imposes upon it, or perish. I say "civilized man," for the reason that

the primitive races of man are not deadly exterminators of species, as

we are. I know of not one species of wild life that has been

exterminated by savage man without the aid of his civilized peers.

As civilization marches ever onward, over the prairies, into the bad

lands and the forests, over the mountains and even into the farthest

corner of Death Valley, the desert of deserts, the struggle of the wild

birds, mammals and fishes is daily and hourly intensified. Man must help

them to maintain themselves, or accept a lifeless continent. The best

help consists in letting the wild creatures throughly alone, so that

they can help themselves; but quail often need to be fed in critical

periods. The best food is wheat screenings placed under little tents of

straw, bringing food and shelter together.

In the well settled portions of the United States, such species as

quail, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, pinnated grouse and sage grouse hang

to life by slender threads. A winter of exceptionally deep snows, much

sleet, and a late spring always causes grave anxiety among the state

game wardens. In Pennsylvania a very earnest movement is in progress to

educate and persuade farmers to feed the quail in winter, and much good

is being done in that direction.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson, of the \_Pittsburgh Gazette-Times\_ is the apostle of

that movement.

\_Quail should be fed every winter, in every northern state\_. The methods

to be pursued will be mentioned elsewhere.

By way of illustration, here is a sample game report, from Las Animas,

Colorado, Feb. 22, 1912:

"After the most severe winter weather experienced for twenty years we

are able to compute approximately our loss of feathered life. It is

seventy-five per cent of the quail throughout the irrigated district,

and about twenty per cent of meadow-larks. In the rough cedar-covered

sections south of the Arkansas River, the loss among the quail was much

lighter. The ground sparrows suffered severely, while the English

sparrow seems to have come through in good shape. Many cotton-tail

rabbits starved to death, while the deep, light snow of January made

them easy prey for hawks and coyotes." (F.T. Webber).

It would be possible to record many instances similar to the above, but

why multiply them? And now behold the cruel corollary:

At least twenty-five times during the past two years I have heard and

read arguments by sportsmen against my proposal for a 5-year close

season for quail, taking the ground that "The sportsmen are not wholly

to blame for the scarcity of quail. It is the cold winters that kill

them off!"

So then, \_because the fierce winters murder the bob white, wholesale,

they should not have a chance to recover themselves\_! Could human beings

possibly assume a more absurd attitude?

Yes, it is coldly and incontestably true, that even after such winter

slaughter as Mr. Webber has reported above, the very next season will

find the quail hunter joyously taking the field, his face beaming with

health and good living, to hunt down and shoot to death as many as

possible of the pitiful 25 per cent remnant that managed to survive the

pitiless winter. How many quail hunters, think you, ever stayed their

hands because of "a hard winter on the quail?" I warrant not one out of

every hundred! How many states in this Union ever put on a close season

because of a hard winter? I'll warrant that not one ever did; and I

think there is only one state whose game commissioners have the power to

act in that way without recourse to the legislature. This situation is

intolerable.

Thanks to the splendid codified game laws enacted in New York state in

1912, our Conservation Commission can declare a close season in any

locality, for any length of time, when the state of the game demands an

emergency measure. This act is as follows; and it is a model law, which

every other state should speedily enact:

\* \* \* \* \*

THE NEW YORK CLOSE-SEASON LAW.

\_152. Petition for additional protection; notice of hearings; power

to grant additional protection; notice of prohibition or regulation;

penalties\_.

\_1. Petition for additional protection\_. Any citizen of the state

may file with the commission a petition in writing requesting it to

give any species of fish, other than migratory food fish of the sea,

or game protected by law, additional or other protection than that

afforded by the provisions of this article. Such petition shall

state the grounds upon which such protection is considered

necessary, and shall be signed by the petitioner with his address.

\_2. Notice of hearings\_. The commission shall hold a public hearing

in the locality or county to be affected upon the allegations of

such petition within twenty days from the filing thereof. At least

ten days prior to such hearing notice thereof, stating the time and

place at which such hearing shall be held, shall be advertised in a

newspaper published in the county to be affected by such additional

or other protection. Such notice shall state the name and the

address of the petitioner, together with a brief statement of the

grounds upon which such application is made, and a copy thereof

shall be mailed to the petitioner at the address given in such

petition at least ten days before such hearing.

\_3. Power to grant additional protection\_. If upon such hearing the

commission shall determine that such species of fish or game, by

reason of disease, danger of extermination, or from any other cause

or reason, requires such additional or other protection, in any

locality or throughout the state, the commission shall have power to

prohibit or regulate, during the open season therefor, the taking of

such species of fish or game. Such prohibition or regulation may be

made general throughout the state or confined to a particular part

or district thereof.

\_4. Notice of prohibition or regulation\_. Any order made by the

commission under the provisions of this section shall be signed by

it, and entered in its minute book. At least thirty days before such

prohibition or regulation shall take effect, copies of the same

shall be filed in the office of the clerk issuing hunting and

trapping licenses for the district to which the prohibition or

regulation applies. It shall be the duty of said clerks to issue a

copy of said prohibition or regulation to each person to whom a

hunting or trapping license is issued by them; to mail a copy of

such prohibition or regulation to each holder of a hunting and

trapping license theretofore issued by them and at that time in

effect, and to post a copy thereof in a conspicuous place in their

office. At least thirty days before such prohibition or regulation

shall take effect the commission shall cause a notice thereof to be

advertised in a newspaper published in the county wherein such

prohibition or regulation shall take effect.

\_5. Penalties\_. Any person violating the provisions of such

prohibition, rule or regulation shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and

shall, upon conviction, be subject to a fine of not to exceed one

hundred dollars, or shall be imprisoned for not more than thirty

days, or both, for each offense, in addition to the penalties

hereinafter provided for taking fish, birds or quadrupeds in the

close season.

\* \* \* \* \*

I want all sensible, honest sportsmen to stop citing the killing of game

birds by severe winters \_as a reason\_ why long close seasons are not

necessary, and why automatic guns "don't matter." And I want sportsmen

to consider their duty, and not go out hunting any game species that has

been slaughtered by a hard winter, until it has had at least five years

in which to recover. Any other course is cruel, selfish, and

shortsighted; and a word to the humane should be sufficient.

The worst exhibitions ever made of the wolfish instinct to slay that

springs eternal in some human (!) breasts are those brought about

through the distress or errors of wild animals. By way of illustration,

consider the slaughter of half-starved elk that took place in the edge

of Idaho in the winter of 1909 and 1910, when about seven hundred elk

that were driven out of the Yellowstone Park at its northwestern corner

by the deep snow, fled into Idaho in the hope of finding food. The

inhabitants met the starving herds with repeating rifles, and as the

unfortunate animals struggled westward through the snow and storm, they

were slaughtered without mercy. Bulls and cows, old and young, all of

the seven hundred, went down; and Stoney Indians could not have acted

any worse than did those "settlers."

On another occasion, it is recorded that the prong-horned antelope herd

of the Mammoth Hot Springs wandered across the line into Gardiner, and

quickly met a savage attack of gunners with rifles. A number of those

rare and valuable animals were killed, and others fled back into the

Park with broken legs dangling in the air.

In the interest of public decency, and for the protection of the

reputation of American citizenship, one of two things should be done.

The northern boundary of the Park should be extended northward beyond

Gardiner, or else the deathtrap should be moved elsewhere. The case of

the town of Gardiner is referred to the legislature of Montana for

treatment.

Beyond question, the highest sentiments of humanity are those that are

stirred by the misfortunes of killable game. During the past thirty

years, I have noticed some interesting manifestations of the increased

sympathy for wild creatures that steadily is growing in a large section

of the public mind. Thirty years ago, the appearance of a deer or moose

in the streets of any eastern village nearly always was in itself a

signal for a grand chase of the unfortunate creature, and its speedy

slaughter. Today, in the eastern states, the general feeling is quite

different. The appearance of a deer in the Hudson River itself, or a

moose in a Maine village is a signal, not for a wild chase and cruel

slaughter, but for a general effort to save the animal from being hurt,

or killed. I know this through ocular proof, at least half a dozen lost

and bewildered deer having been carefully driven into yards, or barns,

and humanely kept and cared for until they could be shipped to us.

Several have been caught while swimming in the Hudson, bewildered and

panic-stricken. The latest capture occurred in New York City itself.

A puma that escaped (about 1902) from the Zoological Park, instead of

being shot was captured by sensible people in the hamlet of Bronxdale,

alive and unhurt, and safely returned to us.

In some portions of the east, though not all, the day of the hue and cry

over "a wild animal in town" seems to be about over. On Long Island some

humane persons found an injured turkey vulture, and took it in and cared

for it,--only to be persecuted by ill-advised game wardens, because they

had a forbidden wild bird "in their possession!" There are times when it

is the highest (moral) duty of a game warden to follow the advice of

Private Mulvaney to the "orficer boy," and "Shut yer oye to the

rigulations, sorr!"

Such occurrences as these are becoming more and more common. \_The desire

of "the great silent majority" is to SAVE the wild creatures\_; and it

is in response to that sentiment that thousands of people are today in

the field against the Army of Destruction.

It is the duty of every sportsman to assist in promoting the passage of

a law like our New York law which empowers the State Game Commission to

throw extra protection around any species that has been slaughtered too

much by snow or by firearms, by closing the open season as long as may

be necessary. Can there be in all America even one thinking, reasoning

being who can not see the justice and also the imperative necessity of

this measure? It seems impossible.

Give the game the benefit of every doubt! If it becomes too thick, your

gun can quickly thin it out; but if it is once exterminated, it will be

impossible to bring it back. Be wise; and take thought for the morrow.

Remember the heath hen.

SLAUGHTER OF BLUEBIRDS.--In the late winter and early spring of 1896 the

wave of bluebirds was caught on its northward migration by a period of

unseasonably cold and fearfully tempestuous weather, involving much

icy-cold rain and sleet. Now, there is no other climatic condition that

is so hard for a wild bird or mammal to withstand as rain at the

freezing point, and a mantle of ice or frozen snow over all supplies of

food.

The bluebirds perished by thousands. The loss occurred practically all

along their east-and-west line of migration, from Arkansas to the

Atlantic Coast. In places the species seemed almost exterminated; and it

was several years ere it recovered to a point even faintly approximating

its original population. I am quite certain that the species never has

recovered more than 50 per cent of the number that existed previous to

the calamity.

DUCK CHOLERA IN THE BRONX RIVER.--In 1911, some unknown but new and

particularly deadly element, probably introduced in sewage, contaminated

the waters of Bronx River where it flows through New York City, with

results very fatal in the Zoological Park. The large flock of mallard

ducks, Canada geese, and snow geese on Lake Agassiz was completely wiped

out. In all about 125 waterfowl died in rapid succession, from causes

commonly classed under the popular name of "duck cholera." The disease

was carried to other bodies of water in the Park that were fed from

other sources, but made no headway elsewhere than on lakes fed by the

polluted Bronx River.

Fortunately the work of the Bronx River Parkway Commission soon will

terminate the present very unsanitary condition of that stream.

WILD DUCKS IN DISTRESS.--In the winter of 1911-12, many flocks of wild

ducks decided to winter in the North. Many persons believe that this was

largely due to the prevention of late winter and spring shooting; which

seems reasonable. Unfortunately the winter referred to proved

exceptionally severe and formed vast sheets of thick ice over the

feeding-grounds where the ducks had expected to obtain their food. On

Cayuga, Seneca and other lakes in central New York, and on the island of

Martha's Vineyard, the flocks of ducks suffered very severely, and many

perished of hunger and cold. \_But for the laws prohibiting late winter

shooting undoubtedly all of them would have been shot and eaten,

regardless of their distress\_.

Game wardens and humane citizens made numerous efforts to feed the

starving flocks, and many ducks were saved in that way. An illustrated

article on the distressed ducks of Keuka Lake, by C. William Beebe and

Verdi Burtch, appeared in the \_Zoological Society Bulletin\_ for May,

1912. Fortunately there is every reason to believe that such occurrences

will be rare.

WILD SWANS SWEPT OVER NIAGARA FALLS.--During the past ten years, several

winter tragedies to birds have occurred on a large scale at Niagara

Falls. Whole flocks of whistling swans of from 20 up to 70 individuals

alighting in the Niagara River above the rapids have permitted

themselves to float down into the rapids, and be swept over the Falls,

en masse. On each occasion, the great majority of the birds were

drowned, or killed on the rocks. Of the very few that survived, few if

any were able to rise and fly out of the gorge below the Falls to

safety. It is my impression that about 200 swans recently have perished

in this strange way.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XI

SLAUGHTER OF SONG-BIRDS BY ITALIANS

In these days of wild-life slaughter, we hear much of death and

destruction. Before our eyes there continually arise photographs of

hanging masses of waterfowl, grouse, pheasants, deer and fish, usually

supported in true heraldic fashion by the men who slew them and the

implements of slaughter. The world has become somewhat hardened to these

things, because the victims are classed as game; and in the destruction

of game, one game-bag more or less "Will not count in the news of the

battle."

The slaughter of song, insectivorous and all other birds by Italians and

other aliens from southern Europe has become a scourge to the bird life

of this country. The devilish work of the negroes and poor whites of the

South will be considered in the next chapter. In Italy, linnets and

sparrows are "game"; and so is everything else that wears feathers!

Italy is a continuous slaughtering-ground for the migratory birds of

Europe, and as such it is an international nuisance and a pest. The way

passerine birds are killed and eaten in that country is a disgrace to

the government of Italy, and a standing reproach to the throne. Even

kings and parliaments have no right in moral or international law to

permit year after year the wholesale slaughter of birds of passage of

species that no civilized man has a right to kill.

There are some tales of slaughter from which every properly-balanced

Christian mind is bound to recoil with horror. One such tale has

recently been given to us in the pages of the \_Avicultural Magazine\_, of

London, for January, 1912, by Mr. Hubert D. Astley, F.Z.S., whose word

no man will dispute. In condensing it, let us call it

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ITALIAN SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

This story does not concern game birds of any kind. Quite the contrary.

That it should be published in America, a land now rapidly filling up

with Italians, is a painful necessity in order that the people of

America may be enabled accurately to measure the fatherland traditions

and the fixed mental attitude of Italians generally toward our song

birds. I shall now hold a mirror up to Italian nature. If the image is

either hideous or grotesque, the fault will not be mine. I specially

commend the picture to the notice of American game wardens and judges on

the bench.

The American reader must be reminded that the Italian peninsula reaches

out a long arm of land into the Mediterranean Sea for several hundred

miles toward the sunny Barbary coast of North Africa. This great

southward highway has been chosen by the birds of central Europe as

their favorite migration route. Especially is this true of the small

song-birds with weak wings and a minimum of power for long-sustained

flight. Naturally, they follow the peninsula down to the Italian Land's

End before they launch forth to dare the passage of the Mediterranean.

[Illustration: AN ITALIAN ROCCOLO, ON LAKE COMO

A Death-Trap for Song-Birds. From the Avicultural Magazine]

Italy is the narrow end of a great continental funnel, into the wide

northern end of which Germany, Austria, France and Switzerland annually

pour their volume of migratory bird life. And what is the result? For

answer let us take the testimony of two reliable witnesses, and file it

for use on the day when Tony Macchewin, gun in hand and pockets bulging

with cartridges, goes afield in our country and opens fire on our birds.

The linnet is one of the sweet singers of Europe. It is a small,

delicately formed, weak-winged little bird, about the size of our

phoebe-bird. It weighs only a trifle more than a girl's love-letter.

Where it breeds and rears its young, in Germany for example, a true

sportsman would no more think of shooting a linnet than he would of

killing and eating his daughter's dearest canary.

To the migrating bird, the approach to northern Italy, either going or

returning, is not through a land of plenty. The sheltering forests have

mostly been swept away, and safe shelters for small birds are very rare.

In the open, there are owls and hawks; and the only refuge from either

is the thick-leafed grove, into which linnets and pipits can dive at the

approach of danger and quickly hide.

A linnet from the North after days of dangerous travel finally reached

Lake Como, southward bound. The country was much too open for safety,

and its first impulse was to look about for safe shelter. The low bushes

that sparsely covered the steep hillsides were too thin for refuge in

times of sudden danger.

Ah! Upon a hilltop is a little grove of trees, green and inviting. In

the grove a bird is calling, calling, insistently. The trees are very

small; but they seem to stand thickly together, and their foliage should

afford a haven from both hawk and gunner. To it joyously flits the tired

linnet. As it perches aloft upon a convenient whip-like wand, it notices

for the first time a queer, square brick tower of small dimensions,

rising in the center of a court-yard surrounded by trees. The tower is

like an old and dingy turret that has been shorn from a castle, and set

on the hilltop without apparent reason. It is two stories in height,

with one window, dingy and uninviting. A door opens into its base.

Several birds that seem very near, but are invisible, frequently call

and chirp, as if seeking answering calls and companionship. Surely the

grove must be a safe place for birds, or they would not be here.

Hark! A whirring, whistling sound fills the air, like the air tone of a

flying hawk's wings. A hawk! A hawk!

Down plunges the scared linnet, blindly, frantically, into the space

sheltered by the grove!

Horrors! What is this?

Threads! Invisible, interlacing threads; tangled and full of pockets,

treacherously spanning the open space. It is a fowler's net! The linnet

is entangled. It flutters frantically but helplessly, and hangs there,

caught. Its alarm cry is frantically answered by the two strange,

invisible bird voices that come from the top of the tower!

The grove and the tower are A ROCCOLO! A huge, permanent, merciless,

deadly \_trap\_, for the wholesale capture of songbirds! The tower is the

hiding place of the fowler, and the calling birds are decoy birds whose

eyes have been totally blinded by red-hot wires in order that they will

call more frantically than birds with eyes would do. The whistling wings

that seemed a hawk were a sham, made by a racquet thrown through the air

by the fowler, through a slot in his tower. He keeps by him many such

racquets.

The door of the tower opens, and out comes the fowler. He is lowbrowed,

swarthy, ill kept, and wears rings in his ears. A soiled hand seizes the

struggling linnet, and drags it violently from the threads that

entangled it. A sharp-pointed twig is thrust straight through the head

of the helpless victim \_at the eyes\_, and after one wild, fluttering

agony--it is dead.

The fowler sighs contentedly, re-enters his dirty and foul-smelling

tower, tosses the feathered atom upon the pile of dead birds that lies

upon the dirty floor in a dirty corner,--and is ready for the next one.

Ask him, as did Mr. Astley, and he will tell you frankly that there are

about 150 dead birds in the pile,--starlings, sparrows, linnets,

greenfinches, chaffinches, goldfinches, hawfinches, redstarts,

blackcaps, robins, song thrushes, blackbirds, blue and coal tits,

fieldfares and redwings. He will tell you also, that there are \_seven

other roccolos within sight and twelve within easy walking distance\_. He

will tell you, as he did Mr. Astley, that during that week he had taken

about 500 birds, and that that number was a fair average for each of the

12 other roccolos.

This means the destruction of about 5,000 songbirds per week \_in that

neighborhood alone!\_ Another keeper of a roccolo told Mr. Astley that

during the previous autumn he took about 10,000 birds at his small and

comparatively insignificant roccolo.

And above that awful roccolo of slaughtered innocents rose \_a wooden

cross\_, in memory of Christ, the Merciful, the Compassionate!

Around the interior of the entwined sapling tops that formed the fatal

bower of death there hung a semicircle of tiny cages containing live

decoys,--chaffinches, hawfinches, titmice and several other species.

"The older and staider ones call repeatedly," says Mr. Astley, "and the

chaffinches break into song. It is the only song to be heard in Italy at

the time of the autum migration."

And the King of Italy, the Queen of Italy, the Parliament of Italy and

His Holiness the Pope permit these things, year in and year out. It is

now said, however, that through the efforts of a recently organized

bird-lovers' society in Italy, the blinding of decoy birds for roccolos

is to be stopped.

In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, the protection of these birds

during their breeding season must be very effective, for otherwise the

supply for the Italian slaughter of the Innocents would long ago have

fallen to nothing.

The Germans love birds, and all wild life. I wonder how they like the

Italian roccolo. I wonder how France regards it; and whether the nations

of Europe north of Italy will endure this situation forever.

To the American and English reader, comment on the practices recorded

above is quite unnecessary, except the observation that they betoken a

callousness of feeling and a depth of cruelty and destructiveness to

which, so far as known, no savages ever yet have sunk. As an exhibit of

the groveling pusillanimity of the human soul, the roccolo of northern

Italy reveals minus qualities which can not be expressed either in words

or in figures.

And what is the final exhibit of the gallant knight of the roccolo, the

feudal lord of the modern castle and its retainers?

The answer is given by Dr. Louis B. Bishop, in an article on "Birds in

the Markets of Southern Europe."

In Venice, which was visited in October and November, during the fall

migration, he found on sale in the markets, as food, thousands of

songbirds.

"Birds were there in profusion, from ducks to kites, in the early

morning, hung in great bunches above the stalls, but by 9 A.M. most of

them had been sold. Ducks and shorebirds occurred in some numbers, but

the vast majority were small sparrows, larks and thrushes. These were

there during my visit by the thousands, if not ten thousands. To the

market they were brought in large sacks, strung in fours on twigs which

had been passed through the eyes and then tied. Most of these small

birds had been trapped, and on skinning them I often could find no

injury except at their eyes.[C] One of these sacks which I examined on

November 3, contained hundreds of birds, largely siskins, skylarks and

bramblings. As a rule the small birds that were not sold in the early

morning were skinned or picked, and their tiny bodies packed in regular

order, breasts up, in shadow tin boxes, and exposed for sale."

[Footnote C: It is probable that these birds were killed by piercing the

head through the eyes.]

"During these visits to the Venetian markets, I identified 60 species,

and procured specimens of most. As nearly as I can remember, small birds

cost from two to five cents apiece. For example I paid $2.15 on Nov. 8,

for

1 Woodcock, 1 Skylark,

1 Jay, 1 Greenfinch,

2 Starlings, 1 Bullfinch,

2 Spotted Crakes, 1 Redpoll.

1 Song Thrush, 3 Linnets,

1 Gold-Crest, 2 Goldfinches,

1 Long-Tailed Titmouse, 6 Siskins,

1 Great Titmouse, 3 Reed Buntings,

1 Pipit, 3 Bramblings,

1 Redstart, --and 5 Chaffinches.

"On November 10, I paid $3.25 for

2 Coots, 1 European Curlew,

1 Water Rail, 2 Kingfishers,

1 Spotted Crake, 2 Greenfinches,

1 Sparrow Hawk, 2 Wrens,

2 Woodcock, 2 Great Titmouse,

1 Common Redshank, 2 Blue Titmouse,

1 Dusky Redshank, 1 Redbreast, and

2 Dunlins."

Of course there were various species of upland game birds, shore-birds

and waterfowl,--everything, in fact, that could be found and killed. In

addition to the passerine birds listed above. Dr. Bishop noted the

following, all in Venice alone:

Skylark ("in great numbers"),

Crested Lark, Crossbill,

Calandra, House Sparrow,

Tree Sparrow, Stonechat,

Hawfinch, Coal,

Yellow-Hammer, Goldcrest,

Blackbird, Rock Pipit,

Fieldfare, White Wagtail,

Song Thrush, Redwing.

"In Florence," says Dr. Bishop, "I visited the central market on

November 26, 28, 29, 30, December 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, and found

birds even more plentiful than in Venice." Besides a variety of game

birds, he found quantities of the species mentioned above, seen in

Venice, and also the following:

Green Sandpiper, Brown Creeper,

Dotterel, Nuthatch,

Magpie, Black-Cap Warbler,

Corn Bunting, Black-Headed Warbler,

Migratory Quail, Fantail Warbler,

Green Woodpecker, Missel Thrush,

Spotted Woodpecker, Ring Ouzel,

Wood Lark, Rock Sparrow, and

Gray Wagtail.

"Here, too [at Florence] we saw often, bunches and baskets of small

birds, chiefly redbreasts, hawked through the streets.... Every Sunday

that we went into the country we met numbers of Italians out shooting,

and their bags seemed to consist wholly of small birds.

"At Genoa, San Remo, Monte Carlo and Nice, between December 13 and 29, I

did not visit the central markets, if such exist, but saw frequently

bunches of small birds hanging outside stores.... A gentleman who spent

the fall on an automobile trip through the west of FRANCE \_from Brittany

to the Pyrenees, tells me he noticed these bunches of small birds on

sale in every town he visited\_.

"That killing song-birds for food," continues Dr. Bishop, "is not

confined to the poor Italians I learned on October 27, when one of the

most prominent and wealthy Italian \_ornithologists\_--a delightful

man--told me he had shot 180 skylarks and pipits the day before, and

that his family liked them far better than other game. Our prejudice

against selling game does not exist in Europe, and this same

ornithologist told me he often shot 200 ducks in a day at his

shooting-box, sending to the market what he could not use himself. On

November 1, 1910, he shot 82 ducks, and on November 8, 103, chiefly

widgeon and teal."

An "ornithologist" indeed! A "sportsman" also, is he not? He belongs

with his brother "ornithologists" of the roccolos, who net their "game"

with the aid of \_blind\_ birds! Brave men, gallant "sportsmen," are these

men of Italy,--and western France also if the tale is true!

If the people of Europe can stand the wholesale, systematic slaughter of

their song and insectivorous birds, \_we can\_! If they are too

mean-spirited to rise up, make a row about it, and stop it, then let

them pay the price; but, by the Eternal, Antonio shall not come to this

country with the song-bird tastes of the roccolo and indulge them here!

The above facts have been cited, not at all for the benefit of Europe,

but for our own good. The American People are now confronted by the

Italian and Austrian and Hungarian laborer and saloon-keeper and

mechanic, and all Americans should have an exact measure of the

sentiments of southern Europe toward our wild life generally, especially

the birds that we do not shoot at all, \_and therefore are easy to kill\_.

When a warden or a citizen arrests an alien for killing any of our

non-game birds, show the judge these records of how they do things in

Italy, and ask for the extreme penalty.

I have taken pains to publish the above facts from eye-witnesses in

order that every game commissioner, game warden and state legislator who

reads these pages may know exactly what he is "up against" in the alien

population of our country from southern Europe. For unnumbered

generations, the people of Italy have been taught to believe that it is

\_perfectly right\_ to shoot and devour every song-bird that flies. The

Venetian is no respecter of species; and when an Italian "ornithologist"

(!) can go out and murder 180 linnets and pipits in one day for the pot,

it is time for Americans to think hard.

We sincerely hope that it will not require blows and kicks and fines to

remove from Antonio's head the idea that America is not Italy, and that

the slaughter of song birds "don't go" in this country. I strongly

recommend to every state the enactment of a law that will do these

things:

1.--Prohibit the owning, carrying or use of firearms by aliens, and

2.--Prohibit the use of firearms in hunting by any naturalized alien

from southern Europe until after a 10-years' residence in America.

From reports that have come to me at first hand regarding Italians in

the East, Hungarians in Pennsylvania and Austrians in Minnesota, it

seems absolutely certain that all members of the lower classes of

southern Europe are a dangerous menace to our wild life.

On account of the now-accursed land-of-liberty idea, every foreigner

who sails past the statue on Bedloe's Island and lands on our

liberty-ridden shore, is firmly convinced that \_now, at last\_, he can do

as he pleases! And as one of his first ways in which to show his

newly-acquired personal liberty and independence in the Land of Easy

Marks, he buys a gun and goes out to shoot "free game!"

If we, as a people, are so indolent and so somnolent that Antonio gets

away with all our wild birds, then do we deserve to be robbed.

Italians are pouring into America in a steady stream. They are strong,

prolific, persistent and of tireless energy. New York City now contains

340,000 of them. They work while the native Americans sleep. Wherever

they settle, their tendency is to root out the native American and take

his place and his income. Toward wild life the Italian laborer is a

human mongoose. Give him power to act, and he will quickly exterminate

every wild thing that wears feathers or hair. To our songbirds he is

literally a "pestilence that walketh at noonday".

As we have shown, the Italian is a born pot-hunter, and he has grown up

in the fixed belief that killing song-birds for food is right! To him

all is game that goes into the bag. The moment he sets foot in the open,

he provides himself with a shot-gun, and he looks about for things to

kill. It is "a free country;" therefore, he may kill anything he can

find, cook it and eat it. If anybody attempts to check him,--sapristi!

beware his gun! He cheerfully invades your fields, and even your lawn;

and he shoots robins, bluebirds, thrushes, catbirds, grosbeaks,

tanagers, orioles, woodpeckers, quail, snipe, ducks, crows, and herons.

Down in Virginia, near Charlottesville, an Italian who was working on a

new railroad once killed a turkey buzzard; and he selfishly cooked it

and ate it, all alone. A pot-hunting compatriot of his heard of it, and

reproached him for having-dined on game in camera. In the quarrel that

ensued, one of the "sportsmen" stabbed the other to death.

When the New York Zoological Society began work on its Park in 1899, the

northern half of the Borough of the Bronx was a regular daily

hunting-ground for the slaughter of song-birds, and all other birds that

could be found. Every Sunday it was "bangetty!" "bang!" from Pelham Bay

to Van Cortlandt. The police force paid not the slightest attention to

these open, flagrant, shameless violations of the city ordinances and

the state bird laws. In those days I never but once heard of a policeman

\_on his own initiative\_ arresting a birdshooter, even on Sunday; but

whenever meddlesome special wardens from the Zoological Park have

pointedly called upon the local police force for help, it has always

been given with cheerful alacrity. In the fall of 1912 an appeal to the

Police Commissioner resulted in a general order to stop all hunting and

shooting in the Borough of the Bronx, and a reform is now on.

The war on the bird-killers in New York City began in 1900. It seemed

that if the Zoological Society did not take up the matter, the slaughter

would continue indefinitely. The white man's burden was taken up; and

the story of the war is rather illuminating. Mr. G.O. Shields,

President of the League of American Sportsmen, quickly became interested

in the matter, and entered actively into the campaign. For months

unnumbered, he spent every Sunday patroling the woods and thickets of

northern New York and Westchester county, usually accompanied by John J.

Rose and Rudolph Bell of the Zoological Park force, for whom

appointments as deputy game wardens had been secured from the State.

The adventures of that redoubtable trio of man-hunters would make an

interesting chapter. They were shot at by poachers, but more frequently

they shot at the other fellows. Just why it was that no one was killed,

no one seems to know. Many Italians and several Americans were arrested

while hunting, haled to court, prosecuted and fined. Finally, a reign of

terror set in; and that was the beginning of the end. It became known

that those three men could not be stopped by threats, and that they

always got their man--unless he got into a human rabbit-warren of the

Italian boarding-house species. That was the only escape that was

possible.

The largest haul of dead birds was 43 robins, orioles, thrushes and

woodpeckers, captured along with the five Italians who committed the

indiscretion of sitting down in the woods to divide their dead birds. We

saved all the birds in alcohol, and showed them in court. The judge

fined two of the Italians $50 each, and the other three were sent to the

penitentiary for two months each.

Even yet, however, at long intervals an occasional son of sunny Italy

tries his luck at Sunday bird shooting; but if anyone yells at him to

"Halt!" he throws away his gun and stampedes through the brush like a

frightened deer. The birds of upper New York are now fairly secure; but

it has taken ten years of fighting to bring it about.

Throughout New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut,

Massachusetts, and even Minnesota, wherever there are large settlements

of Italians and Hungarians, the reports are the same. They swarm through

the country every Sunday, and shoot every wild thing they see. Wherever

there are large construction works,--railroads, canals or

aqueducts,--look for bird slaughter, and you are sure to find it. The

exception to this rule, so far as I know, is along the line of the new

Catskill aqueduct, coming to New York City. The contractors have elected

not to permit bird slaughter, and the rule has been made that any man

who goes out hunting will instantly be discharged. That is the best rule

that ever was made for the protection of birds and game against

gang-working aliens.

Let every state and province in America look out sharply for the

bird-killing foreigner; for sooner or later, he will surely attack your

wild life. The Italians are spreading, spreading, spreading. If you are

without them to-day, to-morrow they will be around you. Meet them at the

threshold with drastic laws, throughly enforced; for no half way

measures will answer.

Pennsylvania has had the worst experience of alien slaughterers of any

state, thus far. \_Six\_ of her game wardens have been \_killed\_, and eight

or ten have been wounded, by shooting! Finally her legislature arose in

wrath, and passed a law prohibiting the ownership or possession of guns

of any kind by aliens. The law gives the right of domiciliary search,

and it surely is enforced. Of course the foreign population "kicked"

against the law, but the People's steam roller went over them just the

same. In New York, we require from an alien a license costing $20, and

it has saved a million (perhaps) of our birds; but the Pennsylvania law

is the best. It may be taken as a model for every state and province in

America. Its text is as follows:

Section I. Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the passage of

this act, it shall be unlawful for any unnaturalized foreign-born

resident to hunt for or capture or kill, in this Commonwealth, any

wild bird or animal, either game or otherwise, of any description,

excepting in defense of person or property; and to that end it shall

be unlawful for any unnaturalized foreign-born resident, within this

Commonwealth, to either own or be possessed of a shotgun or rifle of

any make. Each and every person violating any provision of this

section shall, upon conviction thereof, be sentenced to pay a

penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense, or undergo

imprisonment in the common jail of the county for the period of one

day for each dollar of penalty imposed. Provided, That in addition

to the before-named penalty, all guns of the before-mentioned kinds

found in possession or under control of an unnaturalized

foreign-born resident shall, upon conviction of such person, or upon

his signing a declaration of guilt as prescribed by this act, be

declared forfeited to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and shall be

sold by the Board of Game Commissioners as hereinafter directed.

Section 2. For the purpose of this act, any unnaturalized

foreign-born person who shall reside or live within the boundaries

of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for ten consecutive days shall

be considered a resident and shall be liable to the penalties

imposed for violation of the provisions of this act.

Section 3. That the possession of a shotgun or rifle at any place

outside of a building, within this Commonwealth, by an unnaturalized

foreign-born resident, shall be conclusive proof of a violation of

the provisions of section one of this act, and shall render any

person convicted thereof liable to the penalty as fixed by said

section.

Section 4. That the presence of a shotgun or rifle in a room or

house, or building or tent, or camp of any description, within this

Commonwealth, occupied by or controlled by an unnaturalized

foreign-born resident shall be prima facie evidence that such gun is

owned or controlled by the person occupying or controlling the

property in which such gun is found, and shall render such person

liable to the penalty imposed by section one of this act.

Other sections provide for the full enforcement of this law.

It is now high time, and an imperative public necessity, that every

state should act in this matter, before its bird life is suddenly

attacked, and serious inroads made upon it. Do it NOW! The enemy is

headed your way. Don't wait for him to strike the first blow!

\_Duty of the Italian Press and Clergy\_.--Now what is the best remedy for

the troubles that will arise for Italians in America because of wrong

principles established in Italy? It is not in the law, the police, the

court and the punishment. It is in \_educating the Italian into a

knowledge of the duties of the good citizen\_! The Italian press and

clergy can do this; and \_no one else can do it so easily, so quickly and

so well\_!

Those two powerful forces should enter seriously upon this task. In

every other respect, the naturalized Italian tries to become a good

citizen, and adjust himself to the laws and the customs of his new

country. Why should he not do this in regard to bird life? It is not too

much to ask, nor is it too much to \_exact\_. Does the Italian workman, or

store-keeper who makes his living by honest toil \_enjoy\_ breaking our

bird laws, \_enjoy\_ irritating and injuring those with whom he has come

to live? Does he \_enjoy\_ being watched, and searched, and chased, and

arrested,--all for a few small birds that he \_does not need\_ for food?

He earns good wages; he has plenty of good food; and he must be

\_educated\_ into protecting our birds instead of destroying them. The

Italian newspapers and clergy have a serious duty to perform in this

matter, and we hope they will diligently discharge it.

[Illustration: DEAD SONG-BIRDS

These jars contain the dead bodies of 43 valuable insectivorous birds

that were taken from two Italians in October, 1905, in the suburbs of

New York City, by game wardens of the New York Zoological Society.]

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XII

DESTRUCTION OF SONG BIRDS BY SOUTHERN NEGROES AND POOR WHITES

Before going farther, there is one point that I wish to make quite

clear.

Whenever the people of a particular race make a specialty of some

particular type of wrong-doing, anyone who pointedly rebukes the faulty

members of that race is immediately accused of "race prejudice." On

account of the facts I am now setting forth about the doings of Italian

and negro bird-killers, I expect to be accused along that line. If I am,

I shall strenuously deny the charge. The facts speak for themselves.

Zoologically, however, I am strongly prejudiced against the people of

any race, creed, club, state or nation who make a specialty of any

particularly offensive type of bird or wild animal slaughter; and I do

not care who knows it.

The time was, and I remember it very well, when even the poorest gunner

scorned to kill birds that were not considered "game." In days lang

syne, many a zoological collector has been jeered because the specimens

he had killed for preservation were not "game."

But times have changed. In the wearing of furs, we have bumped down

steps both high and steep. In 1880 American women wore sealskin, marten,

otter, beaver and mink. To-day nothing that wears hair is too humble to

be skinned and worn. To-day "they are wearing" skins of muskrats, foxes,

rabbits, skunks, domestic cats, squirrels, and even rats. And see how

the taste for game,--of some sections of our population,--also has gone

down.

In the North, the Italians are fighting for the privilege of eating

everything that wears feathers; but we allow no birds to be shot for

food save game birds and cranes. In the South, the negroes and poor

whites are killing song-birds, woodpeckers and doves for food; and in

several states some of it is done under the authority of the laws. Look

at these awful lists:

\* \* \* \* \*

IN THESE STATES, ROBINS ARE LEGALLY SHOT AND EATEN:

Louisiana North Carolina Tennessee Texas

Mississippi South Carolina Maryland Florida

IN THESE STATES, BLACKBIRDS ARE LEGALLY SHOT AND EATEN:

Louisiana Pennsylvania Tennessee

District of Columbia South Carolina

CRANES ARE SHOT AND EATEN IN THESE STATES:

Colorado North Dakota Nevada Oklahoma Nebraska

In Mississippi, the \_cedar bird\_ is legally shot and eaten! In North

Carolina, the meadow lark is shot and eaten.

IN THE FOLLOWING STATES, DOVES ARE CONSIDERED "GAME," AND ARE SHOT IN AN

"OPEN SEASON:"

Alabama Georgia Minnesota Ohio

Arkansas Idaho Mississippi Oregon

California Illinois Missouri Pennsylvania

Connecticut Kentucky Nebraska South Carolina

Delaware Louisiana New Mexico Tennessee

Dist. of Columbia Maryland North Carolina Texas

Utah Virginia

\* \* \* \* \*

The killing of doves represents a great and widespread decline in the

ethics of sportsmanship. In the twenty-six States named, a great many

men who \_call\_ themselves sportsmen indulge in the cheap and ignoble

pastime of potting weak and confiding doves. It is on a par with the

"sport" of hunting English sparrows in a city street. Of course this is,

to a certain extent, a matter of taste; but there is at least one club

of sportsmen into which no dove-killer can enter, provided his standard

of ethics is known in advance.

With the killing of robins, larks, blackbirds and cedar birds for food,

the case is quite different. No white man calling himself a sportsman

ever indulges in such low pastimes as the killing of such birds for

food. That burden of disgrace rests upon the negroes and poor whites of

the South; but at the same time, it is a shame that respectable white

men sitting in state legislatures should deliberately enact laws

\_permitting\_ such disgraceful practices, or permit such disgraceful and

ungentlemanly laws to remain in force!

Here is a case by way of illustration, copied very recently from the

Atlanta \_Journal\_:

Editor \_Journal\_:--I located a robin roost up the Trinity River, six

miles from Dallas, and prevailed on six Dallas sportsmen to go with

me on a torch-light bird hunt. This style of hunting was, of course,

new to the Texans, but they finally consented to go, and I had the

pleasure of showing them how it was done.

Equipped with torch lights and shot guns, we proceeded. After

reaching the hunting grounds the sport began in reality, and

continued for two hours and ten minutes, with a total slaughter of

10,157 birds, an average of 1,451 birds killed by each man.

But the Texans give me credit for killing at least 2,000 of the

entire number. I was called 'the king of bird hunters' by the

sportsmen of Dallas, Texas, and have been invited to

command-in-chief the next party of hunters which go from Dallas to

the Indian Territory in search of large game.--F.L. CROW, Dallas,

Texas, former Atlantan.

Dallas, Texas, papers and Oklahoma papers, please copy!

As a further illustration of the spirit manifested in the South toward

robins, I quote the following story from Dr. P.P. Claxton, of the

University of Tennessee, as related in Audubon Educational Leaflet No.

46, by Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson:--

"The roost to which I refer," says Professor Claxton, "was situated in

what is locally known as a 'cedar glade,' near Porestville, Bedford Co.,

Tennessee. This is a great cedar country, and robins used to come in

immense numbers during the winter months, to feed on the berries.

[Illustration: THE ROBIN OF THE NORTH

Our best-beloved Song Bird, now being legally shot as "game" in the

South. In the North there is now only one robin for every ten formerly

there.]

"The spot which the roost occupied was not unlike numerous others that

might have been selected. The trees grew to a height of from five to

thirty feet, and for a mile square were literally loaded at night with

robins. Hunting them while they roosted was a favorite sport. A man

would climb a cedar tree with a torch, while his companions with poles

and clubs would disturb the sleeping birds on the adjacent trees.

Blinded by the light, the suddenly awakened birds flew to the

torch-bearer; who, \_as he seized each bird would quickly pull off its

head\_, and drop it into a sack suspended from his shoulders.

[Illustration: THE MOCKING-BIRD OF THE SOUTH

This sweet singer of the South is NOT being shot in the North

for food! No northern lawmaker ever will permit such barbarity.]

"The capture of three of four hundred birds was an ordinary night's

work. Men and boys would come in wagons from all the adjoining counties

and camp near the roost for the purpose of killing robins. Many times,

100 or more hunters with torches and clubs would be at work in a single

night. \_For three years\_ this tremendous slaughter continued in

winter,--and then the survivors deserted the roost."

[Illustration: NORTHERN ROBINS READY FOR SOUTHERN SLAUGHTER

195 Birds at Avery Island, La. in January 1912, Photographed Daring the

Annual Slaughter, by E.A. McIlhenny]

No: these people were not Apache Indians, led by a Geronimo who knew no

mercy, no compassion. We imagine that they were mostly poor white trash,

of Tennessee. One small hamlet sent to market annually enough dead

robins to return $500 at \_five cents per dozen\_; which means \_120,000

birds\_!

Last winter Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny of Avery Island, La. (south of New

Iberia) informed me that every winter, during the two weeks that the

holly berries are ripe thousands of robins come to his vicinity to feed

upon them. "Then every negro man and boy who can raise a gun is after

them. About 10,000 robins are slaughtered each day while they remain.

Their dead bodies are sold in New Iberia at 10 cents each." The

accompanying illustrations taken by Mr. McIlhenny shows 195 robins on

one tree, and explains how such great slaughter is possible.

An officer of the Louisiana Audubon Society states that a conservative

estimate of the number of robins annually killed in Louisiana for food

purposes when they are usually plentiful, is a \_quarter of a million\_!

The food of the robin is as follows:

Insects, 40 per cent; wild fruit, 43 per cent; cultivated fruit, 8 per

cent, miscellaneous vegetable food, 5 per cent.

SPECIAL WORK OF THE SOUTHERN NEGROES.--In 1912 a female colored servant

who recently had arrived from country life in Virginia chanced to remark

to me at our country home in the middle of August: "I wish I could find

some birds' nests!"

"What for?" I asked, rather puzzled.

"Why, to get the aigs and \_eat 'em!\_" she responded with a bright smile

and flashing teeth.

"Do you eat the eggs of \_wild\_ birds?"

"Yes indeed! It's \_fine\_ to get a pattridge nest! From them we nearly

always git a whole dozen of aigs at once,--back where I live, in

Virginia."

"Do the colored people of Virginia make a \_practice\_ of hunting for the

eggs of wild birds, and eating them?"

"Yes, indeed we do. In the spring and summer, when the birds are around,

we used to get out every Sunday, and hunt all day. Some days we'd come

back with a whole bucket full of aigs; and then we'd set up half the

night, cookin' and eatin' 'em. They was \_awful\_ good!"

Her face fairly beamed at the memory of it.

A few days later, this story of the doings of Virginia negroes was fully

corroborated by a colored man who came from another section of that

state. Three months later, after special inquiries made at my request, a

gentleman of Richmond obtained further corroboration, from negroes. He

was himself much surprised by the state of fact that was revealed to

him.

In the North, the economic value of our song birds and other destroyers

of insects and weed seeds is understood by a majority of the people, and

as far as possible those birds are protected from all human enemies. But

in the South, a new division of the Army of Destruction has risen into

deadly prominence.

In \_Recreation\_ Magazine for May, 1909, Mr. Charles Askins published a

most startling and illuminating article, entitled "The South's Problem

in Game Protection." It brought together in concrete form and with

eye-witness reliability the impressions that for months previous had

been gaining ground in the North. In order to give the testimony of a

man who has seen what he describes, I shall now give numerous quotations

from Mr. Askins' article, which certainly bears the stamp of

truthfulness, without any "race prejudice" whatever. It is a calm,

judicial, unemotional analysis of a very bad situation: and I

particularly commend it alike to the farmers of the North and all the

true sportsmen of the South.

In his opening paragraphs Mr. Askins describes game and hunting

conditions in the South as they were down to twenty years ago, when the

negroes were too poor to own guns, and shooting was not for them.

\* \* \* \* \*

SPECIAL WORK OF THE SOUTHERN NEGROES.

It is all different now, says Mr. Askins, and the old days will only

come back with the water that has gone down the stream. The master

is with his fathers or he is whiling away his last days on the

courthouse steps of the town. Perhaps a chimney or two remain of

what was once the "big house" on the hill; possibly it is still

standing, but as forlorn and lifeless as a dead tree. The muscadine

grapes still grow in the swale and the persimmons in the pasture

field, but neither 'possum nor 'coon is left to eat them. The last

deer vanished years ago, the rabbits died in their baby coats and

the quail were killed in June. Old "Uncle Ike" has gone across the

"Great River" with his master, and his grandson glances at you

askance, nods sullenly, whistles to his half breed bird dog,

shoulders his three dollar gun and leaves you. He is typical of the

change and has caused it, this grandson of dear old Uncle Ike.

In the same way the white man is telling the black to abide upon the

plantation raising cotton and corn, and further than this nothing

will be required of him. He can cheat a white man or a black, steal

in a petty way anything that comes handy, live in marriage or out of

it to please himself, kill another negro if he likes, and lastly

shoot every wild thing that can be eaten, if only he raises the

cotton and the corn. But the white sportsmen of the South have never

willingly granted the shooting privilege in its entirety, and hence

this story. They have told him to trap the rabbits, pot the robins,

slaughter the doves, kill the song birds, but to spare the white

sportsman's game, the aristocratic little bobwhite quail.

In the beginning not so much damage to southern game interests could

be accomplished by our colored man and brother, however decided his

inclinations. He had no money, no ammunition and no gun. His weapons

were an ax, a club, a trap, and a hound dog; possibly he might own

an old war musket bored out for shot. Such an outfit was not adapted

to quail shooting and especially to wing shooting, with which

knowledge Dixie's sportsmen were content. Let the negro ramble about

with his hound dog and his war musket; he couldn't possibly kill the

quail. And so Uncle Ike's grandson loafed and pottered about in the

fields with his ax and his hound dogs, not doing so much harm to the

quail but acquiring knowledge of the habits of the birds and skill

as a still-hunting pot-hunter that would serve him well later on.

The negro belongs to a primitive race of people and all such races

have keener eyes than white men whose fathers have pored over lines

of black and white. He learned to see the rabbit in its form, the

squirrels in the leafy trees, and the quails huddled in the grass.

The least shade of gray in the shadow of the creek bank he

distinguished at once as a rabbit, a glinting flash from a tree top

he knew instantly as being caused by the slight movement of a hidden

squirrel, and the quiver of a single stem of sedge grass told him of

a bevy of birds hiding in the depths. The pot-hunting negro has all

the skill of the Indian, has more industry in his loafing, and kills

without pity and without restraint. This grandson of Uncle Ike was

growing sulky, too, with the knowledge that the white man was

bribing him with half a loaf to raise cotton and corn when he might

as well exact it all. And this he shortly did, as we shall see.

The time came when cotton went up to sixteen cents a pound and

single breech-loading guns went down to five dollars apiece. The

negro had money now, and the merchants--these men who had said let

the nigger alone so long as he raises cotton and corn--sold him the

guns, a gun for every black idler, man and boy, in all the South.

Then shortly a wail went up from the sportsmen, "The niggers are

killing our quail." They not only were killing them, but most of the

birds were already dead. On the grounds of the Southern Field Club

where sixty bevies were raised by the dogs in one day, within two

years but three bevies could be found in a day by the hardest kind

of hunting; and this story was repeated all over the South. Now the

negro began to raise bird dogs in place of hounds, and he carried

his new gun to church if services happened to be held on a week day.

Finally the negro had grown up and had compassed his ambition: he

could shoot partridges flying just the same as a white man, was a

white man except for a trifling difference in color; and he could

kill more birds, too, three times as many. It was merely a change

from the old order to the new in which a dark-skinned "sportsman"

had taken the place in plantation life of the dear old "Colonel" of

loved memory. The negro had exacted his price for raising cotton and

corn.

[Illustration: THE SOUTHERN-NEGRO METHOD OF COMBING OUT THE WILD LIFE

"Our colored sportsman is gregarious at all times, but especially so in

the matter of recreation. He may slouch about alone, and pot a bevy or

two of quail when in actual need of something to eat, or when he has a

sale for the birds, but when it comes to shooting for fun he wants to be

with the 'gang'."--Charles Askins.

Reproduced from Recreation Magazine. By permission of the Outdoor World.]

Our colored sportsman is gregarious at all times, but especially so

in the matter of recreation. He may slouch about alone and pot a

bevy or two of quail when in actual need of something to eat, or

when he has a sale for the birds, but when it comes to shooting for

fun he wants to be with the "gang." I have seen the darkies at

Christmas time collect fifty in a drove with every man his dog, and

spread out over the fields. Such a glorious time as he has then! A

single cottontail will draw a half-dozen shots and perhaps a couple

of young bucks will pour loads into a bunny after he is dead out of

pure deviltry and high spirits. I once witnessed the accidental

killing of a young negro on this kind of a foray. His companions

loaded him into a wagon, stuck a cigar in his mouth, and tried to

pour whiskey down him every time they took a drink themselves as

they rode back to town. This army of black hunters and their dogs

cross field after field, combing the country with fine teeth that

leave neither wild animal nor bird life behind.

There comes a time toward the spring of the year after the quail

season is over when the average rural darky is "between hay and

grass." The merchants on whom he has depended for supplies make it a

practice to refuse credit between January first and crop time. The

black has spent his cotton money, his sweet potato pile has

vanished, the sorghum barrel is empty, he has eaten the last of his

winter's pork, and all that remains is a bit of meal and the meat

his gun can secure. He is hunting in grim earnest now, using all the

cunning and skill acquired by years of practice. He eats

woodpeckers, jaybirds, hawks and skunks, drawing the line only at

crows and buzzards. At this season of the year I have carried

chicken hawks up to the cabins for the sake of watching the delight

of the piccaninnies who with glowing eyes would declare, "Them's

mos' as good as chicken." What happens to the robins, doves, larks,

red birds, mocking birds and all songsters in this hungry season

needs hardly to be stated.

It is also a time between hay and grass for the rabbits and the

quail. The corn fields are bare and the weed seeds are exhausted. A

spring cold spell pinches, they lose their vitality, become thin and

quite lack their ordinary wariness. Then the figure-four trap

springs up in the hedgerow and the sedge while the work of

decimation goes more rapidly along. The rabbits can no longer escape

the half-starved dogs, the thinning cover fails to hide the quail

and the song birds betray themselves by singing of the coming

spring.

With the growing scarcity of the game now comes the season of sedge

and field burning. This is done ostensibly to prepare the land for

spring plowing, but really to destroy the last refuge of the quail

and rabbits so that they can be bagged with certainty. All the

negroes of a neighborhood collect for one of these burnings, all

their dogs, and of course all the boys from six years old up. They

surround the field and set it on fire in many places, leaving small

openings for the game to dash out among the motley assembly. I have

seen quail fly out of the burning grass with flaming particles still

attached to them. They alight on the burnt ground too bewildered to

fly again and the boys and dogs pick them up. Crazed rabbits try the

gauntlet amidst the barking curs, shouting negroes and popping guns,

but death is sure and quick. The few quail that may escape have no

refuge from the hawks and nothing to eat, so every battue of this

kind marks the absolute end of the birds in one vicinity; and the

next day the darkies repeat the performance elsewhere.

At this season of the year, the first of May, the blacks are putting

in some of their one hundred working days while the single

breech-loader rusts in the chimney corner. Surely the few birds that

have escaped the foray of the "gang," lived through the hungry days,

and survived their burned homes can now call "Bob White" and mate in

peace. But school is out and the summer sun is putting new life into

the bare feet of the half-grown boys, and the halfbreed bird dogs

are busier than they were even in winter. The young rabbits are

killed before they get out of the nest, and the quail eggs must be

hidden rarely well that escape both the eyes of the boys and the

noses of the dogs. After all it is not surprising that but three

bevies remained of the sixty. Doubtless they would not, except that

nature is very kind to her own in the sunny South.

Not every white man in the South is a sportsman or even a shooter;

many are purely business men who have said let the "nigger" do as he

likes so long as he raises cotton and buys our goods. But Dixie has

her full share of true men of the out-of-doors and they have sworn

in downright Southern fashion that this thing has got to end.

Nevertheless their problem is deep and puzzling. In Alabama they

made an effort and a beginning. They asked for a law requiring every

man to obtain written permission before entering the lands of

another to hunt and shoot; they asked for a resident license law

taxing every gun not less than five dollars a year; for a shortened

season, a bag limit, and a complete system of State wardens.

Unfortunately, a lot of white farmers were in the same range as the

blacks, and being hit, too, they raised a great outcry. The result

was that the Alabama sportsmen got everything they asked for except

the foundation of the structure they were trying to build, the high

resident license or gun tax which alone could have shut out three

dollar guns and saved the remnant of the game. Under the new law the

sale of game was forbidden, neither could it be shipped out of the

State alive or dead; the ever popular non-resident license was

provided for; the season was shortened and the bag limited; the

office of State game warden was created with deputies to be paid

from fines; hunting upon the lands of another without written

permission became a misdemeanor; and then the whole thing was

nullified by reducing the resident license to nothing where a man

shot upon his own land, one dollar in his own county, and two

dollars outside of it. In its practical workings the new law amounts

to this: A few northern gunners have paid the non-resident license

fee, and enough resident licenses have been taken out by the city

sportsmen to make up the handsome salary of the State warden. The

negro still hunts upon his own land \_or upon the land of the man who

wants corn and cotton raised\_, with perfect indifference to the

whole thing. Who was to enforce the law against him? Not the one

disgusted deputy with three big counties to patrol who depended for

his salary upon the fines collected from the negroes. It would take

one man to every three miles square to protect the game in the

South.

The one effective way of dealing with the situation in Alabama was

to have legislated three dollar guns out of existence with a five

dollar tax, adding to this nearly a like amount on dogs. Hardly a

sportsman in the South will disagree with this conclusion. But

sportsmen never had a majority vote either in the South or in the

North, and the South's grave problem is yet unsolved.

I do not favor depriving the black man of his natural human right to

hunt and shoot. If he is the owner of land, or if he leases or rents

it, or if he does not, he should have exactly the same privilege of

hunting that the white man has. That is not the question now,

however, but how to restrict him to legal shooting, to make him

amenable to the law that governs the white man, to deprive him of

the absolute license he now enjoys to kill throughout the year

without mercy, without discrimination, without restraint. If only

for selfish reasons, we of the North should reach to southern

sportsmen a helping hand, for by and by the last of our migratory

song birds will go down into Dixie and never return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Askins has fairly stated a profoundly disturbing case. The remedy

must contain at least three ingredients. The sportsmen of the South must

stop the unjustifiable slaughter of their non-migratory game birds. As a

matter of comity between states, the gentlemen of the South must pass

laws to stop the killing of northern song-birds and all crop-protecting

birds, for food. Finally, all men, North and South, East and West, must

unite in the work that is necessary to secure the immediate enactment by

Congress of a law for the federal protection of all migratory birds.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XIII

EXTERMINATION OF BIRDS FOR WOMEN'S HATS[D]

[Footnote D: In the preparation of this chapter and its illustrations, I

have had much valuable assistance from Mr. C. William Beebe, who

recently has probed the London feather trade almost to the bottom.]

It is high time for the whole civilized world to know that many of the

most beautiful and remarkable birds of the world are now being

\_exterminated\_ to furnish millinery ornaments for women's wear. The mass

of new information that we have recently secured on this traffic from

the headquarters of the feather trade is appalling. Previously, I had

not dreamed that conditions are half as bad as they are.

It is entirely fitting that on this subject New York should send a

message to London. New York is almost a Spotless Town in plume-free

millinery, and London and Paris are the worst places in the world. We

have cleaned house. With but extremely slight exceptions, the blood of

the slaughtered innocents is no longer upon our skirts, and on the

subject of plumage millinery we have a right to be just as Pharisaical

as we choose.

Here in New York (and also in New Jersey) no man may sell, own for sale

or offer for sale the plumage of any wild American bird other than a

game bird. More than that, the plumage of no foreign bird belonging to

any bird family represented in the fauna of North America can be sold

here! There are only a few kinds of improper "millinery" feathers that

it is possible to sell here under the law. Thanks to the long and

arduous campaign of the National Association of Audubon Societies,

founded and for ten years directed by gallant William Dutcher, you now

see on the streets of New York very, very little wild-bird plumage save

that from game birds.

It is true that a few servant girls are now wearing the cast-off

aigrettes of their mistresses; but they are only as one in a thousand.

At Atlantic City there is said to be a fine display of servant-girl and

ladies-maid aigrettes. In New York and New Jersey, in Pennsylvania for

everything save the sale of heron and egret plumes (a privilege obtained

by a bunko game), in Massachusetts, and in many other of our States, the

wild-birds'-plumage millinery business is dead. Two years ago, when the

New York legislature refused to repeal the Dutcher law, the Millinery

Association asserted, and brought a cloud of witnesses to Albany to

prove, that the enforcement of the law would throw thousands of

operatives out of employment.

[Illustration: BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS BIRDS NOW BEING DESTROYED

FOR THE FEATHER TRADE--(I)

Belted Kingfisher

Victoria Crowned Pigeon

Superb Calliste

Greater Bird of Paradise

Common Tern

Cock of the Rock]

The law is in effect; and the aigrette business is dead in this state.

Have any operatives starved, or been thrown out of employment? We have

heard of none. They are now at work making very pretty hat ornaments of

silk and ribbons, and gauze and lace; and "\_They\_ are wearing them."

[Illustration: 1600 HUMMINGBIRD SKINS AT 2 CENTS EACH!

Part of Lot Purchased by the Zoological Society at the Regular Quarterly

London Millinery Feather Sale, August, 1912.]

But even while these words are being written, there is one large fly in

the ointment. The store-window of E. &. S. Meyers, 688 Broadway, New

York, contains about \_six hundred plumes and skins of birds of paradise

for sale for millinery purposes\_. No wonder the great bird of paradise

is now almost extinct! Their sale here is possible because the Dutcher

law protects from the feather dealers only the birds that belong to

avian families represented in the United States. With fiendish cunning

and enterprise, the shameless feather dealers are ferreting out the

birds whose skins and plumes may legally be imported into this country

and sold; but we will meet that with a law that will protect all

foreign birds, so far as we are concerned. Now it is time for the

universal enactment of a law which will prohibit the sale and use as

ornaments of the plumage, feathers or skins of \_any\_ wild bird that is

not a legitimate game bird.

London is now the head of the giant octopus of the "feather trade" that

has reached out its deadly tentacles into the most remote wildernesses

of the earth, and steadily is drawing in the "skins" and "plumes" and

"quills" of the most beautiful and most interesting \_unprotected\_ birds

of the world. The extent of this cold-blooded industry, supported by

vain and hard-hearted women, will presently be shown in detail. Paris is

the great manufacturing center of feather trimming and ornaments, and

the French people obstinately refuse to protect the birds from

extermination, because their slaughter affords employment to a certain

numbers of French factory operatives.

All over the world where they have real estate possessions, the men of

England know how to protect game from extermination. The English are

good at protecting game--when they decide to set about it.

Why should London be the Mecca of the feather-killers of the world?

It is easily explained:

(1) London has the greatest feather market in the world; (2) the feather

industry "wants the money"; and (3) the London feather industry is

willing to spend money in fighting to retain its strangle-hold on the

unprotected birds of the world.

Let us run through a small portion of the mass of fresh evidence before

us. It will be easier for the friends of birds to read these details

here than to procure them at first hand, as we have done.

The first thing that strikes one is the fact that the feather-hunters

are scattered \_all over the world where bird life is plentiful\_ and

there are no laws to hinder their work. I commend to every friend of

birds this list of the species whose plumage is to-day being bought and

sold in large quantities every year in London. To the birds of the world

this list is of deadly import, for it spells extermination.

The reader will notice that it is the way of the millinery octopus to

reach out to the uttermost ends of the earth, and take everything that

it can use. From the trackless jungles of New Guinea, round the world

both ways to the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, no unprotected bird is

safe. The humming-birds of Brazil, the egrets of the world at large, the

rare birds of paradise, the toucan, the eagle, the condor and the emu,

all are being \_exterminated\_ to swell the annual profits of the

millinery trade. The case is \_far\_ more serious than the world at large

knows, or even suspects. But for the profits, the birds would be safe;

and no unprotected wild species can long escape the hounds of Commerce.

But behold the list of rare, curious and beautiful birds that are today

in grave peril:

[Illustration: BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS BIRDS NOW BEING DESTROYED

FOR THE FEATHER TRADE--(II)

Lyre Bird

White Ibis

Golden Eagle

Resplendent Trogan

Silver Pheasant

Toco Toucan]

\* \* \* \* \*

LIST OF BIRDS NOW BEING EXTERMINATED FOR THE LONDON AND CONTINENTAL

FEATHER MARKETS:

\_Species\_. \_Locality.\_

American Egret Venezuela, S. America, Mexico, etc.

Snowy Egret Venezuela, S. America, Mexico, etc.

Scarlet Ibis Tropical South America.

"Green" Ibis Species not recognizable by its trade name.

Herons, generally All unprotected regions.

Marabou Stork Africa.

Pelicans, all species All unprotected regions.

Bustard Southern Asia, Africa.

Greater Bird of Paradise New Guinea; Aru Islands.

Lesser Bird of Paradise New Guinea.

Red Bird of Paradise Islands of Waigiou and Batanta.

Twelve-Wired Bird of Paradise New Guinea, Salwatti.

Black Bird of Paradise Northern New Guinea.

Rifle Bird of Paradise New Guinea generally.

Jobi Bird of Paradise Island of Jobi.

King Bird of Paradise New Guinea.

Magnificent Bird of Paradise New Guinea.

Impeyan Pheasant Nepal and India.

Tragopan Pheasant Nepal and India.

Argus Pheasant Malay Peninsula, Borneo.

Silver Pheasant Burma and China.

Golden Pheasant China.

Jungle Cock East Indies and Burma.

Peacock East Indies and India.

Condor South America.

Vultures, generally Where not protected.

Eagles, generally All unprotected regions.

Hawks, generally All unprotected regions.

Crowned Pigeon, two species New Guinea.

"Choncas" Locality unknown.

Pitta East Indies.

Magpie Europe.

Touracou, or Plantain-Eater Africa.

Velvet Birds Locality uncertain.

"Grives" Locality uncertain.

Mannikin South America.

Green Parrot (now protected) India.

"Dominos" (Sooty Tern) Tropical Coasts and Islands.

Garnet Tanager South America.

Grebe All unprotected regions.

Green Merle Locality uncertain.

"Horphang" Locality uncertain.

Rhea South America.

"Sixplet" Locality uncertain.

Starling Europe.

Tetras Locality not determined.

Emerald-Breasted Hummingbird West Indies, Cent, and S. America.

Blue-Throated Hummingbird West Indies, Cent, and S. America.

Amethyst Hummingbird West Indies, Cent, and S. America.

Resplendent Trogon, several species Central America.

Cock-of-the-Rock South America.

Macaw South America.

Toucan South America.

Emu Australia.

Sun-Bird East Indies.

Owl All unprotected regions.

Kingfisher All unprotected regions.

Jabiru Stork South America.

Albatross All unprotected regions.

Tern, all species All unprotected regions.

Gull, all species All unprotected regions.

\* \* \* \* \*

In order to throw a spot-light on the most recent transactions in the

London wild-birds'-plumage market, and to furnish a clear idea of what

is to-day going on in London, Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam, I will set

out in some detail the report of an agent whom I engaged to ascertain

the London dealings in the plumage of wild birds that were killed

especially to furnish that plumage. As one item, let us take the sales

in London in February, May and October, 1911, because they bring the

subject well down to date. My agent's explanatory note is as follows:

"These three sales represent six months. Very nearly double this

quantity is sold by these four firms in a year. We must also take into

consideration that all the feathers are not brought to the London

market, and that \_very large shipments are also made direct to the

raw-feather dealers and manufacturers of Paris and Berlin, and that

Amsterdam also gets large quantities from the West Indies\_. For your

purpose, I report upon three sales, at different periods of the year

1911, and as those sales do not vary much, you will be able to judge the

consumption of birds in a year."

The "aigrettes" of the feather trade come from egrets, and, being very

light, it requires the death of several birds to yield one ounce. In

many catalogues, the word "albatross" stands for the jabiru, a

nearly-exterminated species of giant stork, inhabiting South America.

"Rhea" often stands for vulture plumage.

If the feather dealers had deliberately attempted to form an educational

list of the most beautiful and the most interesting birds of the world,

they could hardly have done better than they have done in the above

list. If it were in my power to show the reader a colored plate of each

species now being exterminated by the feather trade, he would be

startled by the exhibit. That the very choicest birds of the whole avian

world should be thus blotted out at the behest of vain and heartless

women is a shame, a disgrace and world-wide loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

LONDON FEATHER SALE OF FEBRUARY, 1911

\_Sold by Hale & Sons Sold by Dalton & Young\_

Aigrettes 3,069 ounces Aigrettes 1,606 ounces

Herons 960 " Herons 250 "

Birds of Paradise 1,920 skins Paradise 4,330 bodies

\_Sold by Figgis & Co. Sold by Lewis & Peat\_

Aigrettes 421 ounces Aigrettes 1,250 ounces

Herons 103 " Paradise 362 skins

Paradise 414 skins Eagles 384 "

Eagles 2,600 " Trogons 206 "

Condors 1,580 " Hummingbirds 24,800 "

Bustards 2,400 "

LONDON FEATHER SALE OF MAY, 1911

\_Sold by Hale & Sons Sold by Dalton & Young\_

Aigrettes 1,390 ounces Aigrettes 2,921 ounces

Herons 178 " Herons 254 "

Paradise 1,686 skins Paradise 5,303 skins

Red Ibis 868 " Golden Pheasants 1,000 "

Junglecocks 1,550 "

Parrots 1,700 "

Herons 500 "

\_Sold by Figgis & Co. Sold by Lewis & Peat\_

Aigrettes 201 ounces Aigrettes 590 ounces

Herons 248 " Herons 190 "

Paradise 546 skins Paradise 60 skins

Falcons, Hawks 1,500 " Trogons 348 "

Hummingbirds 6,250 "

LONDON FEATHER SALE OF OCTOBER, 1911

\_Sold by Hale & Sons Sold by Dalton & Young\_

Aigrettes 1,020 ounces Aigrettes 5,879 ounces

Paradise 2,209 skins Heron 1,608 "

Hummingbirds 10,040 " Paradise 2,850 skins

Bustard 28,000 quills Condors 1,500 "

Eagles 1,900 "

\_Sold by Figgis & Co. Sold by Lewis & Peat\_

Aigrettes 1,501 ounces Aigrettes 1,680 ounces

Herons 140 " Herons 400 "

Paradise 318 skins Birds of Paradise 700 skins

If I am correctly informed, the London feather trade admits that it

requires six egrets to yield one "ounce" of aigrette plumes. This being

the case, the 21,528 ounces sold as above stand for 129,168 egrets

killed for nine months' supply of egret plumes, for London alone.

The total number of bird corpses auctioned during these three sales is

as follows:

Aigrettes, 21,528 ounces = 129,168 Egrets.

Herons, 2,683 " = 13,598 Herons.

20,698 Birds of Paradise.

41,090 Hummingbirds.

9,464 Eagles, Condors, etc.

9,472 Other Birds.

-------

Total number of birds 223,490

\* \* \* \* \*

It is to be remembered that the sales listed above cover the

transactions of four firms only, and do not in any manner take into

account the direct importations from Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam of

manufacturers and other dealers. The defenders of the feather trade are

at great pains to assure the world that in the monthly, bi-monthly and

quarterly sales, feathers often appear in the market twice in the same

year; and this statement is made for them in order to be absolutely

fair. Recent examinations of the plume catalogues for an entire year,

marked with the price \_paid\_ for each item, reveals very few which are

blank, indicating no sale! The subtractions of the duplicated items

would alter the result only very slightly.

The full extent of England's annual consumption of the plumage of wild

birds slaughtered especially for the trade never has been determined. I

doubt whether it is possible to ascertain it. The information that we

have is so fragmentary that in all probability it reflects only a small

portion of the whole truth, but for all that, it is sufficient to prove

the case of the Defenders of the Birds \_vs\_. the London Chamber of

Commerce.

IMPORTS OF FEATHERS AND DOWN (ORNAMENTAL) FOR THE YEAR 1910

\_Pounds\_ \_Value\_

Venezuela 8,398 $191,058

Brazil 787 5,999

Japan 2,284 3,830

China 6,329 16,308

Tripoli 345 900

Egypt 21,047 89,486

Java, Sumatra, and Borneo 15,703 186,504

Cape of Good Hope 709,406[E] 9,747,146

British India 18,359 22,137

Hong-Kong 310 3,090

British West Indies 30 97

Other British Colonies 10,438 21,938

[Footnote E: Chiefly Ostrich feathers.]

The above does not take into account the feathers from game birds

received in England from France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and

the Netherlands.

As a final side-light on the quantity of egret and heron plumes offered

and sold in London during the twelve months ending in April, 1912, we

offer the following exhibit:

"OSPREY" FEATHERS (EGRET AND HERON PLUMES) SOLD IN LONDON DURING THE

YEAR ENDING APRIL. 1912

\_Offered\_ \_Sold\_

Venezuelan, long and medium 11,617 ounces 7,072 ounces

Venezuelan, mixed Heron 4,043 " 2,539 "

Brazilian 3,335 " 1,810 "

Chinese 641 " 576 "

19,636 ounces 11,997 ounces

Birds of Paradise, plumes (2 plumes = 1 bird)

29,385 24,579

[Illustration: BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS BIRDS NOW BEING DESTROYED

FOR THE FEATHER TRADE--(III)

Griffon Vulture

Herring Gull

Jabiru

Condor

Emeu

Indian Adjutant]

Under the head of "Hummingbirds Not Wanted," Mr. Downham is at great

pains to convey[F] the distinct impression that to-day hummingbirds are

scorned by the feather trade, and the demand for them is dead. \_I

believed him\_--until my agent turned in the following statement:

Hummingbirds sold by Lewis & Peat, London, February, 1911 24,800

Hummingbirds sold by Lewis & Peat, London, May, 1911 6,250

Hummingbirds sold by Hale & Sons, London, October, 1911 10,040

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Total 41,090

It is useless for anyone to assert that these birds were merely

"offered," and not actually sold, as Mr. Downham so laboriously explains

is the regular course with hummingbird skins; for that will deceive no

intelligent person. The statement published above comes to me direct,

from an absolutely competent and reliable source.

[Footnote F: "The Feather Trade," by C.F. Downham, p. 63-4.]

Undoubtedly the friends of birds, and likewise their enemies, will be

interested in the prices at which the skins of the most beautiful birds

of the world are sold in London, prior to their annihilation by the

feather industry. I submit the following exhibit, copied from the

circular of Messrs. Lewis & Peat. It is at least of academic interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

PRICES OF RARE AND BEAUTIFUL BIRD SKINS IN LONDON

Condor skins $3.50 to $5.75

Condor wing feathers, each .05

Impeyan Pheasant .66 " 2.50

Argus Pheasant 3.60 " 3.85

Tragopan Pheasant 2.70

Silver Pheasant 3.50

Golden Pheasant .34 " .46

Greater Bird of Paradise:

Light Plumes: Medium to giants 10.32 " 21.00

Medium to long, worn 7.20 " 13.80

Slight def. and plucked 2.40 " 6.72

Dark Plumes: Medium to good long 7.20 " 24.60

12-Wired Bird of Paradise 1.44 " 1.80

Rubra Bird of Paradise 2.50

Rifle Bird of Paradise 1.14 " 1.38

King Bird of Paradise 2.40

"Green" Bird of Paradise .38 " .44

East Indian Kingfisher .06 " .07

East Indian Parrots .03

Peacock Necks, gold and blue .24 " .66

Peacock Necks, blue and green .36

Scarlet Ibis .14 " .24

Toucan breasts .22 " .26

Red Tanagers .09

Orange Oriels .05

Indian Crows' breasts .13

Indian Jays .04

Amethyst Hummingbirds .01-1/2

Hummingbird, various 3/16 of .01 " .02

Hummingbird, others 1/32 of .01 " .01

Egret ("Osprey") skins 1.08 " 2.78

Egret ("Osprey") skins, long 2.40

Vulture feathers, per pound .36 " 4.56

Eagle, wing feathers, bundles of 100 .09

Hawk, wing feathers, bundles of 100 .12

Mandarin Ducks, per skin .15

Pheasant tail feathers, per pound 1.80

Crown Pigeon heads, Victoria 1.68 " 2.50

Crown Pigeon heads, Coronatus .84 " 1.20

Emu skins 4.56 " 4.80

Cassowary plumes, per ounce 3.48

Swan skins .72 " .74

Kingfisher skins .07 " .09

African Golden Cuckoo 1.08

\* \* \* \* \*

Many thoughts are suggested by these London lists of bird slaughter and

loot.

It will be noticed that the breast of the grebe has almost wholly

disappeared from the feather market and from women's hats. The reason is

that there are no longer enough birds of that group to hold a place in

the London market! Few indeed are the Americans who know that from 1900

to 1908 the lake region of southern Oregon was the scene of the

slaughter of uncountable thousands of those birds, which continued until

the grebes were almost exterminated.

When the wonderful lyre-bird of Australia had been almost exterminated

for its tail feathers, its open slaughter was stopped by law, and a

heavy fine was imposed on exportation, amounting, I have been told, to

$250 for each offense. My latest news of the lyre-bird was of the

surreptitious exportation of 200 skins to the London feather market.

In India, the smuggling outward of the skins of protected birds is

constantly going on. Occasionally an exporter is caught and fined; but

that does not stop the traffic.

Bird-lovers must now bid farewell forever to all the birds of paradise.

Nothing but the legal closing of the world's markets against their

plumes and skins can save any of them. They never were numerous; nor

does any species range over a wide area. They are strictly insular, and

the island homes of some of them are very small. Take the great bird of

paradise (\_Paradisea apoda\_) as an illustration. On Oct. 2, 1912, at

Indianapolis, Indiana, a city near the center of the United States, in

three show-windows within 100 feet of the headquarters of the Fourth

National Conservation Congress, I counted 11 stuffed heads and 11

complete sets of plumes of this bird, displayed for sale. The prices

ranged from $30 to $47.50 each! And while I looked, a large lady

approached, pointed her finger at the remains of a greater bird of

paradise, and with grim determination, said to her shopping companion:

"There! I want one o' them, an' I'm agoin' to \_have\_ it, too!"

Says Mr. James Buckland in "Pros and Cons of the Plumage Bill":

"Mr. Goodfellow has returned within the last few weeks from a second

expedition to new Guinea.... One can now walk, he states, miles and

miles through the former haunts of these birds [of paradise] without

seeing or hearing even the commonest species. When I reflect on this

sacrilege, I am lost in wonder at the apathy of the British public."

Mr. Carl Hagenbeck wrote me only three months ago that "the condors of

the Andes are all being exterminated for their feathers, and these birds

are now very difficult to obtain."

The egret and heron plumes, known under the trade name of "osprey, etc.,

feathers," form by far the most important item in each feather sale.

There are \_fifteen\_ grades! They are sold by the ounce, and the prices

range all the way from twenty-eight cents per ounce for "mixed heron" to

\_two hundred and twenty-five shillings\_ ($45.60) per ounce for the best

Brazilian "short selected," on February 7, 1912! Is it any wonder that

in Philadelphia the prices of finished aigrettes, ready to be worn, runs

from $20 to $125!

The plumes that run up into the big figures are the "short selected"

coming from the following localities, and quoted at the prices set down

here in shillings and pence. Count the shilling at twenty-four cents,

United States money.

PRICES OF "SHORT SELECTED" EGRET AND HERON PLUMES, IN LONDON ON FEBRUARY

7, 1912

(Lewis & Peat's List)

East Indies per ounce, 117/6 to 207/6 = $49.80 max.

Rangoon " " 150/0 " 192/6 = 46.20 "

China " " 130/0 " 245/0 = 58.80 "

Brazil " " 200/0 " 225/0 = 54.00 "

Venezuela " " 165/0 " 222/6 = 53.40 "

The total offering of these "short selected" plumes in December 1911,

was 689 ounces, and in February, 1912, it was 230 ounces.

Now with these enormous prices prevailing, is it any wonder that the

egrets and herons are being relentlessly pursued to the uttermost ends

of the earth? I think that any man who really knows the habits of egrets

and herons, and the total impossibility of any quantity of their shed

feathers being picked up in a marketable state, must know in his heart

that if the London and continental feather markets keep open a few years

longer, \_every species\_ that furnishes "short selected" plumes will be

utterly exterminated from off the face of the earth.

Let the English people make no mistake about this, nor be fooled by any

fairy tales of the feather trade about Venezuelan "garceros," and vast

quantities of valuable plumes picked off the bushes and out of the mud.

Those carefully concocted egret-farm stories make lovely reading, but

the reader who examines the evidence will soon decide the extent of

their truthfulness. I think that they contain not even ten per cent of

truth; and I shall not rest until the stories of Leon Laglaize and

Mayeul Grisol have been put to the test in the regions where they

originated.

A \_few\_ plumes may be picked out of the jungle, yes; but as for any

\_commercial quantity\_, it is at present beyond belief. Besides, we have

direct, eye-witness testimony to the contrary.

It must not be inferred that the friends of birds in England have been

idle or silent in the presence of the London feather trade. On the

contrary, the Royal Society for the Protection of Wild Birds and Mr.

James Buckland have so strongly attacked the feather industry that the

London Chamber of Commerce has felt called upon to come to its rescue.

Mr. Buckland, on his own individual account, has done yeoman service to

the cause, and his devotion to the birds, and his tireless energy, are

both almost beyond the reach of praise in words. At the last moment

before going to press I learn that the birds'-plumage bill has achieved

the triumph of a "first reading" in Parliament, which looks as if

success is at last in sight. The powerful pamphlet that he has written,

published and circulated at his own expense, entitled "Pros and Cons of

the Plumage Bill," is a splendid effort. What a pity it is that more

individuals are not similarly inspired to make independent effort in the

protection cause! But, strange to say, few indeed are the men who have

either the nerve or the ability to "go it alone."

On the introduction in Parliament of the bill to save the birds from the

feather trade, it was opposed (through the efforts of the Chamber of

Commerce), on the ground that if any bill against the sale of plumes

should pass, and plumes could not be sold, the London business in

wild-bird skins and feathers "would immediately be transferred to the

continent!"

In the face of that devastating and altogether horrible prospect, and

because the London feather dealers "need the money," the bill was at

first defeated--to the great joy of the Chamber of Commerce and Mr.

Downham; but the cause of birds will win in the end, because it is

Right.

The feather dealers have been shrewdly active in the defense of their

trade, and the methods they have employed for influencing public opinion

have quite outshone those put forth by their brethren in America. I have

before me a copy of a booklet bearing the name of Mr. C.F. Downham as

the author, and the London Chamber of Commerce has loaned its good name

as publisher. Altogether it is a very shrewd piece of work, even though

its arguments in justification of bird slaughter for the feather market

are too absurd and weak for serious consideration.

The chief burden of the defender of bird slaughter for millinery

purposes is on account of the destruction of egrets and herons, but

particularly the former. To offset as far as possible the absolutely

true charge that egrets bear their best plumes in their breeding season,

when the helpless young are in the nest and the parent birds must be

killed to obtain the plumes, the feather trade has obtained from three

Frenchmen--Leon Laglaize, Mayeul Grisol, and F. Geay--a beautiful and

plausible story to the effect that in Venezuela the enormous output of

egret plumes has been obtained \_by picking up, off the bushes and out of

the water and mud, the shed feathers of those birds!\_ According to the

story, Venezuela is full of \_egret farms\_, called "garceros,"--where the

birds breed and moult under strict supervision, and kindly drop their

feathers in such places that it is possible \_to find them\_, and to \_pick

them up\_, in a high state of preservation! And we are asked to believe

that it is these very Venezuelan picked-up feathers that command in

London the high price of \_$44 per ounce\_.

[Illustration: THE FIGHT IN ENGLAND AGAINST THE USE OF WILD BIRD'S

PLUMAGE IN THE MILLINERY TRADE

Sandwich-men Employed by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,

that Patroled London Streets in July, 1911.]

Mr. Laglaize is especially exploited by Mr. Downham, as a French

traveler of high standing, and well known in the zoological museums of

France; but, sad to say, when Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn cabled to the

Museum of Natural History in Paris, inquiring about Mr. Laglaize, the

cable flashed back the one sad word; "\_Inconnu!\_" (Unknown!)

I think it entirely possible that enough shed feathers have been picked

up in the reeking swamps of Venezuela, on the upper tributaries of the

Orinoco, to afford \_an excuse\_ for the beautiful story of Mr. Laglaize.

Any shrewd individual with money, and the influence that money secures,

could put up just such a "plant" as I firmly believe \_has\_ been put up

by some one in Venezuela. I will guarantee that I could accomplish such

a job in Venezuela or Brazil, in four months' time, at an expense not

exceeding one thousand dollars.

That the great supply of immaculately perfect egret plumes that annually

come out of Venezuela could by any possibility be picked up in the

swamps where they were shed and dropped by the egrets, is entirely

preposterous and incredible. The whole proportion is denounced by

several men of standing and experience, none of whom are "\_inconnu\_."

As a sweeping refutation of the fantastic statements regarding

"garceros," published by Mr. Downham as coming from Messrs. Laglaize,

Grisol and Geay, I offer the written testimony of an American gentleman

who at this moment owns and maintains within a few yards of his

residence a large preserve of snowy egrets and herons, the former

representing the species which furnishes egret plumes exactly similar to

those shipped from Venezuela and Brazil. If the testimony of Mr.

McIlhenny is not sufficient to stamp the statements of the three

Frenchmen quoted by Mr. Downham as absolute and thoroughly misleading

falsehoods, then there is no such thing in this world as evidence. I

suggest a perusal of the statements of the three Frenchmen who are

quoted with such confidence by Mr. Downham and published by the Hon.

Chamber of Commerce at London, and then a careful reading of the

following letter:

Avery Island, La., June 17, 1912.

DEAR MR. HORNADAY:--

I have before me your letter of June 8th, asking for information as

to whether or no egrets shed their plumes at their nesting places in

sufficient quantities to enable them to be gathered commercially. I

most emphatically wish to state that it is impossible to gather at

the nesting places of these birds any quantity of their plumes. I

have nesting within 50 yards of where I am now sitting dictating

this letter not less than 20,000 pairs of the various species of

herons and egrets, and there are fully 2,500 pairs of snowy herons

nesting within my preserve.

During the nesting season, which covers the months of April, May and

June, I am through this heronry in a small canoe almost every day,

and often twice a day. I have had these herons under my close

inspection for the past 17 years, and I have not in any one season

picked up or seen more than half a dozen discarded plumes. Such

plumes as I have picked up, I have kept on my desk, and given to the

people who were interested. I remember that last year I picked up

four plumes of the snowy heron that were in one bunch. I think these

must have been plucked out by the birds fighting.

This year I have found only one plume so far. I enclose it herewith.

You will notice that it is one of the shorter plumes, and is badly

worn at the end, as have been all the plumes which I have picked up

in my heronry.

I am positive that it is not possible for natural shed plumes to be

gathered commercially. I have a number of times talked with plume

hunters from Venezuela and other South American countries, and I

have never heard of any egret feathers being gathered by their being

picked up after the birds have shed them.

I have heard of a number of heronries in South America that are

protected by the land owners for the purpose of gathering a yearly

crop of egret plumes, but this crop is gathered always by shooting a

certain percentage of the birds. This shooting is done by experts

with 22-calibre rifles, and does not materially disturb the nesting

colony. I have known of two men who have been engaged in killing the

birds on large estates in South America, who were paid regular

salaries for their services as egret hunters.

Very truly yours,

E.A. McIlhenny.

I am more than willing to set the above against the fairy tale of Mr.

Laglaize.

Here is the testimony of A.H. Meyer, an ex-plume-hunter, who for nine

years worked in Venezuela. His sworn testimony was laid before the

Legislature of the State of New York, in 1911, when the New York

Milliners' Association was frantically endeavoring to secure the repeal

of the splendid Dutcher law. This witness was produced by the National

Association of Audubon Societies.

"My attention has been called to the fact that certain commercial

interests in this city are circulating stories in the newspapers and

elsewhere to the effect that the aigrettes used in the millinery trade

come chiefly from Venezuela, where they are gathered from the ground in

the large \_garceros\_, or breeding-colonies, of white herons.

"I wish to state that I have personally engaged in the work of

collecting the plumes of these birds in Venezuela. This was my business

for the years 1896 to 1905, inclusive. I am thoroughly conversant with

the methods employed in gathering egret and snowy heron plumes in

Venezuela, and I wish to give the following statement regarding the

practices employed in procuring these feathers:

"The birds gather in large colonies to rear their young. They have the

plumes only during the mating and nesting season. After the period when

they are employed in caring for their young, it is found that the plumes

are virtually of no commercial value, because of the worn and frayed

condition to which they have been reduced. It is the custom in Venezuela

to shoot the birds while the young are in the nests. A few feathers of

the large white heron (American egret), known as the \_Garza blanca\_, can

be picked up of a morning about their breeding places, but these are of

small value and are known as "dead feathers." They are worth locally not

over three dollars an ounce; while the feathers taken from the bird,

known as "live feathers," are worth fifteen dollars an ounce.

"My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia where these

birds are to be found, and I have never yet found or heard of any

\_garceros\_ that were guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the

feathers from the ground. No such condition exists in Venezuela. The

story is absolutely without foundation, in my opinion, and has simply

been put forward for commercial purposes.

"The natives of the country, who do virtually all of the hunting for

feathers, are not provident in their nature, and their practices are of

a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the

plumes from wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of

starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests

above, which were calling for food. \_I have known these people to tie

and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh where they would attract the

attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this

position until they die of their wounds, or from the attacks of insects.

I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out

the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the

plume-hunters.\_ I could write you many pages of the horrors practiced in

gathering aigrette feathers in Venezuela by the natives for the

millinery trade of Paris and New York.

"To illustrate the comparatively small number of dead feathers which

are collected, I will mention that in one year I and my associates

shipped to New York eighty pounds of the plumes of the large heron and

twelve pounds of the little recurved plumes of the snowy heron. In this

whole lot there were not over five pounds of plumes that had been

gathered from the ground--and these were of little value. The

plume-birds have been nearly exterminated in the United States and

Mexico, and the same condition of affairs will soon exist in tropical

America. This extermination will come about because of the fact that the

young are left to starve in the nest when the old birds are killed, any

other statement made by interested parties to the contrary

notwithstanding.

"I am so incensed at the ridiculously absurd and misleading stories that

are being published on this question that I want to give you this

letter, and, before delivering it to you, shall take oath to its

truthfulness."

Here is the testimony of Mr. Caspar Whitney, of New York, formerly

editor of \_Outing\_ Magazine and \_Outdoor America\_:

"During extended travel throughout South America, from 1903 to 1907,

inclusive, I journeyed, on three separate occasions, by canoe

(1904-1907), on the Lower Orinoco and Apure rivers and their

tributaries. This is the region, so far as Venezuela is concerned, in

which is the greatest slaughter of white herons for their plumage, or

more specifically for the marital plumes, which are carried only in the

mating and breeding season, and are known in the millinery trade as

'aigrettes.'

"There is literally no room for question. The snowy herons are killed

exactly as I describe. It is the custom of all those who hunt for the

millinery trade, and is recognized by the natives as the usual method."

Here is the testimony of Mr. Julian A. Dimock, of Peekamose, N.Y., the

famous outdoor photographer, and illustrator of "Florida Enchantments":

"I know a goodly number of the plume-hunters of Florida. I have camped

with them, and talked to them. I have heard their tales, and even full

accounts of the 'shooting-up' of an egret rookery. Never has a man in

Florida suggested to me that plumes could be obtained without killing

the birds. I have known the wardens, and have visited rookeries after

they had been 'shot-up,' and the evidence all pointed to the everlasting

use of the gun. \_It is certainly not true that the plumes can be

obtained without killing the birds bearing them\_.

"Nineteen years ago, I visited the Cuthbert Rookery with one of the men

who discovered the birds nesting in that lake. He and his partner had

sold the plumes gathered there for more than a thousand dollars. He

showed me how they hid in the bushes and shot the birds. He even gave me

a chance to watch him kill two or three birds.

"I know personally the man chiefly responsible for the slaughter of the

birds at Alligator Bay. \_He laughed at the idea of getting plumes

without killing the birds!\_ I well know the man who shot the birds up

Rogers River, and even saw some of the empty shells left on the ground

by him.

[Illustration: YOUNG EGRETS, UNABLE TO FLY, STARVING

The Parent Birds had Been Killed by Plume Hunters]

[Illustration: SNOWY EGRET, DEAD ON HER NEST

Wounded in the Feeding-Grounds, and Came Home to Die. Photographed in a

Florida Rookery Protected by the National Association of Audubon

Societies]

I have camped with Seminoles, whites, blacks, outlaws, and those within

the pale, connected with plume-hunting, and all tell the same story:

\_The birds are shot to get the plumes.\_ The evidence of my own eyes, and

the action of the birds themselves, convinces me that there is not a

shadow of doubt concerning this point."

This sworn testimony from Mr. T.J. Ashe, of Key West, Florida, is very

direct and to the point:

"I have seen many moulted and dropped feathers from wild plumed birds. I

have never seen a moulted or dropped feather that was fit for anything.

It is the exception when a plumed bird drops feathers of any value while

in flight. Whatever feathers are so dropped are those that are frayed,

worn out, and forced out by the process of moulting. The moulting season

is not during the hatching season, but is after the hatching season. The

shedding, or moulting, takes place once a year; and during this moulting

season the feathers, after having the hard usage of the year from wind,

rain and other causes, when dropped are of absolutely no commercial

value."

Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, of Mount Pleasant, S.C., relates in sworn testimony

his experience in attempting to secure egret plumes without killing the

birds:

"It is utterly impossible to get fifty egret plumes from any colony of

breeding birds without shooting the birds. Last spring, I went twice a

week to a breeding colony of American and snowy egrets, from early in

April until June 8. Despite the fact that I covered miles of territory

in a boat, I picked up but two American egret plumes (which I now have);

but not a single snowy egret plume did I see, nor did my companion, who

accompanied me on every trip.

"I saw an American egret plume on the water, and left it, purposely, to

see whether it would sink or not. Upon visiting the place a few days

afterwards, the plume was not in evidence, undoubtedly having sunk. The

plumes are chiefly shed in the air while the birds are going to or

coming from their breeding grounds. If that millinery plume law is

repealed, the fate of the American and snowy egrets is sealed, for the

few birds that remain will be shot to the very last one."

Any man who ever has been in an egret rookery (and I have) knows that

the above testimony is \_true\_! The French story of the beautiful and

smoothly-running egret farms in Venezuela is preposterous, save for a

mere shadow of truth. I do not say that \_no\_ egret plumes could be

picked up, but I do assert that the total quantity obtainable in one

year in that way would be utterly trivial.

No; the "ospreys" of the British feather market come from slaughtered

egrets and herons, \_killed in the breeding season\_. Let the British

public and the British Parliament make no mistake about that. If they

wish the trade to continue, let it be based on the impregnable ground

that the merchants want the money, and not on a fantastic dream that is

too silly to deceive even a child that knows birds.

The use or disuse of wild birds' plumage as millinery ornaments is

another of those wild-life subjects regarding which there is no room for

argument. To assert that the feather-dealers want the business for the

money it brings them is not argument! We have seen many a steam roller

go over Truth, and Right, and Justice, by main strength and red-hot

power; but Truth and Right refuse to stay flat down. There is on this

earth not one wild-animal species--mammal, bird or reptile--that can

long withstand exploitation for commercial purposes. Even the whales of

the deep sea, the walrus of the arctic regions, the condors of the Andes

and alligators of the Everglade morasses are no exception to the

universal rule.

In Mr. Downham's book there is much fallacious reasoning, and many

conclusions that are not borne out by the facts. For example, he says

that no species of bird of paradise has been diminished in number by

slaughter for the feather trade; that Florida still contains a supply of

egrets; that the decrease in bird life should be charged to the spread

of cities, towns and farms, and not to the trade; that the trade was "in

no way responsible" for the slaughter of three hundred thousand gulls

and albatrosses on Laysan Island!

I have space to notice one other important erroneous conclusion that Mr.

Downham publishes in his book, on page 105. He says:

"The destruction of birds in foreign countries is something that no

trade can direct or control."

This is an amazing declaration; and absolutely contrary to experience.

Let me prove what I say by a fresh and incontestable illustration:

Prior to April, 1911, when Governor Dix signed the Bayne law against the

sale of wild native game in the State of New York, Currituck County,

N.C., was a vast slaughter-pen for wild fowl. No power or persuasion had

availed to induce the people of North Carolina to check, or regulate, or

in any manner mitigate that slaughter of geese, ducks and swans. It was

estimated that two hundred thousand wild fowl were annually slaughtered

there.

We who advocated the Bayne law said: "Close the New York markets against

Currituck birds, and you will stop a great deal of the slaughter."

We cleaned our Augean stable. The greatest game market in America was

absolutely closed.

Last winter (1911) the annual killing of wild fowl was fully fifty per

cent less than during previous years. In one small town, twenty

professional duck shooters went entirely out of business--because they

\_couldn't sell their ducks\_! The dealers refused to buy them. The result

was exactly what we predicted it would be; and this year, it is reported

over and over that ducks are more plentiful in New England than they

have been in twenty years previously! The result is wonderful, because

so quick.

Beyond all question, the feather merchants of London, Paris and Berlin

absolutely control the bird-killers of Venezuela, China, New Guinea.

Mexico and South America. Let the word go forth that "the trade" is no

longer permitted to buy and sell egret and heron plumes, skins of birds

of paradise and condor feathers, and presto! the killing industry falls

dead the next moment.

[Illustration: MISCELLANEOUS BIRD SKINS, 8 CENTS EACH

Purchased by the New York Zoological Society from the Quarterly Sale in

London, August, 1912]

Yes, indeed, members of the British Parliament: it is easily within

\_your power\_ to wipe out at a single stroke fully one-half of the bird

slaughter for fancy feathers. It can be done just as we wiped out

one-half the annual duck slaughter in wickedly-wasteful North Carolina!

The feather trade absolutely \_does\_ control the killing situation! Now,

will the people of England clean house by controlling the feather trade?

If a hundred species of the most beautiful birds of the world must be

exterminated for the feather trade, let the odium rest elsewhere than on

the people of England.

The bird-lovers of America may rest assured that the bird-lovers of

England--a mighty host--are neither careless nor indifferent regarding

the wild-birds' plumage business. On the contrary, several bills have

been brought before Parliament intended to regulate or prohibit the

traffic, and a measure of vast importance to the birds of the world is

now before the House of Commons. It is backed by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P.,

by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, by the Selbourne

Society, and by Mr. James Buckland--a host in himself. For years past

that splendidly-equipped and well-managed Royal Society has waged

ceaseless warfare for the birds. Its activity has been tremendous, and

its membership list contains many of the finest names in England. The

address of the Honorary Secretary, Frank E. Lemon, Esq., is 23 Queen

Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

Naturally, these influences are opposed by the Textile Trade Section of

the London Chamber of Commerce, and their only argument consists of the

plea that if London doesn't get the money out of the feather trade, the

Continent will get it! A reasonable, logical, magnificent and convincing

excuse for wholesale bird slaughter, truly!

Mr. Buckland has been informed from the Continent that the people of

France, Germany, the Netherlands and Belgium are waiting and watching to

see what England is going to do with the question, "To slaughter, or not

to slaughter?" For England has no monopoly of the birds' plumage trade,

not by any means. Says Mr. Buckland ("Pros and Cons of the Plumage

Bill," page 17):

"As regards the vast majority of fancy feathers used in millinery, the

Continent receives its own supplies. The feathers of the hundreds of

thousands of albatrosses which are killed in the North Pacific all go to

Paris. Of the untold thousands of 'magpies,' owls, and other species

which come from Peru, not one skin or feather crosses the Channel. The

white herons of the Upper Senegal and the Niger are being rapidly

exterminated at the instigation of the feather merchants, but not one of

the plumes reaches London. Paris receives direct a large supply of

aigrettes from South America and elsewhere.... The millions of

swallows and other migratory birds which are killed annually as they

pass through Italy, France and Spain on their way north, supply the

millinery trade of Europe with an incredible quantity of wings and other

plumage, but none of it is distributed from London.... London, as a

distributing center, has no monopoly of the trade in raw feathers."

Mr. Buckland's green-covered pamphlet is a powerful document, and both

his facts and his conclusions seem to be unassailable. The author's

address is Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Ave., London, W.C.

The duty of the civilized nations of Europe is perfectly plain. The

savage and bloody business in feathers torn from wild birds should be

stopped, completely and forever. If the commons will not arise and

reform the odious business out of existence, then the kings and queens

and presidents should do their plain duty. In the suppression of a world

crime like this it is clearly a case of \_noblesse oblige\_!

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIRD TRAGEDY ON LAYSAN ISLAND

This chapter is a curtain-dropper to the preceding chapter. As a

clearly-cut, concrete case, the reader will find it unique and

unsurpassed. It should be of lively interest to every American because

the tragedy occurred on American territory.

In the far-away North Pacific Ocean, about seven hundred miles from

Honolulu west-b'-north, lies the small island of Laysan. It is level,

sandy, poorly planted by nature, and barren of all things likely to

enlist the attention of predatory man. To the harassed birds of

mid-ocean, it seemed like a secure haven, and for ages past it has been

inhabited only by them. There several species of sea birds, large and

small, have found homes and breeding places. Until 1909, the inhabitants

consisted of the Laysan albatross, black-footed albatross, sooty tern,

gray-backed tern, noddy tern, Hawaiian tern, white tern, Bonin petrel,

two shearwaters, the red-tailed tropic bird, two boobies and the

man-of-war bird.

Laysan Island is two miles long by one and one-half miles broad, and at

times it has been literally covered with birds. Its bird life was first

brought prominently to notice in 1891, by Henry Palmer, the agent of

Hon. Walter Rothschild, and in 1902 and 1903 Walter K. Fisher and W.A.

Bryan made further observations.

Ever since 1891 the bird life on Laysan has been regarded as one of the

wonders of the bird world. One of the photographs taken prior to 1909

shows a vast plain, apparently a square mile in area, covered and

crowded with Laysan albatrosses. They stand there on the level sand,

serene, bulky and immaculate. Thousands of birds appear in one view--a

very remarkable sight.

Naturally man, the ever-greedy, began to cast about for ways by which to

convert some product of that feathered host into money. At first guano

and eggs were collected. A tramway was laid down and small box-cars were

introduced, in which the collected material was piled and pushed down to

the packing place.

For several years this went on, and the birds themselves were not

molested. At last, however, a tentacle of the feather-trade octopus

reached out to Laysan. In an evil moment in the spring of 1909, a

predatory individual of Honolulu and elsewhere, named Max Schlemmer,

decided that the wings of those albatross, gulls and terns should be

torn off and sent to Japan, whence they would undoubtedly be shipped to

Paris, the special market for the wings of sea-birds slaughtered in the

North Pacific.

[Illustration: LAYSAN ALBATROSSES, BEFORE THE GREAT SLAUGHTER

By the Courtesy of Hon. Walter Rothschild.]

[Illustration: LAYSAN ALBATROSS ROOKERY, AFTER THE GREAT SLAUGHTER

The Same Ground as Shown in the Preceding Picture, Photographed in 1911

by Prof. Homer R. Dill]

Schlemmer the Slaughterer bought a cheap vessel, hired twenty-three

phlegmatic and cold-blooded Japanese laborers, and organized a raid on

Laysan. With the utmost secrecy he sailed from Honolulu, landed his

bird-killers upon the sea-bird wonderland, and turned them loose upon

the birds.

For several months they slaughtered diligently and without mercy.

Apparently it was the ambition of Schlemmer to kill every bird on the

island.

By the time the bird-butchers had accumulated between three and four

car-loads of wings, and the carnage was half finished, William A. Bryan,

Professor of Zoology in the College of Honolulu, heard of it and

promptly wired the United States Government.

Without the loss of a moment the Secretary of the Navy despatched the

revenue cutter \_Thetis\_ to the shambles of Laysan. When Captain Jacobs

arrived he found that in round numbers about \_three hundred thousand\_

birds had been destroyed, and all that remained of them were several

acres of bones and dead bodies, and about three carloads of wings,

feathers and skins. It was evident that Schlemmer's intention was to

kill all the birds on the island, and only the timely arrival of the

\_Thetis\_ frustrated that bloody plan.

The twenty-three Japanese poachers were arrested and taken to Honolulu

for trial, and the \_Thetis\_ also brought away all the stolen wings and

plumage with the exception of one shedful of wings that had to be left

behind on account of lack of carrying space. That old shed, with one

end torn out, and supposed to contain nearly fifty thousand pairs of

wings, was photographed by Prof. Dill in 1911, as shown herewith.

[Illustration: ACRES OF GULL AND ALBATROSS BONES

Photographed on Laysan Island by H.R. Dill, 1911]

Three hundred thousand albatrosses, gulls, terns and other birds were

butchered to make a Schlemmer holiday! Had the arrival of the \_Thetis\_

been delayed, it is reasonably certain that every bird on Laysan would

have been killed to satisfy the wolfish rapacity of one money-grubbing

white man.

In 1911, the Iowa State University despatched to Laysan a scientific

expedition in charge of Prof. Homer R. Dill. The party landed on the

island on April 24 and remained until June 5, and the report of

Professor Dill (U.S. Department of Agriculture) is consumedly

interesting to the friends of birds. Here is what he has said regarding

the evidences of bird-slaughter:

"Our first impression of Laysan was that the poachers had stripped the

place of bird life. An area of over 300 acres on each side of the

buildings was apparently abandoned. Only the shearwaters moaning in

their burrows, the little wingless rail skulking from one grass tussock

to another, and the saucy finch remained. It is an excellent example of

what Prof. Nutting calls the survival of the inconspicuous.

"Here on every side are bones bleaching in the sun, showing where the

poachers had piled the bodies of the birds as they stripped them of

wings and feathers. In the old open guano shed were seen the remains of

hundreds and possibly thousands of wings which were placed there but

never cured for shipping, as the marauders were interrupted in their

work.

[Illustration: SHED PILLED WITH WINGS OF SLAUGHTERED BIRDS ON LAYSAN

ISLAND]

"An old cistern back of one of the buildings tells a story of cruelty

that surpasses anything else done by these heartless, sanguinary

pirates, not excepting the practice of cutting wings from living birds

and leaving them to die of hemorrhage. In this dry cistern the living

birds were kept by hundreds to slowly starve to death. In this way the

fatty tissue lying next to the skin was used up, and the skin was left

quite free from grease, so that it required little or no cleaning during

preparation.

"Many other revolting sights, such as the remains of young birds that

had been left to starve, and birds with broken legs and deformed beaks

were to be seen. Killing clubs, nets and other implements used by these

marauders were lying all about. Hundreds of boxes to be used in shipping

the bird skins were packed in an old building. It was very evident they

intended to carry on their slaughter as long as the birds lasted.

"Not only did they kill and skin the larger species but they caught and

caged the finch, honey eater, and miller bird. Cages and material for

making them were found."--(Report of an Expedition to Laysan Island in

1911. By Homer R. Dill, page 12.)

The report of Professor Bryan contains the following pertinent

paragraphs:

"This wholesale killing has had an appalling effect on the colony.... It

is conservative to say that fully one-half the number of birds of both

species of albatross that were so abundant everywhere in 1903 have been

killed. The colonies that remain are in a sadly decimated condition....

Over a large part of the island, in some sections a hundred acres in a

place, that ten years ago were thickly inhabited by albatrosses not a

single bird remains, while heaps of the slain lie as mute testimony of

the awful slaughter of these beautiful, harmless, and without doubt

beneficial inhabitants of the high seas.

"While the main activity of the plume-hunters was directed against the

albatrosses, they were by no means averse to killing anything in the

bird line that came in their way.... Fortunately, serious as were the

depredations of the poachers, their operations were interrupted before

any of the species had been completely exterminated."

But the work of the Evil Genius of Laysan did not stop with the

slaughter of three hundred thousand birds. Mr. Schlemmer introduced

rabbits and guinea-pigs; and these rapidly multiplying rodents now are

threatening to consume every plant on the island. If the plants

disappear, many of the insects will go with them; and this will mean the

disappearance of the small insectivorous birds.

In February, 1909, President Roosevelt issued an executive order

creating the Hawaiian Islands Reservation for Birds. In this are

included Laysan and twelve other islands and reefs, some of which are

inhabited by birds that are well worth preserving. By this act, we may

feel that for the future the birds of Laysan and neighboring islets are

secure from further attacks by the bloody-handed agents of the vain

women who still insist upon wearing the wings and feathers of wild

birds.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XV

UNFAIR FIREARMS, AND SHOOTING ETHICS

For considerably more than a century, the States of the American Union

have enacted game-protective laws based on the principle that the wild

game belongs to the People, and the people's senators, representatives

and legislators generally may therefore enact laws for its protection,

prescribing the manner in which it may and may not be taken and

possessed. The soundness of this principle has been fully confirmed by

the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Geer vs.

Connecticut, on March 2, 1896.

The tendency of predatory man to kill and capture wild game of all kinds

by wholesale methods is as old as the human race. The days of the club,

the stone axe, the bow and arrow and the flint-lock gun were

contemporaneous with the days of great abundance of game. Now that the

advent of breech-loaders, repeaters, automatics and fixed ammunition has

rendered game scarce in all localities save a very few, the thoughtful

man is driven to consider measures for the checking of destruction and

the suppression of wholesale slaughter.

First of all, the deadly floating batteries and sail-boats were

prohibited. To-day a punt gun is justly regarded as a relic of

barbarism, and any man who uses one places himself beyond the pale of

decent sportsmanship, or even of modern pot-hunting. Strange to say,

although the unwritten code of ethics of English sportsmen is very

strict, the English to this day permit wild-fowl hunting with guns of

huge calibre, some of which are more like shot-cannons than shot-guns.

And they say, "Well, there are still wild duck on our coast!"

Beyond question, it is now high time for the English people to take up

the shot-gun question, and consider what to-day is fair and unfair in

the killing of waterfowl. The supply of British ducks and geese can not

forever withstand the market gunners and their shot-cannons. Has not the

British wild-fowl supply greatly decreased during the past fifteen

years? I strongly suspect that a careful investigation would reveal the

fact that it has diminished. The Society for the Preservation of the

Fauna of the Empire should look into the matter, and obtain a series of

reports on the condition of the waterfowl to-day as compared with what

it was twenty years ago.

In the United States we have eliminated the swivel guns, the punt guns

and the very-big-bore guns. Among the real sportsmen the tendency is

steadily toward shot-guns of small calibre, especially under 12-gauge.

But, outside the ranks of sportsmen, we are now face to face with two

automatic and five "pump" shotguns of deadly efficiency. Of these, more

than one hundred thousand are being made and sold annually by the five

companies that produce them. Recently the annual output has been

carefully estimated from known facts to be about as follows:

Winchester Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

(1 Automatic and 1 Pump-gun) 50,000 guns.

Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N.Y.

(1 Automatic and 1 Pump-gun) 25,000 "

Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. 1 Pump-gun 12,000 "

Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass. 1 Pump-gun 10,000 "

Union Fire Arms Co., 1 Pump-gun 5,000 "

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103,000 guns

[Illustration: FOUR OF THE SEVEN MACHINE GUNS

STEVENS PUMP GUN, 6 SHOTS IN 6 SECONDS.

WINCHESTER PUMP GUN, 6 SHOTS IN 6 SECONDS.

REMINGTON AUTOMATIC, 5 SHOTS IN 4 SECONDS.

Loaded and cocked by its own recoil.

WINCHESTER AUTOLOADING. 5 SHOTS IN 4 SECONDS

Loaded and cocked by its own recoil.]

THE ETHICS OF SHOOTING AND SHOT-GUNS.--Are the American people willing

that their wild birds shall be shot by machinery?

In the ethics of sportsmanship, the anglers of America are miles ahead

of the men who handle the rifle and shot-gun in the hunting field. Will

the hunters ever catch up?

The anglers have steadily diminished the weight of the rod and the size

of the line; and they have prohibited the use of gang hooks and nets. In

this respect the initiative of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina is worthy

of the highest admiration. Even though the leaping tuna, the jewfish and

the sword-fish are big and powerful, the club has elected to raise the

standard of sportsmanship by making captures more difficult than ever

before. A higher degree of skill, and nerve and judgment, is required in

the angler who would make good on a big fish; and, incidentally, the

fish has about double "the show" that it had fifteen years ago.

That is Sportsmanship!

But how is it with the men who handle the shot-gun?

By them, the Tuna Club's high-class principle has been exactly reversed!

In the making of fishing-rods, commercialism plays small part; but in

about forty cases out of every fifty the making of guns is solely a

matter of dollars and profits.

Excepting the condemnation of automatic and pump guns, I think that few

clubs of sportsmen have laid down laws designed to make shooting more

difficult, and to give the game more of a show to escape. Thousands of

gentlemen sportsmen have their own separate unwritten codes of honor,

but so far as I know, few of them have been written out and adopted as

binding rules of action. I know that among expert wing shots it is an

unwritten law that quail and grouse must not be shot on the ground, nor

ducks on the water. But, among the three million gunners who annually

shoot in the United States how many, think you, are there who in actual

practice observe any sentimental principles when in the presence of

killable game? I should say about one man and boy out of every five

hundred.

Up to this time, the great mass of men who handle guns have left it to

the gunmakers to make their codes of ethics, and hand them out with the

loaded cartridges, all ready for use.

For fifty years the makers of shot-guns and rifles have taxed their

ingenuity and resources to make killing easier, especially for "amateur"

sportsmen,--\_and take still greater advantages of the game\_! Look at

this scale of progression:

FIFTY YEARS' INCREASE IN THE DEADLINESS OF FIREARMS.

KIND OF GUN. ESTIMATED DEGREE OF DEADLINESS.

Single-shot muzzle loader xx 10

Single-shot breech-loader xxxxxx 30

Double-barrel breech-loader xxxxxxxxxx 50

Choke-bore breech-loader xxxxxxxxxxxx 60

Repeating rifle xxxxxxxxxxxx 60

Repeating rifle, with silencer xxxxxxxxxxxxxx 70

"Pump" shot-gun (6 shots) xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx 90

Automatic or "autoloading" shot-guns, 5 shots xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx 100

\_The Output of 1911\_.--At a recent hearing before a committee of the

House of Representatives at Washington, a representative of the

gun-making industry reported that in the year 1911 ten American

manufacturing concerns turned out the following:

391,875 shot-guns,

666,643 rifles, and

580,042 revolvers.

There are 66 factories producing firearms and ammunition, employing

$39,377,000 of invested capital and 15,000 employees.

The sole and dominant thought of many gunmakers is to make the very

deadliest guns that human skill can invent, sell them as fast as

possible, and declare dividends on their stock. The Remington,

Winchester, Marlin, Stevens and Union Companies are engaged in a mad

race to see who can turn out the deadliest guns, and the most of them.

On the market to-day there are five pump-guns, that fire six shots each,

in about \_six seconds\_, without removal from the shoulder, by the quick

sliding of a sleeve under the barrel, that ejects the empty shell and

inserts a loaded one. There are two automatics that fire five shots each

in \_five seconds or less\_, by five pulls on the trigger! \_The

autoloading gun is reloaded and cocked again wholly by its own recoil\_.

Now, if these are not machine guns, what are they?

In view of the great scarcity of feathered game, and the number of

deadly machine guns already on the market, the production of the last

and deadliest automatic gun (by the Winchester Arms Company), \_already

in great demand\_, is a crime against wild life, no less.

Every human action is a matter of taste and individual honor.

It is natural for the duck-butchers of Currituck to love the automatic

shot-guns as they do, because they kill the most ducks per flock. With

two of them in his boat, holding \_ten shots\_, one expert duck-killer

can,--and sometimes \_actually does\_, so it is said,--get every duck out

of a flock, up to seven or eight.

It is natural for an awkward and blundering wing-shot to love the

deadliest gun, in order that he may make as good a bag as an expert shot

can make with a double-barreled gun. It is natural for the hunter who

does not care a rap about the extermination of species to love the gun

that will enable him to kill up to the bag limit, every time he takes

the field. It is natural for men who don't think, or who think in

circles, to say "so long as I observe the lawful bag limit, what

difference does it make what kind of a gun I use?"

It is natural for the Remington, and Winchester, and Marlin gun-makers

to say, as they do, "Enforce the laws! Shorten the open seasons! Reduce

the bag limit, and then it won't matter what guns are used! But,--DON'T

touch autoloading guns! Don't hamper Inventive Genius!"

Is it not high time for American sportsmen to cease taking their moral

principles and their codes of ethics from the gun-makers?

Here is a question that I would like to put before every hunter of game

in America:

In view of the alarming scarcity of game, in view of the impending

extermination of species by legal hunting, can any high-minded

\_sportsman\_, can any \_good citizen\_ either sell a machine shot-gun or

use one in hunting?

A gentleman is incapable of taking an unfair advantage of any wild

creature; therefore a gentleman cannot use punt guns for ducks, dynamite

for game fish, or automatic or pump guns in bird-shooting. The machine

guns and "silencers" are grossly unfair, and like gang-hooks, nets and

dynamite for trout and bass, their use in hunting must everywhere be

prohibited by law. Times have changed, and the lines for protection must

be more tightly drawn.

[Illustration: THE CHAMPION GAME SLAUGHTER CASE

One Hour's Slaughter (218 Geese) With Two Automatic Shot-Guns]

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania (Judge Orlady) has decided that the

Pennsylvania law against the use of automatic guns in hunting is

entirely constitutional, because every state has a right to say how its

game may and may not be killed.

It is up to the American People to say \_now\_ whether their wild life

shall be slaughtered by machinery, or not.

If they are willing that it should be, then let us be consistent and

say--away with all "conservation!" The game conservators can endure a

gameless and birdless continent quite as well as the average citizen

can.

HOW THEY WORK.--There are a few apologists for the automatic and pump

guns who cheerfully say, "So long as the bag limit is observed what

difference does it make how the birds are killed?"

It is strange that a conscientious man should ask such a question, when

the answer is apparent.

We reply, "The difference is that an automatic or pump gun will kill

fully twice as many waterfowl as a double-barrel, \_if not more\_; and \_it

is highly undesirable that every gunner should get the bag limit of

birds, or any number near it\_! The birds can not stand it. Moreover,

\_the best states for ducks and geese have no bag limits on those birds\_!"

To-day, on Currituck Sound, for example, the market hunters are killing

all the waterfowl they can sell. On Marsh Island, Louisiana, one man has

killed 369 ducks in one day, and another market gunner killed 430 in one

day.

The automatic and the "pump" shot-guns are the favorite weapons of the

game-hog who makes a specialty of geese and ducks. It is no uncommon

thing for a gunner who shoots a machine gun to get, with one gun, as

high as \_eight\_ birds out of one flock. A man who has himself done this

has told me so.

\_The Champion Game-Slaughter Case\_.--Here is a story from California

that is no fairy tale. It was published, most innocently, in a western

magazine, with the illustration that appears herewith, and in which

please notice the automatic shot-gun:

"February 5th, I and a friend were at one of the Glenn County Club's

camps.... Neither of us having ever had the pleasure of shooting over

live decoys, we were anxious, and could hardly wait for the sport to

commence. On arriving at the scene we noticed holes which had been dug

in the ground, just large enough for a man to crawl into. These holes

were used for hiding places, and were deep enough so the sportsmen would

be entirely out of sight of the game. The birds are so wild that to move

a finger will frighten them....

"The decoys are wild geese which had been crippled and tamed for this

purpose. They are placed inside of silk net fences which are located on

each side of the holes dug for hiding places. These nets are the color

of the ground and it is impossible for the wild geese flying overhead to

detect the difference.

"After we had investigated everything the expert caller and owner of the

outfit exclaimed: 'Into your holes!'

"We noticed in the distance a flock of geese coming. Our caller in a few

seconds had their attention, and they headed towards our decoys. Soon

they were directly over us, but out of easy range of our guns. We were

anxious to shoot, but in obedience to our boss had to keep still, and

soon noticed that the birds were soaring around and in a short time were

within fifteen or twenty feet of us. At that moment we heard the

command, 'Punch 'em!' and the bombardment that followed was beyond

imagining. \_We had fired five shots apiece and found we had bagged ten

geese from this one flock\_.

"At the end of one hour's shooting we had 218 birds to our credit and

were out of ammunition.

"On finding that no more shells were in our pits we took our dead geese

to the camp and returned with a new supply of ammunition. We remained in

the pits during the entire day. When the sun had gone behind the

mountains we summed up our kill and \_it amounted to 450 geese\_!

"The picture shown with this article gives a view of \_the first hour's

shoot\_. A photograph would have been taken of the remainder of the

shoot, but it being warm weather the birds had to be shipped at once in

order to keep them from spoiling.

[Illustration: SLAUGHTERED ACCORDING TO LAW

A Result of a Faulty System. Such Pictures as this are Very Common in

Sportsmen's Magazines Note the Automatic Gun]

"Supper was then eaten, after which we were driven back to Willows; both

agreeing that it was one of the greatest days of sport we ever had, and

wishing that we might, through the courtesy of the Glenn County Goose

Club, have another such day. C.H.B."

Another picture was published in a Canadian magazine, illustrating a

story from which I quote:

"I fixed the decoys, hid my boat and took my position in the blind. My

man started his work with a will and hustled the ducks out of every

cove, inlet or piece of marsh for two miles around. I had barely time to

slip the cartridges into my guns--\_one a double and the other a five

shot automatic\_--when I saw a brace of birds coming toward me. They

sailed in over my decoys. I rose to the occasion, and the leader

up-ended and tumbled in among the decoys. The other bird, unable to stop

quick enough, came directly over me. He closed his wings and struck the

ground in the rear of the blind.

"More and more followed. Sometimes they came singly, and then in twos

and threes. I kept busy and attended to each bird as quickly as

possible. Whenever there was a lull in the flight I went out in the boat

and picked up the dead, leaving the wounded to take chances with any

gunner lucky enough to catch them in open and smooth water. A bird handy

in the air is worth two wounded ones in the water. \_Twice I took six

dead birds out of the water for seven shots, and both guns empty\_.

"The ball thus opened, the birds commenced to move in all directions.

Until the morning's flight was over I was kept busy pumping lead, \_first

with the 10, then with the automatic\_, reloading, picking up the dead,

etc."

And the reader will observe that the harmless, innocent, inoffensive

automatic shot gun, that "don't matter if you enforce the bag limit,"

figures prominently in both stories and both photographs.

\_A Story of Two Pump Guns and Geese\_:--It comes from Aberdeen, S.D.

(Sand Lake), in the spring of 1911. Mr. J.J. Humphrey tells it, in

\_Outdoor Life\_ magazine for July, 1911.

"Smith and I were about a hundred yards from them [the flock of Canada

geese], when Murphy scared them. They rose in a dense mass and came

directly between Smith and me. We were about gunshot distance apart, and

they were not over thirty feet in the air when we opened up on them with

our pump guns and No. 5 shot. When the smoke cleared away and we had

rounded up the cripples we found we had twenty-one geese. I have heard

of bigger killings out in this country, but never positively knew of

them."

So then: \_those two gunners averaged 10-1/2 wild geese per pump gun out

of one flock\_! And yet there are wise and reflective sportsmen who say,

"What difference does the kind of gun make so long as you live up to the

law?"

I think that the pump and automatic guns make about 75 \_per-cent of

difference, against the game\_; that is all!

The number of shot-guns now in use in the United States is almost beyond

belief. About six years ago a gentleman interested in the manufacture of

such weapons informed me, and his statement has never been disputed,

that \_every year\_ about 500,000 new shot-guns were sold in the United

States. The number of shot cartridges annually produced by our four

great cartridge companies has been reliably estimated as follows:

Winchester Arms Co 300,000,000

Union Metallic Cartridge Co 250,000,000

Peters Cartridge Co 150,000,000

Western Cartridge Co 75,000,000

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775,000,000

We must stop all the holes in the barrel, or eventually lose all the

water. No group of bird-slaughterers is entitled to immunity. We will

not "limit the bag, and enforce the laws," while we permit the makers

and users of autoloading and pump guns to kill at will, as they demand.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: Copy of letter:

National Association of Audubon Societies

Founded 1901. Incorporated 1906.

For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

WILLIAM DUTCHER, President

JOHN E. THAYER, 1st Vice-President

THEO. S. PALMER, M.D., 2d Vice-President

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary

FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Treasurer

SAMUEL T. CARTER, Jr., Attorney

OFFICES

525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City

[Illustration: Map showing (shaded) States having

Audubon Societies.]

[Illustration: Map showing (shaded) States which have adopted

the A.O.U. model law protecting the non-game birds.]

141 Broadway.

Feb. 26th 1906.

My dear Mr. Hornaday:--

It is with much surprise that I learn through your communication of even

date that certain persons are claiming that the National Association of

Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Animals and Birds is in

favor of the use of automatic or pump guns, and consequently is not in

favor of the passage of laws to prevent the use or sale of such

firearms.

I beg officially to state that the National Association of Audubon

Societies is absolutely opposed to either the manufacture, sale, or use

of such firearms, and therefore hopes that the meritorious bill

introduced by the New York Zoological Society will become a law.

I beg further to add that any statement contrary to the above in effect

is unauthorized.

This society is working for the preservation of the wild birds and game

of North America, and it sincerely should not stultify itself by

advocating the use of one of the most potent means of destruction that

has ever been devised.

You are at liberty to use this communication either publicly or

privately.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature: William Dutcher]

President.

A LETTER THAT TELLS ITS OWN STORY]

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes; we \_will\_ "limit the bag" and "enforce the laws;" but the machine

guns and the alien shooters shall be eliminated at the same time! Each

state has the power to regulate, absolutely, down to the smallest

detail, the manner in which the game of The People shall be taken or not

taken; and such laws are absolutely constitutional. If we can legislate

punt guns and dynamite out of use, the machine guns and silencers can be

treated similarly.

\_No immunity for wild-life exterminators\_.

The following unprejudiced testimony from a New York business man who is

a sportsman, with a fine game preserve of his own, should be of general

interest. It was written to G.O. Shields, March 21, 1906.

DEAR SIR:

Regarding the use of the automatic shot-gun, would say that I am a

member of two southern ducking clubs where these guns are used very

extensively. I have seen a flock of ducks come into a blind where

one, two, or even three of these guns were in use, and have seen as

many as eleven shots poured into a single flock.

We have considerable poaching on one of these clubs, the territory

being so extensive that it is impossible to prevent it. We own

60,000 acres, and these poachers, I am told, nearly all use the

automatic guns. They frequently kill six or eight ducks out of one

flock--first taking a raking shot on the water, and then getting in

the balance of the magazine before the flock is out of range. In

fact, some of them carry two guns, and are able to discharge a part

of the second magazine into the same flock.

As I told you the other evening, I am not so much against the gun

when in the hands of gentlemen and real sportsmen, but, on account

of its terrible possibilities for market hunters, I believe that the

only safe way is to abolish it entirely, and that the better class

should be willing to give up this weapon as being the only means of

putting a stop to this willful game slaughter.

Very truly yours,

ARTHUR ROBINSON.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN REGARD AUTOMATIC AND PUMP GUNS

Each one of the following organizations, chiefly clubs of gentlemen

sportsmen, have adopted strong resolutions condemning the use of

automatic guns in hunting, and either requesting or recommending the

enactment of laws against their use:

New York Zoological Society ... Henry Fairfield Osborn, President

The Camp-Fire Club of America ... Daniel C. Beard, President

Boone and Crockett Club ... W. Austin Wadsworth, President

New York State Fish, Game and Forest League ... 81 Clubs and Associations

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game

... Alfred Wagstaff, President

Lewis and Clark Club ... John M. Phillips, President

League of American Sportsmen ... G.O. Shields, President

Wild Life Protective Association ... W.T. Hornaday, President

WHERE AUTOMATIC GUNS ARE BARRED OUT BY LAW

PENNSYLVANIA, 1907

NEW JERSEY, 1912

SASKATCHEWAN, 1906

NEW BRUNSWICK, 1907

BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1911

ONTARIO, 1907

MANITOBA, 1909

ALBERTA, 1907

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, 1906

SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS WHEREIN THEY ARE BARRED BY CODES OF ETHICS AND RULES

Adirondack League Club, New York

Blooming Grove Park Hunting and Fishing Club, Penn.

Greenwing Gun Club, Ottawa, Ill.

Western Ducking Club, Detroit, Minn.

Bolsa Chica Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Westminster Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Patos Club, Los Arigeles, Cal.

Pocahontas Club, Va.

Tobico Hunting Club, Kawkawlin, Mich.

Turtle Lake Club, Turtle Lake, Mich.

Au Sable Forest Farm Club, Mich.

Wallace Ducking Club, Wild Fowl Bay, Mich.

Lomita Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Golden West Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Recreation Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \* \* \*

A MODEL BILL TO PROHIBIT THE USE OF AUTOMATIC AND REPEATING SHOT GUNS IN

HUNTING

Section 1. It shall be unlawful to use in hunting or shooting birds

or animals of any kind, any automatic or repeating shot gun or pump

gun, or any shot-gun holding more than two cartridges at one time,

or that may be fired more than twice without removal from the

shoulder for reloading.

Section 2. Violation of any provision of this act shall be punished

by a fine of not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred

dollars for each offence; and the carrying, or possession in the

woods, or in any field, or upon any water of any gun or other weapon

the use of which is prohibited, as aforesaid, shall be prima facie

evidence of the violation of this act.

\_The English 3-barrel "Scatter Rifle," for Ducks\_.--All gunners who find

machine guns good enough for them will be delighted by the news that an

Englishman whose identity is concealed under the initials "F.M.M." has

invented and manufactured a 3-barreled rifle specially intended to kill

ducks that are beyond the reach of a choke-bore shotgun. The weapon

discharges all three barrels simultaneously. In the \_London Field\_, of

Dec. 9, 1911, it is described by a writer who also thoughtfully conceals

his identity under a nom-de-plume. After a trial of 48 shots, the writer

declares that "the 3-barreled is a really practicable weapon," and that

with it one could bag wild-fowl that were quite out of reach of any

shot-gun. Just why a Gatling gun or a Maxim should not be employed for

the same purpose, the writer fails to state. The use of either would be

quite as sportsmanlike, and as fair to the game. There are great

possibilities in ducking mortars, also.

\_The "Sunday Gun."\_--A new weapon of peculiar form and great deadliness

to song birds, has recently come into use. Because of the manner of its

use, it is known as the "Sunday gun." It is specially adapted to

concealment on the person. A man could go through a reception with one

of these deadly weapons absolutely concealed under his dress coat! It is

a weapon with two barrels, rifle and shot; and it enables the user to

kill anything from a humming-bird up to a deer. What the shot-barrel can

not kill, the rifle will. It is not a gun that any sportsman would own,

save as a curiosity, or for target use.

The State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, Mr. E.H. Forbush, informs me

that already the "Sunday gun" has become a scourge to the bird life of

that state. Thousands of them are used by men and boys who live in

cities and towns, and are able to get into the country only on Sundays.

They conceal them under their coats, on Sunday mornings, go out into the

country, and spend the day in shooting small birds and mammals. The dead

birds are concealed in various pockets, the Sunday gun goes under the

coat, and at nightfall the guerrilla rides back to the city with an

innocent smile on his face, as if he had spent a day in harmless

enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

The "Sunday gun" is on sale everywhere, and it is said to be in use both

by American and Italian killers of song-birds. It weighs only two

pounds, eight ounces, and its cost is so trifling that any guerrilla who

wishes one can easily find the money for its purchase. There are in the

United States at least a million men and boys quite mean enough to use

this weapon on song-birds, swallows, woodpeckers, nuthatches, rabbits

and squirrels, and like other criminals, hide both weapon and loot in

their clothing. So long as this gun is in circulation, no small bird is

safe, at any season, near any city or town.

Now, what are the People going to do about it?

My recommendation is that each state enact a law in the following terms:

Be it enacted, etc.--That from and after the passage of this act it

shall be unlawful for any person to use in hunting, or to carry

concealed on the person, any shotgun, or rifle, or combination of

shotgun and rifle, with a barrel or barrels less than twenty-eight

inches in length, or with a skeleton stock fixed on a hinge.

The carrying of any rifle or shotgun concealed on the person shall

constitute a felony.

The penalties for hunting with any gun specially adapted to concealment

should be not less than $50 fine or two months imprisonment at hard

labor, and the carrying of such weapons concealed should be $100 or four

months at hard labor.

Incidentally, we wonder what will be the next devilish device for the

destruction of wild life that American inventive genius will produce.

[Illustration: THE "SUNDAY GUN!"

A Deadly Combination of Concealable Rifle-and-Shot-Gun.]

[Illustration: THE WILDERNESS OF NORTH AMERICA (SHADED) AND THE ARCTIC

PRAIRIES, WELL STOCKED WITH BIG GAME]

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XVI

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME

The subject of this chapter opens up a vast field of facts and

conclusions, quite broad enough to fill a whole volume. In the space at

our disposal here it is possible to offer only a summary of the subject,

without attempting to prove our statements by the production of detailed

evidence.

To say that all over the world, the large land mammals are being

destroyed more rapidly than they are breeding, would not be literally

true, for the reason that there are yet many areas that are almost

untouched by the destroying hand of civilized man. It is true, however,

that all the unspoiled areas rapidly are growing fewer and smaller. It

is also true that in all the regions of the earth that are easily

penetrable by civilized man, the wild life is being killed faster than

it breeds, and of necessity it is disappearing. This is why the British

are now so urgently bestirring themselves to create game preserves in

all the countries that they own.

It is one of the inexorable laws of Nature, to which I know of not one

exception, that large hoofed animals which live on open plains, on open

mountains, or in regions that are thinly forested, always are easily

found and easily exterminated. All such animals have a weak hold on

life. This is because it is so difficult for them to hide, and so very

easy for man to creep up within the killing range of modern, high-power,

long-range rifles. Is it not pitiful to think of animals like the

caribou, moose, white sheep and bear trying to survive on the naked

ridges and bald mountains of Yukon Territory and Alaska! With a modern

rifle, the greatest duffer on earth can creep up within killing distance

of any of the big game of the North.

The gray wolf is practically the only large animal that is able to hide

successfully and survive in the treeless regions of the North; but his

room is always preferable to his company, because he, too, is a

destroyer of big game.

I am tempted to try to map out roughly what are to-day the unopened and

undestroyed wild haunts of big game in North America. In doing this,

however, I warn the reader not to be deceived into thinking that because

game still exists in those regions, those areas therefore constitute a

permanent preserve and safe breeding-ground for large mammals. That is

very, very far from being the case. The further "opening up" of the

wilderness areas, as I shall call them for convenience, can and surely

will quickly wipe out their big game; for throughout nine-tenths of

those areas it holds to life by very slender threads.

To-day the unopened and undestroyed wilderness areas of North America,

wherein large mammals still live in a normal wild state, are in general

as follows:

THE ARCTIC BARREN GROUNDS, or Arctic Prairies, north of the limit of

trees, embracing the Barren Grounds of northern Canada, the great arctic

archipelago, Ellesmere, Melville and Grant Lands and Greenland. This

region is the home of the musk-ox and three species of arctic caribou.

THE ALASKA-YUKON REGION, inhabited by the moose, white mountain sheep,

mountain goat, four species of caribou, and half a dozen species of

Alaska brown, grizzly and black bears.

NORTHERN ONTARIO, QUEBEC, LABRADOR AND NEWFOUNDLAND, inhabited by moose,

woodland caribou, white-tailed deer and black bear.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, inhabited by a magnificent big-game fauna embracing

the moose, elk, caribou of two species, white sheep, black sheep,

big-horn sheep, mule deer, white-tailed deer, mountain goat, grizzly,

black and inland white bears.

THE SIERRA MADRE OF MEXICO, containing jaguar, puma, \_grizzly\_ and black

bears, mule deer, white-tailed deer, antelope, mountain sheep and

peccaries.

I have necessarily omitted all those regions of the United States and

Canada that still contain a remnant of big game, but have been literally

"shot to pieces" by gunners.

In the United States and southern Canada there are about fifteen

localities which contain a supply of big game sufficient that a

conscientious sportsman might therein hunt and kill one head per year

with a clear conscience. \_All others should be closed for five years\_!

Here is the list of availables; and regarding it there will be about as

many opinions as there are big-game sportsmen:

\* \* \* \* \*

HUNTING GROUNDS IN AND NEAR THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTHERN CANADA

WHEREIN IT IS RIGHT TO HUNT BIG GAME

THE MAINE WOODS: Well stocked with white-tailed deer.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Well stocked with moose; a few caribou, deer and black

bear.

WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT: For deer.

THE ADIRONDACKS, NEW YORK: Well stocked with white-tailed deer, only.

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS: Contain many deer and black bears, and soon will

contain more.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA: Deer and moose.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN: White-tailed deer.

NORTHWESTERN WYOMING: Thousands of elk in fall and winter; a few deer,

grizzly and black bears, but no sheep that it would be right to kill.

WESTERN AND SOUTHWESTERN MONTANA: Elk in season, mule and white-tail

deer; no sheep that it would be right to kill.

NORTHWESTERN MONTANA: Mule and white-tailed deer, only. No sheep, bear,

moose, elk or antelope \_to kill\_!

WYOMING, EAST OF YELLOWSTONE PARK: A few elk, by migration from the

Park; a few deer, and bear of two species.

NORTHERN WOODS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC: Moose; deer.

SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA: Goat, a few sheep and deer; grizzly bear.

Moose, caribou and elk should not be killed.

NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA: Six fine species of big game.

NORTHWESTERN ALBERTA: Grizzly bear, big-horn and mountain goat.

Under existing conditions I regard the above-named hunting grounds as

\_nearly all\_ in which it is right or fair for big-game hunting now to be

permitted, even on a strict basis. Nearly all others should immediately

be closed, for large game, for ten years.

Of course such a proceeding, if carried into effect, would provoke loud

protests from sportsmen, gunners, game-hogs, pot-hunters and others; but

I only wish to high heaven that we had the power to carry such a program

as that into effect! \_Then we would see some game in ten years\_; and our

grand-children would thank us for some real big-game protection at a

critical period.

Except in the few localities above-mentioned, I regard the big-game

situation in the United States and southern Canada as particularly

desperate. Unless there is an immediate and complete revolution in this

country from an era of slaughter to an era of preservation, as sure as

the sun rises on the morrow, outside of the hard and fast game

preserves, and places like Maine and the Adirondacks, this generation of

Americans and near-Americans will live to see our country \_swept clean

of big game\_!

Two years ago, I did not believe this; but I do now. It is impossible to

exaggerate the wide extent or the seriousness of this situation. In a

country where any and every individual can rise and bluster,

"I'm-just-as-good-as-\_you\_-are," and bellow for his "rights" as a

"tax-payer," there is no stopping the millions who kill whenever there

is an open season. And to many Americans, no right is dearer than the

right to kill the game which by even the commonest law of equity

belongs, not to the shooter exclusively, but partly to two thousand

other persons who don't shoot at all!

Unless we come to an "About, face!" in quick time, all our big game

outside the preserves is doomed to sure and quick extermination. This is

not an individual opinion, merely: it is a \_fact\_; and a hundred

thousand men know it to be such.

Last winter (1911-12), because the deer of Montana were driven by cold

and hunger out of the mountains and far down into the ranchmen's

valleys, eleven thousand of them were ruthlessly slaughtered. State

Game Warden Avare says that often heads of families took out as many

licenses as there were persons in the family, and the whole quota was

killed. Such people deserve to go deerless into the future; but we can

not allow them to rob innocent people.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR SPECIES OF BIG GAME

THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE, unique and wonderful, will be one of \_the

first species of North American big game to become totally extinct\_. We

may see this come to pass within twenty years. They can not be bred in

protection, \_save in very large fenced ranges\_. They are delicate,

capricious, and easily upset. They die literally "at the drop of a hat."

They are quite subject to actinomycosis (lumpy-jaw), which in wild

animals is incurable.

Already all the states that possess wild antelope, except Nevada, have

passed laws giving that species long close seasons; which is highly

creditable to the states that have done their duty. Nevada must get in

line at the next session of her legislature!

In 1908, Dr. T.S. Palmer published in his annual report of "Progress in

Game Protection" the following in regard to the prong-horned antelope:

"Antelope are still found in diminished numbers in fourteen western

states. A considerable number were killed during the year in Montana,

where the species seems to have suffered more than elsewhere since the

season was opened in 1907.

"A striking illustration of the decrease of the antelope is afforded by

Colorado. In 1898 the State Warden estimated that there were 25,000 in

the state, whereas in 1908 the Game Commissioner places the number at

only 2,000. The total number of antelope now in the United States

probably does not exceed 17,000, distributed approximately as follows:

Colorado 2,000 Yellowstone Park 2,000

Idaho 200 Other States 2,000

Montana 4,000 -----

New Mexico 1,300 Saskatchewan 2,000

Oregon 1,500 -----

Wyoming 4,000 19,000

To-day (1912), Dr. Palmer says the total number of antelope is less than

it was in 1908, and in spite of protection the number is steadily

diminishing. This is indeed serious news. The existing bands, already

small, are steadily growing smaller. The antelope are killed lawlessly,

and the crimes of such slaughter are, in nearly every instance,

successfully concealed.

Previously, we have based strong hopes for the preservation of the

antelope species on the herd in the Yellowstone Park, but those animals

are vanishing fearfully fast. In 1906, Dr. Palmer reported that "About

fifteen hundred antelope came down to the feeding grounds near the

haystacks in the vicinity of Gardiner." In 1908 the Yellowstone Park

was credited with two thousand head. \_To-day, the number alive, by

actual count, is only five hundred head\_; and this after twenty-five

years of protection! Where have the others gone? This shows, alas! that

perpetual close seasons can not \_always\_ bring back the vanished

thousands of game!

[Illustration: PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE]

Here is a reliable report (June 29, 1912) regarding the prong-horned

antelope in Lower California, from E.W. Nelson: "Antelope formerly

ranged over nearly the entire length of Lower California, but are now

gone from a large part of their ancient range, and their steadily

decreasing numbers indicate their early extinction throughout the

peninsula."

In captivity the antelope is exasperatingly delicate and short-lived. It

has about as much stamina as a pet monkey. As an exhibition animal in

zoological gardens and parks it is a failure; for it always looks faded,

spiritless and dead, like a stuffed animal ready to be thrown into the

discard. Zoologists can not save the prong-horn species save at long

range, in preserves so huge that the sensitive little beast will not

even suspect that it is confined.

Two serious attempts have been made to transplant and acclimatize the

antelope--in the Wichita National Bison Range, in Oklahoma, and in the

Montana Bison Range, at Ravalli. In 1911 the Boone and Crockett Club

provided a fund which defrayed the expenses of shipping from the

Yellowstone Park a small nucleus herd to each of those ranges. Eight

were sent to the Wichita Range, of which five arrived alive. Of the

seven sent to the Montana Range, four arrived alive and were duly set

free. While it seems a pity to take specimens from the Yellowstone Park

herd, the disagreeable fact is that there is no other source on which to

draw for breeding stock.

The Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, in Canada, still permit the

hunting and killing of antelope; which is wholly and entirely wrong.

THE BIG-HORN SHEEP.--Of North American big game, the big-horn of the

Rockies will be, after the antelope, the next species to become extinct

outside of protected areas. In the United States that event is fast

approaching. It is far nearer than even the big-game sportsmen realize.

There are to-day only two localities in the four states that still

\_think\_ they have killable sheep, in which it is worth while to go

sheep-hunting. One is in Montana, and the other is in Wyoming. In the

United States a really big, creditable ram may now be regarded as an

impossibility. There are now perhaps half a dozen guides who can find

killable sheep in our country, but the game is nearly always young rams,

under five years of age.

That Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington still continue to permit

sheep slaughter is outrageous. Their answer is that "The sportsmen won't

stand for stopping it altogether." I will add:--and the great mass of

people are too criminally indifferent to take a hand in the matter, and

\_do their duty\_ regardless of the men of blood.

The seed stock of big-horn sheep now alive in the United States

aggregates a pitifully small number. After twenty-five years of unbroken

protection in Colorado, Dillon Wallace estimates, after an investigation

on the ground, that the state possesses perhaps thirty-five hundred

head. He credits Montana and Wyoming with five hundred each--which I

think is far too liberal a number. I do not believe that either of those

states contains more than one hundred unprotected sheep, at the very

utmost limit. If there are more, where are they?

In the Yellowstone Park there are 210 head, safe and sound, and slowly

increasing. I can not understand why they have not increased more

rapidly than they have. In Glacier Park, now under permanent protection,

three guides on Lake McDonald, in 1910, estimated the number of sheep at

seven hundred. Idaho has in her rugged Bitter Root and Clearwater

Mountains and elsewhere, a remnant of possibly two hundred sheep, and

Washington has only what chemists call "a trace." It has recently been

discovered that California still contains a few sheep, and in

southwestern Nevada there are a few more.

In Utah, the big-horn species is probably quite extinct. In Arizona,

there are a few very small bands, very widely scattered. They are in the

Santa Catalina Mountains, the Grand Canyon country, the Gila Range, and

the Quitovaquita Mountains, near Sonoyta. But who can protect from

slaughter those Arizona sheep? Absolutely no one! They are too few and

too widely scattered for the game wardens to keep in touch with them.

The "prospectors" have them entirely at their mercy, and the world well

knows what prospectors' "mercy" to edible big game looks like on the

ground. It leads straight to the frying-pan, the coyotes and the

vultures.

The Lower California peninsula contains about five hundred mountain

sheep, without the slightest protection save low, desert mountains, heat

and thirst. But that is no real protection whatever. Those sheep are too

fine to be butchered the way they have been, and now are being

butchered. In 1908 I strongly called the attention of the Mexican

Government to the situation; and the Departmento de Fomento secured the

issue of an executive order forbidding the hunting of any big game in

Lower California without the written authority of the government. I am

sure, however, that owing to the political and military upheaval it

never stopped the slaughter of sheep. In such easy mountains as those of

Lower California, it is a simple matter to exterminate quickly all the

mountain sheep that they possess. The time for President Madero and his

cabinet to inaugurate serious protective measures has fully arrived.

Both British Columbia and Alberta have even yet fine herds of big-horn,

and we can count three large game preserves in which they are protected.

They are Goat Mountain Park (East Kootenay district, between the Elk and

Bull Rivers); the Rocky Mountains Park, near Banff, and Waterton Lakes

Park, in the southwestern corner of Alberta.

In view of the number of men who desire to hunt them, the bag limit on

big-horn rams in British Columbia and Alberta still is too liberal, by

half. One ram per year for one man is \_quite enough\_; quite as much so

as one moose is the limit everywhere. To-day "a big, old ram" is

regarded by sportsmen as a much more desirable and creditable trophy

than a moose; because moose-killing is easy, and the bagging of an old

mountain ram in real mountains requires five times as much effort and

skill.

The splendid high and rugged mountains of British Columbia and Alberta

form an ideal home for the big-horn (and mountain goat), and it would be

an international calamity for that region to be denuded of its splendid

big game. With resolute intent and judicial treatment that region can

remain a rich and valuable hunting ground for five hundred years to

come. Under falsely "liberal" laws, it can be shot into a state of

complete desolation within ten years, or even less.

OTHER MOUNTAIN SHEEP.--In northern British Columbia, north of Iskoot

Lake, there lies a tremendous region, extending to the Arctic Ocean, and

comprehending the whole area between the Rocky Mountain continental

divide and the waters of the Pacific. Over the southern end of this

great wilderness ranges the black mountain sheep, and throughout the

remainder, with many sheepless intervals, is scattered the white

mountain sheep.

Owing to the immensity of this wilderness, the well-nigh total lack of

railroads and also of navigable waters, excepting the Yukon, it will not

be thoroughly "opened up" for a quarter of a century. The few resolute

and pneumonia-proof sportsmen who can wade into the country, pulling

boats through icy-cold mountain streams, are not going to devastate

those millions of mountains of their big game. The few head of game

which sportsmen can and will take out of the great northwestern

wilderness during the next twenty-five years will hardly be missed from

the grand total, even though a few easily-accessible localities are shot

out. It is the deadly resident trappers, hunters and prospectors who

must be feared! And again,--\_who\_ can control them? Can any wilderness

government on earth make it possible? Therefore, \_in time, even the

great wilderness will be denuded of big game\_. This is absolutely fixed

and certain; for within much less than another century, every square rod

of it will have been gone over by prospectors, lumbermen, trappers and

skin-hunters, and raked again and again with fine-toothed combs. A

railway line to Dawson, the Copper River and Cook Inlet is to-day merely

the next thing to expect, after Canada's present railway program has

been wrought out.

Yes, indeed! In time the wilderness will be opened up, and the big game

will \_all\_ be shot out, save from the protected areas.

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.--Even yet, this species is not wholly extinct in the

United States. It survives in Glacier Park, Montana, and the number

estimated in that region by three guide friends is too astoundingly

large to mention.

This animal is much more easily killed than the big-horn. Its white coat

renders it fatally conspicuous at long range during the best hunting

season; it is almost devoid of fear, and it takes altogether too many

chances on man. Thanks to the rage for sheep horns, the average

sportsman's view-point regarding wild life ranks a goat head about six

contours below "old ram" heads, in desirability. Furthermore, most

guides regard the flesh of the goat as almost unfit for use as food, and

far inferior to that of the big-horn. These reasons, taken together,

render the goats much less persecuted by the sportsmen, ranchmen and

prospectors who enter the home of the two species. It was because of

this indifference toward goats that in 1905 Mr. John M. Phillips and his

party saw 243 goats in thirty days in Goat Mountain Park, and only

fourteen sheep.

Unless the preferences of western sportsmen and gunners change very

considerably, the coast mountains of the great northwestern wilderness

will remain stocked with wild mountain goats until long after the last

big-horn has been shot to death. Fortunately, the skin of the mountain

goat has no commercial value. I think it was in 1887 that I purchased,

in Denver, 150 nicely tanned skins of our wild white goat \_at fifty

cents each\_! They were wanted for the first exhibit ever made to

illustrate the extermination of American large mammals, and they were

shown at the Louisville Exposition. It must have cost the price of those

skins to tan them; and I was pleased to know that some one lost money on

the venture.

[Illustration MAP OF THE FORMER AND EXISTING RANGES OF THE AMERICAN ELK

From "Life History of Northern Animals," Copyright 1909 by E.T. Seton]

At present the mountain goat extends from north-western Montana to the

head of Cook Inlet, but it is not found in the interior or in the Yukon

valley. Whenever man decides that the species has lived long enough, he

can quickly and easily exterminate it. It is one of the most picturesque

and interesting wild animals on this continent, and there is not the

slightest excuse for shooting it, save as a specimen of natural history.

Like the antelope, it is so unique as a natural curiosity that it

deserves to be taken out of the ranks of animals that are regularly

pursued as game.

THE ELK.--The story of the progressive extermination of the American

elk, or wapiti, covers practically the same territory as the tragedy of

the American bison--one-third of the mainland of North America. The

former range of the elk covered absolutely the garden ground of our

continent, omitting the arid region. Its boundary extended from central

Massachusetts to northern Georgia, southern Illinois, northern Texas and

central New Mexico, central Arizona, the whole Rocky Mountain region up

to the Peace River, and Manitoba. It skipped the arid country west of

the Rockies, but it embraced practically the whole Pacific slope from

central California to the north end of Vancouver Island. Mr. Seton

roughly calculated the former range of \_canadensis\_ at two and a half

million square miles, and adds: "We are safe, therefore, in believing

that in those days there may have been ten million head."

The range of the elk covered a magnificent domain. The map prepared by

Mr. Ernest T. Seton, after twenty years of research, is the last word on

the subject. It appears on page 43, Vol. I, of his great work, "Life

Histories of Northern Animals," and I have the permission of author and

publisher to reproduce it here, as an object lesson in wild-animal

extermination. Mr. Seton recognizes (for convenience, only?) four forms

of American elk, two of which, \_C. nannodes\_ and \_occidentalis\_, still

exist on the Pacific Coast. The fourth, \_Cervus merriami\_, was

undoubtedly a valid species. It lived in Arizona and New Mexico, but

became totally extinct near the beginning of the present century.

In 1909 Mr. Seton published in the work referred to above a remarkably

close estimate of the number of elk then alive in North America.

Recently, a rough count--the first ever made--of the elk in and around

the Yellowstone Park, revealed the real number of that largest

contingent. By taking those results, and Mr. Seton's figures for elk

outside the United States, we obtain the following very close

approximation of the wild elk alive in North America in 1912:

LOCALITY NUMBER AUTHORITY

Yellowstone Park and vicinity 47,000 U.S. Biological Survey.

Idaho (permanently), 600

Washington 1,200 Game Warden Chris. Morgenroth.

Oregon 500

California 400

New York, Adirondacks 400 State Conservation Commission.

Minnesota 50 E.T. Seton.

Vancouver Island 2,000 E.T. Seton.

British Columbia (S.-E.) 200 E.T. Seton.

Alberta 1,000 E.T. Seton.

Saskatchewan 500 E.T. Seton

In various Parks and Zoos 1,000 E.T. Seton.

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Total, for all America. 54,850

In 1905, a herd of twenty of the so-called dwarf elk of the San Joaquin

Valley, California, were taken to the Sequoia National Park, and placed

in a fenced range that had been established for it on the Kaweah River.

The extermination of the wapiti began with the settlement of the

American colonies. Naturally, the largest animals were the ones most

eagerly sought by the meat-hungry pioneers, and the elk and bison were

the first game species to disappear. The colonists believed in the

survival of the fittest, and we are glad that they did. The one thing

that a hungry pioneer cannot withstand is--temptation--in a form that

embraces five hundred pounds of succulent flesh. And let it not be

supposed that in the eastern states there were only a few elk. The

Pennsylvania salt licks were crowded with them, and the early writers

describe them as existing in "immense bands" and "great numbers."

Of course it is impossible for wild animals of great size to exist in

countries that are covered with farms, villages and people. Under such

conditions the wild and the tame cannot harmonize. It is a fact,

however, that elk could exist and thrive in every national forest and

national park in our country, and also on uncountable hundreds of

thousands of rough, wild, timbered hills and mountains such as exist in

probably twenty-five different states. There is no reason, except man's

short-sighted greed and foolishness, why there are not to-day one

hundred thousand elk living in the Allegheny Mountains, furnishing each

year fifty thousand three-year-old males as free food for the people.

The trouble is,--the greedy habitants \_could not\_ be induced to kill

only the three-year-old-males, in the fall, and let the cows, calves and

breeding bulls alone! By sensible management the Rocky Mountains, the

Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range would support enough wild elk to feed

a million people. But we Americans seem utterly incapable of maintaining

anywhere from decade to decade a large and really valuable supply of

wild game. Outside the Yellowstone Park and northwestern Wyoming, the

American elk exists only in small bands--mere remnants and samples of

the millions we could and should have.

\_If\_ they could be protected, and the surplus presently killed according

to some rational, working system, then \_every national forest in the

United States should be stocked with elk\_! In view of the awful cost of

beef (to-day 10-1/2 cents per pound in Chicago \_on the hoof\_!), it is

high time that we should consider the raising of game on the public

domain on such lines that it would form a valuable food supply without

diminishing the value of the forests.

Just now (1912) the American people are sorely puzzled by a remarkable

elk problem that each winter is presented for solution in the Jackson

Hole country, Wyoming. Driven southward by the deep snows of winter, the

elk thousands that in summer graze and grow fat in the Yellowstone Park

march down into Jackson Hole, to find in those valleys less snow and

more food. Now, it happens that the best and most of the former winter

grazing grounds of the elk are covered by fenced ranches! As a result,

the elk that strive to winter there, about fifteen thousand head, are

each winter threatened with starvation; and during three or four winters

of recent date, an aggregate of several thousand calves, weak yearlings

and weakened cows perished of hunger. The winters of 1908, 1909 and 1910

were progressively more and more severe; and 1911 saw about 2500 deaths,

(S.N. Leek).

In 1909-10, the State of Wyoming spent $7,000 for hay, and fed it to the

starving elk. In 1911, Wyoming spent $5,000 more, and appealed to

Congress for help. Thanks to the efforts of Senator Lodge and others,

Congress instantly responded with a splendid emergency appropriation of

$20,000, partly for the purpose of feeding the elk, and also to meet the

cost of transporting elsewhere as many of the elk as it might seem best

to move. The starving of the elk ceased with 1911.

\_Outdoor Life\_ magazine (Denver, Colo.) for August, 1912, contains an

excellent article by Dr. W.B. Shore, entitled, "Trapping and Shipping

Elk." I wish I could reprint it entire, for the solid information that

it contains. It gives a clear and comprehensive account of last spring's

operations by the Government and by the state of Montana in capturing

and shipping elk from the Yellowstone Park herd, for the double purpose

of diminishing the elk surplus in the Park and stocking vacant ranges

elsewhere.

The operations were conducted on the same basis as the shipping of

cattle--the corral, the chute, the open car, and the car-load in bulk.

Dr. Shore states that the undertaking was really no more difficult than

the shipping of range cattle; but the presence of a considerable

proportion of young and tender calves, such as are never handled with

beef cattle, led to 8.8 per cent of deaths in transit. The deaths and

the percentage are nothing at which to be surprised, when it is

remembered, that the animals had just come through a hard winter, and

their natural vitality was at the lowest point of the year.

The following is a condensed summary of the results of the work:

Number of Hours on Killed or Died After

Destination Elk Road Died in Car Unloading

1 Car. Startup, Washington 60: calves, 94 11 7

yearlings

and two-year

olds

1 " Hamilton, Montana 43: cows & 30 4 1

calves

1 " Thompson Falls,

Montana 40 -- 2 O

1 " Stephensville,

Montana 36 -- 1 1

1 " Deer Lodge, Montana 40 24 2 O

1 " Hamilton, Montana 40 -- O O

1 " Mt. Vernon,

Washington 46 4 days; 7 O

unloaded &

fed twice

--- -- -

305 27 9

The total deaths in transit and after, of 36 elk out of 305, amounted to

11.4 per cent.

All those shipped to Montana points were shipped by the state of

Montana.

In order to provide adequate winter grazing grounds for the

Yellowstone-Wyoming elk, it seems imperative that the national

government should expend between $30,000 and $40,000 in buying back from

ranchmen certain areas in the Jackson valley, particularly a tract known

as "the swamp," and others on the surrounding foothills where the herds

annually go to graze in winter, A measure to render this possible was

presented to Congress in the winter of 1912, and without opposition an

appropriation of $45,000 was made.

The splendid photographs of the elk herds that recently have been made

by S.N. Leek, of Jackson Hole, clearly reveal the fact that the herds

now consist chiefly of cows, calves, yearlings and young bulls with

small antlers. In one photograph showing about twenty-five hundred elk,

there are not visible even half a dozen pairs of antlers that belong to

adult bulls. There should be a hundred! This condition means that the

best bulls, with the finest heads, are constantly being selected and

killed by sportsmen and others who want their heads; and the young,

immature bulls are left to do the breeding that alone will sustain the

species.

[Illustration: HUNGRY ELK IN JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING

Part of a Herd of About 2,500 Head, being fed on hay, in the Winter of

1910-11 Note the Absence of Adult Bulls. Copyright, 1911, by S.N.

Leek]

It is a well-known principle in stock-breeding that sires should be

fully adult, of maximum strength, and in the prime of life. No

stockbreeder in his senses ever thinks of breeding from a youthful,

immature sire. The result would be weak offspring not up to the

standard.

This inexorable law of inheritance and transmission is just as much a

law for the elk, moose and deer of North America as it is for domestic

cattle and horses. If the present conditions in the Wyoming elk herds

continue to prevail for several generations, as sure as time goes on we

shall see a marked deterioration in the size and antlers of the elk.

If the foundation principles of stock-breeding are correct, then it is

impossible to maintain any large-mammal species at its zenith of size,

strength and virility by continuous breeding of the young and immature

males. By some sportsmen it is believed that through long-continued

killing of the finest and largest males, the red deer of Europe have

been growing smaller; but on that point I am not prepared to offer

evidence.

In regard to the in-breeding of the elk herds in large open parks and

preserves throughout North America, there are positively \_no ill effects

to fear\_. Wild animals that are \_closely\_ confined generation after

generation are bound to deteriorate physically; but with healthy wild

animals living in large open ranges, feeding and breeding naturally, the

in-breeding that occurs produces no deterioration.

In the twin certainties of over-population, and deterioration from

excessive killing of the good sires, we have to face two new problems of

very decided importance. Nothing short of very radical measures will

provide a remedy. For the immediate future, I can offer a solution.

While it seems almost impossible deliberately to kill females, I think

that the present is a very exceptional case, and one that compels us to

apply the painful remedy that I now propose.

\_Premises\_:

1.--There are at present \_too many\_ breeding cows in the Yellowstone

herds.

2.--There are far too few good breeding bulls.

\_Conclusion\_:--For five years, entirely prohibit the killing of adult

male elk, and kill only females, and young males. This would gradually

diminish the number of calves born each year, by about 2,500, and by the

end of five years it would reduce the number, \_and the annual birth\_, of

females to a figure sufficiently limited that the herds could be

maintained on existing ranges.

\_Corollary\_.--At the end of five years, stop killing females, and kill

only \_young\_ males. This plan would permit a large number of bull elk to

mature; and then the largest and strongest animals would do the

breeding,--just as Nature always intends shall be done.

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SOUTH AMERICA

Of all the big-game regions of the earth, South America is the poorest.

Of hoofed game she possesses only a dozen species that are worth the

attention of sportsmen; and like all other animal life in that land of

little game, they are desperately hard to find. In South America you

must work your heart out in order to get either game or specimens that

will be worth showing.

At present, we need not worry about the marsh deer, the pampas deer, the

guemal, or the venado, nor the tapir, jaguar, ocelot and bears. All

these species are abundantly able to take care of themselves; and to

find and kill any one of them is a man's task. In Patagonia the natives

do wastefully slaughter the guanacos; and there are times also when

great numbers of guanacos come down in winter to certain mountain lakes,

presumably in search of food, and perish by hundreds through starvation.

(H. Hesketh Prichard.)

\* \* \* \* \*

MEXICO

About ten years more will see the extinction of the mountain sheep of

Lower California,--in the wake of the recently exterminated Mexican

sheep of the Santa Maria Lakes region. In 1908, I solemnly warned the

government of President Diaz, and at that time the Mexican government

expressed much concern.

It is a great pity that just now political conditions are completely

estopping wild-life protection in Mexico; but it is true. If the code of

proposed laws that I drew up (by request) in 1908 and submitted to

Minister Molina were adopted, it would have a good effect on the fauna

of Mexico.

In Mexico there is little hoofed game to kill,--deer of the white-tail

groups, seven or eight species; the desert mule deer; the brocket; the

prong-horned antelope, the mountain sheep and the peccary. The deer will

not so easily be exterminated, but the antelope and sheep will be

utterly destroyed. They will be the first to go; and I think they can

not by any possibility last longer than ten years. Is it not too bad

that Mexico should permit her finest species of hoofed and horned game

to be obliterated before she awakens to the desirability of

conservation! The Mexicans could protect their small stock of big game

if they would; but in Lower California they are leasing huge tracts of

land to cattle companies, and they permit the lessees to kill all the

wild game they please on their leased lands, even with the aid of dogs.

This is a vicious and fatal system, and contrary to all the laws of

nations.

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CHAPTER XVII

PRESENT AND FUTURE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME

(Concluded)

THE WHITE-TAILED DEER.--Five hundred years hence, when the greed and

rapacity of "civilized" man has completed the loot and ruin of the

continent of North America, the white-tailed deer will be the last

species of our big game to be exterminated. Its mental traits, its size,

its color and its habits all combine to render it the most persistent of

our large animals, and the best fitted to survive. It neither bawls nor

bugles to attract its enemies, it can not be called to a sportsman, like

the moose, and it sticks to its timber with rare and commendable

closeness. When it sees a strange living thing walking erect, it does

not stop to stare and catch soft-nosed bullets, but dashes away in quest

of solitude.

The worst shooting that I ever did or saw done at game was at running

white-tailed deer, in the Montana river bottoms.

For the reasons given, the white-tail exists and persists in a hundred

United States localities from which all other big game save the black

bear have been exterminated. For example, in our Adirondacks the moose

were exterminated years and years ago, but the beloved wilderness called

the "North Woods" still is populated by about 20,000 deer, and about

8,000 are killed annually. The deer of Maine are sufficiently numerous

that in 1909 a total of 15,879 were killed. With some assistance from

the thin sprinkling of moose and caribou, the deer of Maine annually

draw into that state, for permanent dedication, a huge sum of money,

variously estimated at from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. In spite of heavy

slaughter, and vigorous attempts at extermination by over-shooting, the

deer of northern Michigan obstinately refuse to be wiped out.

There is, however, a large group of states in which this species has

been exterminated. The states comprising it are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,

Iowa, and adjacent portions of seven other states.

As if to shame the people of Iowa, a curious deer episode is recorded.

In 1885, W.B. Cuppy, of Avoca, Iowa, purchased five deer, and placed

them in a paddock on his 600-acre farm. By 1900 they had increased to 32

head; and then one night some one kindly opened the gate of their

enclosure, and gave them the freedom of the city. Mr. Cuppy made no

effort to capture them, possibly because they decided to annex his farm

as their habitat. When a neighbor led them with a bait of corn to their

owner's door, he declined to impound them, on the ground that it was

unnecessary.

By 1912, those deer had increased to 400, and the portion of this story

that no one will believe is this: they spread all through the suburbs

and hinterland farms of Avoca, and \_the people not only failed to

assassinate all of them and eat them, but they actually killed only a

few, protected the rest, and made pets of many!\_ Queer people, those men

and boys of Avoca. Nearly everywhere else in the world that I know, that

history would have been ended differently. Here in the East, 90 per cent

of our people are like the Avocans, but the other 10 per cent think only

of slaying and eating, sans mercy, sans decency, sans law. Now the State

of Iowa has taken hold, to capture some of those deer, and set them free

in other portions of the state.

Elsewhere I shall note the quick and thorough success with which the

white-tailed deer has been brought back in Vermont, Massachusetts,

Connecticut, and southern New York.

No state having waste lands covered with brush or timber need be without

the ubiquitous white-tailed deer. Give them a semblance of a fair show,

and they will live and breed with surprising fecundity and persistence.

If you start a park herd with ten does, soon you will have more deer

than you will know how to dispose of, unless you market them under a

Bayne law, duly tagged by the state. In close confinement this species

fares rather poorly. In large preserves it does well, but during the

rutting season the bucks are to be dreaded; and those that develop

aggressive traits should be shot and marketed. This is the only way in

which the deer parks of England are kept safe for unarmed people.

Dr. T.S. Palmer has taken much pains to ascertain the number of deer

killed in the eastern United States. His records, as published in May,

1910, are as follows:

STATE 1908 1909 1910

Maine 15,000 15,879 15,000

New Hampshire (a) (a) (a)

Vermont 2,700 4,736 3,649

New York 6,000 9,000 9,000

New Jersey (a) 120

Pennsylvania 500 500 800

Michigan 9,076 6,641 13,347

Wisconsin 11,000 6,000 6,000

Minnesota 6,000 6,000 3,147

West Virginia 107 51 49

Maryland 16 13 6

Virginia 207 210 224

North Carolina (a) (a) (a)

South Carolina 1,000 (a) (a)

Georgia (a) 367 369

Florida 2,209 2,021 1,526

Alabama 152 148 132

Mississippi 411 458 500

Louisiana 5,500 5,470 5,000

Massachusetts 1,281

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Total 59,878 57,494 60,150

(a) No statistics available.

At this date deer hunting is not permitted at any time in Indiana,

Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas,--where there are no wild deer; nor

in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Tennessee or Kentucky. The long

close seasons in Massachusetts, Connecticut and southern New York have

caused a great migration of deer into those once-depopulated

regions,--in fact, right down to tide-water.

THE MULE DEER.--This will be the first member of the Deer Family to

become extinct in North America outside of the protected portions of its

haunts. Its fatal preference for open ground and its habit of pausing to

stare at the hunter have been, and to the end will be, its undoing.

Possibly there are now two of these deer in the United States and

British Columbia for every 98 that existed forty years ago, but no more.

It is a deer of the bad lands and foothills, and its curiosity is fatal.

The number of sportsmen who have hunted and killed this fine animal in

its own wild and picturesque bad-lands is indeed quite small. It has

been four-fifths exterminated by the resident hunter and ranchman, and

to-day is found in the Rocky Mountain region most sparingly. Ten years

ago it seemed right to hunt the so-called Rocky Mountain "black-tail" in

northwestern Montana, because so many deer were there it did not seem to

spell extermination. Now, conditions have changed. Since last winter's

great slaughter in northwestern Montana, of 11,000 hungry deer, the

species has been so reduced that it is no longer right to kill mule deer

anywhere in our country, and a universal close season for five years is

the duty of every state which contains that species.

THE REAL BLACK-TAILED DEER, of the Pacific coast, (\_Odocoileus

columbianus\_) is, to most sportsmen of the Rocky Mountains and the East

actually less known than the okapi! Not one out of every hundred of them

can recognize a mounted head of it at sight. It is a small,

delicately-formed, delicately-antlered understudy of the big mule deer,

and now painfully limited in its distribution. It is \_the\_ deer of

California and western Oregon, and it has been so ruthlessly slaughtered

that today it is going fast. As conditions stand to-day, and without a

radical change on the part of the people of the Pacific coast, this very

interesting species is bound to disappear. It will not be persistent,

like the white-tailed deer, but in the heavy forests, it will last much

longer than the mule deer.

My information regarding this deer is like the stock of specimens of it

in museum collections,--meager and unsatisfactory. We need to know in

detail how that species is faring to-day, and what its prospects are for

the immediate future. In 1900, I saw great piles of skins from it in the

fur houses of Seattle, and the sight gave me much concern.

THE CARIBOU, GENERALLY.--I think it is not very difficult to forecast

the future of the Genus \_Rangifer\_ in North America, from the logic of

the conditions of to-day. Thanks to the splendid mass of information

that has been accumulated regarding this group, we are able to draw

certain conclusions. I think that the caribou of the Canadian Barren

Grounds and northeastern Alaska will survive in great numbers for at

least another century; that the caribou herds of Newfoundland will last

nearly as long, and that in fifty years or less all the caribou of the

great northwestern wilderness will be swept away.

The reasons for these conclusions are by no means obscure, or

farfetched.

In the first place, the barren-ground caribou are to-day enormously

numerous,--undoubtedly running up into millions. It can not be possible

that they are being killed faster than they are breeding; and so they

must be increasing. Their food supply is unlimited. They are protected

by two redoubtable champions,--Jack Frost and the Mosquito. Their

country never will contain a great human population. The natives are so

few in number, and so lazy, that even though they should become supplied

with modern firearms, it is unlikely that they ever will make a serious

impression on the caribou millions. The only thing to fear for the

barren-ground caribou throngs is disease,--a factor that is beyond human

prediction.

It is reasonably certain that the Barren Grounds never will be netted by

railways,--unless gold is discovered over a wide area. The fierce cold

and hunger, and the billions of mosquitoes of the Barren Grounds will

protect the caribou from the wholesale slaughter that "civilized" man

joyously would inflict--if he had the chance.

The caribou thousands of Newfoundland are fairly accessible to sportsmen

and pot-hunters, but at the same time the colonial government can

protect them from extermination if it will. Already much has been done

to check the reckless and wicked slaughter that once prevailed. A bag

limit of three bull caribou per annum has been fixed, which is enforced

as to non-residents and sportsmen, but in a way that is much too

"American" it is often ignored by residents in touch with the game. For

instance, the guide of a New York gentleman whom I know admitted to my

friend that each year he killed "about 25" caribou for himself and his

family of four other persons. He explained thus: "When the inspector

comes around, I show him two caribou hanging in my woodshed, but back in

the woods I have a little shack where I keep the others until I want

them."

The real sportsmen of the world never will make the slightest

perceptible impression on the caribou of Newfoundland. For one thing,

the hunting is much too tame to be interesting. If the caribou of that

Island ever are exterminated, it will be strictly by the people of

Newfoundland, themselves. If the government will tighten its grip on the

herds, they need never be exterminated.

The caribou of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario are few and widely

scattered. Unless carefully conserved, they are not likely to last long;

for their country is annually penetrated in every direction by armed

men, white and red. There is no means by which it can be proven, but

from the number of armed men in those regions I feel sure that the

typical woodland caribou species is being shot faster than it is

breeding. The sportsmen and naturalists of Canada and New Brunswick

would render good service by making a close and careful investigation of

that question.

The caribou of the northwestern wilderness are in a situation peculiarly

their own. They inhabit a region of naked mountains and \_thin\_ forests,

wherein they are conspicuous, easily stalked and easily killed. Nowhere

do they exist in large herds of thousands, or even of many hundreds.

They live in small bands of from ten to twenty head, and even those are

far apart. The region in which they live is certain to be thoroughly

opened up by railways, and exploited. Fifty years from now we will find

every portion of the now-wild Northwest fairly accessible by rail. The

building of the railways will be to the caribou--and to other big

game--the day of doom. In that wild, rough region, no power on

earth,--save that which might be able to deprive \_all\_ the inhabitants

and all visitors of firearms,--can possibly save the game outside of a

few preserves that are diligently patroled.

The big game of the northwest region, in which I include the interior of

Alaska, \_will go\_! It is only a question of time. Already the building

of the city of Fairbanks, and the exploitation of the mining districts

surrounding it, have led to such harassment and slaughter of the

migrating caribou that the great herd which formerly traversed the

Tanana country once a year has completely changed its migration route,

and now keeps much farther north. The "crossing" of the Yukon near Eagle

City has been abandoned. A hundred years hence, the northwestern

wilderness will be dotted with towns and criss-crossed with railways;

but the big game of it will be gone, except in the preserves that are

yet to be made. This will particularly involve the caribou, moose, and

mountain sheep of all species, which will be the first to go. The

mountain goat and the forest bears will hold out longer than their more

exposed neighbors of the treeless mountains.

THE MOOSE.--In the United States the moose is found in five

states,--Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. There are 550 in

the Yellowstone Park. In Maine and Minnesota only may moose be hunted

and killed. In the season of 1909, 184 moose were killed in Maine,--a

large number, considering the small moose population of that state. In

northern Minnesota, we now possess a great national moose preserve of

909,743 acres; and in 1908 Mr. Fullerton, after a personal inspection in

which he saw 189 moose in nine days, estimated the total moose

population of the present day at 10,000 head. This is a moose preserve

worth while.

Outside of protected areas, the moose is the animal that is most easily

exterminated. Its trail is easily followed, and its habits are

thoroughly known, down to three decimal places. As a hunter's reward it

is Great. Strange to say, New Brunswick has found that the moose is an

animal that it is possible, and even easy, to protect. The death of a

moose is an event that is not easily concealed! Wherever it is

thoroughly understood that the moose law will be enforced, the would-be

poacher pauses to consider the net results to him of a jail sentence.

In New Brunswick we have seen two strange things happen, during our own

times. We have seen the moose migrate into, and permanently occupy, an

extensive area that previously was destitute of that species. At the

same time, we have seen a reasonable number of bull moose killed by

sportsmen without disturbing in the least the general equanimity of the

general moose population! And at this moment, the moose population of

New Brunswick is almost incredible. Every moose hunter who goes there

sees from 20 to 40 moose, and two of my friends last year saw, "in round

numbers, about 100!" Up to date the size of adult antlers seem to be

maintaining a high standard.

In summer, the photographing of moose in the rivers, lakes and ponds of

Maine and New Brunswick amounts to an industry. I am uneasy about the

constant picking off of the largest and best breeding bulls of the

Mirimachi country, lest it finally reduce the size and antlers of the

moose of that region; but only the future can tell us just how that

prospect stands to-day.

In Alaska, our ever thoughtful and forehanded Biological Survey of the

Department of Agriculture has by legal proclamation at one stroke

converted the whole of the Kenai Peninsula into a magnificent moose

preserve. This will save \_Alces gigas\_, the giant moose of Alaska, from

extermination; and New Brunswick and the Minnesota preserve will save

\_Alces americanus\_. But in the northwest, we can positively depend upon

it that eventually, wherever the moose may legally be hunted and killed

by any Tom, Dick or Harry who can afford a twenty-dollar rifle and a

license, the moose surely will disappear.

The moose laws of Alaska are strict--toward sportsmen, only! The miners,

"prospectors" and Indians may kill as many as they please, "for food

purposes." This opens the door to a great amount of unfair slaughter.

Any coffee-cooler can put a pan and pick into his hunting outfit, go out

after moose, and call himself a "prospector."

I grant that the \_real\_ prospector, who is looking for ores and minerals

with an intelligent eye, and knows what he is doing, should have special

privileges on game, to keep him from starving. The settled miner,

however, is in a different class. No miner should ask the privilege of

living on wild game, any more than should the farmer, the steamboat man,

the railway laborer, or the soldier in an army post. The Indian should

have no game advantages whatever over a white man. He does not own the

game of a region, any more than he owns its minerals or its water-power.

He should obey the general game laws, just the same as white men. In

Africa, as far as possible, the white population wisely prohibits the

natives from owning or using firearms, and a good idea it is, too. I am

glad there is one continent on which the "I'm-just-as-good-as-you-are"

nightmare does not curse the whole land.

THE MUSK-OX.--Now that the north pole has been safely discovered, and

the south pole has become the storm-center of polar exploration, the

harried musk-ox herds of the farthest north are having a rest. I think

that most American sportsmen have learned that as a sporting proposition

there is about as much fun and glory in harrying a musk-ox herd with

dogs, and picking off the members of it at "parade rest," as there is in

shooting range cattle in a round-up. The habits of the animal positively

eliminate the real essence of sport,--difficulty and danger. When a

musk-ox band is chased by dogs, or by wolves, the full-grown members of

it, bulls and cows alike, instantly form a close circle around the

calves, facing outward shoulder to shoulder, and stand at bay. Without

the aid of a gunner and a rifle, such a formation is invincible! Mr.

Paul Rainey's moving pictures tell a wonderful story of animal

intelligence, bravery and devotion to the parental instinct.

For some reason, the musk-ox herds do not seem to have perceptibly

increased since man first encountered them. The number alive to-day

appears to be no greater than it was fifty years ago; and this leads to

the conclusion that the present delicate balance could easily be

disturbed the wrong way. Fortunately, it seems reasonably certain that

the Indians of the Canadian Barren Grounds, the Eskimo of the far north,

and the stray explorers all live outside the haunts of the species, and

come in touch only with the edge of the musk-ox population as a whole.

This leads us to hope and believe that, through the difficulties

involved in reaching them, the main bodies of musk-ox of both species

are safe from extermination.

At the same time, the time has come for Canada, the United States and

Denmark to join in formulating a stiff law for the prevention of

wholesale slaughter of musk-ox for sport. It should be rendered

impossible for another sportsman to kill twenty-three head in one day,

as once occurred. Give the sportsman a bag of three bulls, and no more.

To this, no true sportsman will object, and the objections of game-hogs

only serve to confirm the justice of the thing they oppose.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.--To many persons it may seem strange that anyone

should feel disposed to accord protection to such fierce predatory

animals as grizzly bears, lions and tigers. But the spirit of fair play

springs eternal in some human breasts. The sportsmen of the world do not

stick at using long-range, high-power repeating rifles on big game, but

they draw the line this side of traps, poisons and extermination. The

sportsmen of India once thought,--for about a year and a day,--that it

was permissible to kill troublesome and expensive tigers by poison. Mr.

G.P. Sanderson tried it, and when his strychnine operations promptly

developed three bloated and disgusting tiger carcasses, even his native

followers revolted at the principle. That was the alpha and omega of

Sanderson's poisoning activities.

I am quite sure that if the extermination of the tiger from the whole of

India were possible, and the to-be or not-to-be were put to a vote of

the sportsmen of India, the answer would be a thundering \_"No!"\_ Says

Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton in his "Animal Life in Africa:" "It is

impossible to contemplate the use against the lion of any other weapon

than the rifle."

The real sportsmen and naturalists of America are decidedly opposed to

the extermination of the grizzly bear. They feel that the wilds of North

America are wide enough for the accommodation of many grizzlies, without

crowding the proletariat. A Rocky Mountain without a grizzly upon it, or

at least a bear of some kind, is only half a mountain,--commonplace and

tame. Put one two-year-old grizzly cub upon it, and presto! every cubic

yard of its local atmosphere reeks with romantic uncertainty and

fearsome thrills.

A few persons have done considerable talking and writing about the

damage to stock inflicted by bears, but I think there is little

justification for such charges. Certainly, there is not one-tenth enough

real damage done by bears to justify their extermination. At the present

time, we hear that the farmers (!) of Kadiak Island, Alaska, are being

seriously harassed and damaged by the big Kadiak bear,--an animal so

rare and shy that it is very difficult for a sportsman to kill one! I

think the charges against the bears,--if the Kadiak Islanders ever

really have made any,--need to be proven, by the production of real

evidence.

In the United States, outside of our game preserves, I know of not one

locality in which grizzly bears are sufficiently numerous to justify a

sportsman in going out to hunt them. The California grizzly, once

represented by "Monarch" in Golden Gate Park, is almost, if not wholly,

extinct. In Montana, outside of Glacier Park it is useless to apply for

wild grizzlies. In the Bitter Root Mountains and Clearwater Mountains of

Idaho, there are grizzlies, but they hide so effectually under the

snow-bent willows on the "slides" that it is almost impossible to get a

shot. Northwestern Wyoming still contains a few grizzlies, but there are

so many square miles of mountains around each animal it is now almost

useless to go hunting for them. British Columbia, western Alberta and

the coast mountains at least as far as Skaguay, and Yukon Territory

generally, all contain grizzlies, and the sportsman who goes out for

sheep, caribou and moose is reasonably certain to see half a dozen bears

and kill at least one or two. In those countries, the grizzly species

will hold forth long after all killable grizzlies have vanished from the

United States.

I think that it is now time for California, Montana, Washington, Oregon,

Idaho and Wyoming to give grizzly bears protection of some sort.

Possibly the situation in those states calls for a five-year close

season. Even British Columbia should now place a bag limit on this

species. This has seemed clear to me ever since two of my friends killed

(in the spring of 1912) \_six\_ grizzlies in one week! But Provincial Game

Warden A. Bryan Williams says that at present it would be impossible to

impose a bag limit of one per year on the grizzlies of British Columbia;

and Mr. Williams is a sincere game-protector.

THE BROWN BEARS OF ALASKA.--These magnificent monsters present a

perplexing problem, which I am inclined to believe can be satisfactorily

solved by the Biological Survey only in short periods, say of three or

four years each. Naturally, the skin hunters of Alaska ardently desire

the skins of those bears, for the money they represent. That side of the

bear problem does not in the least appeal to the ninety odd millions of

people who live this side of Alaska. The skins of the Alaskan brown

bears have little value save as curiosities, nailed upon the wall, where

they can not be stepped upon and injured. The \_hunting\_ of those bears,

however, is a business for men; and it is partly for that reason they

should be preserved. A bear-hunt on the Alaska Peninsula, Admiralty or

Montagu Islands, is an event of a lifetime, and with a bag limit of

\_one\_ brown bear, the species would be quite safe from extermination.

[Illustration: THE WICHITA NATIONAL BISON HERD

Presented by the New York Zoological Society]

In Alaska there is some dissatisfaction over the protection accorded the

big brown bears; but those rules are right \_as far as they go\_! A

governor of Alaska once said to me: "The preservation of the game of

Alaska should be left to the \_people\_ of Alaska. It is their game; and

they will preserve it all right!"

The answer? \_Not by a long shot\_!

Only three things were wrong with the ex-governor's view:

1.--The game of Alaska does \_not\_ belong to the people who live in

Alaska--with the intent to get out to-morrow! It belongs to the

93,000,000 people of the Nation.

2.--The preservation of the Alaskan fauna on the public domain should

not be left unreservedly to the people of Alaska, because

3.--As sure as shooting, they will \_not\_ preserve it!

Congress is right in appropriating $15,000 for game protection in

Alaska. It is very necessary that the regulations for conserving the

wild life should be fixed by the Secretary of Agriculture, with the

advice of the Biological Survey.

THE BLACK BEAR is an interesting citizen. He harms nobody nor anything;

he affords good sport; he objects to being exterminated, and wherever in

North America he is threatened with extermination, he should at once be

given protection! A black bear \_in the wilds\_ is harmless. In captivity,

posed as a household "pet," he is decidedly dangerous, and had best be

given the middle of the road. In big forests he is a grand stayer, and

will not be exterminated from the fauna of the United States until

Washington is wrecked by anarchists.

THE AMERICAN BISON.--I regard the American bison species as now

reasonably secure against extermination. This is due to the fact that it

breeds persistently and successfully in captivity, and to the great

efforts that have been put forth by the United States Government, the

Canadian Government, the American Bison Society, the New York Zoological

Society, and several private individuals.

The species reached its lowest ebb in 1889, when there were only 256

head in captivity and 835 running wild. The increase has been as

follows:

1888--W.T. Hornaday's census 1,300

1902--S.P. Langley's census 1,394

1905--Frank Baker's census 1,697

1908--W.T. Hornaday's census 2,047

1910--W.P. Wharton's census (in North America) 2,108

1912--W.P. Wharton's census (in North America) 2,907

To-day, nearly one-half of the living bison are in very large

governmental parks, perpetually established and breeding rapidly, as

follows:

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Yellowstone Park fenced herd, founded by Congress 125

Montana National Bison Range, founded by The American Bison Society 69

Wichita Bison Range, founded by The New York Zoological Society 39

Wind Cave Bison Range, S. Dakota, founded by Am. Bison Society To be

stocked

Niobrara (Neb.) National Bison Range, now in process of creation To be

stocked

IN CANADA.

Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta 1,052

Elk Island Park, Alberta 53

Rocky Mountains Park, Banff, Alberta 27

Total National and Provincial Preserves 1,365

Of wild bison there are only three groups: 49 head in the Yellowstone

National Park, about 75 Pablo "outlaws" around the Montana Bison Range,

and between 300 and 400 head in northern Athabasca, southwest of Fort

Resolution, existing in small and widely scattered bands.

The efforts of man to atone for the great bison slaughter by preserving

the species from extinction have been crowned with success. Two

governments and two thousand individuals have shared this task,--solely

for sentimental reasons. In these facts we find reason to hope and

believe that other efforts now being made to save other species from

annihilation will be equally successful.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AFRICAN GAME

Thanks to the diligence with which sportsmen and field naturalists have

recorded their observations in the haunts of big game, it is not at all

difficult to forecast the immediate future of the big game of the world.

We may safely assume that all lands well suited to agriculture, mining

and grazing will become populated by rifle-bearing men, with the usual

result to the wild mammals and birds. At the same time, the game of the

open mountains everywhere is thinly distributed and easily exterminated.

On the other hand, the unconquerable forest jungles of certain portions

of the tropics will hold their own, and shelter their four-footed

inhabitants for centuries to come.

On the open mountains of the world and on the grazing lands most big

game is now being killed much faster than it breeds. This is due to the

attacks of five times too many hunters, open seasons that are too long,

and bag limits that are far too liberal. As an example, consider Africa

Viewed in any way it may be taken, the bag limit in British East Africa

is appallingly high. Notice this astounding array of wild creatures that

\_each hunter\_ may kill under a license costing \_only $250!\_

2 Buffalo

2 Rhinoceros

2 Hippopotamus

1 Eland

2 Grevy Zebra

20 Common Zebra

2 Fringe-eared Oryx

4 Beisa Antelope

4 Waterbuck

1 Sable Antelope

1 Roan Antelope

1 Greater Kudu

4 Lesser Kudu

10 Topi

20 Coke Hartebeest

2 Neumann Hartebeest

4 Jackson Hartebeest

6 Hunter's Antelope

4 Thomas Kob

2 Bongo

4 Pallah

2 Sitatunga

3 Gnu

12 Grant Gazelle

4 Waller's Gazelle

10 Harvey's Duiker

10 Isaac's Duiker

10 Blue Duiker

10 Kirk's Dik-dik

10 Guenther's Dik-dik

10 Hinde's Dik-dik

10 Cavendish Dik-dik

10 Abyssinian Oribi

10 Haggard's Oribi

10 Kenya Oribi

10 Suni

10 Klipspringer

10 Ward's Reedbuck

10 Chanler's Reedbuck

10 Thompson Gazelle

10 Peters Gazelle

10 Soemmerring Gazelle

10 Bushbuck

10 Haywood Bushbuck

The grand total is a possible 300 large hoofed and horned animals

representing \_44 species\_! Add to this all the lions, leopards,

cheetahs, cape hunting dogs and hyaenas that the hunter can kill, and

it will be enough to stock a zoological garden!

Quite a number of these species, like the sable antelope, kudu, Hunter's

antelope, bongo and sitatunga are already rare, and therefore they are

all the more eagerly sought.

Into the fine grass-lands of British East Africa, suitable for crops and

stock grazing, settlers are steadily going. Each one is armed, and at

once becomes a killer of big game. And all the time the visiting

sportsmen are increasing in number, going farther from the Uganda

Railway, and persistently seeking out the rarest and finest of the game.

The buffalo has recovered from the slaughter by rinderpest only in time

to meet the onset of oversea sportsmen.

Mr. Arthur Jordan has seen much of the big game of British East Africa,

and its killing. Him I asked to tell me how long, in his opinion, the

big game of that territory will last outside of the game preserves, as

it is now being killed. He said, "Oh, it will last a long time. I think

it will last fifteen years!"

\_Fifteen years!\_ And this for the richest big-game fauna of any one spot

in the whole world, which Nature has been \_several million years in

developing and placing there\_!

At present the marvelous herds of big game of British East Africa and

Uganda constitute the grandest zoological spectacle that the world ever

has seen in historic times. For such an area, the number of species is

incredible, and until they are seen, the thronging masses of individuals

are beyond conception. It is easy to say "a herd of 3,000 zebras;" but

no mere words can give an adequate impression of the actual army of

stripes and bars, and hoofs thundering in review over a grassy plain.

But the settlers say, "The zebras must go! They break through our best

wire fences, ruin our crops, despoil us of the fruits of long and

toilsome efforts, and much expenditure. We simply can not live in a

country inhabited by herds of wild zebras." And really, their contention

is well founded. When it is necessary to choose between wild animals and

peaceful agriculture for millions of men, the animals must give way.

In those portions of the great East African plateau region that are

suited to modern agriculture, stretching from Buluwayo to northern

Uganda, the wild herds are doomed to be crowded out by the farmer and

the fruit-grower. This is the inevitable result of civilization and

progress in wild lands. Marauding battalions of zebras, bellicose

rhinoceroses and murderous buffaloes do not fit in with ranches and

crops, and children going to school. Except in the great game preserves,

the swamps and the dense jungles it is certain that the big game of the

whole of eastern Africa is foredoomed to disappear,--the largest and

most valuable species first.

Five hundred years from now, when North America is worn out, and wasted

to a skeleton of what it now is, the great plateau region of East Africa

between Cape Town and Lake Rudolph will be a mighty empire, teeming

with white population. Giraffes and rhinoceroses now are trampling over

the sites of the cities and universities of the future. Then the herds

of grand game that now make Africa a sportsman's wonderland will exist

only in closed territory, in books, and in memory.

[Illustration: MAP SHOWING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LION

Incidentally, it is also an Index of the Disappearance of African Big

Game Generally. From an Article in the Review of Reviews, for August,

1912, by Cyrus C. Adams, and Based Largely upon the Exhaustive Studies

of Dr. C.M. Engel, of Copenhagen.]

From what has befallen in South Africa, we can easily and correctly

forecast the future of the big game of British East Africa and Uganda.

Less than fifty years ago, Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, and every

country up to the Zambesi was teeming with herds of big wild animals,

just as the northern provinces now are. As late as 1890, when Rhodesia

was taken over by the Chartered Company, and the capital city of

Salisbury was staked out, an American boy in the Pioneer Corps, now

Honorable William Harvey Brown, of Salisbury, wrote thus of the Gwibi

Flats, near Salisbury:

"That evening I beheld on those flats a sight which probably will never

again be seen there to the end of the world. The variety deploying

before me was almost incredible! There, within the range of my vision

were groups of roan, sable and tsessebi antelopes, Burchell zebras, [now

totally extinct!] elands, reedbucks, steinbucks and ostriches. It was

like Africa in the days of Livingstone. As I sat on my horse, viewing

with amazement this wonderful panorama of wild life, I was startled by a

herd that came galloping around a small hill just behind me."--("\_On the

South African Frontier\_," p. 114.)

That was in 1890. And how is it to-day?

Salisbury is a modern city, endorsed by two lines of railway. The Gwibi

Flats are farms. There is some big game yet, in Rhodesia south of the

Zambesi, but to find it you must go at least a week's journey from the

capital, to the remote corners that have not yet been converted into

farms or mining settlements. North of the Zambesi, Rhodesia yet contains

plenty of big game. The Victoria Falls station is a popular starting

point for hunting expeditions headed northeast and northwest. In the

northwest the game is yet quite in a state of nature. Unfortunately the

Barotse natives of that region can procure from the Portuguese traders

all the firearms and ammunition that they can pay for, and by treaty

they retain their hunting rights. The final result will

be--extermination of the game.

Elsewhere throughout Rhodesia the natives are not permitted to have guns

and gunpowder,--a very wise regulation. In Alaska our Indians are

privileged to kill game all the year round, and they have modern

firearms with which to do it.

And how is it with the game of that day?

The true Burchell's zebra is now regarded as \_extinct\_! In Cape Colony

and Natal, that once teemed with big game in the old-fashioned African

way, they are \_counting the individual wild animals that remain\_! Also,

they are making game preserves, literally everywhere.

Now that the best remaining game districts of Africa are rapidly coming

under British control, it is a satisfaction to observe that the

governing bodies and executive officers are alive to the necessity of

preserving the big game from actual extinction. Excepting German East

Africa, from Uganda to Cape Colony the game preserves form an almost

continuous chain. It is quite impossible to enumerate all of them; but

the two in British East Africa are of enormous size, and are well

stocked with game. South Africa contains a great many smaller preserves

and a few specimen herds of big game, but that is about all. Except in a

few localities the hunting of big game in that region is done forever.

The Western Districts Game and Trout Protective Association of South

Africa recently, (1911), has made careful counts and estimates of the

number of individual game animals remaining in Cape Colony, with the

following result:

\* \* \* \* \*

BIG GAME IN THE CAPE PROVINCE

From information kindly placed at the disposal of the Association by the

Government, it was found that the following varieties of big game are

still found in the Province. The numbers, however, are only approximate:

\_Blesbok\_: About 400 in Steynsburg, and 35 in Queen's Town divisions.

\_Bontebok\_: About 30 in Bredasdorp and 45 in Swellendam divisions.

\_Buffalo\_: About 340 in Uitenhage, 120 in Alexandria, and 75 in Bathurst

divisions.

\_Elephants\_: About 130 in Alexandria, 160 in Uitenhage, 40 in Bathurst,

and 20 in Knysna divisions.

\_Gemsbok\_: About 2,450 in Namaqualand, 4,500 in Vryburg, 4,000 in

Gordonia, and 670 in the Kenhardt, Mafeking and Barkly West divisions.

\_Koodoo\_: About 10,000, found chiefly in the divisions of Albany, Barkly

West, Fort Beaufort, Hay, Herbert, Jansenville, Kuruman, Ladismith,

Mafeking, Mossel Bay, Oudtshoorn, Riversdale, Steytlerville, Uitenhage,

Victoria East and Vryburg.

\_Oribi\_: About 120, in the divisions of Albany and Alexandria.

\_Rietbok\_: About 170, in the Komgha division.

\_Zebra\_: About 560, most of which are to be found in the divisions of

Cradock, George and Oudtshoorn. A few are to be found in the divisions

of Uniondale and Uitenhage.

\_Springbok\_: Being migratory, it is difficult to estimate their number.

In some years they are compelled by drought to invade the Province in

large numbers. They are then seen as far south as Calvinia and

Fraserburg. Large numbers are, however, fenced in on private estates in

various parts of the Province.

\_Klipspringers\_: About 11,200, in the following divisions, viz.:

Namaqualand, 6,559; Kuruman, 2,100; Steytlerville, 1,530; Oudtshoorn,

275; Hay, 250; Ladismith, 220; Graaff-Reinet, 119; Kenhardt, 66; and

Cradock, 56.

\_Hartebeest\_: About 9,700, principally in the divisions of Vryburg,

Gordonia, Kuruman, Mafeking, Kimberley, Hay and Beaufort West.

\_Wildebeest\_: About 3,450 in Vryburg, 80 each in Gordonia and Kuruman,

65 in Mafeking, 20 in Queen's Town, and a few in the Bredasdorp

divisions.

\_Eland\_: About 12 in the Graaff-Reinet division, privately bred.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above showing of the pitifully small numbers of the specimens that

constitute the remnant of the big-game of the Cape suggest just one

thing:--a universal close season throughout Cape Colony, and no hunting

whatever for ten years. And yet, what do we see?

The Report from which the above census was taken contains half a column

of solid matter, in small type, giving a list of the \_open seasons\_ all

over Cape Colony, during which killing may be done! So it seems that the

spirit of slaughter is the same in Africa that it is in

America,--\_kill\_, as long as there is \_anything\_ alive to kill!

This list is of startling interest, because it shows how closely the

small remnants of big game are now marked down in South Africa.

In view of the success with which Englishmen protect their game when

once they have made up their minds to do so, it is fair to expect that

the herds now under protection, as listed above, will save their

respective species from extinction. It is alarming, however, to note the

wide territory covered by the deadly "open seasons," and to wonder when

the bars really will be put up.

To-day, Mashonaland is a very-much-settled colony. The Cape to Cairo

railway and trains de luxe long ago attained the Palls of the Zambesi,

and now the Curator of the Salisbury Museum will have to search

diligently in far off Nyassaland, and beyond the Zambesi River, to find

enough specimens to fill his cases with representatives of the vanished

Rhodesian fauna. Once (1892) the white rhinoceros was found in northern

Rhodesia; but never again. In Salisbury, elands and zebras are nearly as

great a curiosity as they are in St. Louis.

But for the discovery of white rhinoceroses in the Lado district, on the

western bank of the Nile below Gondokoro, we would now be saying that

\_Rhinoceros simus\_ is within about ten specimens of total extinction.

From South Africa, as far up as Salisbury, in central Rhodesia, at least

99 per cent of the big game has disappeared before the white man's

rifle. Let him who doubts this scan the census of wild animals still

living in Cape Colony.

From all the other regions of Africa that are easily accessible to

gunners, the animal life is vigorously being shot out, and no man in his

senses will now say that the big game is breeding faster than it is

being killed. The reverse is painfully true. Mr. Carl Akeley, in his

quest for a really large male elephant for the American Museum found and

looked over \_a thousand\_ males without finding one that was really fine

and typical. All the photographs of elephant herds that were taken by

Kermit Roosevelt and Akeley show a striking absence of adult males and

of females with long tusks. There are only young males, and young

females with small, short tusks. The answer is--the white ivory hunters

have killed nearly all the elephants bearing good ivory.

The slaughter of big game is going on furiously in British East Africa

because the Uganda Railway opens up the entire territory to hunters.

Anyone, man or woman, who can raise $5,000 in cash can go there and make

a huge "bag" of big game. With a license costing only $250 he can kill

enough big game to sink a ship.

The bag limit in British East Africa is ruinously extravagant. If the

government desires the extermination of the game, such a bag limit

surely will promote that end. It is awful to think that for a petty sum

any man may buy the right to kill 300 \_head\_ of hoofed and horned

animals, of 44 species, not counting the carnivorous animals that also

may be killed. That bag limit should \_immediately\_ be reduced \_75 per

cent\_!

As matters stand to-day in British East Africa, the big game of the

country, outside the three preserves, is absolutely certain to

disappear, in about one-fourth of the time that it took South Africa to

accomplish the same result. The reasons are obvious:--superior

accessibility, more deadly rifles, expert professional guides, and a

widespread craze for killing big game. With care and economy, British

East Africa should furnish good hunting for two centuries, but as

things are going on to-day, twenty years will see a tremendous change

for the worse, and a disappearance of game that will literally astonish

the natives.

German East Africa and Uganda will not exterminate their quotas of big

game quite so soon. The absence of railways is a great factor in

game-existence. The Congo Free State contains game and sporting

possibilities--on the unexplored uplands \_between the rivers\_,--that are

as yet totally unknown to sportsmen at large. We are accustomed to

thinking of the whole basin of the Congo as a vast, gloomy and

impenetrable forest.

There is to-day in Africa a vast reserve supply of grand game. It

inhabits regions that are either unknown, or most difficult to

penetrate. As a species in point, consider the okapi. Only the boldest

and most persistent explorers ever have set foot in its tangled and

miasmatic haunts. It may be twenty years before a living specimen can be

brought out. The gorilla and the chimpanzee are so well protected by the

density of their jungles that they never can be exterminated--until the

natives are permitted to have all the firearms that they desire! When

that day arrives, it is "good-night" to all the wild life that is large

enough to eat or to wear.

The quagga and the blaubok became \_extinct\_ before the world learned

that their existence was threatened! The giant eland, the sable

antelope, the greater kudu, the bontebok, blessbok, the mountain and

Burchell zebras, all the giraffes save that of Nigeria, the big

waterbucks, the nyala, the sitatunga, the bongo, and the gerenuk--all

will go in the same way, everywhere outside the game preserves. The

buffalo, zebra and rhinoceros are especially marked for destruction, as

annoyances to colonists. You who read of the killing of these species

to-day will read of their total disappearance to-morrow. So long as the

hunting of them is permitted, their ultimate disappearance is fixed and

certain. It is not the way of rifle-shooting English colonists to permit

herds of big game to run about merely to be looked at.

Naturally, the open plains of Africa, and the thin forests of the

plateau regions, will be the first to lose their big game. In the gloomy

fastnesses of the great equatorial forests, and other really dense

forests wherever found, the elephants, the Derby eland, the bongo, the

okapi, the buffaloes (of three species), the bush-pigs, the bushbucks

and the forest-loving antelopes generally will live, for possibly one

hundred years,--\_or until the natives secure plenty of modern firearms

and ammunition\_. Whenever and wherever savages become supplied with

rifles, then it is time to measure each big-game animal for its coffin.

The elephants of the great equatorial forest westward of the lake region

will survive long after the last eastern elephant has bitten the dust.

The pygmy elephant of the lower Congo region (\_Elephas pumilio\_) will be

the last African elephant species to disappear--because it inhabits

dense miasmatic jungles, its tusks are of the smallest size, and it has

the least commercial value.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XIX

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE GAME OF ASIA

After a successful survival of man's influence through two thousand

years, at last the big game of India has made a good start on the road

to vanishment. Up to 1870 it had held its own with a tenacity that was

astonishing. In 1877, I found the Ganges--Jumna dooab, the Animallai

Hills, the Wynaad Forest and Ceylon literally teeming with herds of

game. The Animallais in particular were a hunter's paradise. In each day

of hunting, large game of some kind was a certainty. The Nilgiri Hills

had been quite well shot out, but in view of the very small area and

open, golf-links character of the whole top of that wonderful sky

plateau, that was no cause for wonderment.

In those days no native shikaree owned and operated a gun,--or at the

most very, very few of them did. If a rogue elephant, a man-eating tiger

or a nasty leopard became a public nuisance, it was a case for a sahib

to come and doctor it with a .577 double-barreled express rifle, worth

$150 or more; and the sahibs had shooting galore.

I think that no such great wild-life sights as those of the plateau

regions of Africa ever were seen in southern Asia. Conditions there are

different, and usually the game is widely scattered. The sambar deer and

muntjac of the dense forests, the axis of the bamboo glades, the thameng

deer of the Burmese jungles, the sladang, or gaur, of the awful Malay

tangle, and the big cats and canines will last long and well. The

ibexes, markhors, tahr and all the wild sheep eventually will be shot

out by sportsmen who are "sheep crazy." The sheep and goats of Asia will

disappear soon after the plains animals of Africa, because no big game

that lives in the open can much longer endure the modern, inexpensive

long-range rifles of deadly accuracy and limitless repetition of fire.

Eventually, I fear that by some unlucky turn of Fortune's wheel all the

native hunters of Asia will obtain rifles; and when they do, we soon

will see the end of the big game.

Even to-day we find that the primitive conditions of 1877 have been

greatly changed. In the first place, about every native shikaree

(hunter) owns a rifle, at a cost of about $25; and many other natives

possess guns, and assume to hunt with them. The logical conclusion of

this is more hunting and less game. The development of the country has

reduced the cover for game. New roads and railways have made the game

districts easily accessible, and real sportsmen are now three or four

times as numerous as they were in 1877.

At Toonacadavoo, in the Animallai Hills where thirty-five years ago

there modestly nestled on the ridge beside the river only Forest Ranger

Theobold's bungalow, built of mud and covered with grass thatch and

bamboo rats, there is now a regular hill station lighted by electricity,

a modern sanatorium high up on the bluff, a \_club\_, golf links, and

other modern improvements. In my day there were exactly four guns on the

Animallais. Now there are probably one hundred; and it is easy to guess

how much big game remains on the Delectable Mountains in comparison with

the golden days of 1877. I should say that there is now only one game

animal for every twenty-five that were there in my day.

I am told that it is like that all over India. Beyond question, the

gun-sellers and gun-users have been busy there, as everywhere else. The

game of India is on the toboggan slide, and the old days of abundance

have gone forever.

The first fact that strikes us in the face is the impending fate of the

great Indian rhinoceros, an animal as wonderful as the Titanothere or

the Megatherium. It is like a gift handed down to us straight out of the

Pleistocene age, a million years back. The British paleontologists

to-day marvel at \_Elephas ganesa\_, and by great labor dig his bones out

of the Sewalik rocks, but what one of them all has yet made a move to

save \_Rhinoceros indicus\_ from the quick extermination that soon will be

his portion unless he is accorded perpetual and real protection from the

assaults of man?

Let the mammalogists of the world face this fact. The available cover of

the Indian rhinoceros is \_alarmingly\_ decreasing, throughout Assam and

Bengal where the behemoth of the jungle has a right to live. It is

believed that the few remaining rhinos are being shot much faster then

they are breeding; and what will be the effect of this upon an animal

that requires fourteen years to reach full maturity? To-day, the most

wonderful hoofed mammal of all Asia is booked for extermination, and

unless very radical measures for its preservation are at once carried

into effect, it is probable that twenty years more will see the last

Indian rhino go down to rise no more. One remedy would be a good, ample

rhinoceros preserve; and another, the most absolute and permanent

protection for the species, all along the line. Half-way measures will

not suffice. It is time to ring in a general alarm.

During the past eighteen years, only three specimens of that species

have come out of India for the zoological gardens and parks of the

world, and I think there are only five in captivity, all told.

We are told that in India now the natives are permitted to have about

all the firearms they can pay for. Naturally, in a country containing

over 300,000,000 people this is a deadly thing. Of course there are

shooting regulations, many of them; but their enforcement is so

imperfect that it is said that the natives are attacking the big game on

all sides, with deadly effect. I fear it is utterly impossible for the

Indian government to put enough wardens into the field to watch the

doings of the grand army of native poachers.

Fortunately, the Indian native,--unlike the western frontiersman,--does

not contend that \_he owns\_ the big game, or that "all men are born free

and equal." At the same time, he means to have his full share of it, to

eat, and to sell in various forms for cash. Even in India, the

sale-of-game dragon has reared its head, and is to-day in need of being

scotched with an iron hand.

When I received direct from a friend in the native state of Kashmir a

long printed circular setting forth the hunting laws and game-protective

measures of that very interesting principality, it gave me a shock. It

was disquieting to be thus assured that the big game of Kashmir has

disappeared to such an extent that strong protective measures are

necessary. It was as if the Chief Eskimo of Etah had issued a strong

proclamation for the saving of the musk-ox.

In Kashmir, the destruction of game has become so serious that a Game

Preservation Department has been created, with the official staff that

such an organization requires. The game laws are printed annually, and

any variations from them may be made only by the authority of the

Maharajah himself. Up to date, \_eight\_ game preserves have been created,

having a total area of about thee hundred square miles. In addition to

these, there are twelve small preserves, each having an area of from

twenty-five to fifty square miles. By their locations, these seem to

provide for all the species of big game that are found in Kashmir,--the

ibex, two forms of markhor, the tahr. Himalayan bighorn sheep, burrhel

and goral.

In our country we have several states that are very large, very

diversified in surface, and still inhabited by large game. Has any one

of those states created a series of game preserves even half way

comparable with those of Kashmir? I think not. Montana has made a

beginning with two preserves,--Snow Creek and the Pryor Mountains,--but

beside the splendid series of Kashmir they are not worthy of serious

mention.

And then following closely in the wake of that document came a lengthy

article in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London," by

E.C. Stebbing, in which a correspondent of the Indian \_Field\_ clearly

sets forth the fact that the big game of the Himalayas now is menaced by

a peril new to our consideration, but of a most deadly character. Hear

him:

"In this inventory (of game destroyers in India), the Gurkha soldier

does not find a place, for he belongs to a class which he amply fills by

himself with his small but very important personality. He deserves

separate notice. From the banks of the Sarda on the frontier of Nepal,

to the banks of the Indus, the battalions of these gallant little men

are scattered in cantonments all along the outer spurs of the Himalayan

range. In seven or eight of these locations there are at least 14,000 of

these disciplined warriors, who, in the absence of opportunities for

spilling human blood legitimately, are given a free hand for

slaughtering wild animals, along five-hundred miles of the best hunting

grounds of Upper India."

Now, since those facts must be true as reported, do they not in

themselves constitute a severe arraignment of the Indian government? Why

should that state of game slaughter endure, when a single executive

order to the C.O. of each post would effectually stop it?

In the making of game preserves, or "sanctuaries" as they are called out

there, the Government of India has shown rare and commendable diligence.

The total number is too great for enumeration here. The native state of

Mysore has seven, and the Nilgiri Hills have sanctuaries aggregating

about 100,000 acres in area. In the Wynaad Forest, my old

hunting-grounds at Mudumallay have been closed to bison shooting,

because of the alarming decrease of bison (gaur) through shooting and

disease. The Kundah Forest Reserve has been made a partial game

preserve, but the door might as well have been left wide open as so

widely ajar.

In eastern Bengal and Assam, several game preserves have been created.

On the whole, by the diligence and thoroughness with which sanctuaries,

as they are termed, have been created quite generally throughout India,

it is quite evident that the government and the sportsmen of India have

become thoroughly alarmed by the great decrease of the game, and the

danger of the extermination of species. In the past India has been the

finest and best-stocked hunting-ground of all Asia, quite beyond

compare, and the destruction of her once-splendid fauna of big game

would be a zoological calamity.

\_Tibet\_.--As yet, Tibet offers free hunting, without legal let or

hindrance, to every sportsman who can climb up to her lofty, wind-swept

and whizzing-cold plateau. The man who hunts the \_Ovis poli\_, superb

creature though it be, pays in full for his trophies. The ibex of the

south help out the compensatory damages, but even with that, the list of

species available in southern Tibet is painfully small. The Mitchell

takin can be reached from China, via Chungking, after a long, hard

journey, over Consul Mason Mitchell's trail; but the takin is about the

only large hoofed game available.

\_The Altai Mountains\_, of western China, contain the magnificent

Siberian argali, the grandfather of all sheep species, whose horns must

be seen to be believed. Through a quest for that species the Russian

military authorities played upon Mr. George L. Harrison and his comrade

a very grim and unsportsmanlike joke. At the frontier military post, on

the Russo-Chinese border, the two Americans were courteously halted,

hospitably entertained, and \_prevented\_ from going into the

argali-infested mountains that loomed up before them only a few miles

away! The Russian officers said:

"Sheep? Why, if you really want sheep, we will send out some of our

brave soldiers to shoot some for you; but there is no need for \_you\_ to

take the trouble to go after them!"

After Mr. Harrison and his comrade had spent $5,000, and traveled half

way around the world for those sheep, that is in brief the story of how

the cup of Tantalus was given them by the Russians, actually \_at their

goal\_! As spoil-sports, those Russian officers were the champions of the

world.

Seven hundred miles southeastward of the Altai Mountains of western

China, guarded by the dangerous hostility of savage native tribes, there

exists and awaits the scientific explorer, according to report, an

undiscovered wild horse. The Bicolored Wild Horse is black and white,

and joy awaits the zoologist or sportsman who sees it first. Evidently

it will not soon be exterminated by modern rifles.

\_The Impenetrable Forests\_.--Although the mountains of central Asia will

in time be cleared of their big game,--when by hook and by crook the

natives secure plenty of modern firearms,--there are places in the Far

East that we know will contain big game forever and a day. Take the

Malay Peninsula, Borneo and Sumatra as examples.

Mr. C. William Beebe, who recently has visited the Far East, has

described how the state of Selangor, between Malacca and Penang, has

taken on many airs of improvement since 1878, and sections of Sarawak

Territory are being cut down and burned for the growing of rubber.

Despite this I am trying to think that those developments menace the

total volume of the wild life of those regions but little. I wonder if

those tangled, illimitable, ever-renewing jungles yet know that their

faces have been scratched. White men never will exterminate the big game

of the really dense jungles of the eastern tropics; but with enough

axes, snares, guns and cartridges \_the natives\_ may be able to

accomplish it!

In Malayana there are some jungles so dense, so tangled with lianas and

so thorny with Livistonias and rattan that nothing larger than a cat can

make way through them. There are thousands of square miles so boggy, so

swampy, so dark, gloomy and mosquito-ridden that all men fear them and

avoid them, and in them rubber culture must be impossible. In those

silent places the gaur, the rhino, the Malay sambar, the clouded leopard

and the orang-utan surely are measurably safe from the game-bags and

market gunners of the shooting world. It is good to think that there is

an equatorial belt of jungle clear around the world, in Central and

South America as well as in the old World, in which there will be little

extermination in our day, except of birds for the feather market. But

the open plains, open mountains, and open forests of Asia and

Australasia are in different case. Eventually they will be "shot out."

China, all save Yunnan and western Mongolia, is now horribly barren of

wild life. Can it ever be brought back? We think it can not. The

millions of population are too many; and except in the great forest

tracts, the spread of modern firearms will make an end of the game.

Already the pheasants are being swept out of China for the London

market, and extinction is staring several species in the face. On the

whole, the pheasants of the Old World are being hit hard by the

rubber-planting craze. Mr. Beebe declares that owing to the inrush of

aggressive capital, the haunts of many species of pheasants are being

denuded of all their natural cover, and some mountain species that are

limited to small areas are practically certain to be exterminated at an

early date.

DESTRUCTION OF ANIMALS FOR FUR.--In the far North, only the interior of

Kamchatka seems to be safe from the iron heel of the skin-hunter. A

glance at the list of furs sold in London last year reveals one or two

things that are disquieting. The total catch of furs for the year 1911

is enormous,--considering the great scarcity of wild life on two

continents. Incidentally it must be remembered that every trapper

carries a gun, and in studying the fur list one needs no help in trying

to imagine the havoc wrought with firearms on the edible wild life of

the regions that contributed all that fur. I have been told by trappers

that as a class, trappers are great killers of game.

In order that the reader may know by means of definite figures the

extent to which the world is being raked and combed for fur-bearing

animals, we append below a statement copied from the \_Fur News Magazine\_

for November, 1912, of the sales of the largest London fur house during

the past two years.

With varying emotions we call attention to the wombat of Australia,

3,841; grebe, 51,261, and house cat, 92,407. Very nearly all the totals

of Lampson & Co. for each species are much lower for the sales of 1912

than for those of 1911. Is this fact significant of a steady decline?

\* \* \* \* \*

FURS SOLD BY C.M. LAMPSON & Co., LONDON

\_Totals for Totals for

1911, Skins 1912, Skins\_

Raccoon 354,057 215,626

Musquash (Muskrat) 3,382,401 2,937,150

Musquash, Black 78,363 60,000

Skunk 1,310,185 979,612

Cat, Civet 329,180 229,155

Opossum, American 1,011,824 948,189

Mink 183,574 100,951

Marten 29,881 26,895

Fox, Red 58,900 40,300

Fox, Cross 1,294 1,569

Fox, Silver 761 590

Fox, Grey 43,909 32,471

Fox, Kit 30,278 35,222

Fox, White 16,709 13,341

Fox, Blue 3,137 1,778

Otter 17,399 13,899

Sea Otter 328 202

Cat, Wild, etc 38,870 29,740

Cat, House 92,407 65,641

Lynx 2,424 5,144

Fisher 1,918 656

Badger 16,338 15,325

Beaver 21,137 17,036

Bear 16,851 13,377

Wolf 65,893 74,535

Wolverine 1,530 1,172

Hair Seal, Dry 6,455 5,378

Grebe 51,261 19,571

Fur Seal, Dry 897 1,453

Sable, Russian 10,285 8,972

Kolinsky 138,921 120,933

Marten, Baum 1,853 1,481

Marten, Stone 7,504 6,331

Fitch 26,731 20,400

Ermine 328,840 248,295

Squirrel 976,395 707,710

Saca, etc. 40,982 13,599

Chinchilla, Real 6,282 11,457

Chinchilla, Bastard 7,533 8,145

Marten, Japanese 26,005 3,294

Sable, Japanese 1,429 52

Fox, Japanese 60,831 13,725

Badger, Japanese 183 2,949

Opossum, Australian 1,613,799 1,782,364

Wallaby, Australian 1,003,820 540,608

Kangaroo, Australian 21,648 16,193

Wombat, Australian 3,841 1,703

Fox, Red, Australian 60,435 40,724

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CHAPTER XX

THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS IN THE FAR EAST[G]

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

Curator of Birds, New York Zoological Park

[Footnote G: The observations which furnished this valuable chapter were

made by Mr. Beebe in 1911 while conducting an expedition in southern

Asia, Borneo and Java for the purpose of studying in life and nature all

the members of the Pheasant Family inhabiting that region. The results

of these studies and collections will shortly appear in a very complete

monograph of the Phasianidae.--W.T.H.]

In chapter XIII, treating of the "Extermination of Birds for Women's

Hats," Dr. Hornaday has dealt fully with the feather and plumage traffic

after it enters the brokers' hands, and has proved conclusively that the

plumes of egrets are gathered from the freshly killed birds. We may

trace the course of the plumes and feathers backward through the

tightly-packed bales and boxes in the holds of the vessels to the ports

of the savage lands whence they were shipped; then to the skilful, dark

hands of Mexican peon, Venezuelan Indian, African negro or Asiatic

Chinaman or Malay, who stripped the skin from the flesh; and finally to

the jungle or mountain side or terai where the bird gave up its life to

blowpipe, cross-bow, blunderbuss or carefully set snare.

In various trips to Mexico, Venezuela and other countries in the tropics

of the New World I have seen many such scenes, but not until I had

completed a seventeen months' expedition in search of pheasants, through

some twenty wild countries of Asia and the East Indies, did I realize

the havoc which is being wrought week by week everywhere on the globe.

While we were absent even these few months from the great centers of

civilization, tremendous advances had been made in air-ships and the

thousand and one other modern phases of human development, but evolution

in the world of Nature as we observed it was only destructive--a

world-wide katabolism--a retrogression often discernible from month to

month. We could scarcely repeat the trip and make the same observations

upon pheasants, so rapidly is this group of birds approaching

extinction.

The causes of this destruction of wild life are many and diverse, and

resemble one another only in that they all emanate from mankind. To the

casual traveller the shooting and trapping of birds for millinery

purposes at first seems to hold an insignificant place among the causes.

But this is only because in many of the larger ports, the protective

laws are more or less operative and the occupation of the plume hunter

is carried on in secret ways. But it is as far-reaching and insidious

as any; and when we add to the actual number of birds slain, the

compound interest of eggs grown cold, of young birds perishing slowly

from hunger, of the thousands upon thousands of birds which fall wounded

or dead among the thick tropical jungle foliage and are lost, the total

is one of ghastly proportions.

Not to weaken my argument with too many general statements, let me take

at once some concrete cases. First, that of the Himalayan pheasants and

game-birds. In a recent interesting article by E.P. Stebbing[H] the

past, present and hoped-for future of game birds and animals in India is

reviewed. Unfortunately, however, most of the finest creatures in Asia

live beyond the border of the British sphere of influence, and though

within sight, are absolutely beyond reach of civilized law. The heart of

the Himalayas,--the haunts of some of the most beautiful birds in the

world, the tragopans, the blood and impeyan pheasants--lies within the

limits of Nepal, a little country which time and time again has bade

defiance to British attacks, and still maintains its independence. From

its northern border Mt. Everest looks down from its most exalted of all

earthly summits and sees valley after valley depleted of first one bird

and then another. I have seen and lived with Nepalese shepherds who have

nothing to do month after month but watch their flocks. In the lofty

solitudes time hangs heavy on their hands, and with true oriental

patience they weave loop after loop of yak-hair snares, and then set

them, not in dozens or scores, but in hundreds and thousands up and down

the valleys.

[Footnote H: "Game Sanctuaries and Game Protection in India,"

Proc. Zool. Soc., London, 1912. pp. 23-35.]

In one locality seven great valleys had been completely cleared of

pheasants, only a single pair of tragopans remaining; and from one of

these little brown men I took two hundred nooses which had been prepared

for these lone survivors. In these cases, the birds were either cooked

and eaten at once, or sold to some passing shepherd or lama for a few

annas. But in other parts of this unknown land systematic collecting of

skins goes on, for bale after bale of impeyan and red argus (tragopan)

pheasant skins goes down to the Calcutta wharves, where its infamous

contents, though known, are safe from seizure under the Nepal Raja's

seal! Thus it is that the London feather sales still list these among

the most splendid of all living birds. And shame upon shame, when we

read of 80 impeyan skins "dull," or "slightly defective," we know that

these are female birds. Then, if ever, we realize that the time of the

bird and the beast is passing, the acme of evolution for these wonderful

beings is reached, and at most we can preserve only a small fragment of

them.

To the millinery hunter, what the egret is to America, and the bird of

paradise to New Guinea, the impeyan pheasant is to India--the most

coveted of all plumages. There is a great tendency to blame the native

hunter for the decrease of this and other pheasants, and from what I

have personally seen in many parts of the Himalayas there is no question

that the Garwhalese and Nepalese hill-men have wrought havoc among the

birds. But these men are by no means the sole cause. As long ago as 1879

we read that "The great demand for the brilliant skins of the moonal

that has existed for many years has led to their almost total

extermination in some parts of the hills, as the native shikaris shoot

and snare for the pot as well as for skins, and kill as many females as

males. On the other hand, though for nearly thirty years my friend Mr.

Wilson has yearly sent home from 1,000 to 1,500 skins of this species

and the tragopan, there are still in the woods whence they were obtained

as many as, if not more than, when he first entered them, simply because

he has rigidly preserved females and nests, and (as amongst English

pheasants) one cock suffices for several hens."

[Illustration: PHEASANT SNARES

Made of Yak Hair, Taken from a Shepherd in Nepal by Mr. Beebe]

Ignoring the uncertainty of the last statement, it is rather absurd to

think of a single man "preserving" females and nests in the Himalayas

from 1850 to 1880, when the British Government, despite most efficient

laws and worthy efforts is unable to protect the birds of these wild

regions to-day. The statement that after thirty to forty-five thousand

cock impeyans were shot or snared, as many or more than the original

quota remained, could only emanate from the mind of a professional

feather-hunter, and Hume should not be blamed for more than the mere

repetition of such figures. Let it be said to the credit of Wilson, the

slaughterer of something near forty-five thousand impeyans, that he was

a careful observer of the birds' habits, and has given us an excellent

account, somewhat coloured by natives, but on the whole, the best we

have had in the past. But it is not pleasant to read of his waiting

until "twenty or thirty have got up and alighted in the surrounding

trees, and have then walked up to the different trees and fired at those

I wished to procure without alarming the rest, only those very close to

the one fired at being disturbed at each report."

Hume's opinion that in 1879 there were scores of places where one might

secure from ten to eighteen birds in a day, is certainly not true

to-day. Indeed, as early as 1858 we read that "This splendid bird, once

so abundant on the Western Himalayas is now far from being so, in

consequence of the numbers killed by sportsmen on account of its beauty.

Whole tracts of mountain forest once frequented by the moonal are now

almost without a single specimen." The same author goes on naively to

tell the reader that "Among the most pleasant reminiscences of bygone

days is a period of eleven days, spent by the author and a friend on the

Choor Mountain near Simia, when among other trophies were numbered

sixty-eight moonal pheasants, etc."

[Illustration: SILVER PHEASANT SKINS SEIZED AT RANGOON, BRITISH BURMA

About 600 Skins out of Several Thousand Confiscated in the Custom House,

on their way to the London Feather Market. Photographed by Mr. Beebe]

For some unaccountable reason there is, or was for many years, a very

prevalent idea that the enormous number of skins which have poured into

the London market were from birds bred in the vicinity of Calcutta. When

we remember the intense heat of that low-lying city, and learn from the

records of the Calcutta Zoological Garden that impeyans and tragopans

are even shorter-lived than in Europe, the absurdity of the idea is

apparent. In spite of numberless inquiries throughout India, I failed to

learn of a single captive young bird ever hatched and reared even in the

high, cool, hill-stations. The commercial value of an impeyan skin has

varied from five dollars to twenty dollars, according to the number

received annually. In 1876 an estimate placed the monthly average of

impeyans received in London at from two to eight hundred.

In such a case as Nepal, direct protective laws are of no avail. All

humane arguments are useless, but if the markets at the other end \_can

be closed\_, the slaughter will cease instantly and automatically.

[Illustration: DEADFALL TRAPS IN BURMA

A Long Series set Across a Valley, by the Kachins of the Burma-Chinese

Border. A Wholesale Method of Wild-life Slaughter, Photographed by C.

William Beebe, 1910]

As a contrast to the millinery hunter of fifty years ago it is

refreshing to find that at last sincere efforts are being made in

British possessions to stop this traffic. I happened to be at Rangoon

when six large bales of pheasant skins were seized by the Custom

officials. A Chinaman had brought them from Yunnan via Bhamo, and was

preparing to ship them as ducks' feathers. Two of the bales were opened

for my inspection. The first contained about five hundred Lady Amherst

pheasant skins, falling to pieces and lacking heads and legs. The second

held over four hundred silver pheasants, in almost perfect condition.

The chief collector had put the absolutely prohibitive fine of 200

pounds on them, and was waiting for the expiration of the legal number

of days before burning the entire lot. They must have represented years

of work in decimating the pheasant fauna of western China.

Far up in the wilderness of northern Burma, and over the Yunnan border,

we often came upon some of the most ingenious examples of native

trapping, a system which we found repeated in the Malay States, Borneo,

China and other parts of the Far East. A low bamboo fence is built

directly across a steep valley or series of valleys, about half way from

the summit to the lower end, and about every fifteen feet a narrow

opening is left, over which a heavy log is suspended. Any creature

attempting to make its way through, treads upon several small sticks and

by so doing springs the trap and the dead-fall claims a victim. When a

country is systematically strung with traps such as these, sooner or

later all but a pitiful remnant of the smaller mammals, birds and

reptiles are certain to be wiped out. Morning after morning I have

visited such a runway and found dead along its path, what must have been

all the walking, running or crawling creatures which the night before

had sought the water at the bottom; pheasants, cobras, mouse-deer,

rodents, civets, and members of many other groups. In some countries

nooses instead of dead-falls guard the openings, but the result is

equally deadly.

I have described this method of trapping because of its future

importance in the destruction of wild life in the Far East. The Chinaman

in all his many millions is undergoing a remarkably swift and radical

evolution both of character and dress. In many ways, if only from the

viewpoint of the patient, thrifty store-keeper he is a most powerful

factor in the East, and is becoming more so. In many cases he imitates

the white nations by cutting off his queue and altering his dress. In

some mysterious correlated way his diet seems simultaneously affected,

and while for untold generations rice and fish has satisfied all his

gastronomic desires, a new craving, that for meat, has come to him. The

result is apparent in many parts of the East. The Chinaman is willing

and able to pay for meat, and the native finds a new market for the

creatures about him. Again and again when I wished a few specimens of

some certain pheasant I had but to hail passing canoes and bid a few

annas or "cash" or "ringits" higher than the prospective Chinese

purchaser would give, and the pheasants were mine.

In the catalogues of the brokers' sales of feathers we read of many

thousands of the wonderful ocellated wing feathers of the argus

pheasant, but no less horrible is the sight of a canoe crammed with the

bedraggled bodies of these magnificent birds on their way to some

Chinese hamlet where they will be sold for a pittance, the flesh eaten

to the last tendon and the feathers given to the children and puppies to

play with. The newly-aroused appetite of the Mongolian will soon be an

important factor in the extermination of animals and birds, few species

being exempt, for the Chinaman lives up to his reputation and is not

squeamish as to the nature of his meat.

Before we leave the subject of Chinamen let us consider another recent

factor in the destruction of wild life which is at present widely

operative in China itself. This is the cold storage warehouse, of which

six or eight enormous ones have gone up in different parts of the East.

To speak in detail only of the one at Hankow, six hundred miles up the

Yangtze, we found it to be the largest structure in the city. Surrounded

by a high wall, with each entrance and exit guarded by armed Sikhs, it

seemed like the feudal castle of some medieval baron. Why such secrecy

is necessary I could not learn, as there are no laws against its

business. But so carefully guarded is its premises that until a short

time ago even the British consul-general of Hankow had not been allowed

to enter. He, however, at last refused to sign the papers for any more

outgoing shipments until he should be allowed to see what was going on

within the warehouse. I hoped to be able to look over some of the frozen

pheasants for interesting scientific material, but of course was not

allowed to do so.

Although here in the heart of China, outside changes are not felt so

strongly and the newly-acquired meat diet of the border and emigrant

Chinese is hardly apparent, these warehouses have opened up a new source

of revenue, which has met with instant response. Thousands and tens of

thousands of wild shot or trapped pheasants and other birds are now

brought to these establishments by the natives from far and near. The

birds are frozen, and twice a year shipped on specially refrigerated P.

and O. steamships to England and the continent of Europe where they seem

to find a ready sale. Pigs and chickens also figure in the shipments.

Now the pheasants have for centuries existed in enormous numbers in the

endless ricefields of China, without doing any damage to the crops. In

fact they could not be present in such numbers without being an

important factor in keeping down insect and other enemies of the grain.

When their numbers are decimated as they are being at present, there

must eventually result a serious upsetting of the balance of nature. Let

us hope that in some way this may be avoided, and that the present

famine deaths of thirty thousand or more in some provinces will not be

increased many fold.

When I started on this search for pheasants I was repeatedly told by old

explorers in the east that my task would be very different from theirs

of thirty years ago; that I would find steamers, railroads and

automobiles where formerly were only canoes and jungle. I indeed found

this as reported, but while my task was different it was made no easier.

Formerly, to be sure, one had from the start to paddle slowly or push

along the trails made by natives or game animals. But then the wild life

was encountered at once, while I found it always far from the end of the

steamer's route or the railroad's terminal, and still to be reached only

by the most primitive modes of travel.

I cite this to give point to my next great cause of destruction; the

burning and clearing of vast stretches of country for the planting of

rubber trees. The East seems rubber mad, and whether the enormous output

which will result from the millions of trees set out month after month

will be profitable, I cannot say. I can think only of the vanishing of

the \_entire fauna\_ and \_flora\_ of many districts which I have seen as a

direct result of this commercial activity. One leaves Port Swettenham on

the west coast of Selangor, and for the hour's run to Kuala Lumpur sees

hardly anything but vast radiating lines of spindling rubber trees, all

underbrush cleared, all native growths vanished. From Kuala Lumpur to

Kuala Kubu at the very foot of the mountain backbone of the Malay

Peninsula, the same holds true. And where some area appears not under

cultivation, the climbing fern and a coarse, useless "lalang" grass

covers every inch of ground. One can hardly imagine a more complete

blotting out of the native fauna and flora of any one limited region.

And ever-extending roads for the increasing motor cars are widening the

cleared zone, mile after mile to the north and south.

In this region, as we pushed on over the mountains into the wilderness

of Pahang, we saw little of the actual destruction of the primeval

native growth, but elsewhere it became a common sight. Once, for many

days we studied the wonderful life of a jungle which stretched up to our

very camp. Troops of rollicking wa-was or gibbons frequented the forest;

squirrels, tupaias, birds and insects in myriads were everywhere during

the day. Great fruit-bats, flying lemurs, owls and other nocturnal

creatures made the evenings and nights full of interest.

And then, one day without warning came the sound of an ax, and another

and another. From that moment the songs, cries, chirps and roars of the

jungle were seldom heard from our camp. Every day saw new phalanxes of

splendid primeval trees fallen, or half suspended in their rigging of

lianas. The leaves withered, the flower petals fell and we heard no more

the crackling of bamboos in the wind. Then the pitiful survivors of the

destruction were brought to us; now a baby flying lemur, flung from its

hole by the falling of some tree; young tupaias, nestling birds; a few

out of the thousands of creatures from insects to mammals which were

slain so that a Chinaman or Malay might eke a few dollars, four or five

years hence, from a grove of rubber trees. I do not say it is wrong. Man

has won out, and might is right, as since the dawn of creation; but to

the onlooker, to the lover of nature and the animal world it is a

terrible, a hopeless thing.

One cannot at present leave the tourist line of travel in the East

without at once encountering evidence of the wholesale direct slaughter

of wild life, or its no less certain extermination by the elimination of

the haunts and the food plants of the various beasts and birds.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXI

THE SAVAGE VIEW-POINT OF THE GUNNER

The mental attitude of the men who shoot constitutes a deadly factor in

the destruction of wild life and the extermination of species. Fully

ninety-five per cent of the sportsmen, gunners and other men and boys

who kill game, all over the world and in all nations, regard game birds

and mammals only as things to be killed \_and eaten\_, and not as

creatures worth preserving for their beauty or their interest to

mankind. This is precisely the viewpoint of the cave-man and the savage,

and it has come down from the Man-with-a-Club to the Man-with-a-Gun

absolutely unchanged save for one thing: the latter sometimes is

prompted to save to-day in order to slaughter to-morrow.

The above statement of an existing fact may seem harsh; and some persons

may be startled by it; but it is based on an acquaintance with thousands

of men who shoot all kinds of game, all over the world. My critics

surely will admit that my opportunities to meet the sportsmen and

gunners of the world are, and for thirty-five years have been, rather

favorable. As a matter of fact, I think the efforts of the hunters of my

personal acquaintance have covered about seven-tenths of the hunting

grounds of the world. If the estimate that I have formed of the average

hunter's viewpoint is wrong, or even partially so, I will be glad to

have it proven in order that I may reform my judgment and apologize.

In working with large bodies of bird-shooting sportsmen I have

steadily--and also painfully--been impressed by their intentness on.

killing, and by the fact that \_they seek to preserve game only to kill

it!\_ Who ever saw a bird-shooter rise in a convention and advocate the

preservation of any species of game bird on account of its beauty or its

esthetic interest \_alive?\_ I never did; and I have sat in many

conventions of sportsmen. All the talk is of open seasons, bag limits

and killing rights. The man who has the hardihood to stand up and

propose a five-year close season has "a hard row to hoe." Men rise and

say: "It's all nonsense! There's plenty of quail shooting on Long Island

yet."

Throughout the length and breadth of America, the ruling passion is to

kill as long as anything killable remains. The man who will openly

advocate the stopping of quail-shooting because the quails are of such

great value to the farmers, or because they are so \_beautiful\_ and

companionable to man, receives no sympathy from ninety per cent of the

bird-killing sportsmen. The remaining ten per cent think seriously about

the matter, and favor long close seasons. It is my impression that of

the men who shoot, it is only among the big-game hunters that we find

much genuine admiration for game animals, or any feeling remotely

resembling regard for it.

The moment that a majority of American gunners concede the fact that

game birds are worth preserving for their beauty, and their value as

living neighbors to man, from that moment there is hope for the saving

of the Remnant. That will indeed be the beginning of a new era, of a

millennium in fact, in the preservation of wild life. It will then be

easy to enact laws for ten-year close seasons on whole groups of

species. Think what it would mean for such a close season to be enacted

for all the grouse of the United States, all the shore-birds of the

United States, or the wild turkey wherever found!

To-day, the great--indeed, the \_only\_--opponents of long close seasons

on game birds are the gunners. Whenever and wherever you introduce a

bill to provide such a season, you will find that this is true. The gun

clubs and the Downtrodden Hunters' and Anglers' Protective Associations

will be quick to go after their representatives, and oppose the bill.

And state senators and assemblymen will think very hard and with strong

courage before they deliberately resolve to do their duty regardless of

the opposition of "a large body of sportsmen,"--men who have votes, and

who know how to take revenge on lawmakers who deprive them of their

"right" to kill. The greatest speech ever made in the Mexican Congress

was uttered by the member who solemnly said: "I rise to sacrifice

ambition to honor!"

Unfortunately, the men who shoot have become possessed of the idea that

they have certain inherent, God-given "rights" to kill game! Now, as a

matter of fact, a sportsman with a one-hundred-dollar Fox gun in his

hands, a two-hundred-dollar dog at his heels and five one-hundred-dollar

bills in his pocket has no more "right" to kill a covey of quail on Long

Island than my milkman has to elect that it shall be let alone for the

pleasure of his children! The time has come when the people who don't

shoot must do one of two things:

1. They must demonstrate the fact that they have rights in the wild

creatures, and demand their recognition, or

2. See the killable game all swept off the continent by the Army of

Destruction.

Really, it is to me very strange that gunners never care to save game

birds on account of their beauty. One living bob white on a fence is

better than a score in a bloody game-bag. A live squirrel in a tree is

poetry in motion; but on the table a squirrel is a rodent that tastes as

a rat smells. Beside the ocean a flock of sandpipers is needed to

complete the beautiful picture; but on the table a sandpiper is beneath

contempt. A live deer trotting over a green meadow, waving a triangular

white flag, is a sight to thrill any human ganglion; but a deer lying

dead,--unless it has an exceptionally fine head,--is only so much

butcher's meat.

One of the finest sights I ever saw in Montana was a big flock of sage

grouse slowly stalking over a grassy flat thinly sprinkled with

sage-brush. It was far more inspiring than any pile of dead birds that I

ever saw. I remember scores of beautiful game birds that I have seen and

not killed; but of all the game birds that I have eaten or tried to eat

in New York, I remember with sincere pleasure only \_one\_. Some of the

ancient cold-storage candidates I remember "for cause," as the lawyers

say.

[Illustration: ONE MORNING'S CATCH OF TROUT, NEAR SPOKANE

Another Line of Extermination According to law. Three Times too Many

Fish for one rod. In those Cold Mountain Streams, Fish Grow Slowly, and

a Stream is Quickly "Fished out"]

Sportsmen and gunners, for God's sake elevate your viewpoint of the

game of the world. Get out of the groove in which man has run ever since

the days of Adam! There is something in a game bird over and above its

pound of flesh. You don't "need" the meat any longer; for you don't know

what hunger is, save by reading of it. Try the field-glass and the

camera, instead of the everlasting gun. Any fool can take a five-dollar

gun and kill a bird; but it takes a genius to photograph one wild bird

and get "a good one." As hunters, the camera men have the best of it.

One good live-bird photograph is more of a trophy and a triumph than a

bushel of dead birds. The birds and mammals now are literally dying for

\_your\_ help in the making of long close seasons, and in the real

stoppage of slaughter. Can you not hear the call of the wild remnant?

It is time for the people who don't shoot to call a halt on those who

do; "and if this be treason, then let my enemies make the most of it!"

Since the above was written, I have read in the \_Outdoor World\_ for

April, 1912, the views of a veteran sportsman and writer, Mr. Emerson

Hough, on the wild-life situation as it seems to him to-day. It is a

strong utterance, even though it reaches a pessimistic and gloomy

conclusion which I do not share. Altogether, however, its breadth of

view, its general accuracy, and its incisiveness, entitle it to a full

hearing. The following is only an extract from a lengthy article

entitled, "God's Acre:"

\* \* \* \* \*

EMERSON HOUGH'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION

The truth is none the less the truth because it is unpleasant to

face. There is no well posted sportsman in America, no manufacturer

of sporting goods in America, no man well versed in American outdoor

matters, who does not know that we are at the evening of the day of

open sport in America. Our old ways have failed, all of them have

failed. The declining fortunes of the best sportsman's journals of

America would prove that, if proof were asked. Our sportsmanship has

failed. Our game laws have failed, and we know they have failed. Our

game is almost gone, and we know it is almost gone. America has

changed and we know that it has changed, although we have not

changed with it. The old America is done and it is gone, and we know

that to be the truth. The old order passeth, and we know that the

new order must come soon if it is to work any salvation for our wild

game and our life in the open in pursuit of it.

There are many reasons for this fact, these facts. Perhaps the

greatest lies in the steady advance of civilization into the

wilderness, the usurpation for agricultural or industrial use of

many of the ancient breeding and feeding places of the wild game.

All over the West and now all over Canada, the plow advances, that

one engine which cannot be gainsaid, which never turns a backward

furrow.

Another great agency is the rapid perfection of transportation all

over the world. Take the late influx of East African literature. If

there really were not access to that country we would not have this

literature, would not have so many pictures from that country. And

if even Africa will soon be overrun, if even Africa soon will be

shot out, what hope is there for the game of the wholly accessible

North American continent?

It is all too easy now for the slaughterer to get to his work, all

too easy for him to transport the fruits of the slaughter. At the

hands of the ignorant, the unscrupulous and the unsparing, our game

has steadily disappeared until it is almost gone. We have handled it

in a wholly greedy, unscrupulous and selfish fashion. This has been

our policy as a nation. If there is to be success for any plan to

remedy this, it must come from a few large-minded men, able to think

and plan, and able to do more than that--to follow their plans with

deeds.

I have seen the whole story of modern American sportsmanship, so

called. It has been class legislation and organized

selfishness--that is what it has been, and nothing else. I do not

blame country legislators, game dealers, farmers, for calling the

sportsmen of America selfish and thoughtless. I do not blame them

for saying that the so-called protective measures advanced by

sportsmen have been selfish measures, and looking to destruction

rather than to protection. At least that has been their actual

result. I have no more reverence for a sportsman than for anyone

else, and no reverence for him at all because he is or calls himself

a sportsman. He has got to be a man. He has got to be a citizen.

I have seen millions of acres of breeding and feeding grounds pass

under the drain and under the plow in my own time, so that the

passing whisper of the wild fowl's wing has been forgotten there now

for many years. I have seen a half dozen species of fine game birds

become extinct in my own time and lost forever to the American

people.

And you and I have seen one protective society after another,

languidly organized, paying in a languid dollar or so per capita

each year, and so swiftly passing, also to be forgotten. We have

seen one code and the other of conflicting and wholly selfish game

laws passed, and seen them mocked at and forgotten, seen them all

fail, as we all know.

We have seen even the nation's power--under that Ark of the Covenant

known as the Interstate Commerce Act--fail to stop wholly the

lessening of our wild game, so rapidly disappearing for so many

reasons.

We have seen both selfish and unselfish sportsmen's journals attempt

to solve this problem and fail to do so. Some of them were great and

broad-minded journals. Their record has not been one of disgrace,

although it has been one of defeat; for some of them really desired

success more than they desired dividends. These, all of them, bore

their share of a great experiment, an experiment in a new land,

under a new theory of government, a theory which says a man should

be able to restrain himself, and to govern himself. Only by

following their theory through to the end of that experiment could

they know that it was to fail in one of its most vitally interesting

and vitally important phases.

But now, as we know, all of these agencies, selfish or unselfish,

have failed to effect the salvation of American wild game. Not by

any scheme, device, or theory, not by any panacea can the old days

of America be brought back to us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hough's views are entitled to respectful consideration; but on one

vital point I do not follow him.

I believe most sincerely--in fact, \_I know\_,--that it is \_possible\_ to

make a few new laws which, in addition to the many, many good protective

laws we already have, will bring back the game, just as fast and as far

as man's settlements, towns, railroads, mines and schemes in general

ever can permit it to come back.

If the American People as a whole elect that our wild life shall be

saved, and to a reasonable extent brought back, then by the Eternal it

will be saved and brought back! The road lies straight before us, and

the going is easy--\_if\_ the Mass makes up its mind to act. But on one

vital point Mr. Hough is right. The sportsman alone never will save the

game! The people who do not kill must act, independently.

\* \* \* \* \*

PART II.--PRESERVATION

CHAPTER XXII

OUR ANNUAL LOSSES BY INSECTS

"You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live."

"In no country in the world," says Mr. C.L. Marlatt, of the U.S.

Department of Agriculture, "do insects impose a heavier tax on farm

products than in the United States." These attacks are based upon an

enormous and varied annual output of cereals and fruits, and a great

variety and number of trees. For every vegetable-eating insect, native

and foreign, we seem to have crops, trees and plant food galore; and

their ravages rob the market-basket and the dinner-pail. In 1912 there

were riots in the streets of New York over the high cost of food.

In 1903, this state of fact was made the subject of a special inquiry by

the Department of Agriculture, and in the "Yearbook" for 1904, the

reader will find, on page 461, an article entitled, "The Annual Loss

Occasioned by Destructive Insects in the United States." The article is

not of the sensational type, it was not written in an alarmist spirit,

but from beginning to end it is a calm, cold-blooded analysis of

existing facts, and the conclusions that fairly may be drawn from them.

The opinions of several experts have been considered and quoted, and

often their independent figures are stated.

With the disappearance of our birds generally, and especially the

slaughter of song and other insect-eating birds both in the South and

North, the destruction of the national wealth by insects forges to the

front as a subject of vital importance. The logic of the situation is so

simple a child can see it. Short crops mean higher prices. If ten per

cent of our vegetable food supply is destroyed by insects, as certain as

fate we will feel it \_in the increased cost of living\_.

I would like to place Mr. Marlatt's report in the hands of every man,

boy and school-teacher in America; but I have not at my disposal the

means to accomplish such a task. I cannot even print it here in full,

but the vital facts can be stated, briefly and in plain figures.

\* \* \* \* \*

CROPS AND INSECTS.

CORN.--The principal insect enemies of corn are the chinch bug,

corn-root worm (\_Diabrotica longicornis\_), bill bug, wire worm,

boll-worm or ear-worm, cut-worm, army worm, stalk worm, grasshopper,

and plant lice, in all a total of about fifty important species! Several

of these pests work secretly. At husking time the wretched ear-worm that

ruins the terminal quarter or fifth of an immense number of ears, is

painfully in evidence. The root-worms work insidiously, and the moles

and shrews are supposed to attack them and destroy them. The corn-root

worm is charged with causing an annual loss of two per cent of the corn

crop, or $20,000,000; the chinch bug another two per cent; the boll or

ear-worm two per cent more. The remaining insect pests are charged with

two per cent, which makes eight per cent in all, or a total of

$80,000,000 lost each year to the American farmer through the ravages of

insects. This is not evenly distributed, but some areas suffer more than

others.

[Illustration: THE CUT-WORM, (\_Peridroma Sancia\_)

Very Destructive to Crops]

WHEAT.--Of all our cereal crops, wheat is the one that suffers most from

insects. There are three insects that cause to the wheat industry an

annual loss of about ten per cent. The \_chinch bug\_ is the worst, and it

is charged with five per cent ($20,000,000) of the total loss. The

\_Hessian fly\_ comes next in order, and occasionally rolls up enormous

losses. In the year 1900, that insect caused to Indiana and Ohio alone

the loss of 2,577,000 \_acres\_ of wheat, and the total cost to us of that

insect in that year "undoubtedly approached $100,000,000." Did that

affect the price of wheat or not? If not, then there is no such thing as

a "law of supply and demand."

\_Wheat plant-lice\_ form collectively the third insect pest destructive

to wheat, of which it is reported that "the annual loss occasioned by

wheat plant-lice probably does not fall short of two or three per cent

of the crop."

HAY AND FORAGE CROPS.--These are attacked by locusts, grasshoppers, army

worms, cut-worms, web worms, small grass worms and leaf hoppers. Some of

these pests are so small and work so insidiously that even the farmer is

prone to overlook their existence. "A ten per cent shrinkage from these

and other pests in grasses and forage plants is a minimum estimate."

COTTON.--The great enemies of the cotton-planter are the cotton boll

weevil, the bollworm and the leaf worm; but other insects inflict

serious damage. In 1904 the loss occasioned by the boll weevil, chiefly

in Texas, was conservatively estimated by an expert, Mr. W.D. Hunter, at

$20,000,000. The boll worm of the southwestern cotton states has

sometimes caused an annual loss of $12,000,000, or four per cent of the

crops in the states affected. Before the use of arsenical poisons, the

leaf worm caused an annual loss of from twenty to thirty million

dollars; but of late years that total has been greatly reduced.

FRUITS.--The insects that reduce our annual fruit crop attack every

portion of the tree and its product. The woolly aphis attacks the roots

of the fruit tree, the trunk and limbs are preyed upon by millions of

scale insects and borers, the leaves are devastated by the all-devouring

leaf worms, canker worms and tent caterpillars, while the fruit itself

is attacked by the codling moth, curculio and apple maggot. To destroy

fruit is to take money out of the farmer's pocket, and to attack and

injure the tree is like undermining his house itself. By an annual

expenditure of about $8,250,000 in cash for spraying apple trees, the

destructiveness of the codling moth and curculio have been greatly

reduced, but that money is itself a cash loss. Add to this the

$12,000,000 of actual shrinkage in the apple crop, and the total annual

loss to our apple-growers due to the codling moth and curculio is about

$20,000,000. In the high price of apples, a part of this loss falls upon

the consumer.

In 1889 Professor Forbes calculated that the annual loss to the

fruit-growers of Illinois from insect ravages was $2,375,000. In 1892,

insects caused to Nebraska apple-growers a loss computed at $2,000,000

and, in 1897, New York farmers lost $2,500,000 from that cause. "In many

sections of the Pacific Northwest the loss was from fifty to

seventy-five per cent." (Yearbook, page 470.)

FORESTS.--"The annual losses occasioned by insect pests to forests and

forest products (in the United States) have been estimated by Dr. A.D.

Hopkins, special agent in charge of forest insect investigations, at not

less than $100,000,000.... It covers both the loss from insect

damages to standing timber, and to the crude and manufactured forest

products. The annual loss to growing timber is conservatively placed at

$70,000,000."

[Illustration: THE GYPSY MOTH, (\_Portheria dispar\_)

Very Destructive to the Finest Shade Trees]

There are other insect damages that we will not pause to enumerate

here. They relate to cattle, horses, sheep and stored grain products of

many kinds. Even cured tobacco has its pest, a minute insect known as

the cigarette beetle, now widespread in America and "frequently the

cause of very heavy losses."

The millions of the insect world are upon us. Their cost to us has been

summed up by Mr. Marlatt in the table that appears below.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANNUAL VALUES OF FARM PRODUCTS, AND LOSSES CHARGEABLE

TO INSECT PESTS.

\_Official Report in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture,

1904\_.

% OF

PRODUCT VALUE LOSS AMOUNT OF LOSS

Cereals $2,000,000,000 10 $200,000,000

Hay 530,000,000 10 53,000,000

Cotton 600,000,000 10 60,000,000

Tobacco 53,000,000 10 5,300,000

Truck Crops 265,000,000 20 53,000,000

Sugars 50,000,000 10 5,000,000

Fruits 135,000,000 20 27,000,000

Farm Forests 110,000,000 10 11,000,000

Miscellaneous Crops 58,000,000 10 5,800,000

Total $3,801,000,000 $420,100,000

Animal Products 1,750,000,000 10 175,000,000

Natural Forests and 100,000,000

Forest Products

Products in Storage 100,000,000

GRAND TOTAL $5,551,000,000 $795,100,000

The millions of the insect world are upon us. The birds fight them for

us, and when the birds are numerous and have nestlings to feed, the

number of insects they consume is enormous. They require absolutely

nothing at our hands save \_the privilege of being let alone while they

work for us!\_ In fighting the insects, our only allies in nature are the

songbirds, woodpeckers, shore-birds, swallows and martins, certain

hawks, moles, shrews, bats, and a few other living creatures. All these

wage war at their own expense. The farmers might just as well lose

$8,250,000 through a short apple crop as to pay out that sum in labor

and materials in spraying operations. And yet, fools that we are, we go

on slaughtering our friends, and allowing others to slaughter them,

under the same brand of fatuous folly that leads the people of Italy to

build anew on the smoking sides of Vesuvius, after a dozen generations

have been swept away by fire and ashes.

In the next chapter we will consider the work of our friends, The Birds.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS

To-day, from Halifax to Los Angeles, and from Key West to Victoria, a

deadly contest is being waged. The fruit-growers, farmers, forest owners

and "park people" are engaged in a struggle with the insect hordes for

the possession of the trees, shrubs and crops. Go out into the open,

with your eyes open, and you will see it for yourself. Millions of

dollars are being expended in it. Look at this exhibit of what is going

on around me, at this very moment,--July 19, 1912:

The bag insects, in thousands, are devouring the leaves of locust and

maple trees.

The elm beetles are trying to devour the elms; and spraying is in

progress.

The hickory-bark borers are slaughtering the hickories; and even some

park people are neglecting to take the measures necessary to stop it!

The tent caterpillars are being burned.

The aphis (scale insects) are devouring the tops of the \_white potatoes\_

in the New York University school garden, just as the potato beetle

does.

The codling moth larvae are already at work on the apples.

The leaves affected by the witch hazel gall fly are being cut off and

burned.

These are merely the most conspicuous of the insect pests that I now see

daily. I am not counting those of second or third-rate importance.

Some of these hordes are being fought with poisonous sprays, some are

being killed by hand, and some are being ignored.

In view of the known value of the remaining trees of our country, each

woodpecker in the United States is worth twenty dollars in cash. Each

nuthatch, creeper and chickadee is worth from five to ten dollars,

according to local circumstances. You might just as well cut down four

twenty-inch trees and let them lie and decay, as to permit one

woodpecker to be killed and eaten by an Italian in the North, or a negro

in the South. The downy woodpecker is the relentless enemy of the

codling moth, an insect that annually inflicts upon our apple crop

damages estimated by the experts of the U.S. Department of Agriculture

at twelve million dollars!

Now, is a federal strong-arm migratory bird law needed for such birds or

not? Let the owners of orchards and forests make answer.

THE CASE OF THE CODLING MOTH AND CURCULIO.--The codling moth and

curculio are twin terrors to apple-growers, partly because of their

deadly destructiveness, and partly because man is so weak in resisting

them. The annual cost of the fight made against them, in sprays and

labor and apparatus, has been estimated at $8,250,000. And what do the

birds do to the codling moth,--when there are any birds left alive to

operate? The testimony comes from all over the United States, and it is

worth while to cite it briefly as a fair sample of the work of the birds

upon this particularly deadly pest. These facts and quotations are from

the "Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture," for 1911.

[Illustration: DOWNY WOODPECKER]

\_The Downy Woodpecker\_ is the champion tree-protector, and also one of

the greatest enemies of the codling moth. When man is quite unable to

find the hidden larvae, Downy locates it every time, and digs it out. It

extracts worms from young apples so skillfully that often the fruit is

not permanently injured. Mr. F.M. Webster reports that the labors of

this bird "afford actual and immediate relief to the infected fruit."

Testimony in favor of the downy woodpecker has come from New York, New

Jersey, Texas and California, "and no fewer than twenty larvae have been

taken from a single stomach."

Take the \_Red-Shafted Flicker\_ vs. the codling moth. Mr. A.P. Martin of

Petaluma, Cal., states that during the early spring months (of 1890)

they were seen by hundreds in his orchard, industriously examining the

trunks and larger limbs of the fruit trees; and he also found great

numbers of them around sheds where he stored his winter apples and

pears. As the result of several hours' search, Mr. Martin found only one

worm, and this one escaped only by accident, for several of the birds

had been within a quarter of an inch of it. "So eager are woodpeckers in

search, of codling moths that they have often been known to riddle the

shingle traps and paper bands which are placed to attract the larvae

about to spin cocoons."

Behold the array of birds that devour the larvae of the codling moth to

an important extent.

\* \* \* \* \*

BIRDS THAT DEVOUR THE CODLING MOTH

Downy Woodpecker (\_Dryobates pubescens\_).

Hairy Woodpecker (\_Dryobates villosus\_).

Texan Woodpecker (\_Dryobates scalaris bairdi\_).

Red-Headed Woodpecker (\_Melanerpes erythrocephalus\_).

Red-Shafted Flicker (\_Colaptes cafer collaris\_).

Pileated Woodpecker (\_Phloeotomus pileatus\_).

Kingbird (\_Tyrranus tyrranus\_).

Western Yellow-Bellied Flycatcher (\_Empidonax difficilis\_).

Blue Jay (\_Cyanocitta cristata\_).

California Jay (\_Aphelocoma californica\_).

Magpie (\_Pica pica hudsonia\_).

Crow Blackbird (\_Quiscalus quiscula\_).

Brewer Blackbird (\_Euphagus cyanocephalus\_).

Bullock Oriole (\_Icterus bullocki\_).

English Sparrow (\_Passer domesticus\_).

Chipping Sparrow (\_Spizella passerina\_).

California Towhee (\_Pipilo crissalis\_).

Cardinal (\_Cardinalis cardinalis\_).

Black Headed Grosbeak (\_Zamelodia melanocephala\_).

Lazuli Bunting (\_Passerina cyanea\_).

Barn Swallow (\_Hirundo erythrogastra\_).

Western Warbling Vireo (\_Vireosylva gilva swainsoni\_).

Summer, or Yellow Warbler (\_Dendroica aestiva\_).

Lutescent Warbler (\_Vermivora celata lutescens\_).

Brown Creeper (\_Certhia familiaris americana\_).

White-Breasted Nuthatch (\_Sitta carolinensis\_).

Black-Capped Chickadee (\_Penthestes atricapillus\_).

Plain Titmouse (\_Baeolophus inornatus\_).

Carolina Chickadee (\_Penthestes carolinensis\_).

Mountain Chickadee (\_Penthestes gambeli\_).

California Bush Tit (\_Psaltriparus minimus californicus\_).

Ruby-Crowned Kinglet (\_Regulus calendula\_).

Robin (\_Planesticus migratorius\_).

Bluebird (\_Sialia sialis\_).

\* \* \* \* \*

In all, says Mr. W.L. McAtee, thirty-six species of birds of thirteen

families help man in his irrepressible conflict against his deadly

enemy, the codling moth. "In some places they destroy from sixty-six to

eighty-five per cent of the hibernating larvae."

Now, are the farmers of this country content to let the Italians of the

North, and the negroes of the South, shoot those birds for food, and

devour them? What is the great American farmer going to \_do\_ about this

matter? What he should do is to write and urge his members of Congress

to work for and vote for the federal migratory bird bill.

THE COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.--Let us take one other concrete case. The cotton

boll weevil invaded the United States from Mexico in 1894. Ten years

later it was costing the cotton planters an annual loss estimated at

fifteen million dollars per year. Later on that loss was estimated at

twenty million dollars. The cotton boll weevil strikes at the heart of

the industry by destroying the boll of the cotton plant. While the total

loss never can be definitely ascertained, we know that it has amounted

to many millions of dollars. The figure given above has been widely

quoted, and so far as I am aware, never disputed.

Fortunately we have at hand a government publication on this subject

which gives some pertinent facts regarding the bird enemies of the

cotton boll weevil. It is Circular No. 57 of the Biological Survey,

Department of Agriculture. Any one can obtain it by addressing that

Department. I quote the most important portions of this valuable

document:

\* \* \* \* \*

BIRDS USEFUL IN THE WAR AGAINST THE COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

By H.W. Henshaw, Chief of the Biological Survey.

The main purpose of this circular is to direct the attention of cotton

growers and others in the cotton growing states to the importance of

birds in the boll weevil war, to emphasize the need of protection for

them, and to suggest means to increase the numbers and extend the range

of certain of the more important kinds.

Investigations by the Biological Survey show that thirty-eight species

of birds eat boll weevils. While some eat them only sparingly others eat

them freely, and no fewer than forty-seven adult weevils have been found

in the stomach of a single cliff swallow. Of the birds known at the

present time to feed on the weevil, among the most important are the

orioles, nighthawks, and, foremost of all, the swallows (including the

purple martin).

ORIOLES.--Six kinds of orioles live in Texas, though but two inhabit the

southern states generally. Orioles are among the few birds that evince a

decided preference for weevils, and as they persistently hunt for the

insects on the bolls, they fill a place occupied by no other birds. They

are protected by law in nearly every state in the Union, but their

bright plumage renders them among the most salable of birds for

millinery purposes, and despite protective laws, considerable numbers

are still killed for the hat trade. It is hardly necessary to point out

that their importance as insect eaters everywhere demands their

protection, but more especially in the cotton belt.

NIGHTHAWK.--The nighthawk, or bull-bat, also renders important service

in the destruction of weevils, and catches them on the wing in

considerable numbers, especially during its migration. Unfortunately,

\_the nighthawk is eaten for food in some sections of the South, and

considerable numbers are shot for this purpose\_. The bird's value for

food, however, is infinitesimal as compared with the service it renders

the cotton grower and other agriculturists, and every effort should be

made to spread broadcast a knowledge of its usefulness as a weevil

destroyer, with a view to its complete protection.

SWALLOWS.--Of all the birds now known to destroy weevils, swallows are

the most important. Six species occur in Texas and the southern states.

The martin, the barn swallow, the bank swallow, the roughwing, and the

cliff swallow breed locally in Texas, and all of them, except the cliff

swallow, breed in the other cotton states. The white-bellied, or tree

swallow, nests only in the North, and by far the greater number of cliff

swallows nest in the North and West.

[Illustration: THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

The Deadly Enemy of the Cotton-Boll Weevil

From the "American Natural History"]

As showing how a colony of martins thrives when provided with sufficient

room to multiply, an experiment by Mr. J. Warren Jacobs, of Waynesburg,

Pa., may be cited. The first year five pairs were induced to occupy the

single box provided, and raised eleven young. The fourth year three

large boxes, divided into ninety-nine rooms, contained fifty-three

pairs, and they raised about 175 young. The colony was thus nearly three

hundred strong at the close of the fourth season. The effect of this

number of hungry martins on the insects infesting the neighborhood may

be imagined.

From the standpoint of the farmer and the cotton grower, swallows are

among the most useful birds. Especially designed by nature to capture

insects in midair, their powers of flight and endurance are unexcelled,

and in their own field they have no competitors. Their peculiar value to

the cotton grower consists in the fact that, like the nighthawk, they

capture boll weevils when flying over the fields, which no other birds

do. Flycatchers snap up the weevils near trees and shrubbery. Wrens hunt

them out when concealed under bark or rubbish. Blackbirds catch them on

the ground, as do the killdeer, titlark, meadow lark, and others; while

orioles hunt for them on the bolls. But it is the peculiar function of

swallows to catch the weevils as they are making long flights, leaving

the cotton fields in search of hiding places in which to winter or

entering them to continue their work of devastation.

Means have been taken to inform residents of the northern states of the

value of the swallow tribe to agriculturists generally, and particularly

to cotton planters, in the belief that the number of swallows breeding

in the North can be substantially increased. The cooperation of the

northern states is important, since birds bred in the North migrate

directly through the southern states in the fall on their way to the

distant tropics, and also in the spring on their return.

[Illustration: THE NIGHTHAWK

A Goatsucker, not a Song-bird; but it Feeds Exclusively Upon Insects]

Important as it is to increase the number of northern breeding swallows,

it is still more important to increase the number nesting in the South

and to induce the birds there to extend their range over as much of the

cotton area as possible. Nesting birds spend much more time in the South

than migrants, and during the weeks when the old birds are feeding young

they are almost incessantly engaged in the pursuit of insects.

It is not, of course, claimed that birds alone can stay the ravages of

the cotton boll weevil in Texas, but they materially aid in checking the

advance of the pest into the other cotton states. Important auxiliaries,

in destroying these insects, birds aid in reducing their numbers within

safe limits, and once within safe limits in keeping them there. Hence it

is for the interests of the cotton states that special efforts be made

to protect and care for the weevil-eating species, and to increase their

numbers in every way possible.--(End of the circular.)

\* \* \* \* \*

CONDENSED NOTES ON THE FOOD HABITS OF CERTAIN NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

Millions of Americans and near-Americans, both old and young, now need

to be shown the actual figures that represent the value of our birds as

destroyers of the insects, weeds and the small rodents that are swarming

to overrun and devour our fields, orchards and forests. Will our people

never learn that in fighting pests the birds are worth ten times more to

men than all the poisons, sprays and traps that ever were invented or

used?

We cannot spray our forests; and if the wild birds do not protect, them

from insects, \_nothing will\_! If you will watch a warbler collecting the

insects out of the top of a seventy-foot forest oak, busy as a bee hour

after hour, it will convince you that the birds do for the forests that

which man with all his resources cannot accomplish. You will then

realize that to this country every woodpecker, chickadee, titmouse,

creeper and warbler is easily worth its weight in gold. The killing of

any member of those groups of birds should be punished by a fine of

twenty-five dollars.

[Illustration: THE PURPLE MARTIN

A Representative of the Swallow Family. A Great Insect-eater;

one of the Most Valuable of all Birds to the Southern Cotton

planter, and Northern farmer. Shot for "Food" in the South.

Driven out of the North by the English Sparrow Pest.]

THE BOB-WHITE.--And take the \_Bob White Quail\_, for example, and the

weeds of the farm. To kill weeds costs money--hard cash that the farmer

earns by toil. Does the farmer put forth strenuous efforts to protect

the bird of all birds that does most to help him keep down the weeds?

Far from it! All that the \_average\_ farmer thinks about the quail is of

killing it, for a few ounces of meat on the table.

It is fairly beyond question that of all birds that influence the

fortunes of the farmers and fruit-growers of North America, the common

quail, or bob white, is one of the most valuable. It stays on the farm

all the year round. When insects are most numerous and busy, Bob White

devotes to them his entire time. He cheerfully fights them, from sixteen

to eighteen hours per day. When the insects are gone, he turns his

attention to the weeds that are striving to seed down the fields for

another year. Occasionally he gets a few grains of wheat that have been

left on the ground by the reapers; but he does \_no damage\_. In

California, where the valley quail once were very numerous, they

sometimes consumed altogether too much wheat for the good of the

farmers; but outside of California I believe such occurrences are

unknown.

Let us glance over the bob white's bill of fare:

\_Weed Seeds\_.--One hundred and twenty-nine different weeds have been

found to contribute to the quail's bill of fare. Crops and stomachs have

been found crowded with rag-weed seeds, to the number of one thousand,

while others had eaten as many seeds of crab-grass. A bird shot at Pine

Brook, N.J., in October, 1902, had eaten five thousand seeds of green

fox-tail grass, and one killed on Christmas Day at Kinsale, Va., had

taken about ten thousand seeds of the pig-weed. (Elizabeth A. Reed.) In

Bulletin No. 21, Biological Survey, it is calculated that if in Virginia

and North Carolina there are four bob whites to every square mile, and

each bird consumes one ounce of seed per day, the total destruction to

weed seeds from September 1st to April 30th in those states alone will

be 1,341 tons.

In 1910 Mrs. Margaret Morse Nice, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.,

finished and contributed to the Journal of Economic Entomology (Vol.

III., No. 3) a masterful investigation of "The Food of the Bob-White."

It should be in every library in this land. Mrs. Nice publishes the

entire list of 129 species of weed seeds consumed by the quail,--and it

looks like a rogue's gallery. Here is an astounding record, which proves

once more that truth is stranger than fiction:

\* \* \* \* \*

NUMBER OF SEEDS EATEN BY A BOB-WHITE IN ONE DAY

Barnyard grass 2,500 Milkweed 770

Beggar ticks 1,400 Peppergrass 2,400

Black mustard 2,500 Pigweed 12,000

Burdock 600 Plantain 12,500

Crab grass 2,000 Rabbitsfoot clover 30,000

Curled dock 4,175 Round-headed bush clover 1,800

Dodder 1,560 Smartweed 2,250

Evening primrose 10,000 White vervain 18,750

Lamb's quarter 15,000 Water smartweed 2,000

NOTABLY BAD INSECTS EATEN BY THE BOB-WHITE

(Prof. Judd and Mrs. Nice.)

Colorado potato beetle

Cucumber beetle

Chinch bug

Bean-leaf beetle

Wireworm

May beetle

Corn billbug

Imbricated-snout beetle

Plant lice

Cabbage butterfly

Mosquito

Squash beetle

Clover leaf beetle

Cotton boll weevil

Cotton boll worm

Striped garden caterpillar

Cutworms

Grasshoppers

Corn-louse ants

Rocky Mountain locust

Codling moth

Canker worm

Hessian fly

Stable fly

SUMMARY OF THE QUAIL'S INSECT FOOD

Orthoptera--Grasshoppers and locusts 13 species.

Hemiptera--Bugs 24 "

Homoptera--Leaf hoppers and plant lice 6 "

Lepidoptera--Moths, caterpillars, cut-worms, etc 19 "

Diptera--Flies 8 "

Coleoptera--Beetles 61 "

Hymenoptera--Ants, wasps, slugs 8 "

Other insects 6 "

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Total 145 "

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE BOB-WHITE

For the Smaller Pests of the Farm, This Bird is the Most

Marvelous Engine of Destruction Ever put Together of Flesh and Blood.]

\_A few sample meals of insects\_.--The following are records of single

individual meals of the bob white:

Of grasshoppers, 84; chinch bugs, 100; squash bugs, 12; army worm, 12;

cut-worm, 12; mosquitoes, 568 in three hours; cotton boll weevil, 47;

flies, 1,350; rose slugs, 1,286. Miscellaneous insects consumed by a

laying hen quail, 1,532, of which 1,000 were grasshoppers; total weigh

of the lot, 24.6 grams.

"F.M. Howard, of Beeville, Texas, wrote to the U.S. Bureau of

Entomology, that the bob whites shot in his vicinity had their crops

filled with the weevils. Another farmer reported his cotton fields full

of quail, and an entire absence of weevils." Texas and Georgia papers

(please copy.)

And yet, because of its few pitiful ounces of flesh, two million gunners

and ten thousand lawmakers think of the quail \_only as a bird that can

be shot and eaten!\_ Throughout a great portion of its former range,

including New York and New Jersey, the species is surely and certainly

on the verge of \_total extinction\_. And yet sportsmen gravely discuss

the "bag limit," and "enforcement of the bag-limit law" as a means of

bringing back this almost vanished species! Such folly in grown men is

very trying.

\_To my friend, the Epicure\_:--The next time you regale a good appetite

with blue points, terrapin stew, filet of sole and saddle of mutton,

touched up here and there with the high lights of rare old sherry, rich

claret and dry monopole, pause as the dead quail is laid before you, on

a funeral pyre of toast, and consider this: "Here lies the charred

remains of the Farmer's Ally and Friend, poor Bob White. In life he

devoured 145 different kinds of bad insects, and the seeds of 129

anathema weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm, he was the most

marvelous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and

blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his small life was

blameless. And here he lies, dead; snatched away from his field of

labor, and destroyed, in order that I may be tempted to dine three

minutes longer, after I have already eaten to satiety."

Then go on, and finish Bob White.

THE CASE OF THE ROBIN.--For a long time this bird has been slaughtered

in the South for food, regardless of the agricultural interests of the

North. No Southern gentleman ever shoots robins, or song birds of any

kind, but the negroes and poor whites do it. The worst case of recent

occurrence was the slaughter in the town of Pittsboro, North Carolina.

It was in January, 1912. The Mayor of the town, Hon. Bennet Nooe, was

away from home; and during a heavy fall of snow "the robins came into

the town in great numbers to feed upon the berries of the cedar trees.

In order that the birds might be killed without restriction, the Board

of Aldermen suspended the ordinance against the firing of guns in the

town, and permitted the inhabitants to kill the robins."

A disgraceful carnival of slaughter immediately followed in which "about

all the male population" participated. Regarding this, Mayor Nooe later

on wrote to the editor of Bird Lore as follows:

"Hearing of this, on my return, I went to the Aldermen, \_all of whom

were guilty\_, and told them that they and all others who were guilty

would have to be fined. Three out of the five submitted and paid up, but

they insisted that the ordinance be changed to read exactly as it is

written here, with the exception that \_all could shoot\_ robins in the

town until the first of March; whereupon I resigned, as was

stated."--(\_Bird Lore,\_ XIV, 2. p. 140.)

The Mayor was quite right. The robin butchers of Pittsboro were not

worthy to be governed by him.

THE MEADOW LARK is one of the most valuable birds that frequent farming

regions. Throughout the year insects make up 73 per cent of its food,

weed-seeds 12 per cent, and grain only 5 per cent. During the insect

season, insects constitute 90 per cent of its food.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE is as valuable to man as it is beautiful. Its nest

is the most wonderful example of bird architecture in our land. In May

insects constitute 90 per cent of this bird's food. For the entire year,

insects and other animal food make 83.4 per cent and vegetable matter

16.6 per cent.

THE CROW BLACKBIRD feeds as follows, throughout the whole year: insects,

26.9 per cent; other animal food 3.4; corn 37.2; oats, 2.9; wheat, 4.8;

other grain, 1.6; fruits, 5; weed seeds and mast 18.2! This report was

based on the examination (by the Biological Survey) of 2,346 stomachs,

and "the charge that the blackbird is an habitual robber of birds' nests

was disproved by the examinations." (F.E.L. Beal.)

FLYCATCHERS.--The high-water mark in insect-destruction by our birds is

reached by the flycatchers,--dull-colored, modest-mannered little

creatures that do their work so quietly you hardly notice them. All you

see in your tree-tops is a two-foot flit or glide, now here and now

there, as the leaves and high branches are combed of their insect life.

Bulletin No. 44 of the Department of Agriculture gives the residuum of

an exhausting examination of 3,398 warbler stomachs, from seventeen

species of birds, and the result is: 94.99 per cent of insect

food,--mostly bad insects, too,--and 5.01 per cent vegetable food. What

more can any forester ask of a bird?

[Illustration: THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

"The Potato-bug Bird," Greatest Enemy of the Potato Beetles

From the "American Natural History"]

THE SPARROWS.--All our sparrows are great consumers of weed seeds.

Professor Beal has calculated the total quantity consumed in Iowa in one

year,--in the days when sparrows were normally numerous,--at 1,750,000

pounds.

THE AMERICAN GOLDFINCH as a weed destroyer has few equals. It makes a

specialty of the seeds of the members of the Order Compositae, and is

especially fond of the seeds of ragweed, thistles, wild lettuce and wild

sunflower. But, small and beautiful as this bird is, there are hundreds

of thousands of grown men in America who would shoot it and eat it if

they dared!

THE HAWKS AND OWLS.--Let no other state repeat the error that once was

made in Pennsylvania when that state enacted in 1885, her now famous

hawk-and-owl bounty law. In order to accomplish the wholesale

destruction of her birds of prey, a law was passed providing for the

payment of a bounty of fifty cents each for the scalps of hawks and

owls. Immediately the slaughter began. In two years 180,000 scalps were

brought in, and $90,000 were paid out for them. It was estimated that

the saving to the farmers in poultry amounted to one dollar for each

$1,205 paid out in bounties.

The awakening came even more swiftly than the ornithologists expected.

By the end of two years from the passage of "the hawk law," the farmers

found their fields and orchards thoroughly overrun by destructive rats,

mice and insects, and they appealed to the legislature for the quick

repeal of the law. With all possible haste this was brought about; but

it was estimated by competent judges that in damages to their crops the

hawk law cost the people of Pennsylvania nothing less than two million

dollars.

Moral: Don't make any laws providing for the destruction of hawks and

owls until you have exact knowledge, and know in advance what the

results will be.

In the space at my disposal for this subject, it is impossible to treat

our species of hawks and owls separately. The reader can find in the

"American Natural History" fifteen pages of text, numerous illustrations

and many figures elucidating this subject. Unfortunately Dr. Fisher's

admirable work on "The Hawks and Owls" has long been out of print, and

unobtainable. There are, however, a few observations that must be

recorded here.

Each bird of prey is a balanced equation. Each one, I think without a

single exception, does \_some\_ damage, chiefly in the destruction of

valuable wild birds. The value of the poultry destroyed by hawks and

owls is very small in comparison with their killing of wild prey. \_Many

of the species do not touch domestic poultry\_! At the same time, when a

hawk of any kind, or an owl, sets to work deliberately and persistently

to clean out a farmer's poultry yard, and is actually doing it, that

farmer is justified in killing that bird. But, the \_occasional\_ loss of

a broiler is not to be regarded as justification for a war of

extermination on \_all\_ the hawks that fly! Individual wild-animal

nuisances can occasionally become so exasperating as to justify the use

of the gun,--when scarecrows fail; but in all such circumstances the

greatest judgment, and much forbearance also, is desirable and

necessary.

The value of hawks and owls rests upon their perpetual warfare on the

millions of destructive rats, mice, moles, shrews, weasels, rabbits and

English sparrows that constantly prey upon what the farmer produces. On

this point a few illustrations must be given. One of the most famous

comes via Dr. Fisher, from one of the towers of the Smithsonian

buildings, and relates to

THE BARN OWL, (\_Strix flammea\_).--Two hundred pellets consisting of

bones, hair and feathers from one nesting pair of these birds were

collected, and found to contain 454 skulls, of which 225 were of meadow

mice, 179 of house mice, 2 of pine mice, 20 were of rats, 6 of jumping

mice, 20 were from shrews, 1 was of a mole and 1 a vesper sparrow. \_One\_

bird, and 453 noxious mammals! Compare this with the record of any cat

on earth. Anything that the barn owl wants from me, or from any farmer,

should at once be offered to it, on a silver tray. This bird is often

called the Monkey-Faced Owl, and it should be called the Farmer's-Friend

Owl.

THE LONG-EARED OWL, (\_Asio wilsonianus\_) has practically the same kind

of a record as the barn owl,--scores of mice, rats and shrews

destroyed, and only an occasional small bird. Its nearest relative, the

\_Short-eared Owl (A. accipitrinus\_) may be described in the same words.

[Illustration: THE BARN OWL

Wonderfully Destructive of Rats and Mice, and

Almost Never Touches Birds]

The GREAT HORNED OWL fills us with conflicting passions. For the long

list of dead rats and mice, pocket gophers, skunks, and weasels to his

credit, we think well of him, and wish his prosperity. For the

song-birds, ruffed grouse, quail, other game birds, domestic poultry,

squirrels, chipmunks and hares that he kills, we hate him, and would

cheerfully wring his neck, wearing gauntlets. He does an unusual amount

of good, and a terrible amount of harm. It is impossible to strike a

balance for him, and determine with mathematical accuracy whether he

should be shot or permitted to live. At all events, whenever \_Bubo\_

comes up for trial, we must give the feathered devil his due.

The names "CHICKEN HAWK or HEN HAWK" as applied usually refer to the

RED-SHOULDERED or RED-TAILED species. Neither of these is really very

destructive to poultry, but both are very destructive to mice, rats and

other pestiferous creatures. Both are large, showy birds, not so very

swift in flight, and rather easy to approach. Neither of them should be

destroyed,--not even though they do, once in a great while, take a

chicken or wild bird. They pay for them, four times over, by

rat-killing. Mr. J. Alden Loring states that he once knew a pair of

red-shouldered hawks to nest within fifty rods of a poultry farm on

which there were 800 young chickens and 400 ducks, not one of which was

taken. (See the American Natural History, pages 229-30.)

HAWKS THAT SHOULD BE DESTROYED.--There are two small, fierce, daring,

swift-winged hawks both of which are so very destructive that they

deserve to be shot whenever possible. They are COOPER'S HAWK \_(Accipiter

cooperi\_) and the SHARP-SHINNED HAWK \_(A. velox\_). They are closely

related, and look much alike, but the former has a rounded tail and the

latter a square one. In killing them, \_please do not kill any other hawk

by mistake\_; and if you do not positively recognize the bird, don't

shoot.

THE GOSHAWK is a bad one, and so is the PEREGRINE FALCON, or DUCK HAWK.

Both deserve death, but they are so rare that we need not take them into

account.

Some of the hawks and owls are very destructive to song-birds, and

members of the grouse family. In 159 stomachs of sharp-shinned hawks, 99

contained song-birds and woodpeckers. In 133 stomachs of Cooper's hawks,

34 contained poultry or game birds, and 52 contained other birds. The

game birds included 8 quail, 1 ruffed grouse and 5 pigeons.

THE WOODPECKERS.[I]--These birds are the natural guardians of the trees.

If we had enough of them, our forests would be fairly safe from insect

pests. Of the six or seven North American species that are of the most

importance to our forests, the DOWNY WOODPECKER, (\_Dryobates pubescens\_)

is accorded first rank. It is one of the smallest species. The contents

of 140 stomachs consisted of 74 per cent insects, 25 per cent vegetable

matter and 1 per cent sand. The insects were ants, beetles, bugs, flies,

caterpillars, grasshoppers and a few spiders.

[Footnote I: The reader is advised to consult Prof. F.E.L. Beale's

admirable report on "The Food of Woodpeckers," Bulletin No. 7, U.S.

Department of Agriculture.]

THE HAIRY WOODPECKER, (\_Dryobates villosus\_), a very close relation of

the preceding species, is also small, and his food supply is as follows:

insects, 68 per cent, vegetable matter 31, mineral 1.

THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER, (\_Colaptes auratus\_), is the largest and

handsomest of all the woodpeckers that we really see in evidence. The

Pileated is one of the largest, but we never see it. This bird makes a

specialty of ants, of which it devours immense numbers. Its food is 56

per cent animal matter (three-fourths of which is ants), 39 per cent is

vegetable matter, and 5 per cent mineral matter.

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER is a serious fruit-eater, and many complaints

have been lodged against him. Exactly one-half his food supply consists

of vegetable matter, chiefly wild berries, acorns, beechnuts, and the

seeds of wild shrubs and weeds. We may infer that about one-tenth of his

food, in summer and fall, consists of cultivated fruit and berries. His

proportion of cultivated foods is entirely too small to justify any one

in destroying this species.

In view of the prevalence of insect pests in the state of New York, I

have spent hours in trying to devise a practical plan for making

woodpeckers about ten times more numerous than they now are.

Contributions to this problem will be thankfully received. Yes; we \_do\_

put out pork fat and suet in winter, quantities of it; but I grieve to

say that to-day in the Zoological Park there is not more than one

woodpecker for every ten that were there twelve years ago. Where have

they gone? Only one answer is possible. They have been shot and eaten,

by the guerrillas of destruction.

[Illustration: GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER

A Bird of Great Value to Orchards and Forests, now

Rapidly Disappearing, Undoubtedly Through Slaughter as "Food"]

Surely no man of intelligence needs to be told to protect woodpeckers to

the utmost, and to \_feed them in winter\_. Nail up fat pork, or large

chunks of suet, on the south sides of conspicuous trees, and encourage

the woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees and titmice to remain in your

woods through the long and dreary winter.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW is a nuisance and a pest, because it drives away

from the house and the orchard the house wren, bluebird, phoebe, purple

martin and swallow, any one of which is more valuable to man than a

thousand English sparrows. I never yet have seen one of the pest

sparrows catch an insect, but Chief Forester Merkel says that he has

seen one catching and eating small moths.

There is one place in the country where English sparrows have not yet

come; and whenever they do appear there, they will meet a hostile

reception. I shall kill every one that comes,--for the sake of retaining

the wrens, catbirds, phoebes and thrushes that now literally make home

happy for my family. A good way to discourage sparrows is to shoot them

en masse when they are feeding on road refuse, such as the

white-throated, white-crowned and other sparrows never touch. Persistent

destruction of their nests will check the nuisance.

THE SHORE BIRDS.--Who is there who thinks of the shore-birds as being

directly beneficial to man by reason of their food habits? I warrant not

more than one man in every ten thousand! We think of them only as

possible "food." The amount of actual cash value benefit that the

shore-birds confer upon man through the destruction of bad things is, in

comparison with the number of birds, enormous.

The Department of Agriculture never publishes and circulates anything

that has already been published, no matter how valuable to the public at

large. Our rules are different. Because I know that many of the people

of our country need the information, I am going to reprint here, as an

object lesson and a warning, the whole of the Biological Survey's

valuable and timely circular No. 79, issued April 11, 1911, and written

by Prof. W.L. McAtee. It should open the eyes of the American people to

two things: the economic value of these birds, and the fact that they

are everywhere far on the road toward extermination!

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR VANISHING SHOREBIRDS

By Prof. W.L. McAtee

The term shorebird is applied to a group of long-legged, slender-billed,

and usually plainly colored birds belonging to the order Limicolae. More

than sixty species of them occur in North America. True to their name

they frequent the shores of all bodies of water, large and small, but

many of them are equally at home on plains and prairies.

Throughout the eastern United States shorebirds are fast vanishing.

While formerly numerous species swarmed along the Atlantic coast and in

the prairie regions, many of them have been so reduced that

extermination seems imminent. The black-bellied plover or beetlehead,

which occurred along the Atlantic seaboard in great numbers years ago,

is now seen only as a straggler. The golden plover, once exceedingly

abundant east of the Great Plains, is now rare. Vast hordes of

long-billed dowitchers formerly wintered in Louisiana; now they occur

only in infrequent flocks of a half dozen or less. The Eskimo curlew

within the last decade has probably been exterminated and the other

curlews greatly reduced. In fact, all the larger species of shorebirds

have suffered severely.

So adverse to shorebirds are present conditions that the wonder is that

any escape. In both fall and spring they are shot along the whole route

of their migration north and south. Their habit of decoying readily and

persistently, coming back in flocks to the decoys again and again, in

spite of murderous volleys, greatly lessens their chances of escape.

The breeding grounds of some of the species in the United States and

Canada have become greatly restricted by the extension of agriculture,

and their winter ranges in South America have probably been restricted

in the same way.

Unfortunately, shorebirds lay fewer eggs than any of the other species

generally termed game birds. They deposit only three or four eggs, and

hatch only one brood yearly. Nor are they in any wise immune from the

great mortality known to prevail among the smaller birds. Their eggs and

young are constantly preyed upon during the breeding season by crows,

gulls, and jaegers, and the far northern country to which so many of

them resort to nest is subject to sudden cold storms, which kill many of

the young. In the more temperate climate of the United States small

birds, in general, do not bring up more than one young bird for every

two eggs laid. Sometimes the proportion of loss is much greater, actual

count revealing a destruction of 70 to 80 per cent of nests and eggs.

Shorebirds, with sets of three or four eggs, probably do not on the

average rear more than two young for each breeding pair.

It is not surprising, therefore, that birds of this family, with their

limited powers of reproduction, melt away under the relentless warfare

waged upon them. Until recent years shorebirds have had almost no

protection. Thus, the species most in need of stringent protection have

really had the least. No useful birds which lay only three or four eggs

should be retained on the list of game birds. The shorebirds should be

relieved from persecution, and if we desire to save from extermination a

majority of the species, action must be prompt.

The protection of shorebirds need not be based solely on esthetic or

sentimental grounds, for few groups of birds more thoroughly deserve

protection from an economic standpoint. Shorebirds perform an important

service by their inroads upon mosquitoes, some of which play so

conspicuous a part in the dissemination of diseases. Thus, nine species

are known to feed upon mosquitoes, and hundreds of the larvae or

"wigglers" were found in several stomachs. Fifty-three per cent of the

food of twenty-eight northern phalaropes from one locality consisted of

mosquito larvae. The insects eaten include the salt-marsh mosquito

(\_Aedes sollicitans\_), for the suppression of which the State of New

Jersey has gone to great expense. The nine species of shorebirds known

to eat mosquitoes are:

Northern phalarope (\_Lobipes lobatus\_).

Semipalmated sandpiper (\_Ereunetes pusillus\_).

Wilson phalarope (\_Steganopus tricolor\_).

Stilt sandpiper (\_Micropalama himantopus\_).

Killdeer (\_Oxyechus vociferus\_).

Pectoral sandpiper (\_Pisobia maculata\_).

Semipalmated plover (\_Aegialitis semipalmata\_).

Baird sandpiper (\_Pisobia bairdi\_).

Least sandpiper (\_Pisobia minutilla\_).

Cattle and other live stock also are seriously molested by mosquitoes as

well as by another set of pests, the horse-flies. Adults and larvae of

these flies have been found in the stomachs of the dowitcher, the

pectoral sandpiper, the hudsonian godwit, and the killdeer. Two species

of shorebirds, the killdeer and upland plover, still further befriend

cattle by devouring the North American fever tick.

Among other fly larvae consumed are those of the crane flies

(leather-jackets) devoured by the following species:

Northern phalarope (\_Lobipes lobatus\_).

Pectoral sandpiper (\_Pisobia maculata\_).

Wilson phalarope (\_Steganopus tricolor\_).

Baird sandpiper (\_Pisobia bairdi\_).

Woodcock (\_Philohela minor\_).

Upland plover (\_Bartramia longicauda\_).

Jacksnipe (\_Gallinago delicata\_).

Killdeer (\_Oxyechus vociferus\_).

Crane-fly larvae are frequently seriously destructive locally in grass

and wheat fields. Among their numerous bird enemies, shorebirds rank

high.

Another group of insects of which the shorebirds are very fond is

grasshoppers. Severe local infestations of grasshoppers, frequently

involving the destruction of many acres of corn, cotton, and other

crops, are by no means exceptional. Aughey found twenty-three species

of shorebirds feeding on Rocky Mountain locusts in Nebraska, some of

them consuming large numbers, as shown below.

9 killdeer stomachs contained an average of 28 locusts each.

11 semipalmated plover stomachs contained an average of 38 locusts each.

16 mountain plover stomachs contained an average of 45 locusts each.

11 jacksnipe stomachs contained an average of 37 locusts each.

22 upland plover stomachs contained an average of 36 locusts each.

10 long-billed curlew stomachs contained an average of 48 locusts each.

[Illustration: TWO MEMBERS OF THE GROUP OF SHORE-BIRDS

The Killdeer Plover The Jacksnipe

These, with 28 other species, destroy enormous numbers of locusts,

grasshoppers, crane-fly larvae, mosquito larvae, army-worms, cut-worms,

cotton-worms, boll-weevils, curculios, wire-worms and clover-leaf

weevils. It is insane folly to shoot any birds that do such work! Many

species of the shore-birds are rapidly being exterminated.]

Even under ordinary conditions grasshoppers are a staple food of many

members of the shorebird family, and the following species are known to

feed on them:

Northern phalarope (\_Lobipes lobatus\_).

Avocet (\_Recurvirostra americana\_).

Black-necked stilt (\_Himantopus mexicanus\_).

Woodcock (\_Philohela minor\_).

Jacksnipe (\_Gallinago delicata\_).

Dowitcher (\_Macrorhamphus griseus\_).

Robin snipe (\_Tringa canutus\_).

White-rumped sandpiper (\_Pisobia fuscicollis\_).

Baird sandpiper (\_Pisobia bairdi\_).

Least sandpiper (\_Pisobia minutilla\_).

Buff-breasted sandpiper (\_Tryngites subruficollis\_).

Spotted sandpiper (\_Actitis macularia\_).

Long-billed curlew (\_Numenius americanus\_).

Black-bellied plover (\_Squatarola squatarola\_).

Golden plover (\_Charadrius dominicus\_).

Killdeer (\_Oxyechus vociferus\_).

Semipalmated plover (\_Aegialitis semipalmata\_).

Marbled godwit \_(Limosa fedoa)\_.

Ringed plover \_(Aegialitis hiaticula)\_.

Yellowlegs \_(Totanus flavipes)\_.

Mountain plover \_(Podasocys montanus)\_.

Solitary sandpiper \_(Helodromas solitarius)\_.

Turnstone \_(Arenaria interpres)\_.

Upland plover \_(Bartramia longicauda)\_.

Shorebirds are fond of other insect pests of forage and grain crops,

including the army worm, which is known to be eaten by the killdeer and

spotted sandpiper; also cutworms, among whose enemies are the avocet,

woodcock, pectoral and Baird sandpipers, upland plover, and killdeer.

Two caterpillar enemies of cotton, the cotton worm and the cotton

cutworm, are eaten by the upland plover and killdeer. The latter bird

feeds also on caterpillars of the genus \_Phlegethontius\_, which

includes, the tobacco and tomato worms.

The principal farm crops have many destructive beetle enemies also, and

some of these are eagerly eaten by shorebirds. The boll weevil and

clover-leaf weevil are eaten by the upland plover and killdeer, the rice

weevil by the killdeer, the cowpea weevil by the upland plover, and the

clover-root curculio by the following species of shorebirds:

Northern phalarope \_(Lobipes lobatus)\_.

White-rumped sandpiper \_(Pisobia fuscicollis)\_.

Pectoral sandpiper \_(Pisobia maculata\_).

Upland plover \_(Bartramia longicauda)\_.

Baird sandpiper \_(Pisobia bairdi)\_.

Killdeer \_(Oxyechus vociferus)\_.

The last two eat also other weevils which attack cotton, grapes and

sugar beets. Bill-bugs, which often do considerable damage to corn, seem

to be favorite food of some of the shorebirds. They are eaten by the

Wilson phalarope, avocet, black-necked stilt, pectoral sandpiper,

killdeer, and upland plover. They are an important element of the latter

bird's diet, and no fewer than eight species of them have been found in

its food.

Wireworms and their adult forms, click beetles, are devoured by the

northern phalarope, woodcock, jacksnipe, pectoral sandpiper, killdeer,

and upland plover. The last three feed also on the southern corn

leaf-beetle and the last two upon the grapevine colaspis. Other

shorebirds that eat leaf-beetles are the Wilson phalarope and dowitcher.

Crayfishes, which are a pest in rice and corn fields in the South and

which injure levees, are favorite food of the black-necked stilt, and

several other shorebirds feed upon them, notably the jacksnipe, robin

snipe, spotted sandpiper, upland plover, and killdeer.

Thus it is evident that shorebirds render important aid by devouring the

enemies of farm crops and in other ways, and their services are

appreciated by those who have observed the birds in the field. Thus W.A.

Clark, of Corpus Christi, Tex., reports that upland plovers are

industrious in following the plow and in eating the grubs that destroy

garden stuff, corn, and cotton crops. H.W. Tinkham, of Fall River,

Mass., says of the spotted sandpiper: "Three pairs nested in a young

orchard behind my house and adjacent to my garden. I did not see them

once go to the shore for food (shore about 1,500 feet away), but I did

see them many times make faithful search of my garden for cutworms,

spotted squash bugs, and green flies. Cutworms and cabbage worms were

their special prey. After the young could fly, they still kept at work

in my garden, and showed no inclination to go to the shore until about

August 15th. They and a flock of quails just over the wall helped me

wonderfully."

In the uncultivated parts of their range also, shorebirds search out and

destroy many creatures that are detrimental to man's interest. Several

species prey upon the predaceous diving beetles \_(Dytiscidae),\_ which

are a nuisance in fish hatcheries and which destroy many insects, the

natural food of fishes. The birds now known to take these beetles are:

Northern phalarope \_(Lobipes lobatus)\_.

Dowitcher \_(Macrorhamphus griseus)\_.

Wilson phalarope \_(Steganopus tricolor)\_.

Robin snipe \_(Tringa canutus)\_.

Avocet \_(Recurvirostra americana)\_.

Pectoral sandpiper \_(Pisobia maculata)\_.

Black-necked stilt \_(Himantopus mexicanus\_).

Red-backed sandpiper \_(Pelidna alpina sakhalina)\_.

Jacksnipe \_(Gallinago delicata)\_.

Kill deer \_(Oxyechus vociferus)\_.

Large numbers of marine worms of the genus \_Nereis\_, which prey upon

oysters, are eaten by shorebirds. These worms are common on both the

Atlantic and Gulf coasts and are eaten by shorebirds wherever they

occur. It is not uncommon to find that from 100 to 250 of them have been

eaten at one meal. The birds known to feed upon them are:

Northern phalarope \_(Lobipes lobatus)\_.

White-rumped sandpiper \_(Pisobia fuscicollis)\_.

Dowitcher \_(Macrorhamphus griseus\_).

Stilt sandpiper \_(Micropalama himantopus)\_.

Red-backed sandpiper \_(Pelidna alpina sakhalina)\_.

Robin snipe \_(Tringa canutus)\_.

Purple sandpiper \_(Arquatella maritima\_).

Killdeer \_(Oxyechus vociferus)\_.

The economic record of the shorebirds deserves nothing but praise. These

birds injure no crop, but on the contrary feed upon many of the worst

enemies of agriculture. It is worth recalling that their diet includes

such pests as the Rocky Mountain locust and other injurious

grasshoppers, the army worm, cutworms, cabbage worms, cotton worm,

cotton cutworm, boll weevil, clover leaf weevil, clover root curculio,

rice weevil, corn bill-bugs, wireworms, corn leaf-beetles, cucumber

beetles, white grubs, and such foes of stock as the Texas fever tick,

horseflies, and mosquitoes. Their warfare on crayfishes must not be

overlooked, nor must we forget the more personal debt of gratitude we

owe them for preying upon mosquitoes. They are the most important bird

enemies of these pests known to us.

Shorebirds have been hunted until only a remnant of their once vast

numbers is left. Their limited powers of reproduction, coupled with the

natural vicissitudes of the breeding period, make their increase slow,

and peculiarly expose them to danger of extermination.

In the way of protection a beginning has been made, and a continuous

close season until 1915 has been established for the following birds:

The killdeer, in Massachusetts and Louisiana; the upland plover, in

Massachusetts, and Vermont; and the piping plover in Massachusetts. But,

considering the needs and value of these birds, this modicum of

protection is small indeed.

The above-named species are not the only ones that should be exempt

from persecution, for all the shorebirds of the United States are in

great need of better protection. They should be protected, first, to

save them from the danger of extermination, and, second, because of

their economic importance. So great, indeed, is their economic value,

that their retention on the game list and their destruction by sportsmen

is a serious loss to agriculture.--(End of the circular.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The following appeared in the \_Zoological Society Bulletin\_, for

January, 1909, from Richard Walter Tomalin, of Sydney, N.S.W.:

"In the subdistricts of Robertson and Kangaloon in the Illawarra

district of New South Wales, what ten years ago was a waving mass of

English cocksfoot and rye grass, which had been put in gradually as the

dense vine scrub was felled and burnt off, is now a barren desert, and

nine families out of every ten which were renting properties have been

compelled to leave the district and take up other lands. This is through

the grubs having eaten out the grass by the roots. Ploughing proved to

be useless, as the grubs ate out the grass just the same. Whilst there

recently I was informed that it took three years from the time the grubs

were first seen until to-day, to accomplish this complete devastation;.

in other words, three years ago the grubs began work in the beautiful

country of green mountains and running streams.

"The birds had all been ruthlessly shot and destroyed in that district,

and I was amazed at the absence of bird life. The two sub-districts I

have mentioned have an area of about thirty square miles, and form a

table-land about 1200 feet above sea level."

The same kind of common sense that teaches men to go in when it rains,

and keep out of fiery furnaces, teaches us that as a business

proposition it is to man's interest to protect the birds. Make them

plentiful and keep them so. When we strike the birds, we hurt ourselves.

The protection of our insect-eating and seed-eating birds is a cash

proposition,--protect or pay.

Were I a farmer, no gun ever should be fired on my premises at any bird

save the English sparrow and the three bad hawks. Any man who would kill

my friend Bob White I would treat as an enemy. The man who would shoot

and eat any of the song-birds, woodpeckers, or shorebirds that worked

for me, I would surely molest.

\_Every farmer should post every foot of his lands, cultivated and not

cultivated\_. The farmer who does not do so is his own enemy; and he

needs a guardian.

At this stage of wild life extermination, it is impossible to make our

bird-protection laws too strict, or too far-reaching. The remnant of our

birds should be protected, with clubs and guns if necessary. All our

shore birds should be accorded a ten-year close season. Don't ask the

gunners whether they will \_agree\_ to it or not. \_Of course they will not

agree to it,--never\_! But our duty is clear,--to go ahead and \_do it\_!

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXIV

GAME AND AGRICULTURE; AND DEER AS A FOOD SUPPLY

As a state and county asset, the white-tailed deer contains

possibilities that as yet seem to be ignored by the American people as a

whole. It is quite time to consider that persistent, prolific and

toothsome animal.

The proposition that large herds of horned game can not becomingly roam

at will over farms and vineyards worth one hundred dollars per acre,

affords little room for argument. Generally speaking, there is but one

country in the world that breaks this well-nigh universal rule; and that

country is India. On the plains between and adjacent to the Ganges and

the Jumna, for two thousand years herds of black-buck, or sasin

antelope, have roamed over cultivated fields so thickly garnished with

human beings that to-day the rifle-shooting sportsman stands in hourly

peril of bagging a five-hundred-rupee native every time he fires at an

antelope.

Wherever rich agricultural lands exist, the big game must give

way,--\_from those lands\_. To-day the bison could not survive in Iowa,

eastern Nebraska or eastern Kansas, any longer than a Shawnee Indian

would last on the Bowery. It was foredoomed that the elk, deer, bear and

wild turkey should vanish from the rich farming regions of the East and

the middle West.

To-day in British East Africa lions are being hunted with dogs and shot

wholesale, because they are a pest to the settlers and to the surviving

herds of big game. At the same time, the settlers who are striving to

wrest the fertile plains of B.E.A, from the domain of savagery declare

that the African buffalo, the zebra, the kongoni and the elephant are

public nuisances that must be suppressed by the rifle.

Even the most ardent friend of wild life must admit that when a settler

has laboriously fenced his fields, and plowed and sowed, only to have

his whole crop ruined in one night by a herd of fence-breaking zebras,

the event is sufficient to abrade the nerves of the party most in

interest. While I take no stock in stories of dozens of "rogue"

elephants that require treatment with the rifle, and of grown men being

imperiled by savage gazelles, we admit that there are times when wild

animals can make nuisances of themselves. Let us consider that subject

now.

WILD ANIMAL NUISANCES.--Complaints have come to me, at various times, of

great destruction of lambs by eagles; of trout by blue herons; of crops

(on Long Island) by deer; of pears destroyed by birds, and of valuable

park trees by beavers that chop down trees not wisely but too well. I do

not, however, include in this category any cherries eaten by robins, or

orioles, or jays; for they are of too small importance to consider in

this court.

[Illustration: A FOOD SUPPLY OF WHITE-TAILED DEER

The Killing of the Does was Wrong]

To meet the legitimate demands for the abatement of unbearable

wild-animal nuisances, I recommend the enactment of a law similar to

Section 158 of the Game laws of New York, which provides for the safe

and legitimate abatement of unbearable wild creatures as follows:

Section 158. \_Power to Take Birds and Quadrupeds\_. In the event that

any species of birds protected by the provisions of section two

hundred and nineteen of this article, or quadrupeds protected by

law, shall at any time, in any locality, become destructive of

private or public property, the commission shall have power in its

discretion to direct any game protector, or issue a permit to any

citizen of the state, to take such species of birds or quadrupeds

and dispose of the same in such manner as the commission may

provide. Such permit shall expire within four months after the date

of issuance.

This measure should be adopted by every state that is troubled by too

many, or too aggressive, wild mammals or birds.

But to return to the subject of big game and farming. We do not complain

of the disappearance of the bison, elk, deer and bear from the farms of

the United States and Canada. The passing of the big game from all such

regions follows the advance of real civilization, just so surely and

certainly as night follows day.

But this vast land of ours is not wholly composed of rich agricultural

lands; not by any means. There are millions of acres of forest lands,

good, bad and indifferent, worth from nothing per acre up to one hundred

dollars or more. There are millions of acres of rocky, brush-covered

mountains and hills, wholly unsuited to agriculture, or even

horticulture. There are other millions of acres of arid plains and

arboreal deserts, on which nothing but thirst-proof animals can live and

thrive. The South contains vast pine forests and cypress swamps,

millions of acres of them, of which the average northerner knows less

than nothing.

We can not stop long enough to look it up, but from the green color on

our national map that betokens the forest reserves, and from our own

personal knowledge of the deserts, swamps, barrens and rocks that we

have seen, we make the estimate that \_fully one-third\_ of the total area

of the United States is incapable of supporting the husbandman who

depends for his existence upon tillage of the soil. People may talk and

write about "dry farming" all they please, but I wish to observe that

from Dry-Farming to Success is a long shot, with many limbs in the way.

When it rains sufficiently, dry farming is a success; but otherwise it

is not; and we heartily wish it were otherwise.

The logical conclusion of our land that is utterly unfit for agriculture

is a great area of land available for occupancy by valuable wild

animals. Every year the people of the United States are wasting

uncountable millions of pounds of venison, because we are neglecting our

opportunities for producing it practically without cost. Imagine for a

moment bestowing upon land owners the ability to stock with white-tailed

and Indian sambar deer all the wild lands of the United States that are

suitable for those species, and permitting only bucks over one year of

age to be shot. With the does even reasonably protected, the numerical

results in annual pounds of good edible flesh fairly challenges the

imagination.

About six years ago, Mr. C.C. Worthington's deer, in his fenced park, at

Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, became so numerous and so burdensome

that he opened his fences and permitted about one thousand head to go

free.

We are losing each year a very large and valuable asset in the

intangible form of a million hardy deer that we might have raised but

did not! Our vast domains of wooded mountains, hills and valleys lie

practically untenanted by big game, save in a few exceptional spots. We

lose because we are lawless. We lose because we are too improvident to

conserve large forms of wild life unless we are compelled to do so by

the stern edict of the law! The law-breakers, the game-hogs, the

conscienceless doe-and-fawn slayers are everywhere! Ten per cent of all

the grown men now in the United States are to-day poachers, thieves and

law-breakers, or else they are liable to become so to-morrow. If you

doubt it, try risking your new umbrella unprotected in the next mixed

company of one hundred men that you encounter, in such a situation that

it will be easy to "get away" with it.

We could raise two million deer each year on our empty wild lands; but

without fences it would take half a million real game-wardens, on duty

from dawn until dark, to protect them from destructive slaughter. At

present our land of liberty contains only 9,354 game wardens.[J] The

states that contain the greatest areas of wild lands naturally lack in

population and in tax funds, and not one such state can afford to put

into the field even half enough salaried game wardens to really protect

her game from surreptitious slaughter. The surplus of "personal liberty"

in this liberty-cursed land is a curse to the big game. The average

frontiersman never will admit the divine right of kings, but he does

ardently believe in the divine right of settlers,--to reach out and take

any of the products of Nature that they happen to fancy.

[Footnote J: Of this force, there are only 1,200 salaried wardens. The

most of those who serve without salaries naturally render but little

continuous or regular service.]

WILD MEAT AS A FOOD SUPPLY.--We hear much these days about the high cost

of living, but thus far we have made no move to mend the situation. With

coal going straight up to ten dollars per ton, beef going up to fifteen

dollars per hundred on the hoof and wheat and hay going-up--heaven alone

knows where, it is time for all Americans who are not rich to arouse and

take thought for the morrow. \_What are we going to do about it\_? The

tariff on the coarser necessities of life is now booked to come down;

but what about the fresh meat supply?

I desire to point out that between Bangor and San Diego and from Key

West to Bellingham, our country contains millions of acres of wild,

practically uninhabited forests, rough foot-hills, bad-lands and

mountains that could produce two million deer each year, without

deducting $50,000 a year from the wealth of the country. I grant that in

the total number of deer that would be necessary to produce two million

deer per annum, the farms situated on the edges of forests, and actually

within the forests, would suffer somewhat from the depredations of those

deer. As I will presently show by documentary records, every one of

those individual damages that exceeds two dollars in value could be

compensated in cash, and afterward leave on the credit side of the deer

account an enormous annual balance.

Stop for a moment, you enterprising and restless men and women who

travel all over the United States, and think of the illimitable miles of

unbroken forest that you have looked upon from your Pullman windows in

the East, in the South, in the West and in southern Canada. Recall the

wooded mountains of the Appalachian system, the White Mountain region,

the pine forests of the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf States, the forests

of Tennessee, Arkansas and southern Missouri; of northern Minnesota, and

every state of the Rocky Mountain region. Then, think of the silent and

untouched forests of the Pacific Coast and tell me whether you think

five million deer scattered through all those forests would make any

visible impression upon them. That would be only about twenty-five times

as many as are there now! I think the forests would not be over

populated; and they would produce \_two million killable deer each year\_!

Last year, 11,000 deer were forced down out of their hiding places in

the Rocky Mountains, and were killed in Montana. Even the natives had

not dreamed there were so many available; and they were slaughtered not

wisely but too ill. It is not right that six members of one family

should "hog" twelve deer in one season. At present no deer supply can

stand such slaughter.

Assuming that the people of the United States \_could\_ be educated into

the idea of so conserving deer that they could draw two million head per

year from the general stock, what would it be worth?

It is not very difficult to estimate the value of a deer, when the whole

animal can be utilized. In various portions of the United States, deer

vary in size, but I shall take all this into account, and try to strike

a fair average. In some sections, where deer are large and heavy, a

full-grown buck is easily worth twenty-five dollars. Let him who doubts

it, try to replace those generous pounds of flesh with purchased beef

and mutton and veal, and see how far twenty-five dollars will go toward

it. Every man who is a householder knows full well how little meat one

dollar will buy at this time.

I think that throughout the United States as a whole every full-grown

deer, male or female contains on an average ten dollars worth of good

meat. I know of one large preserve which annually sells its surplus of

deer at that price, wholesale, to dealers; and in New York City

(doubtless in many other cities, also) venison often has sold in the

market at one dollar per pound!

Two million deer at $10 each mean $20,000,000. The licenses for the

killing of two million deer should cost one million men one dollar each;

and that would pay 1,666 new game wardens each fifty dollars per month,

all the year round. The damages that would need to be paid to farmers,

on account of crops injured by deer, would be so small that each county

could take care of its own cases, from its own treasury, as is done in

the State of Vermont.

There are certain essentials to the realization of a dream of two

million deer per year that are absolutely required. They are neither

obscure nor impossible.

Each state and each county proposing to stock its vacant woods with deer

must resolutely educate its own people in the necessity of playing fair

about the killing of deer, and giving every man and every deer a square

deal. This is \_not\_ impossible! Not as a general thing, even though it

may be so in some specially lawless communities. If the \_leading men\_ of

the state and the county will take this matter seriously in hand, it can

be done in two years' time. The American people are not insensible to

appeals to reason, when those appeals are made by their own "home

folks." The governors, senators, assemblymen, judges, mayors and

justices of the peace could, \_if they would\_, make a campaign of

education and appeal that would result in the creation of an immense

volume of free wild food in every state that possesses wild lands.

When the shoe of Necessity pinches the People hard enough, remember the

possibilities in deer.

[Illustration: WHITE-TAILED DEER

If Honestly and Intelligently Conserved, this Species could be made to

Produce on our Wild Lands Two Million Deer per annum, as a new Food Supply

From the "American Natural History"]

The best wild animal to furnish a serious food supply is the

white-tailed deer. This is because of its persistence and fertility. The

elk is too large for general use. An elk carcass can not be carried on a

horse; it is impossible to get a sled or a wagon to where it lies; and

so, fully half of it usually is wasted! The mule deer is good for the

Rocky Mountains, and can live where the white-tail can not; but it is

\_too easy to shoot\_! The Columbian black-tail is the natural species for

the forests of the Pacific states; but it is a trifle small in size.

THE EXAMPLE OF VERMONT.--In order to show that all the above is not

based on empty theory,--regarding the stocking of forests with deer,

their wonderful powers of increase, and the practical handling of the

damage question,--let us take the experience and the fine example of

Vermont.

In April, 1875, a few sportsmen of Rutland, of whom the late Henry W.

Cheney was one, procured in the Adirondacks thirteen white-tailed deer,

six bucks and seven does. These were liberated in a forest six miles

from Rutland, and beyond being protected from slaughter, they were left

to shift for themselves. They increased, slowly at first, then rapidly,

and by 1897, they had become so numerous that it seemed right to have a

short annual open season, and kill a few. From first to last, many of

those deer have been killed contrary to law. In 1904-5, it was known

that 294 head were destroyed in that way; and undoubtedly there were

others that were not reported.

ACCOUNT OF DEER KILLED IN VERMONT, OF RECORD SINCE KILLING

BEGAN, IN 1897

\_From John W. Titcomb, State Game Commissioner, Lyndonville, Vt.,

Aug. 23, 1912\_

By By By Wounded By By Average Gross

Year Hunters, Hunters, Dogs Deer Railroad Various Weight Weight

Legally Illegally Killed Trains Accidents (lbs.) (lbs.)

1897\* 103 47

1898 131 30 40 3

1899 90

1900 123

1901 211

1902 403 81 50 13 14 171 68,747

1903 753 199 190 142,829

1904 541

1905 497 163 74 22 18 17 198

1906 634 200 127,193

1907 991 287 208 62 31 21 196 134,353

1908 2,208 207 457,585

1909 4,597 381 168 69 24 72 155 716,358

\* First open season after deer restored to state in 1875.

DAMAGES TO CROPS BY DEER.--For several years past, the various counties

of Vermont have been paying farmers for damages inflicted upon their

crops by deer. Clearly, it is more just that counties should settle

these damages than that they should be paid from the state treasury,

because the counties paying damages have large compensation in the value

of the deer killed each year. The hunting appears to be open to all

persons who hold licenses from the state.

In order that the public at large may know the cost of the Vermont

system, I offer the following digest compiled from the last biennial

report of the State Fish and Game Commissioner:

DAMAGES PAID FOR DEER DEPREDATIONS IN VERMONT DURING

TWO YEARS

Total damages paid from June 8, 1908, to June 22, 1910 $4,865.98

Total number of claims paid 311

Total number of claims under $5 80

Number between $5 and $10, inclusive 102

Number over $25 and under $51 23

Number between $50 and $100 11

Number in excess of $100 4

Number in excess of $200 1

Largest claim paid $326.50

VALUE OF WHITE-TAILED DEER.--Having noted the fact that in two years

(1908-9), the people of Vermont paid out $4,865 in compensation for

damages inflicted by deer, it is of interest to determine whether that

money was wisely expended. In other words, did it pay?

We have seen that in the years 1908 and 9, the people of Vermont killed,

legally and illegally, and converted to use, 7,186 deer. This does not

include the deer killed by dogs and by accidents.

Regarding the value of a full-grown deer, it must be remembered that

much depends upon the locality of the carcass. In New York or Pittsburg

or Chicago, a whole deer is worth, at wholesale, at least twenty-five

dollars. In Vermont, where deer are plentiful, they are worth a less

sum. I think that fifteen dollars would be a fair figure,--at least low

enough!

Even when computed at fifteen dollars per carcass, those deer were worth

to the people of Vermont $107,790. It would seem, therefore, that the

soundness of Vermont's policy leaves no room for argument; and we hope

that other states, and also private individuals, will profit by

Vermont's very successful experiment in bringing back the deer to her

forests, and in increasing the food supply of her people.

KILLING FEMALE DEER.--To say one word on this subject which might by any

possibility be construed as favoring it, is like juggling with a lighted

torch over a barrel of gunpowder. Already, in Pennsylvania at least one

gentleman has appeared anxious to represent me as favoring the killing

of does, which in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every

thousand I distinctly and emphatically do not. The slaughter of female

hoofed game animals is necessarily destructive and reprehensible, and

not one man out of every ten thousand in this country ever will see the

place and time wherein the opposite is true.

At present there are just two places in America, and I think only two,

wherein there exists the slightest exception on this point. The state of

Vermont is becoming overstocked with deer, and the females have in

\_some\_ counties (not in all), become so tame and destructive in

orchards, gardens and farm crops as to constitute a great annoyance. For

this reason, the experiment is being made of permitting does to be

killed under license, until their number is somewhat reduced.

The first returns from this trial have now come in, from the county game

wardens of Vermont to the state game warden. Mr. John W. Titcomb. I will

quote the gist of the opinion of each.

The State Commissioner says: "This law should remain in force at least

until there is some indication of a decrease in the number of deer."

Warden W.H. Taft (Addison County) says: "The killing of does I believe

did away with a good many of these tame deer that cause most of the

damage to farmers' crops." Harry Chase (Bennington County) says the

doe-killing law is "a good law, and I sincerely trust it will not be

repealed." Warden Hayward of Rutland County says: "The majority of the

farmers in this county are in favor of repealing the doe law.... A great

many does and young deer (almost fawns) were killed in this county

during the hunting season of 1909." R.W. Wheeler, of Rutland County

says: "Have the doe law repealed! We don't need it!" H.J. Parcher of

Washington County finds that the does did more damage to the crops than

the bucks, and he thinks the doe law is "a just one." R.L. Frost, of

Windham County, judicially concludes that "the law allowing does to be

killed should remain in force one or two seasons more." C.S Parker, of

Orleans County, says his county is not overstocked with deer, and he

favors a special act for his county, to protect females.

A summary of the testimony of the wardens is easily made. When deer are

too plentiful, and the over-tame does become a public nuisance too great

to be endured, the number should be reduced by regular shooting in the

open season; but,

As soon as the proper balance of deer life has been restored, protect

the does once more.

The pursuit of this policy is safe and sane, provided it can be wrought

out without the influence of selfishness, and reckless disregard for the

rights of the next generation. On the whole, its handling is like

playing with fire, and I think there are very, very few states on this

earth wherein it would be wise or safe to try it. As a wise friend once

remarked to me, "Give some men a hinch, and they'll always try to take a

hell." In Vermont, however, the situation is kept so well in hand we may

be sure that at the right moment the law providing for the decrease of

the number of does will be repealed.

HIPPOPOTAMI AND ANTELOPES.--Last year a bill was introduced in the lower

House of Congress proposing to provide funds for the introduction into

certain southern states of various animals from Africa, especially

hippopotami and African antelopes. The former were proposed partly for

the purpose of ridding navigation of the water hyacinths that now are

choking many of the streams of Louisiana and Mississippi. The antelopes

were to be acclimatized as a food supply for the people at large.

This measure well illustrates the prevailing disposition of the American

people to-day,--to ignore and destroy their own valuable natural stock

of wild birds and mammals, and when they have completed their war of

extermination, reach out to foreign countries for foreign species.

Instead of preserving the deer of the South, the South reaches out for

the utterly impossible antelopes of Africa, and the preposterous

hippopotamus. The North joyously exterminates her quail and ruffed

grouse, and goes to Europe for the Hungarian partridge. That partridge

is a failure here, and I am \_heartily glad of it\_, on the ground that

the exterminators of our native species do not deserve success in their

efforts to displace our finest native species with others from abroad.

The hippo-antelope proposition is a climax of absurdity, in proposing

the replacing of valuable native game with impossible foreign species.

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CHAPTER XXV

LAW AND SENTIMENT AS FACTORS IN PRESERVATION

There is grave danger that through ignorance of the true character of

about 80 per cent of the men and boys who shoot wild creatures, a great

wrong will be done the latter. Let us not make a fatal mistake.

After more than thirty years of observation among all kinds of

sportsmen, hunters and gunners, I am convinced that it is utterly futile

and deadly dangerous to rely on humane, high-class sentiment to diminish

the slaughter of wild things by game-hogs and pot-hunters.

In some respects, the term "game-hog" is a rude, rough word; but it is

needed in the English language, and it has come to stay. It is a

disagreeable term, but it was brought into use to apply to a class of

very disagreeable persons.

A "game-hog" is a hunter of game who knows no such thing as sentiment or

conscience in the killing of game, so long as he keeps within the limit

of the law. Regardless of the scarcity of game, or of its hard struggle

for existence, he will kill right up to the bag limit every day that he

goes out, provided it is possible to do so. He uses the "law" as a salve

for the spot where his conscience should be. He will shoot with any

machine gun, or gun of big calibre, in every way that the law allows,

and he knows no such thing as giving the game a square deal. He brags of

his big bags of game, and he loves to be photographed with a wagon-load

of dead birds as a background. He believes in automatic and pump guns,

spring shooting, longer open seasons and "more game." He is quite

content to shoot half tame ducks in a club preserve as they fly between

coop and pond, whenever he secures an opportunity. He will gladly sell

his game whenever he can do so without being found out, and sometimes

when he is.

Often a true sportsman drifts without realizing it into some one way of

the confirmed game-hog; but the moment he is made to realize his

position, he changes his course and his standing. The game-hog is

impervious to argument. You can shame a horse away from his oats more

easily than you can shame him from doing "what the Law allows."

There are hundreds of thousands of gentlemen and gentlewomen who never

once have come in touch with real cloven-footed game-hogs, who do not

understand the species at all, and do not recognize its ear-marks.

Thousands of such persons will tell you: "In my opinion, the best way to

save the wild life is to \_educate the people\_!" I have heard that, many,

many times.

For right-hearted people, a little law is quite sufficient; and the best

people need none at all! But the game-hogs are different. For them, the

strict letter of the law, backed up by a strong-arm squad, is the only

controlling influence that they recognize. To them it is necessary to

say: "You shall!" and "You shall not!"

Only yesterday the latest game-hog case was related to me by a

game-protector from Kansas. Into a certain county of southern Kansas,

from which the prairie-chicken had been totally gone for a dozen years

or more, a pair of those birds entered, settled down and nested. Their

coming was to many habitants a joyous event. "Now," said the People, "we

will care for these birds, and they will multiply, and presently the

county will be restocked."

But Ahab came! Two men from another county, calling themselves sportsmen

but not entitled to that name, heard of those birds, and resolved to

"get them." They waited until the young were just leaving the nest: and

they went down and camped near by. On the first day they killed the two

parent birds and half the flock of young birds, and the next day they

got all the rest.

But there is a sequel to this story. One of those men was a dealer in

guns and ammunition; and when his customers heard what he had done,

"they simply put him out of business, by refusing to trade with him any

more." He is now washing dirty dishes in a restaurant; but at heart he

is a game-hog, just the same.

Near Bridgeport, Connecticut, a gentleman of my acquaintance owns a fine

estate which is adorned with a trout stream and a superfine trout pond.

Once he invited a business man of Bridgeport to be his guest, and fish

for trout in his pond. On that guest, during a visit of three days all

the finest forms of hospitality were bestowed.

Two weeks later, my friend's game-warden caught that guest, early on a

Sunday morning, \_poaching\_ on the trout-pond, and spoiled his carefully

arranged get-away.

In his book "Saddle and Camp in the Rockies," Mr. Dillon Wallace tells a

story of a man from New York who in the mountains of Colorado

deliberately corrupted his guides with money or other influences, shot

mountain sheep \_in midsummer\_, and "got away with it."

In northern Minnesota, George E. Wood has been having a hand-to-hand

fight with the worst community of game-hogs and alien-born poachers of

which I have heard. There appears to be no game law that they do not

systematically violate. The killers seem determined to annihilate the

last head of game, in spite of fines and imprisonments. The foreigners

are absolutely uncontrollable. The latest feature of the war is the

discovery of a tannery in the woods, where the hides of

illegally-slaughtered deer and moose are dressed. Apparently the only

kind of a law that will save the game of northern Minnesota is one that

will totally disarm the entire population.

In Pennsylvania, there exists an association which was formed for the

express purpose of fighting the State Game Commission, preventing the

enactment of a hunter's license law and repealing the law against the

killing of female deer and hornless fawns. The continued existence of

that organization on that basis would be a standing disgrace to the fair

name of Pennsylvania. I think, however, that that organization was

founded on secret selfish purposes, and that ere long the general body

of members will awaken to a realizing sense of their position, and range

themselves in support of the excellent policies of the commission.

A POT-HUNTER is a man or boy who kills game as a business, for the money

that can be derived from its sale, or other use. Such men have the same

feelings as butchers. From their point of view, they can see no reason

why all the game in the world should not be killed and marketed. Like

the feather-dealers, they wish to get out of the wild life all the money

there is in it; that is all. Left to themselves, with open markets they

would soon exterminate the land fauna of the habitable portions of the

globe.

No one can "educate" such people. For the gunners, game-hogs and

pot-hunters, there is no check, save specific laws that sternly and

amply safeguard the rights of the wild creatures that can not make laws

for themselves.

Nor can anyone educate the heartless woman of fashion who is determined

to wear aigrettes as long as her money can buy them. The best women of

the world have \_already been educated\_ on the bird-millinery subject,

and they are already against the use of the gaudy badges of slaughter

and extermination. But in the great cities of the world there are

thousands of women who are at heart as cruel as Salome herself, and

whose vicious tastes can be curbed only by the strong hand of the law.

"Sentiment" for wild birds is not in them.

Because of the vicious and heartless elements among men and women, we

say, Give us \_far-reaching, iron-bound\_ LAWS for the protection of wild

life, \_and plenty of courageous men to enforce them\_.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ARMY OF THE DEFENSE

It now seems that the friends of wild life who themselves are not on the

firing-line should be afforded some definite information regarding the

Army of the Defense, and its strength and weakness. It is an interesting

subject, but the limitations of space will not permit an extended

treatment.

Over the world at large, I think the active Destroyers outnumber the

active Defenders of wild life at least in the ratio of 500 to 1; and the

money available to the Destroyers is to the funds of the Defenders as

500 is to 1. The \_average\_ big-game sportsman cheerfully expends from

$500 to $1,000 on a hunting trip, but resents the suggestion that he

should subscribe from $50 to $100 for wild life preservation. If he puts

down $10, he thinks he has done a Big Thing. Worse than this, I am

forced to believe that at least 75 per cent of the big-game sportsmen of

the world never have contributed one dollar in money, or one hour of

effort, to that cause. But there are exceptions; and I can name at least

fifty sportsmen who have subscribed $100 each to campaign funds, and

some who have given as high as $1,000.

Once I sat down beside a financially rich slaughterer of game, and asked

him to subscribe a sum of real money in behalf of a very important

campaign. I needed funds very much; and I explained, exhorted and

besought. I pointed out his duty--\_to give back something\_ in return for

all the game slaughter that he had \_enjoyed\_. For ten long minutes he

stood fire without flinching, and without once opening his lips to

speak. He made no answer no argument, no defense and finally he never

gave up one cent.

Wherever the English language is spoken, from Tasmania to Scotland, and

from Porto Rico to the Philippines, the spirit of wild life protection

exists. Elsewhere there is much more to be said on this point. To all

cosmopolitan sportsmen, the British "Blue Book" on game protection, the

annual reports of the two great protective societies of London, and the

annual "Progress" report of the U.S. Department of Agriculture are

reassuring and comforting. It is good to know that Uganda maintains a

Department of Game Protection (A.L. Butler, Superintendent), that so

good a man as Maj. J. Stevenson-Hamilton is in control of protection in

the Transvaal, and that even the native State of Kashmir officially

recognizes the need to protect the Remnant.

There are of course many parts of the world in which game laws and

limits to slaughter are quite unknown: all of which is entirely wrong,

and in need of quick correction. No state or nation can be accounted

wholly civilized that fails to recognize the necessity to protect wild

life. I am tempted to make a list of the states and nations that were at

latest advices destitute of game laws and game protectors, but I fear to

do injustice through lack of the latest information. However, the time

has come to search out delinquents, and hold up to each one a mirror

that will reflect its shortcomings.

Naturally, we are most interested in our own contingent of the Army of

the Defense.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.--To-day the feeling in Congress, toward

the conservation of wild life and forests is admirable. Both houses are

fully awake to the necessity of saving while there is yet something to

be saved. The people of the United States may be assured that the

national government is active and sympathetic in the prosecution of such

conservation measures as it might justly be expected to promote. For

example, during the past five years we have seen Congress take favorable

action on the following important causes, nearly every one of which cost

money:

The saving of the American bison, in four National ranges.

The creation of fifty-eight bird refuges.

The creation of five great game preserves.

The saving of the elk in Jackson Hole.

The protection of the fur seal.

The protection of the wild life of Alaska.

There are many active friends of wild life who confidently expect to see

this fine list gloriously rounded out by the passage in 1913 of an ideal

bill for the federal protection of all migratory birds. To name the

friends of wild life in Congress would require the printing of a list of

at least two hundred names, and a history of the rise and progress of

wild life conservation by the national government would fill a volume.

Such a volume would be highly desirable.

When the story of the national government's part in wild-life protection

is finally written, it will be found that while he was president,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT made a record in that field that is indeed enough to

make a reign illustrious. He aided every wild-life cause that lay within

the bounds of possibility, and he gave the vanishing birds and mammals

the benefit of every doubt. He helped to establish three national bison

herds, four national game preserves, fifty-three federal bird refuges,

and to enact the Alaska game laws of 1902 and 1907.

It was in 1904 that the national government elected to accept its share

of the white man's burden and enter actively into the practical business

of wild life protection. This special work, originally undertaken and

down to the present vigorously carried on by Dr. Theodore S. Palmer, has

considerably changed the working policy of the Biological Survey of the

Department of Agriculture, and greatly influenced game protection

throughout the states. The game protection work of that bureau is alone

worth to the people of this country at least twenty times more per annum

than the entire annual cost of the Bureau. Next to the splendid services

of Dr. Palmer, all over the United States, one great value of the Bureau

is found in the fact-and-figure ammunition that it prepares and

distributes for general use in assaults on the citadels of Ignorance and

Greed. The publications of the Bureau are of great practical value to

the people of the United States.

[Illustration: NOTABLE PROTECTORS OF WILD LIFE (1)

MADISON GRANT

Secretary and Chairman Executive Committee, New York Zoological Society

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

President, New York Zoological Society

JOHN F. LACEY

Ex-Member of Congress; Author of the "Lacey Bird Law"

WILLIAM DUTCHER

Founder and President, National Association of Audubon Societies]

Dr. Palmer is a man of incalculable value to the cause of protection.

No call for advice is too small to receive his immediate attention, no

fight is too hot and no danger-point too remote to keep him from the

fray. Wherever the Army of Destruction is making a particularly

dangerous fight to repeal good laws and turn back the wheels of

progress, there will he be found. As the warfare grows more intense,

Congress may find it necessary to enlarge the fighting force of the

Biological Survey.

The work that has been done by the Bureau in determining the economic

value or lack of value of our most important species of insectivorous

birds, has been worth millions to the agricultural interests of the

United States. Through it we know where we stand. The reasons why we

need to strive for protection can be expressed in figures and

percentages; and it seems to me that they leave the American people no

option but to \_protect\_!

STATE GAME COMMISSIONS.--Each of our states, and each province of

Canada, maintains either a State Game Commission of several persons, one

Commissioner, or a State Game Warden. All such officers are officially

charged with the duty of looking after the general welfare of the game

and other wild life of their respective states. Theoretically one of the

chief duties of a State Game Commission is to initiate new legislative

bills that are necessary, and advocate their translation into law. The

official standing of most game commissioners is such that they can

successfully do this. In 1909 Governor Hughes of New York went so far as

to let it be known that he would sign no new game bill that did not meet

the approval of State Game Commissioner James S. Whipple. As a general

working principle, and quite aside from Mr. Whipple, that was wrong;

because even a State game commissioner is not necessarily infallible, or

always on the right side of every wild-life question.

As a rule, state commissioners and state wardens are keenly alive to the

needs of their states in new game protective legislation, and a large

percentage of the best existing laws are due to their initiative. Often,

however, their usefulness is limited by the trammels of public office,

and there are times when such officers can not be too aggressive without

the risk of arousing hostile influences, and handicapping their own

departmental work. For this reason, it is often advisable that bills

which propose great and drastic reforms, and which are likely to become

storm-centers, should originate outside the Commissioner's office, and

be pushed by men who are perfectly free to abide the fortunes of open

warfare. It should be distinctly understood, however, that lobbying in

behalf of wild-life measures is \_an important part of the legitimate

duty of every state game commissioner\_, and is a most honorable calling.

[Illustration: NOTABLE PROTECTORS OF WILD LIFE (II)

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH

Massachusetts State Ornithologist

T. GILBERT PEARSON

Secretary, National Association of Audubon Societies

JOHN B. BURNHAM

President, American Game Protective and Propagation Association

ERNEST NAPIER

President, Fish and Game Commission of New Jersey]

Of the many strong and aggressive state game commissions that I would

like to mention in detail, space permits the naming of only a very few,

by way of illustration.

NEW YORK.--Thanks to the great conservation Governor of this state, John

A. Dix, the year 1911 saw our forest, fish and game business established

on an ideal business basis. Realizing the folly of requiring a single

man to manage those three great interests, and render to each the

attention that it deserves and requires, by a well-studied legislative

act a State Conservation Commission was created, consisting of three

commissioners, one for each of the three great natural departments.

These are salaried officers, who devote their entire time to their work,

and are properly equipped with assistants. The state force of game

wardens now consists of 125 picked men, each on a salary of $900 per

year, and through a rigid system of daily reports (inaugurated by John

B. Burnham) the activities and results of each warden promptly become

known in detail at headquarters.

Fortunately, New York contains a very large number of true sportsmen,

who are ever ready to come forward in support of every great measure for

wild-life protection. The spirit of real protection runs throughout the

state, and in time I predict that it will result in a great recovery of

the native game of the commonwealth. That will be after we have stopped

all shooting of upland game birds and shore birds for about eight years.

Even the pinnated grouse could be successfully introduced over one-third

of the state, if the people would have it so. It was our great body of

conscientious sportsmen who made possible the Bayne-Blauvelt law, and

the new codification of the game laws of the state.

TENNESSEE.--Clearly, Honorable Mention belongs to the unsalaried State

Commissioner of Tennessee, Col. J.H. Acklen, "than whom," says Dr.

Palmer, "there is no more active and enthusiastic game protectionist in

this country. Whatever has been accomplished in that state is due to his

activity and public spirit. Col. Acklen, who is now president of the

National Association of Game Commissioners, is a prominent lawyer, and

enjoys the distinction of being the only commissioner in the country who

not only serves without pay, but also defrays a large part of the

expenses of game protection out of his own pocket."

Surely the Commonwealth of Tennessee will not long permit this

unsupported condition of such a game commissioner to endure. That state

has a wild fauna worth preserving for her sons and grandsons, and it is

inconceivable that the funds vitally necessary to this public service

can not be found.

ALABAMA.--I cite the case of Alabama because, in view of its position in

a group of states that until recently have cared little about game

protection, it may be regarded as an unusual case. Commissioner John H.

Wallace, Jr., has evolved order out of chaos,--and something approaching

a reign of law out of the absence of law. To-day the State of Alabama

stands as an example of what can be accomplished by and through one

clear-headed, determined man who is right, and knows that he is right.

NEW JERSEY.--Alabama reminds one of New Jersey, and of State Game

Commissioner Ernest Napier. I have seen him on the firing-line, and I

know that his strong devotion to the interests of the wild life of his

state, his determination to protect it at all costs, and his resistless

confidence in asking for what is right, have made him a power for good.

The state legislature believes in him, and enacts the laws that he says

are right and necessary. He serves without salary, and gives to the

state time, labor and money. It is a pleasure to work with such a man.

In 1912 Commissioner Napier won a pitched battle with the makers of

automatic and pump guns, both shotguns and rifles, and debarred all

those weapons from use \_in hunting\_ in New Jersey unless satisfactorily

reduced to two shots.

MASSACHUSETTS.--The state of Massachusetts is fortunate in the

possession of a very fine corps of ornithologists, nature lovers,

sportsmen and leading citizens who on all questions affecting wild life

occupy high ground and are not afraid to maintain it. It would be a

pleasure to write an entire chapter on this subject. The record of the

Massachusetts Army of the Defense is both an example and an inspiration

to the people of other states. Not only is the cause of protection

championed by the State Game Commission but it also receives constant

and powerful support from the State Board of Agriculture, which

maintains on its staff Mr. E.H. Forbush as State Ornithologist. The

bird-protection publications of the Board are of great economic value,

and they are also an everlasting credit to the state. The very latest is

a truly great wild-life-protection volume of 607 pages, by Mr. Forbush,

entitled "\_Game Birds, Wild-Fowl and Shore Birds\_." It is a publication

most damaging to the cause of the Army of Destruction, and I heartily

wish a million copies might be printed and placed in the hands of

lawmakers and protectors.

The fight last winter and spring for a no-sale-of-game law was the

Gettysburg for Massachusetts. The voice of the People was heard in no

uncertain tones, and the Destroyers were routed all along the line. The

leaders in that struggle on the protection side were E.H. Forbush,

William P. Wharton, Dr. George W. Field, Edward N. Goding, Lyman E.

Hurd, Ralph Holman, Rev. Wm. R. Lord and Salem D. Charles. With such

leaders and such supporters, any wild-life cause can be won, anywhere!

PENNSYLVANIA.--The case of Pennsylvania is rather peculiar. As yet there

is no large and resistless organized body of real sportsmen to rally to

the support of the State Game Commission in great causes, as is the case

in New York. As a result, with a paltry fund of only $20,000 for annual

maintenance, and much opposition from hunters and farmers, the situation

is far from satisfactory. Fortunately Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, Secretary of

the Commission and chief executive officer, is a man of indomitable

courage and determination. But for this state of mind he would ere this

have given up the fight for the hunter's license law (of one dollar per

year), which has been bitterly opposed by a very aggressive and noisy

group of gunners who do not seem to know that they are grievously

misled.

Fortunately, Commissioner John M. Phillips, of Pittsburgh is the ardent

supporter of Dr. Kalbfus and a vigorous fighter for justice to wild

life. He devotes to the cause a great amount of time and effort, and in

addition to serving without salary he pays all his campaign expenses out

of his own pocket. His only recompense for all this is the sincere

admiration of his friends, and the consciousness of having done his full

duty toward the wild life and the people of his native state.

THE STATE AUDUBON SOCIETIES.--It is impossible to estimate the full

value of the influence and work of the State Audubon Societies of the

United States. Thus far these societies exist in thirty-nine states.

From the beginning, their efforts have tended especially toward the

preservation of the non-game birds, and it is well that the song and

other insectivorous birds have thus been specially championed.

Unfortunately, however, if that policy is pursued exclusively, it leaves

154 very important species of game birds practically at the mercy of the

Army of Destruction! It would seem that the time has come when all

Audubon Societies should take up, as a part of their work, active

co-operation in helping to save the game birds from extermination.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS OF NEW YORK CITY

On January 1, 1895, the United States of America contained, so far as I

am aware, not one organization of national scope which was devoting any

large amount of its resources and activities to the protection of wild

life. At that time the former activities of the A.O.U. Committee on Bird

Protection had lapsed. To-day the city of New York contains six national

organizations, and it is now a great center of nation-wide activities in

behalf of preservation. Furthermore, these activities are steadily

growing, and securing practical results.

THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.--In 1895 there was born into the world

a scientific organization having for its second declared object "the

preservation of our native animals." It was the first scientific society

or corporation ever formed, so far as I am aware, having a specifically

declared object of that kind. It owes its existence and its presence in

the field of wild-life conservation to the initiative and persistence of

Mr. Madison Grant and Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn. For sixteen years

these two officers have worked together virtually as one man. It is not

strange to find a sportsman like Mr. Grant promoting the wild-life

cause, but it is a fact well worthy of note that of all the zoologists

of the world, Professor Osborn is the only one of real renown who has

actively and vigorously engaged in this cause, and taken a place in the

front rank of the Defenders.

Mr. Grant's influence on the protection cause has been strong and

far-reaching,--far more so than the majority of his own friends are

aware. He has promoted important protectionist causes from Alaska to

Louisiana and Newfoundland, and helped to win many important victories.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.--This organization of big game sportsmen

was founded in 1885, and is the oldest of its kind in the United

States. Its members always have supported the cause of protection, by

law and by the making of game preserves. In all this work Mr. George

Bird Grinnell, for twenty-five years editor of \_Forest and Stream\_,

has been an important factor. As stated elsewhere, the club's written

and unwritten code of ethics in big-game hunting is very strict. In

course of time a Committee on Game Protection was formed, and it

actively entered that field.

[Illustration: NOTABLE PROTECTORS OF WILD LIFE (III)

JOSEPH KALBFUS

Chief Game Protector and Secretary, Pennsylvania Board of Game

Commissioners

JOHN M. PHILLIPS

Member, Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners

EDWARD A. McILHENNY

Founder of Wild-Fowl Preserves in Louisiana

CHARLES WILLIS WARD

Founder of Wild-Fowl preserves in Louisiana]

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES.--This organization was

founded by William Dutcher, in 1902, and in 1906 it was endowed to the

extent of $322,000 by the bequest of Albert Wilcox. Subsequent

endowments, together with the annual contributions of members and

friends, now give the Association an annual income of $60,000. It

maintains eight widely-separated field agents and lecturers and forty

special game wardens of bird refuges. It maintains Secretary T. Gilbert

Pearson and a number of other good men constantly on the firing-line;

and these forces have achieved many valuable results. After years of

stress and struggle, it now seems almost certain that this organization

will save the two white egrets,--producers of "the white badge of

cruelty,"--to the bird fauna of the United States, as in a similar

manner it has saved the gulls, terns and other sea birds of our lakes

and coast line.

This splendid organization is one of the monuments to William Dutcher.

More than two years ago he was stricken with paralysis, and now sits in

an invalid's chair at his home in Plainfield, New Jersey. His mind is

clear and his interest in wild-life protection is keen, but he is unable

to speak or to write. While he was active, he was one of the most

resourceful and fearless champions of the cause of the vanishing birds.

To him the farmers of America owe ten times more than they ever will

know, and a thousand times more than they ever will repay, either to him

or to his cause.

THE CAMP-FIRE CLUB OF AMERICA.--Although founded in 1897, this

organization did not, as an organization, actively enter the field of

protection until 1909. Since that time its work has covered a wide

field, and enlisted the activities of many of its members. In order to

provide a permanent fund for its work, each year the club members pay

special annual dues that are devoted solely to the wild-life cause. The

Committee on Game Protective Legislation and Preserves is a strong,

hard-working body, and it has rendered good service in the lines of

activity named in its title.

THE AMERICAN GAME PROTECTIVE AND PROPAGATION ASSOCIATION.--This is the

youngest protective organization of national scope, having been

organized in 1911. Its activities are directed by John B. Burnham, for

five years Chief Game Protector of the State of New York, and a man

thoroughly conversant with the business of protection. The organization

is financed chiefly by means of a large annual fund contributed by

several of the largest companies engaged in manufacturing firearms and

ammunition, whose directors feel that the time has come when it is both

wise and necessary to take practical measures to preserve the remnant of

American game. Already the activities of this organization cover a wide

range, and it has been particularly active in enlisting support for the

Weeks bill for the federal protection of migratory birds.

THE WILD LIFE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION came into existence in 1910, rather

suddenly, for the purpose of promoting the cause of the Bayne

no-sale-of-game bill, and other measures. It raised the fund that met

the chief expenses of that campaign. Since that time it has taken an

important part in three other hotly contested campaigns in other states,

two of which were successful.

At the present moment, and throughout the future, these New York

organizations need \_large sums of money\_ with which to meet the

legitimate expenses of active campaigns for great measures. They need

\_some\_ money from outside the state of New York! \_Too much of the burden

of national campaigning has been and is being left to be borne by the

people of New York City\_. This policy is growing monotonous. There is

every reason why Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland,

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston should each year turn $100,000 into

the hands of these well-equipped and well managed national organizations

whose officers know \_how to get results\_, all over our country.

Such organizations as these do not exist in other cities; and this is

very unfortunate. New Orleans should be a center of protectionist

activity for the South, San Francisco for the Pacific slope, and Chicago

for the Middle West. Will they not become so?

TWO INDEPENDENT WORKERS.--At the western edge of the delta of the

Mississippi there have arisen two men who loom up into prominence at an

outpost of the Army of Defense which they themselves have established.

For what they already have done in the creation of wild-fowl preserves

in Louisiana, Edward A. McIlhenny and Charles Willis Ward deserve the

thanks of the American People-at-large. An account of their splendid

activities, and the practical results already secured, will be found in

Chapter XXXVIII, on "Private Game Preserves," and in the story of Marsh

Island. Already the home of these gentlemen, Avery Island, Louisiana,

has become an important center of activity in wild-life protection.

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CHAPTER XXVII

HOW TO MAKE A NEW GAME LAW

THE LINE OF ACTION.--In the face of a calamity, the saving of life and

property and the check of fire and flood depends upon good judgment and

quick action at the critical moment. In emergencies, the slow and

academic method will not serve. It is the run, the jump, the short cut

and the violent method that saves life. If a woman is drowning, the

sensible man does not wait for an introduction to her; nor does he run

to an acquaintance to borrow his boat, or stop to put on a collar and

necktie. He seizes the first boat that he can find, and breaks its lock

and chain if necessary; or, failing that, he plunges in without one.

When he reaches the imperiled party, he doesn't say, "Will you kindly

let me save you?" He seizes her by the hair, and tries to keep her head

above water, without ceremony.

That is to-day the condition and the treatment necessary regarding our

remnant of wild life. We are compelled to act quickly, directly, and

even violently at times, if we save anything worth while.

There is \_no time\_ to depend upon the academic "education" of the public

by the seductive illustrated lecture on birds, or the article about the

habits of mammals. Those methods are all well enough in their places,

but we must not depend upon them in emergencies like the present, for

they do not pass laws or arrest lawbreakers. Give the public all of that

material that you can supply, and the more the better, but for heaven's

sake \_do not\_ depend upon the spread of bird-lore "education" to stop

the work of the game-hogs! If you do, all the wild life will be

destroyed while the educational work is going on.

Often you can educate a gunner, and make him a protectionist; but you

never can do it by showing him pictures of birds. He needs strong

reasoning and exhortation, not bird-lore. To-day it is necessary to

employ the most direct, forceful and at times even rude methods. Where

slaughtering cannot be stopped by moral suasion, it must be stopped with

a hickory club. The thing to do is to \_get results, and get them

quickly, before it is too late\_!

If the business section of a town is burning down, no one goes into the

suburbs to lecture on architecture, or exhibit pictures of fire

apparatus. The rush is for water, fire-engines, red-blooded men and

dynamite. When the birds all around you are being shot to death by

poachers who fear not God nor regard man, and you need help to stop it

on the instant, run to your neighbor's house, and ring his bell. If he

fails to hear the bell, pound on his door until you jar the whole house.

When he comes down half-dressed, blinking and rubbing his eyes, shout

at him:

"Come out! Your birds are all being shot to pieces!"

"Are they?" he will say. "But what can \_I\_ do about it? I can't help it!

I'm no game warden."

"Put on your clothes, get your shot-gun and come out and drive off the

killing gang."

"But what good will that do? They will come back again."

"Not if we do our duty. We must have them arrested, and appear against

them in court."

"But," says the sleepy citizen, "That won't do much good. The laws are

not strict enough; and besides, they are not well enforced, even as they

are!"

"Then let's make it our business to see that the present laws are

enforced, and go to our members of the legislature, and have them pass

some stronger laws."

And this brings me to a very important subject:

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW TO PASS A NEW LAW

We venture to say that the average citizen little realizes how possible

it is to secure the passage of a law that is clearly necessary for the

better protection of wild life and forests. Because of this, and of the

necessity for exact knowledge, I shall here set down specific

instructions on this subject.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.--One determined man can secure the passage of a

good law, provided he is reasonably intelligent and sufficiently

determined. The man who starts a movement must make up his mind to

follow it up, direct its fortunes, stay with it when the storms of

opposition beat upon it, and never give up until it is signed by the

governor. He must be willing to sacrifice his personal convenience, many

of his pleasures, and work when his friends are asleep or pleasuring.

In working for the protection of wild life there is one mighty and

unfailing source of consolation. It is this:

\_Your cause always gains in strength, and the cause of the destroyers

always loses strength!\_

THE CHOICE OF A CAUSE.--Be broad-minded. Do not rush to the legislature

with a demand for a law to permit the taking of bull-heads with

June-bugs in the creeks of your township, or to give your county a

specially early open season on quail in order that your boy may try his

new gun before he goes back to college. \_Don't propose any "local"

legislation\_; for in progressive states, local game legislation is

coming strongly into disfavor,--just as it should! Legislate for your

whole state, and nothing less.

Do not bother your legislature with a trivial bill. Choose a cause that

is worth while to grown men, and it shall be well with you. It takes no

more time to pass a large bill than a small one; and big men prefer to

be identified with big measures.

Before you have a bill drawn, advise with men whose opinions are worth

having. If the end you have in mind is a great and good one, \_go ahead\_,

whether you secure support in advance or not. If the needs of the hour

clearly demand the measure, \_go ahead\_, even though you start absolutely

alone. A good measure never goes far without attracting company.

DRAFTING A BILL.--As a rule, the members of a legislative body do not

have time to draft bills on subjects that are new or strange to them. A

short bill is easily prepared by your own representative; but a lengthy

bill, covering a serious reform, is a different matter. Hire a lawyer to

draft the bill for you. A really good lawyer will not charge much for

drafting a bill that is to benefit the public, and grind no private axe;

but if the bill is long, and requires long study, even the good citizen

must charge something.

Your bill must fully recognize existing laws. It must be either

prohibitory or permissive; which means that it can say what shall not be

done, or else that which may be done according to law, all other acts

being forbidden. Your lawyer must decide which form is best. For my

part, I greatly prefer the prohibitive form, as being the stronger and

more impressive of the two. I think it is the province of the law \_to

forbid\_ the destruction of wild life and forests, under penalties.

PENALTIES.--Every law should provide a penalty for its infringement; but

the penalty should not be out of all proportion to the offense. It is

just as unwise to impose a fine of one dollar for killing song-birds for

food as it is to provide for a fine of three hundred dollars. A fine

that is too small fails to impress the prisoner, and it begets contempt

for the law and the courts! A fine that is altogether too high is apt to

be set aside by the court as "excessive." In my opinion, the best fines

for wild life slaughter would be as follows:

Shooting, netting or trapping song-birds, and other non-game

birds, each bird $5 to $25

Killing game birds out of season, each bird 10 to 50

Selling game contrary to law, each offense 100 to 200

Dynamiting fish 100 to 200

Seining or netting game fishes 50 to 200

Shooting birds with unfair weapons 10 to 100

Killing an egret, Carolina parakeet or whooping crane 100 to 200

Killing a mountain sheep or antelope anywhere in the U.S. 500

Killing an elk contrary to law 50

Killing a female deer, or fawn without horns, each offense 50

Trapping a grizzly bear for its skin 100

For killing a man "by mistake," the fine should be $500, payable in five

annual instalments, to the court, for the family of the victim.

Whenever fines are not paid, the convicted party should be sentenced to

imprisonment at hard labor at the rate of one-half day for each dollar

of the fine imposed; and a sentence at hard labor should be the \_first

option of the court\_! Many a rich and reckless poacher snaps his fingers

at fines; but a sentence to hard labor would strike terror to the heart

of the most brazen of them. To all such men, "labor" is the twin terror

to "death."

THE INTRODUCTION OF A BILL.--Much wisdom is called for in the selection

of legislative champions for wild-life bills. It is possible to state

here only the leading principles involved.

Of course it is best to look for an introducer within the political

party that is in the majority. A man who has many important bills on his

hands is bound to give his best attention to his own pet measures; and

it is best to choose a man who is not already overloaded. If a man has a

host of enemies, pass him by. By all means choose a man whose high

character and good name will be a tower of strength to your cause; and

if necessary, \_wait for him to make up his mind\_. Mr. Lawrence W.

Trowbridge waited three long and anxious weeks in the hope that Hon.

George A. Blauvelt would finally consent to champion the Bayne bill in

the New York Assembly. At last Mr. Blauvelt consented to take it up; and

the time spent in waiting for his decision was a grand investment! He

was the Man of all men to pilot that bill through the Assembly.

Very often the "quiet man" of a legislative body is a good man to

champion a new and drastic measure. The quiet man who makes up his mind

to take hold of "a hard bill to pass" often astonishes the natives by

his ability to get results. Representative John F. Lacey, of Iowa, made

his name a household word all over the United States by the quiet,

steady, tireless and finally resistless energy with which for three long

years in Congress he worked for "the Lacey bird bill." For years his

colleagues laughed at him, and cheerfully voted down his bill. But he

persisted. His cause steadily gained in strength; and his final triumph

laid the axe at the root of a thousand crimes against wild life,

throughout the length and breadth of this land. He rendered the people

of America a service that entitles him to our everlasting gratitude and

remembrance.

AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF A BILL.--As soon as a bill is introduced it is

referred to a committee, to be examined and reported upon. If there is

opposition,--and to every bill that really does something worth while

there always is opposition,--then there is a "hearing." The committee

appoints a day, when the friends and foes of the bill assemble, and

express their views.

The week preceding a hearing is your busy week. You must plan your

campaign, down to the smallest details. Pick the men whom you wish to

have speak (for ten minutes each) on the various parts of your bill, and

divide the topics and the time between them. Call upon the friends of

the bill in various portions of the state to attend and "say something."

Go up with a strong body of fine men. \_Have as many organizations

represented as you possibly can\_! The "organizations" represent the

great mass of people, and the voters also.

When you reach the hearing, hand to your bill's champion, who will be

floor manager for your side, a clear and concise list of your speakers,

carefully arranged and stating who's who. That being done, you have only

to fill your own ten minutes and afterward enjoy the occasion.

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY.--It is unnecessary to say, in working for a

bill,--\_always be sure of your facts\_. Never let your opponents catch

you tripping in accuracy of statement. If you make one serious error,

your enemies will turn it against you to the utmost. Better understate

facts than overstate them. This shrewd old world quickly recognizes the

careful, conservative man whose testimony is so true and so rock-founded

that no assaults can shake it. Legislators are quick to rely on the

words and opinions of the man who can safely be trusted. If your enemies

try to overwhelm you with extravagant statements, that are unfair to

your cause, the chances are that the men who judge between you will

recognize them by their ear-marks, and discount them accordingly.

WORK WITH MEMBERS.--Sometimes a subject that is put before a legislative

body is so new, and the thing proposed is so drastic, it becomes

necessary to take measures to place a great many facts before each

member of the body. Under such circumstances the member naturally

desires to be "shown." The cleanest and finest campaigning for a reform

measure is that in which both sides deal with facts, rather than with

personal importunities. With a good cause in hand, it is a pleasure to

prepare concise statements of facts and conditions from which a

legislator may draw logical conclusions. Whenever a bill can be won

through in that way, game protection work becomes a delight.

In all important new measures affecting the rights and the property of

the whole people of a state, the conscientious legislator wishes to know

how the people feel about it. When you tell him that "The wild life

belongs to the whole people of the state; and this bill is in their

interest," he needs to know for certain that your proposition is true.

Sometimes there is only one way in which he can be fully convinced; and

that is by the people of his district.

Then it becomes necessary to send out a general alarm, and call upon the

People to write to their representatives and express \_their\_ views. Give

them, in printed matter, the \_latest facts\_ in the case, forecast the

future as you think it should be forecast, then demand that the men and

women who are interested do write to their senators and assemblyman, and

express \_their\_ views, in \_their own way!\_ Let there be no "machine

letters" sent out, all ready for signature; for such letters are a waste

of effort, and belong in the waste baskets to which they are quickly

consigned. The members of legislative bodies hate them, and rightly,

too. They want to hear from men who can think for themselves, give

reasons of their own, and express their desires in their own way.

THE PRESS AND THE NEWSPAPERS.--It is impossible to overestimate the

influence of the newspapers and the periodical press in general, in the

protection of wild life. But for their sympathy, their support and their

independent assaults upon the Army of Destruction, our game species

would nearly all of them have been annihilated, long ago. Editors are

sympathetic and responsive good-citizens, as keenly sensitive regarding

their duties as any of the rest of us are, and from the earliest times

of protection they have been on the firing line, helping to beat back

the destroyers. It is indeed a rare sight to see an editor giving aid,

comfort or advice to the enemy. I can not recall more than a score of

articles that I have seen or heard of during thirty years in this field

that opposed the cause of wild life protection.[K] At this moment, for

instance, I bear in particularly grateful remembrance the active

campaign work of the following newspapers:

[Footnote K: Just one hour after the above paragraph was written, a long

telegram from San Francisco advised me that the \_Examiner\_ of that city

had begun an active and aggressive campaign for the sale of all kinds of

game.]

The New York Times

The New York Tribune

The New York Herald

The New York Globe

The New York Mail and Express

The New York World

The New York Sun

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican

The Chicago Inter-Ocean

The San Francisco Call

The Rochester Union and Advertiser

The Victoria Colonist

The Brooklyn Standard-Union

The New York Evening Post

The New York Press

The Buffalo News

The Minneapolis Journal

The Pittsburgh Index-Appeal

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The Philadelphia North American

The Utica Observer

The Washington Star.

These magazines have done good service in the cause; and some of them

have spent many years on the firing line:

Forest and Stream

The American Field

Field and Stream

Recreation (old and new)

Rod and Gun in Canada

In the Open

Sports Afield

Western Field

Outdoor Life

Shield's Magazine

Sportsman's Review

Outing

Collier's Weekly

The Independent

Country Life

Outdoor World

Bird Lore

In campaigning, always appeal for the help of the newspapers. If there

are no private axes to grind, they help generously. The weekly journals

are of value, but the monthlies are printed so long in advance of their

dates of issue that they seldom move fast enough to keep abreast of the

procession. Their mechanical limitations are many and serious.

Every newspaper likes "exclusive" news, letters and articles. On that

basis they will print about all the live matter that you can furnish.

But at the same time, the important news of the campaign \_must\_ be sent

to the press broadcast, in the form of printed slips all ready for the

foreman. Many of these are never used, but the others are; and it pays.

The news in every slip must be vouched for by the sender, or it will not

be used. Often it will appear as a letter signed by the sender; which is

all right, only the news is most effective when printed without a

signature. Do not count on the Associated Press; because its peculiar

demands render it almost impossible for it to be utilized in game

protection work.

HOW TO MEET OPPOSITION.--There is no rule for the handling of opposition

that is fair and open. For opposition that is unfair and under-handed,

there is one powerful weapon,--Publicity. The American people love fair

play, and there is nothing so fatal to an unfair fighter as a

searchlight, turned full on him without fear and without mercy. If it is

reliably and persistently reported that some citizen who ought to be on

the right side has for some dark reason become active on the wrong side,

print the reports in a large newspaper, and ask him publicly if they are

true. If the reports are false, he can quickly come out in a letter and

say so, and end the matter. If they are true, the public will soon know

it, and act accordingly.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE.--The progress of a bill must be watched by some

competent person from day to day, and finally from hour to hour. I know

one bill that was saved from defeat only because its promoter dragged

it, almost by force, out of the hands of a tardy clerk, and accompanied

it in person to the senate, where it was passed in the last hour of a

session.

A bill should not be left to a long slumber in the drawer of a

committee. Such delays nearly always are dangerous.

SIGNING THE BILL.--The promoter of a great measure always seeks the

sympathy of the Chief Executive early in the day; but he should not make

the diplomatic error of trying to exact promises or pledges in advance.

Good judges do not give away their decisions in advance.

Because a Chief Executive remarks after a bill has been sent to him for

signing that he "cannot approve it," it is no reason to give up in

despair. Many an executive approval has been snatched at the last

moment, as a brand from the burning. \_Ask for a hearing before the bill

is acted upon\_. At the hearing, and before it and after, the People who

wish the bill to become a law must express themselves,--by letter, by

telegram, and by appeal in person. If the governor becomes convinced

that an \_overwhelming majority\_ of his people desire him to sign the

bill, \_he will sign it\_, even though personally he is opposed to it! The

hall mark of a good governor is a spirit of obedience to the will of the

great majority.

Not until your bill has been signed by the governor are you ready to go

home with a quiet mind, take off your armor, and put your ear to the

telephone while you hear some one say as your only reward,--"Well done,

good and faithful servant."

AS TO "CREDIT."--Do not count upon receiving any credit for what you do

in the cause of game protection, outside the narrow circle of your own

family and your nearest friends. This is a busy world; and the human

mind flits like a restless bird from one subject to another. The men who

win campaigns are forgotten by the general public, in a few hours! There

is nothing more fickle or more fleeting than the bubble called "popular

applause." Judging by the experiences of great men, I should say that it

has no substance, whatever. The most valuable reward of the man who

fights in a great cause, and helps to win victories, is the profound

satisfaction that comes to every good citizen who bravely does his whole

duty, and leaves the world better than he found it, without the

slightest thought of gallery applause.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

NEW LAWS NEEDED: A ROLL-CALL OF THE STATES

The principles of wild-life protection and encouragement are now so

firmly established as to leave little room for argument regarding their

value. When they are set forth before the people of any given state, the

only question is of willingness to do the right thing; of duty or a

defiance of duty; of good citizenship or the reign of selfishness. Men

who do not wish to do their duty purposely befog great issues by noisy

talk and tiresome academic discussions of trivial details; and such men

are the curse and scourge of reform movements.

There are a very few persons who foolishly assert that "there are too

many game laws!" It is entirely wrong for any person to make such a

statement, for it tends to promote harmful error. The fact that our laws

are \_too lenient\_, or are not fully enforced, is no excuse for

denouncing their purposes. We have all along been too timid, too self

indulgent, and too much afraid of hurting the feelings of the game-hogs.

Give me the power to make the game laws of any state or province and I

will guarantee to save the \_non-migratory\_ wild life of that region. I

will not only make adequate laws, but I will also provide means, men and

penalties by which \_they will be enforced\_! It is easy and simple, for

men who are not afraid.

I have been at considerable pains to analyze the game laws of each

state, ascertain their shortcomings, and give a list of the faults that

need correction by new legislation. It has required no profound wisdom

to do this, because the principles involved are so plain that any

intelligent schoolboy fifteen years old can master them in one hour. I

have performed this task hopefully, in the belief that in many states

the real issues have not been plainly put before the people. Hereafter

no state shall destroy its wild life through ignorance of the laws that

would preserve it.

Let no man say that "it is too late to save the wild life"; for

excepting the dead-and-gone species, that is not true. Let no man say

that "we can not save the wild life by law"; for that is not true,

either. As long as laws are lax, even law-abiding people will take

advantage of them.

There are millions of men who think it is \_right to kill all the game

that the law allows\_! There are thousands of women who think it is right

to wear aigrettes as long as the law permits their sale! And yet, if we

are resolute and diligent there is plenty of hope for the future. During

the past three years, to go no farther back, we have seen the whole

state of New York swept clean of the traffic in native wild game by the

Bayne law, and of the traffic in wild birds' plumage on women's hats

through the Dutcher law. To-day, in this state, we find ninety-nine

women out of every one hundred wearing flowers, and laces, and plush and

satin on their hats, instead of the heads, bodies and feathers of wild

birds that were the regular thing until three years ago. The change has

been a powerful commentary on the value of good laws for the protection

of wild life. The Dutcher law has caused the plumage of wild birds

\_almost wholly to disappear from the State of New York\_!

We shall here point out the plain duty of each state; and then it will

be up to them, individually, to decide whether they can stand the

blood-test or not.

A state or a nation can be ungentlemanly, unfair or mean, just the same

as an individual. No state has a right to maintain shambles for the

slaughter of migratory game or song birds that belong in part to sister

states. \_Every state holds its migratory bird life in trust, for the

benefit of the people of the nation at large\_. A state is just as

responsible for its treatment of wild life as any individual; and it is

time to open books of account.

It is robbery, as well as murder, for any southern state to slaughter

the robins of the northern states, where no robins may be killed. \_No

southern gentleman can permit such doings, after the crime has been

pointed out to him\_! In the North, the men who are caught shooting

robins are instantly haled to court, and fined or imprisoned. If we of

the North should kill for food the mockingbirds that visit us, the

people of the South instantly would brand us as monsters of greed and

meanness; and they would be perfectly justified in so doing.

Let us at least be honest in "agreeing upon a state of fact," as the

lawyers say, whether we act sensibly and mercifully or not. Just so long

as there remains in this land of ours a fauna of game birds, and the

gunners of one-half the states are allowed to dictate the laws for the

slaughter of it, just so long will our present protection remain utterly

absurd and criminally inadequate. Look at these absurdities:

New York, New Jersey and many other northern states rigidly prohibit the

late winter and spring shooting of waterfowl and shore birds, and limit

the bag; North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, and other southern

states not only slaughter wild fowl and shore birds all winter and

spring, without limit, but several of them kill certain non-game birds

besides!

All the northern states protect the robin, for the good that it does;

but in North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and some other

southern states, thousands of robins are shot for food. Minnesota has

stopped spring shooting; but her sister state on the south, Iowa,

obstinately refuses to do so.

THE UNITED STATES AT LARGE.--There are two great measures that should be

carried into effect by the governing body of the United States. One is

the enactment of a law providing federal protection for all migratory

birds; and Canada and Mexico should be induced to join with the United

States \_in an international treaty to that effect\_.

The other necessary measure is the passage of a joint resolution of

Congress \_declaring every national forest and forest reserve also a game

preserve and general sanctuary for wild life\_, in which there shall be

no hunting or killing of wild creatures of any kind save predatory

animals.

The tendency of the times,--and the universal slaughter of wild life on

this continent,--point straight as an arrow flies in that direction.

Soon or late, we have GOT to come to it! If Congress does not take the

initiatory steps, \_the People will\_! Such a consummation is necessary;

it is justified by common sense and the inexorable logic of the

situation, and when done it will be right.

The time was when the friends of wild life did not dare speak of this

subject in Washington save in whispers. That was in the days when the

Appalachian Park bill could not be passed, and when there were angry

mutterings and even curses leveled against Gifford Pinchot and the

Forestry Bureau because so many national forests were being set aside.

That was in the days when a few western sheep-men thought that they

owned the whole Rocky Mountains without having bought them. To-day, the

American people have grown accustomed to the idea of having the

resources of the public domain saved and conserved for the benefit of

the millions rather than lavished upon a favored few. To-day it is

perfectly safe to talk about making every national forest a first class

wild-life sanctuary, and it is up to the People to request Congress to

take that action, at once.

The Weeks bill, the Anthony bill, and the McLean bill now before

Congress to provide federal protection for migratory birds are

practically identical. All three are good bills; and it matters not

which one finally becomes a law. Whichever is put forward finally for

passage should provide federal protection for \_all\_ migratory birds that

ever enter the United States, Alaska, or Porto Rico. Why favor the duck

and leave the robin to its fate, or vice versa? It will be just as easy

to do this task by wholes as by halves. The time to hesitate, to feel

timid, or to be afraid of the other fellow has gone by. To-day the

millions of honest and serious-minded Americans are ready to back the

most thorough and most drastic policy, because that has become the most

necessary and the best policy. Furthermore, it is the only policy worthy

of serious consideration.

Some of our states have done rather well in wild-life

protection,--considering the absurdity of our national policy as a

whole; others have done indifferently, and some have been and still are

very remiss. Here is where we intend to hew to the line, and without

fear or favor set forth the standing of each state according to its

merits or its lack of merits. In a life-or-death matter such as now

confronts us regarding the wild life of our country, it is time to speak

plainly.

In the following call of the States, the glaring deficiencies in state

game laws will be set forth in detail, in order that the sore spots may

be exposed to the view of the doctors. Conditions will be represented

\_as they exist at the end of the summer of 1912\_, and it is to be hoped

that these faults soon may be corrected.

\* \* \* \* \*

A ROLL-CALL OF THE STATES

ALABAMA:

It is a satisfaction to be able to open this list with the name of a

state that is entitled to a medal of honor for game protection. In this

particular field of progress and enlightenment, the state of Alabama is

the pioneer state of the South. New York now occupies a similar position

in the North; but New York is an older state, and stronger in her

general love of nature. The attainment of advanced protection in any

southern state is a very different matter from what it is in the North.

Five years ago Alabama set her house in order. The slaughter of song and

insectivorous birds has been so far stopped as any Southern state can

stop it unaided by the federal government, and those birds are

recognized and treated as the farmers' best friends. The absurd system

of attempted protection through county laws has been abandoned. The sale

of game has been stopped, and since that stoppage, quail have increased.

The trapping and export of game have ceased, and wild turkeys and

woodcock are now increasing. It is unlawful to kill or capture non-game

birds. Bag limits have been imposed, but \_the bag limit laws are all too

liberal, and should be reduced\_. A hunter's license law is in force, and

the department of game and fish is self-supporting. Night hunting is

prohibited, and female deer may not be killed. A comprehensive warden

system has been provided. As yet, however, Alabama

Permits the shooting of waterfowl to March 15, which is too late, by

one and one-half months.

The use of automatic and pump guns in hunting should be suppressed.

There should be a limit of two deer per year, and killing should be

restricted to deer with horns not less than three inches long.

The story of game protection in Alabama began in 1907. Prior to that

time, the slaughter of wild life was very great. It is known that

enormous numbers of quail were annually killed by negro farm hands, who

hunted at least three days each week, regardless of work to be done. The

slaughter of quail, wild ducks, woodcock, doves, robins and snipe was

described as "nauseating."

The change that has been wrought since 1907 is chiefly due to the

efforts of one man. Alabama owes her standing to-day to the admirable

qualities of John H. Wallace, Jr., her Game and Fish Commissioner,

author of the State's policy in wild-life conservation. His

broad-mindedness, his judgment and his success make him a living object

lesson of the power of one determined man in the conservation of wild

life.

Commissioner Wallace is an ardent supporter of the Weeks and Anthony

bills for federal protection, and as a lawyer of the South, he believes

there is "no constitutional inhibition against federal legislation for

the protection of birds of passage."

ALASKA:

The sale of game must be absolutely prohibited, forever.

The slaughter of big game by Indians, miners and prospectors should

now be limited, and strictly regulated by law, on rational lines.

The slaughter of walrus for ivory and hides, both in the Alaskan and

Russian waters of Bering Sea, should be totally prohibited for ten

years.

The game-warden service should be quadrupled in number of wardens,

and in general effectiveness.

The game-warden service should be supplied with two sea-going

vessels, independent for patrol work.

The bag limit on hoofed game is 50 per cent too large.

To accomplish these ends, Congress should annually appropriate

$50,000 for the protection of wild life in Alaska. The present

amount, $15,000, is very inadequate, and the great wild-life

interests at stake amply justify the larger amount.

It is now time for Alaska to make substantial advances in the protection

of her wild life. It is no longer right nor just for Indians, miners and

prospectors to be permitted by law to kill all the big game they please,

whenever they please. The indolent and often extortionate Indians of

Alaska,--who now demand "big money" for every service they perform,--are

not so valuable as citizens that they should be permitted to feed

riotously upon \_moose, and cow moose at that\_, until that species is

exterminated. Miners and prospectors are valuable citizens, but that is

no reason why they should forever be allowed to live upon wild game, any

more than that hungry prospectors in our Rocky Mountains should be

allowed to kill cattle.

Alaska and its resources do not belong to the very few people from "the

States" who have gone there to make their fortunes and get out again as

quickly as possible. The quicker the public mind north of Wrangel is

disabused of that idea, the better. Its game belongs to the people of

this nation of ninety-odd millions, and it is a safe prediction that the

ninety millions will not continue to be willing that the miners,

prospectors and Indians shall continue to live on moose meat and caribou

tongues in order to save bacon and beef.

Mr. Frank E. Kleinschmidt said to me that at Sand Point, Alaska, he saw

eighty-two caribou tongues brought in by an Indian, and sold at fifty

cents each, while (according to all accounts) most of the bodies of the

slaughtered animals became a loss.

Governor Clark has recommended in his annual report for 1911 that the

protection now enjoyed by the giant brown bear \_(Ursus middendorffi\_) on

Kadiak Island be removed, for the benefit of settlers \_and their stock\_!

It goes without saying that no one proposes that predatory wild animals

shall be permitted to retard the development of any wild country that is

required by civilized man. All we ask in this matter is that, as in the

case of the once-proposed slaughter of sea-lions on the Pacific Coast,

\_the necessity of the proposed slaughter shall be fully and adequately

proven before the killing begins\_! It is fair to insist that the

sea-lion episode shall not be repeated on Kadiak Island.

The big game of Alaska can not long endure against a "limit" of two

moose, three mountain sheep, three caribou and six deer per year, per

man. At that rate the moose and sheep soon will disappear. The limit

should be one moose, two sheep, two caribou and four deer,--unless we

are willing to dedicate the Alaskan big game to Commercialism. No

sportsman needs a larger bag than the revised schedule; and

commercialists should not be allowed to kill big game anywhere, at any

time.

Let us bear in mind the fact that Alaska is being throughly "opened up"

to the Man with a Gun. Here is the latest evidence, from the new

circular of an outfitter:

"I will have plenty of good horses, and good, competent and courteous

guides; also other camp attendants if desired. My intention is to

establish permanently at that point, as I believe it is the gateway to

the finest \_and about the last\_ of the great game countries of North

America."

The road is open; the pack-train is ready; the guides are waiting. Go on

and slay the Remnant!

ARIZONA:

The band-tailed pigeons and all non-game birds should immediately be

given protection; and a salaried warden system should be established

under a Commissioner whose term is not less than four years.

The use of automatic and pump guns, in hunting, should be

prohibited.

Spring shooting should be prohibited.

Arizona has good reason to be proud of her up-to-date position in the

ranks of the best game-protecting states. No other state or territory of

her age ever has made so good a showing of protective laws. The

enactment of laws to cover the points mentioned above would leave little

to be desired in Arizona. That state has a bird fauna well worth

protecting, and game wardens are extremely necessary.

ARKANSAS:

The enforcement of game laws should be placed in charge of a

salaried commissioner.

Spring shooting of wildfowl should be stopped at once.

A reasonable close season should be provided for water fowl, and

swans should be protected throughout the year.

A bag-limit law should be enacted.

A force of game wardens, salaried and unsalaried, should at once be

created.

The killing of female deer and the hounding of deer, should be

stopped.

No buck deer should be shot, unless horns three inches long are seen

before firing.

A hunter's license law is necessary; and the fees should go to the

support of the game protection department.

The local exemptions in favor of market hunters in Mississippi

county should be repealed.

It appears that in Arkansas the laws for the protection and increase of

wild life are by no means up to the mark. At this moment, Arkansas is

next to Florida, the rearmost of all our states in wild-life protection.

Awake, Arkansas! Consider the peril that threatens your fauna. The Sunk

Lands, in your northeastern corner along the St. Francis River, are the

greatest wild-fowl refuge anywhere in the Mississippi Valley between the

Gulf Coast of Louisiana and the breeding-grounds of Minnesota. A duty to

the nation devolves upon you, to protect the migratory waterfowl that

visit your great bird refuge from the automatic and pump guns of the

pothunters who shoot for northern markets, and kill all that they can

kill. \_Protect those Sunken Lands\_! Confer a boon on all the people of

the Mississippi Valley by making that region a bird refuge in fact as

well as in name.

Heretofore, you have permitted hired market gunners from outside your

borders to slaughter the wild-fowl of your Sunk Lands literally by

millions, and ship them to northern markets, with very little benefit to

your people. It is time for that slaughter to cease. Don't maintain a

duck and goose shambles in Mississippi County, year after year, as North

Carolina does! Do unto other states as you would have other states do

unto you. \_Do not\_ be afraid to pass nine good laws in one act. Clear

your record in the Family of States, and save your fauna before it is

too late. It is not fair for you to permit the slaughter of the

insectivorous birds that are like the blood of life to the farmer and

fruit grower.

CALIFORNIA:

The sale of all wild game should be forever prohibited.

The use of automatic and pump shotguns, in hunting, should be

prohibited.

The killing of pigeons and doves as "game" and "food" should be

stopped.

The sage grouse and every other species of bird threatened with

extinction should be given ten year close seasons.

The mule deer (if any remain) and the Columbian black-tailed deer in

the southern counties should be accorded a ten-year close season.

A large state game preserve should be created immediately, on or

near Mount Shasta and abundantly stocked with nucleus herds of

antelope, black-tailed deer, bison and elk.

A suitable preserve in the southern part of the state should be set

aside for the dwarf elk.

As game laws are generally regarded, California has on her books a

series that look rather good to the eye, but which are capable of

considerable improvement. All along the line, the birds and quadrupeds

of the Golden State are vanishing! Under that heading, a vigorous

chapter could be written; but space forbids its development here. Just

fancy laws that permit gunning and hunting with dogs, from August until

January--one-half the entire year! Think of the nesting birds that are

disturbed or killed by dogs and gunners after other birds!

California's wild ducks and geese have been slaughtered to an extent

almost beyond belief. The splendid sage grouse and the sharp-tailed

grouse are greatly reduced in numbers. Of her hundreds of thousands of

antelope, once the cheapest game in the market, scarcely "a trace"

remains. Her mountain sheep and mule deer are almost extinct. Her

grizzly bears are gone!

The most terrible slaughter ever recorded for automatic guns occurred

in Glenn County, Cal., on Feb. 5, 1906, when two men (whose story was

published in \_Outdoor Life\_, xvii, p. 371, April, 1906), killed 450

geese in one day, and actually bagged 218 of them in \_one hour\_!

Every person who has paid attention to game protection on the Pacific

coast well knows that during the past eight years or more, the work of

game protection in California has been in a state of frequent turmoil.

At times the lack of harmony between the State Fish and Game Commission

and the sportsmen of the state has been damaging to the interests of

wild life, and deplorable. In the case of Warden Welch, in Santa Cruz

County, pernicious politics came near robbing the state of a splendid

warden, but the courts finally overthrew the overthrowers of Mr. Welch,

and reinstated him.

The fish and game commissioners of any state should be broad-minded,

non-partisan, strictly honest and sincere. So long as they possess these

qualities, they deserve and should have the earnest and aggressive

support of all sportsmen and all lovers of wild life. The remnant of

wild life is entitled to a square deal, and harmony in the camp of its

friends. Fortunately California has an excellent force of salaried game

wardens (82 in all) and 577 volunteer wardens serving without salary.

COLORADO:

The State of Colorado should instantly stop the sale of native wild

game to be used as food.

It should stop all late winter and spring shooting of native wild

birds.

It should give the sage grouse, pinnated grouse and all shore birds

a ten year close season, remove the dove from the list of game

birds, and give it a permanent close season.

It should remove the crane and the swan from the list of game birds.

In twenty-five short years we have seen in Colorado a waste of wild life

and the destruction of a living inheritance that has few parallels in

history. Possibly the people of Colorado are satisfied with the

residuum; but some outsiders regard all Rocky Mountain shambles with a

feeling of horror.

A brief quarter-century ago, Colorado was a zoological park of grand

scenery and big game. The scenery remains, but of the great wild herds,

only samples are left, and of some species not even that.

The last bison of Colorado were exterminated in Lost Park by scoundrels

calling themselves "taxidermists," in 1897. Of the 200,000 mule deer

that inhabited Routt County and other portions of Colorado, not enough

now remain to make deer hunting interesting. A perpetual close season

was put on mountain sheep just in time to save a dozen small flocks as

seed stock. Those flocks have been permitted to live, and they have bred

until now there are perhaps 3,500 sheep in the state. Of elk, only a

remnant is left, now protected for fifteen years.

The grizzly bear is so thoroughly gone that one is seen only by a rare

accident; but black bears and pumas are sufficiently numerous to afford

fair sport, provided the hunter has a fine outfit of dogs, horses and

guides. Of prong-horned antelope, several bands remain, but it is

reported that they are steadily diminishing. The herds and herders of

domestic sheep are blamed for the decrease, and I have no doubt they

deserve it. The sheep and their champions are the implacable enemies of

all wild game, and before them the game vanishes, everywhere.

The lawmakers of Colorado have tried hard to provide adequate statutes

for the protection of the wild life of the state. In fact, I think that

no state has put forth greater or more elaborate efforts in that

direction. For example, in 1899, under the leadership of Judge D.C.

Beaman of Denver, Colorado initiated the "more game movement," by

enacting a very elaborate law providing for the establishment of private

game preserves and farms for the breeding of game under state license,

and the tagging and sale of preserve-bred game under state supervision.

[Illustration: BAND-TAILED PIGEON

Often Mistaken for the Passenger Pigeon. The rapid Slaughter

of this Species has Alarmed the Ornithologists of California,

who now fear its Extinction]

The history of game destruction in Colorado is a repetition of the old,

old story,--plenty of laws, but a hundred times too many hunters,

killing the game both according to law and contrary to it, and doing it

five times as fast as the game could breed. That combination can safely

be warranted to wipe out the wild life of any country in the world, and

accomplish it right swiftly.

As a big-game country, Colorado is distinctly out of the running. Her

people are too lawless, and her frontiersmen are, in the main, far too

selfish to look upon plenteous game without going after it. Some of

these days, a new call of the wild will arise in Colorado, demanding an

open season on mountain sheep. Those who demand it will say, "What harm

will it do to kill a few surplus bucks? It will improve the breed, and

make the herds increase faster!"

By all means, have an "open season" on the Colorado big-horn and the

British Columbia elk. It will "do them good." The excitement of ram

slaughter will be good for the females, will it not? Of course, they

will breed faster after that,--with all the big rams dead. Any "surplus"

wild life is a public nuisance, and should promptly be shot to pieces.

In Colorado there is some desire that Estes Park should be acquired as a

national park, and maintained by the government; but the strong reasons

for this have not yet appeared. As yet we have not heard any reason why

the State of Colorado should not herself take it and make of it a state

park and game preserve. If done, it could be offered as a partial

atonement for her wastefulness in throwing away her inheritance of grand

game.

Colorado has work to do in the preservation of her remnant of bird life.

In several respects she is behind the times. The present is no time to

hesitate, or to ask the gunners what \_they\_ wish to have done about new

laws for the saving of the remnant of game. The dictates of common sense

are plain, and inexorable. Let the lawmakers do their whole duty by the

remnant of wild life, whether the game killers like it or not.

\_The Curse of Domestic Sheep Upon Game and Cattle\_.--Much has been said

in print and out of print regarding the extent to which domestic sheep

have destroyed the cattle ranges and incidentally many game ranges of

the West; but the half hath not been told. The American people as a

whole do not realize that the domestic sheep has driven the domestic

steer from the free grass of the wild West, with the same speed and

thoroughness with which the buffalo-hunters of the 70's and 80's swept

away the bison. I have seen hundreds of thousands of acres of what once

were beautiful and fertile cattle-grazing lands in Montana, that has

been left by grazing sheep herds looking precisely as if the ground had

been shaven with razors and then sandpapered. The sheep have driven out

the cattle, and the price of beef has gone up accordingly. Neither

cattle, horses nor wild game can find food on ground that has been

grazed over by sheep.

The following is the testimony of a reliable eye witness, Mr. Dillon

Wallace, and the full text appears in his book, "\_Saddle and Camp in the

Rockies\_," (page 169):--

Domestic sheep and sheep herders are the greatest enemies of the

antelope, as well as of other game animals and birds in the regions

where herders take their flocks. The ranges over which domestic

sheep pasture are denuded of forage and stripped of all growth, and

antelope will not remain upon a range where sheep have been.

Thus the sheep, sweeping clean all before them and leaving the

ranges over which they pass unproductive, for several succeeding

seasons, of pasturage for either wild or domestic animals, together

with the destructive shepherds, are the worst enemies at present of

Utah's wild game, particularly of antelope, sage hens, and grouse.

In Iron county, which has already become an extensive sheep region,

settlers tell us that before the advent of sheep, grass grew so

luxuriously that a yearling calf lying in it could not be seen. Not

only has the grass here been eaten, but the roots tramped out and

killed by the hoofs of thousands upon thousands of sheep, and now

wide areas, where not long since grass was so plentiful, are as bare

and desolate as sand-piles.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXIX

NEW LAWS NEEDED IN THE STATES

(Continued)

CONNECTICUT:

The sale of all native wild game, regardless of its source, should

be prohibited at all times. Enact at once a five-year close season

law on the remnant of ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, snipe, and all

shore birds.

Even in the home of the newest and deadliest "autoloading" shotgun,

those guns and pump guns should be prohibited in hunting.

The enormous bag limits of 35 rail and 50 each per day of plover,

snipe and shore birds is a crime! They should be replaced by a

ten-year close season law for all of those species.

The terms of the game commissioners should be not less than four

years.

Like so many other states, Connecticut has recklessly wasted her

wild-life inheritance. During the fifteen years preceding the year 1898,

the bird life of that state had decreased 75 per cent. On March 6, 1912,

Senator Geo. P. McLean, of Connecticut stated at the hearing held by his

Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game this fact:

"We have more cover than there was thirty or forty years ago, more brush

probably, but there is not one partridge [ruffed grouse] today where

there were twenty ten years ago!"

First of all, Connecticut needs a ten-year close season law to save her

remnant of shore birds before it is completely annihilated. Then she

needs a Bayne law, and needs it badly. Under such a law, and the tagging

system that it provides, the state game wardens would have so strong a

grip on the situation that the present unlawful sale of game would be

completely stopped. Half-way measures in preventing the sale of game

will not answer. Already Connecticut has wasted thousands of dollars in

fruitless efforts to restock her desolated woodlands and farms with

quail, and to introduce the Hungarian partridge; but even yet she \_will

not\_ protect her own native species!

Men of Connecticut, save the last remnants of your native game birds

before they are all utterly exterminated within your borders! Don't ask

the killers of game what \_they\_ will agree to, but make the laws what

\_you know\_ they should be! If you want a gameless state, let the

destruction go on as it now is going, with \_16,000 licensed gunners\_ in

the field each year, and you will surely have it, right soon.

DELAWARE:

Stop all spring shooting, at once; stop killing shore birds for ten

years, and protect swans indefinitely.

Enact bag-limit laws, in very small figures.

Stop the sale of all native wild game, regardless of its use, by

enacting a Bayne law.

Enact a resident license law, and provide for a force of paid game

wardens.

Stop the use of machine shot-guns in killing your birds.

The state of Delaware is nearly twenty years behind the times. Can it be

possible that her Governor and her people are really satisfied with that

position? We think not. I dare say they are afflicted with apathy, and

game-hogs. The latter can easily back up General Apathy to an extent

that spells "no game laws." In one act, and at one bold stroke, Delaware

can step out of her position at the rear of the procession of states,

and take a place in the front rank. Will she do it? We hope so, for her

present status is unworthy of any right-minded, red-blooded state this

side of the Philippines.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:

The sale of all native wild game, regardless of its source, should

be stopped immediately, by the enactment of a complete Bayne law.

If game-shooting within the District is continued, on the marshes of

the Eastern Branch and on the Potomac River, common decency demands

the enactment of bag-limit laws and long close-season laws of the

most modern pattern.

Just why it is that gross abuses against wild life have so long been

tolerated in the territorial center of the American nation, remains to

be ascertained. But, whatever the reason the situation is absurd and

intolerable, and Congress should terminate it immediately. As late as

1897, and I think for two or three years thereafter, thousands of

\_robins\_ were sold every year in the public markets of Washington as

food! As a spectacle for gods and men, behold to-day the sale of quail,

ruffed grouse, wild turkeys and other American game, half way between

the Capitol and the White House! Look at Center Market as a national

"fence" for the sale of game stolen by market gunners from Maryland,

Virginia, the Carolinas and Pennsylvania.

It is time for Congress to bring the District of Columbia sharply into

line; for Washington must be made to toe the mark beside New York. The

reputation of the national capital demands it, whether the gods of the

cafes will consent or not.

FLORIDA:

Shooting shore birds and waterfowl in late winter and spring should

be stopped.

The sale of all native wild game should be prohibited.

A State Game Commissioner whose term of office should be not less

than four years, and a force of salaried game wardens, should be

appointed.

A general resident license should be required for hunting.

The killing of does and fawns should be stopped, and no deer should

be killed save bucks with horns at least three inches long.

The bag limit of five deer per year should be two deer; of twenty

quail, and two turkeys per day should be ten quail and one turkey.

The open season on all game birds should end on February 1, for

domestic reasons.

Protection should be accorded doves, and robins should be removed

from the game list.

In the destruction of wild life, I think the backwoods population of

Florida is the most lawless and defiant that can be found anywhere in

the United States. The "plume-hunters" have practically exterminated the

plume-bearing egrets, wholly annihilated the roseate spoonbill, the

flamingo, and also the Carolina parrakeet. On July 8, 1905, one of them

killed an Audubon Association Warden, Guy M. Bradley, whose business it

was to enforce the state laws protecting the egret rookeries. The people

really to blame for the shooting of Guy Bradley, and the extermination

of the egrets by lawless and dangerous men, are the vain and merciless

women who wear the "white badges of cruelty" as long as they can be

purchased! They have much to answer for!

Originally, Florida was alive with bird life. For number of species,

abundance of individuals, and general dispersal throughout the whole

state, I think no other state in America except possibly California ever

possessed a bird fauna quite comparable with it. Once its bird life was

one of the wonders of America. But the gunners began early to shoot, and

shoot, and shoot. During the fifteen years preceding 1898, the general

bird life of Florida decreased in volume 77 per cent. In 1900 it was at

a very low point, and it has steadily continued to decrease. The

rapidly-growing settlement and cultivation of the state has of course

had much to do with the disappearance of wild life generally, and the

draining and exploitation of the Everglades will about finish the birds

of southern Florida.

The brown pelicans' breeding-place on Pelican Island, in Indian River,

has been taken in hand by the national government as a bird refuge, and

its marvelous spectacle of pelican life is now protected. Nine other

islands on the coast of Florida have been taken as national bird

refuges, and will render posterity good service.

The great private game and bird preserve of Dr. Ray V. Pierce, at

Apalachicola, known as St. Vincent Island, containing twenty square

miles of wonderful woods and waters, is performing an important function

for the state and the nation.

The Florida bag limit on quail is entirely too liberal. I know one man

who never once exceeded the limit of twenty birds per day, but in the

season of 1908-9 he killed \_865 quail\_! Can the quail of any state long

endure such drains as that?

From a zoological point of view, Florida is in bad shape. A great many

of her people who shoot are desperately lawless and uncontrollable, and

the state is not financially able to support a force of wardens

sufficiently strong to enforce the laws, even as they are. It looks as

if the slaughter would go on until nothing of bird life remains. At

present I can see no hope whatever for saving even a good remnant of the

wild life of the state.

The present status of wild-life protective laws in Florida was made the

subject of an article in \_Forest and Stream\_ of August 10, 1912, by John

H. Wallace, Jr., Game Commissioner of the State of Alabama, in an

article entitled "The Florida Situation." In view of his record, no one

will question either the value or the honest sincerity of Mr. Wallace's

opinions. The following paragraphs are from that article:

The enactment of a model and modern game law for the State of

Florida is absolutely imperative in order to save many of the most

valuable species of birds and game of that State from certain

depletion and threatened extinction. The question of the protection

of the birds and game in Florida is not a local one, but is national

in its scope. Birds know no state lines, and while practically all

the States lying to the north of Florida protect migratory birds and

waterfowl, yet these are recklessly slaughtered in that state to

such an extent as to be appalling to all sportsmen and bird lovers.

So alarming has become the decrease of the birds and game of Florida

that unless a halt is called on the campaign of reckless

annihilation that has been ceaselessly waged in that state, the

sport and recreation enjoyed by primeval nimrods will linger only in

history and tradition.

It is the sincerest hope of all lovers of wild life of the American

continent that a strong and invincible sentiment, relative to the

imperative necessity of real conservation legislation, be

crystallized in the minds of the members elect of the Florida

Legislature, to the end that the next Legislature will spread upon

the statute books of the State of Florida a model and modern law for

the preservation and protection of the birds and game of that State,

which when put into practical operation will elicit the thanks of

all good citizens, and likewise the gratitude of future generations.

GEORGIA:

Prohibit late winter and spring shooting, and provide rational

seasons for wild fowl.

Reduce the limit on deer to two bucks a season, with horns not less

than three inches long.

Protect the meadow lark and stop forever the killing of doves and

wood-ducks.

Prohibit the use of automatic and pump shot-guns in hunting.

Extend the term of the game commissioner to four years.

We are glad to report that Georgia has already begun to take up the

white man's burden. The protection of wild life is now a gentleman's

proposition, and in it every real man with red blood in his veins has a

duty to perform. The state of Georgia has recently awakened, and under

the comprehensive law of 1911 has resolutely undertaken to do her whole

duty in this matter.

IDAHO:

The imperative duties of Idaho are as follows:

Stop all hunting of mountain sheep, mountain goat and elk.

Give the sage grouse and sharp-tail ten-year close seasons, at once,

to forestall their extermination.

Stop the killing of doves as "game."

Stop the killing of female deer, and of bucks with horns less than

three inches long.

Enact the model law to protect non-game birds.

Prohibit the use of machine shot-guns in hunting.

Extend the State Warden's term to four years.

Like Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, the state of Idaho has wasted her

stock of game, and it is to be feared that several species are now about

to disappear from that state. I am told that the sage grouse is almost

"gone"; and I think that the antelope, caribou, and mountain sheep are

in the same condition of scarcity.

If the people of Idaho wish to save their wild fauna, they must be up

and doing. The time to temporize, theorize, be conservative and

easy-going has gone by. It is that fatal policy that causes men to

slumber until it is too late to act; and we will watch with keen

interest to see whether the real men of Idaho are big enough to do their

whole duty in time to benefit their state.

In 1910, Dr. T.S. Palmer credited Idaho with the possession of about

five hundred moose and two hundred antelope.

There is one feature of the Idaho game law that may well stand

unchanged. The open season on "ibex," of which one per year may be

killed, may as well be continued. One myth per year is not an

extravagant bag for any intelligent hunter; and it seems that the "ibex"

will not down. Being officially recognized by Idaho, its place in our

fauna now seems assured.

ILLINOIS:

Enact a Bayne law, and stop the sale of all native wild game,

regardless of source, and regardless of the gay revelers of Chicago.

In Illinois the bag limits on birds are nearly all at least 50 per

cent too high. They should be as follows: No squirrels, doves or

shore birds; six quail, five woodcock, ten coots, ten rail, ten

ducks, three geese and three brant, with a total limit of ten

waterfowl per day.

Doves should be removed from the game list.

All tree squirrels and chipmunks should be perpetually protected, as

companions to man, unfit for food.

The sale of aigrettes should be stopped, and Chicago placed in the

same class as Boston, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco.

The use of all machine shotguns in hunting should be prohibited.

The chief plague-spots for the grinding up of American game are Chicago,

Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco. St. Louis

cleared her record in 1909. New York thoroughly cleaned her Augean

stable in 1911, and Massachusetts won her Bayne law by a desperate

battle in 1912. In 1913, Pennsylvania probably will enact a Bayne law.

Fancy a city in the center of the United States sending to Norway for

1,500 ptarmigan, to eat, as Chicago did in 1911; and that was only one

order.

For forty years the marshes, prairies, farms and streams of the whole

upper Mississippi Valley have been combed year after year by the guns of

the market shooters. Often the migratory game was located by telegraphic

reports. Game birds were slain by the wagon-load, boat-load, barrel, and

car-load, "for the Chicago market." And the fool farmers of the Middle

West stolidly plowed their fields and fed their hogs, and permitted the

slaughter to go on. To-day the sons of those farmers go to the museums

and zoological parks of the cities to see specimens of pinnated grouse,

crane, woodcock, ducks and other species that the market shooters have

"wiped out"; and their fathers wax eloquent in telling of the flocks of

pigeons that "darkened the sky," and the big droves of prairie chickens

that used to rise out of the corn-fields "with a roar like a coming

storm."

To-day, Chicago stands half-way reformed. Her markets are open to only

one-half the game killable in Illinois, but they are wide open to all

"\_legally\_ killed game imported from other states, from Oct. 1 to Feb.

1." Through that hole in her game laws any game-dealer can drive a

moving-van! Of course, any game offered in Chicago has been "legally

killed in some other state!" Who can prove otherwise?

In addition to the imported game illegally killed in other states, the

starving population of Chicago may also buy for cash, and consume with

their champagne in November and December, all the Illinois doves that

can be combed out by the market-gunners.

After the awful Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, in 1903, the game

dealers reported a heavy falling off in the consumption of game! The

tragedy caused the temporary closing of the theaters, and the falling

off in after-theater suppers may be said to have taken away the

appetites of thousands of erstwhile consumers of game. Incidentally it

showed who consumes purchased game.

The people of Illinois should now enact a full-fledged Bayne law,

without changing a single word, and bring Chicago up to the level of New

York, St. Louis and Boston.

The present bag limits on Illinois game birds are fatally high. As they

stand, with 190,000 licensed gunners in the field each year, what else

do they mean than extermination? The men of Illinois have just two

alternatives between which to choose: drastic and immediate

preservation, or a gameless state. Which shall it be?

INDIANA:

Indiana should hasten to stop spring shooting.

She should enact a law, prohibiting the sale for millinery purposes

of the plumage of all wild birds save ducks killed in their open

season.

A Bayne law, absolutely prohibiting the sale of all native wild

game, should be enacted at once.

The killing of squirrels should be prohibited; because they are not

white men's game.

Ruffed grouse and quail should have five year close seasons.

The use of pump and autoloading guns in hunting should be

prohibited.

In Indiana the white-tailed deer is extinct. This means very close

hunting, and a bad outlook for all other game larger than the sparrow.

On October 2, 1912, eleven heads of greater bird of paradise, with

plumes attached, were offered for sale within one hundred feet of the

headquarters of the Fourth National Conservation Congress. The prices

ranged from $35 to $47.50; and while we looked, two ladies came up, one

of whom pointed to a bird-of-paradise corpse and said: "There! I want

one o' them, an' I'm a-goin' to \_have\_ it, too!"

IOWA:

Spring shooting should be stopped, at once and forever.

The killing of all tree squirrels and chipmunks should cease.

All shore birds that visit Iowa deserve a five-year close season.

Especially is the shooting of plover, sandpiper, marsh and beach

birds, rail, duck, geese and brant from September 1, to April 15, an

outrage.

Iowa should prohibit the use of the machine guns, and it is to be

hoped that she will awaken sufficiently to do so.

It is said that the Indian word "Iowa" means "the drowsy, or sleepy

ones." Politically, and educationally, Iowa is all right, but in the

protection of wild life she is ten years behind the times, in almost

everything save the prohibition of the sale of game. \_Iowa knows better

than to pursue the course that she does\_! She boasts about her corn and

hogs, but she is deaf to the appeals of the states surrounding her on

the subject of spring shooting. For years Minnesota has set her a good

example; but nothing moves her to step up where she belongs in the

phalanx of intelligent game-protecting states.

The foregoing may sound harsh, but in view of what other states have

endured from Iowa's stubbornness regarding migratory game, the time for

silent treatment of her case has gone by. She is to-day in the same

class as North Carolina, South Carolina and Maryland,--at the tail end

of the procession of states. She cares everything for corn and hogs, but

little for wild life.

KANSAS:

Spring shooting should be stopped, at once: with apologies for not

having done so long ago.

The continued shooting of prairie chickens when the species is near

extermination is outrageous, and should be prohibited for ten years.

Doves should be removed permanently from the game list, partly as a

measure of self respect.

Kansas should treat herself to a force of salaried game wardens

rendering real service.

She should bar out the machine guns as unfit for use in a

well-regulated State.

Kansas has calmly witnessed the extermination of her bison, elk, deer,

antelope, wild turkeys, sage grouse, whooping cranes, and the beginning

of the end of her pinnated grouse, without a pang. What is wild game in

comparison with fat hogs, and seventy-bushels-to-the-acre!

Draw a line around the hog-and-corn area of the United States, and

within it you will find more spring shooting, more sale of game and more

extermination of species than in any other area in the United States. I

refer to Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio,

Kentucky and Tennessee. In not one of these states except Missouri is

there any big game hunting, and in the majority of them spring shooting

is lawful!

In the Island of Mauritius, it was swine that exterminated the dodo. In

the United States, hogs and game extermination still go hand in hand.

Since the days of the dodo, however, a new species of swine has been

developed. It is now widely known as the "game-hog," and it has been

officially recognized by both bench and bar.

KENTUCKY:

Nearly everything that a state should maintain in the line of wild life

protection \_Kentucky lacks\_! It is easier to tell what she has than to

recite what she should have. Kentucky \_permits spring shooting\_; she has

\_no bag limits\_, and she has \_long open seasons\_ on everything save

introduced pheasants; She protects from sale only quail, grouse and wild

turkey \_killed within her own borders\_. This means that her markets are

practically wide open.

Until recently the people of Kentucky have been very indifferent to the

value of her wild-life; but with the new law enacted this year providing

for a game commission and a game protection fund, surely every member of

the Army of the Defense will wish God-speed to her efforts in game

conservation, and stand ready to lend a helping hand whenever help can

be utilized.

Kentucky should at one grand coup \_stop spring shooting and all sale of

wild game, accord long close seasons to all species that are verging on

extinction, protect doves, establish moderate bag limits and stop the

use of machine guns\_. If she takes up these measures at the rate of only

one at each legislative session, by the time her laws are perfect \_all

her game will be gone\_!

LOUISIANA:

On more counts than one, Louisiana is in the list of Great Delinquents;

for behold the things that she needs to do:

Protect deer for five years.

Instantly take the robin, red-winged black-bird, dove, grosbeak,

wood-duck and gull off the list of birds that may be killed as

"game."

Stop all late winter and spring shooting.

Stop the sale of all native game, and the possession and

transportation of game sold or intended for sale. In short,

Enact a Bayne law.

Re-establish a game warden system.

In legally permitting the slaughter of the robin, red-winged blackbird,

dove, grosbeak, wood-duck and gull the state of Louisiana is very

culpable.

For good reasons, forty states of the American Union strictly prohibit

the killing of song and insectivorous birds. The duty of every state to

protect those birds is not a debatable proposition. I put this question

to the people of Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and

other states where the robin is treated as a game bird: Is it fair of

you to kill and eat robins when that species is carefully protected by

forty other states of our country for grave economic reasons? What would

you say of the people of the North if they slaughtered your mockingbird

\_to eat\_!

Remember this proportion:

The Robin : The North :: The Mockingbird : The South.

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CHAPTER XXX

NEW LAWS NEEDED IN THE STATES

(Continued)

MAINE:

There are reasons for the belief that Maine is conserving her large game

better than any other state or province in North America. One glance

over her laws is sufficient to convince anyone that instead of studying

the clamor of her shooting population, Maine has actually been studying

the needs of her game, and providing for those needs. If all other

states were doing equally well, the task of writing a book of admonition

would have been unnecessary. The proof of Maine's alertness is to be

found in the number of her extra short, or entirely closed, seasons on

game. For example:

Cow and calf moose are permanently protected.

Only bull moose, with at least two 3-inch prongs on its horns, may

be killed.

Caribou have had a close season since 1899.

On gray and black squirrels, doves and quail, there is no open

season.

The open season for deer varies from ten weeks to four weeks, and in

parts of three counties there is no open season at all.

Silencers are prohibited, and firearms in forests may be prohibited

by the Governor during droughts.

Nearly all wild-fowl shooting ends January 1, but in two places, on

December 1.

People who have not learned the facts habitually think of Maine as a

vast killing-ground for deer; and it is well for it to be known that the

hunting-grounds have been carefully designated, according to the

abundance or scarcity of game.

Maine has wisely chosen to regard her hunting-grounds and her deer as a

valuable asset, and she manages them accordingly. To be a guide in that

state is to be a good citizen, and a protector of game from illegal

slaughter. No non-resident may hunt without a licensed guide. The

licenses for the thousands of deer killed in Maine each year, and the

expenses of the visiting sportsmen who hunt them, annually bring into

the state and leave there a huge sum of money, variously estimated at

from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. One can only guess at the amount from the

number of non-resident licenses issued; but certainly the total can not

be less than $1,000,000.

Although Mr. L.T. Carleton is no longer chairman of the Commission of

Inland Fisheries and Game, the splendid services that he rendered the

state of Maine during his thirteen years of service, especially in the

creation of a good code of game laws, constitute an imperishable

monument to his name and fame.

There is very little that Maine needs in the line of new legislation,

or better protection to her game. With the enactment of a resident

license law and a five-year close season for woodcock, plover, snipe and

sandpipers, I think her laws for the protection of wild life would be

sufficiently perfect for all practical purposes. The Pine-Tree State is

to be congratulated upon its wise and efficient handling of the

wild-life situation.

MARYLAND:

How has it come to pass that Maryland \_lacks\_ more good wild-life laws

than any other state in the Union except North Carolina? Of the really

fundamental protective laws, embracing the list that to every

self-respecting state seems indispensable, Maryland has almost none save

certain bag-limit laws! Otherwise, the state is wide open! It is indeed

high time that she should abandon her present attitude of hostility to

wild life, and become a good neighbor. She should do what is \_fair\_ and

\_right\_ about the protection of the migratory game and bird life that

annually passes twice through her territory!

At the last session of the Maryland legislature, the law preventing the

use of power boats in wild-fowl shooting was repealed. That was a step

ten years backward; and Maryland should be ashamed of it!

The list of things that Maryland must do in order to clear her record is

a long one. Here it is:

Local regulations should be replaced by a uniform state law.

The sale of all native wild game should be stopped.

Spring and late winter shooting of game should be stopped.

All non-game birds not already included under the statutes should be

protected.

The exportation of all game should be prohibited, unless accompanied

by the man who shot it, bearing his license, and the law should be

state-wide instead of depending upon a separate enactment for each

county.

There should be a hunter's license law for all who hunt.

The use of machine shotguns in hunting should be stopped, at once.

Stop the use of power boats in wild-fowl shooting.

MASSACHUSETTS:

In 1912 the state of Massachusetts moved up into the foremost rank of

states, where for one year New York had stood alone. She passed a

counterpart of the New York law, absolutely prohibiting the sale of all

wild American game in Massachusetts, but providing for the sale of game

that has been reared in preserves and tagged by state officers. This

victory was achieved only after three months of hard fighting. The

coalition of sportsmen, zoologists and friends of wild life in general

proved irresistible, just as a similar union of forces accomplished the

Bayne law in New York in 1911. The victory is highly instructive, as

great victories usually are. It proves once more that whenever the

American people can be aroused from their normal apathy regarding wild

life, \_any good conservation legislation can be enacted!\_ The prime

necessities to success are good measures, good management, a reasonable

campaign fund, and tireless energy and persistence. Massachusetts is to

be roundly congratulated on having so thoroughly cleaned up her

sale-of-game situation.

Incidentally, five bills for the repeal of the Massachusetts law against

spring shooting were introduced, and each one went down to the defeat

that it deserved. \_The repeal of a spring-shooting law, anywhere, is a

step backward ten years!\_

Massachusetts needs a bag-limit law more in keeping with her small

remnant of wild life; and that she will have ere long. Very soon, also,

her sportsmen will raise the standard of ethics in shotgun shooting, by

barring out the automatic and pump shotguns so much beloved by the

market shooters. As matters stand at this date (1912) the Old Bay State

needs the following new laws:

Low bag limits on all game.

Five-year close seasons on all shore birds, snipe and woodcock.

Expulsion of the automatic and pump shotguns, in hunting.

MICHIGAN:

On the whole, the game laws of Michigan are in excellent shape, and

leave little to be desired in the line of betterment except to be

simplified. All the game protected by the laws of the state is debarred

from sale; squirrels, pinnated grouse, doves and wild turkeys enjoy long

close seasons; the bag limits on deer and game birds are reasonably low;

spring shooting still is possible on nine species of ducks; and this

should be stopped without delay.

Only three or four suggestions are in order:

All spring shooting should be prohibited.

All shore birds should have a five-year close season.

The use of the machine shotguns in hunting should be stopped.

The laws should permit the sale, under tag, of all species of game

that can successfully be reared in preserves on a commercial basis.

Two or three state game preserves, for deer, each at least four

miles square, should be established without delay.

MINNESOTA:

This state should at once enact a bag-limit law that will do some

good, instead of the statutory farce now on the books. Make it

fifteen birds per day of waterfowl, all species combined, and no

grouse or quail.

There should be five-year close seasons enacted for quail, grouse,

plover, woodcock, snipe, and all other shore birds.

A law should be enacted prohibiting the use of firearms by

unnaturalized aliens, and a $20 license for all naturalized aliens.

Provision should be made for a large state game refuge in southern

Minnesota.

The state should prohibit the use of machine guns in hunting.

To-day, direct and reliable advices show that the game situation in

Minnesota is far from encouraging. Several species are threatened with

extinction at an early date. In northern Minnesota it is reported that

much game is surreptitiously trapped and slaughtered. The bob white is

reported as threatened with total extinction at an early date; but I

think the prairie chicken will be the first bird species to go. Moose

will soon be extinct everywhere in Minnesota except in the game

preserves. Apparently there is now about one duck in Minnesota for every

ten ducks that were there only ten years ago.

Now, what is Minnesota going to do about all this? Is she willing

through Apathy to become a gameless state? Her people need to arouse

themselves \_now\_, and pass several \_strong\_ laws. Her bag limit of

forty-five birds \_per day\_ of quail, grouse, woodcock and plover, and

\_fifty\_ per day of the waterbirds, is a joke, and nothing more; but it

is no laughing matter. It spells extermination.

MISSISSIPPI:

The legalized slaughter of robins, cedar birds, grosbeaks and doves

should cease immediately, on the basis of economy of resources and a

square deal to all the states lying northward of Mississippi.

The shooting of all water-fowl should cease on January 1.

A reasonable limit should be established on deer.

A hunting license law should be passed at once, fixing the fee at $1

and devoting the revenue to the pay of a corps of non-political game

wardens, selected on a basis of ability and fitness.

The administration of the game laws should be placed in charge of a

salaried game commissioner.

It is seriously to the discredit of Mississippi that her laws actually

classify robins, cedar-birds, grosbeaks and doves as "game," and \_make

them killable as such from Sept. 1 to March 1!\_ I should think that if

no economic consideration carried weight in Mississippi, state pride

alone would be sufficient to promote a correction of the evil. If we of

the North were to slaughter mockingbirds for food, when they come North

to visit us, the men of the South would call us greedy barbarians; and

they would be quite right.

MISSOURI:

The Missouri bag limits that permit the killing or possession of

fifty birds per day are absurd, and fatally liberal. The utmost

should be twenty-five; and even that is too high.

Doves should be taken off the list of game birds, and protected

throughout the year; and so should all tree squirrels.

Spring shooting of shore birds and waterfowl should be prohibited

without delay.

A law against automatic and pump guns should be enacted at the next

legislative session, as a public lesson on the raising of the

standard of ethics in shooting.

The state of Missouri is really strong in her position as a

game-protecting state. She perpetually protects such vanishing species

as the ruffed grouse, prairie chicken (pinnated grouse), woodcock, and

all her shore birds save snipe and plover. She prohibits the sale of

native game and the killing of female deer; but she wisely permits the

sale of preserve-bred elk and deer under the tags of the State Game

Commission. For nearly all the wild game that is accessible, her markets

are tightly closed.

We heartily congratulate Missouri on her advanced position on the sale

of game, and we hope that the people of Iowa will even yet profit by her

good example.

MONTANA:

Like Colorado and Wyoming, Montana is wasting a valuable heritage of

wild game while she struggles to maintain the theory that she still is

in the list of states that furnish big-game hunting. It is a fact that

ten years ago most sportsmen began to regard Montana as a has-been for

big game, and began to seek better hunting-grounds elsewhere. British

Columbia, Alberta and Alaska have done much for the game of Montana by

drawing sportsmen away from it. Mr. Henry Avare, the State Game Warden,

is optimistic regarding even the big game, and believes that it is

holding its own. This is partially true of white-tailed deer, or it was

up to the time of great slaughter. It is said that in 1911, 11,000 deer

were killed in Montana, all in the western part of the state, seventy

per cent of which were white-tails. The deep snows and extreme cold of a

long and unusually severe winter drove the hungry deer down out of the

mountains into the settlements, where the ranchmen joyously slaughtered

them. The destruction around Kalispell was described by Harry P.

Stanford as "sickening."

Mr. Avare estimates the prong-horned antelope in Montana at three

thousand head, of which about six hundred are under the quasi-protection

of four ranches.

The antelope need three or four small ranges, such as the Snow Creek

Antelope Range, where the bad lands are too rough for ranchmen, but

quite right for antelopes and other big game.

All the grouse and ptarmigan of Montana need a five-year close

season. The splendid sage grouse is now extinct in many parts of its

previous range. Fifty-eight thousand licensed gunners are too many

for them!

The few mountain sheep and mountain goats that survive should have a

five-year close season, at once.

The killing of female hoofed animals should be prohibited by law.

Montana has not yet adopted the model law for the protection of

non-game birds. Only seven states have failed in that respect.

The use of automatic and pump shotguns, and silencers, should

immediately be prohibited.

Montana's bag-limits are not wholly bad; but the grizzly bear has almost

been exterminated, save in the Yellowstone Park. Some of these days, if

things go on as they are now going, the people of Montana will be rudely

awakened to the fact that they have 50,000 licensed hunters but no

longer any killable game! And then we will hear enthusiastic talk about

"restocking."

NEBRASKA:

No other state has bestowed close seasons upon as many extinct species

of game as Nebraska. Behold how she has resolutely locked the doors of

her empty cage after all these species have flown: Elk, antelope, wild

turkey, passenger pigeon, whooping crane, sage grouse, ptarmigan and

curlew. In a short time the pinnated grouse can be added to the list of

has-beens.

There is little to say regarding the future of the game of Nebraska; for

its "future" is now history.

Provision should be made for one or more state game preserves.

Spring shooting of shore birds and waterfowl should be prohibited.

A larger and more effective warden service should be provided.

Doves should be removed from the game list.

NEVADA:

The sage grouse should be given a ten-year close season, for

recuperation.

All non-game birds should have perpetual protection.

The cranes, now verging on extinction, and the pigeons and doves

should at once be taken out of the list of game birds, and forever

protected.

All the shore birds need five years of close protection.

A State Game Warden whose term of office is not less than four years

should be provided for.

A corps of salaried game protectors should be chosen for active and

aggressive game protection.

Nevada's bag limits are among the best of any state, the only

serious flaw being "10 sage grouse" per day: which should be 0!

Nevada still has a few antelope; and \_we beg her to protect them all

from being hunted or killed!\_ It is my belief that if the antelope is

really saved anywhere in the United States outside of national parks and

preserves, it will be in the wild and remote regions of Nevada, where it

is to be hoped that lumpy-jaw has not yet taken hold of the herds.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Speaking generally, the New Hampshire laws regulating the killing and

shipment of game are defective for the reason that on birds, and in fact

all game save deer, there appear to be no "bag" limits on the quantity

that may be killed in a day or a season. The following bag limits are

greatly needed, forthwith:

Gray Squirrel, none per day, or per year; duck (except wood-duck),

ten per day, or thirty per season; ruffed grouse, four per day,

twelve per season; hare and rabbit, four per day, or twelve per

season.

Five-year close seasons should immediately be enacted for the

following species: quail, woodcock, jacksnipe and all species of

shore or "beach" birds.

The sale of all native wild game should be prohibited; and

game-breeding in preserves, and the sale of such game under state

supervision, should be provided for.

The use of automatic and pump guns in hunting should be

barred,--through state pride, if for no other reason.

NEW JERSEY:

New Jersey enjoys the distinction of being the second state to break

the strangle-hold of the gun-makers of Hartford and Ilion, and cast out

the odious automatic and pump guns. It was a pitched battle,--that of

1912, inaugurated by Ernest Napier, President of the State Game and Fish

Commission and his fellow commissioners. The longer the contest

continued, the more did the press and the people of New Jersey awaken to

the seriousness of the situation. Finally, the gun-suppression bill

passed the two houses of the legislature with a total of only fourteen

votes against it, and after a full hearing had been granted the

attorneys of the gunmakers, was promptly signed by Governor Woodrow

Wilson. \_Governor Wilson could not be convinced that the act was

"unconstitutional," or "confiscatory" or "class legislation."\_

This contest aroused the whole state to the imperative necessity of

providing more thorough protection for the remnant of New Jersey game,

and it was chiefly responsible for the enactment of four other excellent

new protective laws.

New Jersey always has been sincere in her desire to protect her wild

life, and always has gone \_as far as the killers of game would permit

her to go!\_ But the People have made one great mistake,--common to

nearly every state,--of permitting the game-killers to dictate the game

laws! \_Always and everywhere, this is a grievous mistake\_, and fatal to

the game. For example: In 1866 New Jersey enacted a five-year

close-season law on the "prairie fowl" (pinnated grouse); but it was too

late to save it. Now that species is as dead to New Jersey as is the

mastodon. The moral is: Will the People apply this lesson to the ruffed

grouse, quail and the shore birds generally before they, too, are too

far gone to be brought back? If it is done, it must be done \_against the

will of the gunners;\_ for they prefer to shoot,--and shoot they will if

they can dictate the laws, until the last game bird is dead.

In 1912, New Jersey is spending $30,000 in trying to restock her

birdless covers with foreign game birds and quail. In brief, here are

the imperative duties of New Jersey:

Provide eight-year close seasons for quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock,

snipe, all shore birds and the wood-duck.

Prohibit the sale of all native wild game; but promote the sale of

preserve-bred game.

Prevent the repeal of the automatic gun law, which surely will be

attempted, each year.

Prohibit all bird-shooting after January 10, each year, until fall.

Prohibit the killing of squirrels as "game."

NEW MEXICO:

All things considered, the game laws of New Mexico are surprisingly up

to date, and the state is to be congratulated on its advanced position.

For example, there are long close seasons on antelope, elk (now

extinct!), mountain sheep, bob white quail, pinnated grouse, wild pigeon

and ptarmigan,--an admirable list, truly. It is clear that New Mexico is

wide awake to the dangers of the wild-life situation. On two counts, her

laws are not quite perfect. There is no law prohibiting spring shooting,

and there is no "model law" protecting the non-game birds. The sale of

game will not trouble New Mexico, because the present laws prevent the

sale of all protected game except plover, curlew and snipe,--all of them

species by no means common in the arid regions of the Southwest.

A law prohibiting spring shooting of shore birds and waterfowl

should be passed at the next session of the legislature.

The enactment of the "model law" should be accomplished without

delay to put New Mexico abreast of the neighboring states of

Colorado, Oklahoma and Texas.

The term of the State Warden should be extended to four years.

NEW YORK:

In the year of grace, 1912, I think we may justly regard New York as the

banner state of all America in the protection of game and wild life in

general. This proud position has been achieved partly through the

influence of a great conservation Governor, John A. Dix, and the State

Conservation Commission proposed and created by his efforts. In these

days of game destruction, when our country from Nome to Key West is

reeking with the blood of slaughtered wild creatures, it is a privilege

and a pleasure to be a citizen of a state which has thoroughly cleaned

house, and done well nigh the utmost that any state can do to clear her

bad record, and give all her wild creatures a fair chance to survive.

The people of the Empire State literally can point with pride to the

list of things accomplished in the discharge of good-citizenship toward

the remnant of wild life, and toward the future generations of New

Yorkers. That we of to-day have borne our share of the burden of

bringing about the conditions of 1912, will be a source of satisfaction,

especially when the sword and shield hang useless upon the walls of Old

Age.

New York began to protect her deer in 1705 and her heath hens in 1708.

In 1912 she stopped the killing of female deer, and of bucks having

horns less than three inches in length. Spring shooting was stopped in

1903. A comprehensive law protecting non-game birds was enacted in 1862.

New York's first law against the sale of certain game during close

seasons was enacted in 1837.

In 1911 New York enacted, with only one adverse vote, a law prohibiting

the sale of all native wild game throughout the state, no matter where

killed, and providing liberally for the encouragement of game-breeding,

and the sale of preserve-bred game.

In 1912 a new codification of the state game laws went into effect,

through the initiative of Governor Dix and Conservation Commissioners

Van Kennen, Moore and Fleming, assisted (as special counsel) by Marshall

McLean, George A. Lawyer and John B. Burnham. This code contains many

important new provisions, one of the most valuable of which is a clause

giving the Conservation Commission power, at its discretion, to shorten

or to close any open season on any species of game in any locality

wherein that species seems to be threatened with extermination. This

very valuable principle should be enacted into law in every state!

In 1910, William Dutcher and T. Gilbert Pearson and the National

Association of Audubon Societies won, after a struggle lasting five

years, the passage of the "Shea plumage bill," prohibiting the sale of

aigrettes or other plumage of wild birds belonging to the same families

as the birds of New York (Chap. 256). This law \_should be duplicated in

every state.\_

\_Two things\_ remain to be done in the state of New York.

All the shore birds, quail and gray squirrels of the state should be

given five-year close seasons, by the action of the State

Conservation Commission.

For the good name of the state, and the ethical standing of its

sportsmen, as an example to other states, and the last remaining

duty toward our wild life, the odious automatic and pump shotguns

should be barred from use in hunting, unless their capacity is

reduced to two shots without reloading.

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CHAPTER XXXI

NEW LAWS NEEDED IN THE STATES

(Concluded)

NORTH CAROLINA:

The game laws of North Carolina form a droll crazy-quilt of local and

state measures, effective and ineffective. In 1909, a total of 77 local

game laws were enacted, and only two of state-wide application. During

the ten years ending in 1910, a total of 316 game laws were enacted! She

sedulously endeavors to protect her quail, which do not migrate, but in

Currituck County she persistently maintains the bloodiest slaughter-pen

for waterfowl that exists anywhere on the Atlantic Coast. There is no

bag limit on waterfowl, and unlimited spring shooting. So far as

waterfowl are concerned, conditions could hardly be worse, except by the

use of punt guns. Doves, \_larks\_ and \_robins\_ are shot and eaten as

"game" from November 1 to March 1! Twenty-one counties have local

restrictions on the sale of game, but the state at large has only

one,--on quail.

The market gunners of Currituck Sound are a scourge and a pest to the

wild-fowl life of the Atlantic Coast. For their own money profit, they

slaughter by wholesale the birds that annually fly through twenty-two

states. It is quite useless to suggest anything to North Carolina in

modern game laws. As long as a killable bird remains, she will not stop

the slaughter. Her standing reply is "It brings a lot of money into

Currituck County; and the people want the money." Even the members of

the sportsmen's clubs can shoot wild fowl in Currituck County, quite

without limit; and I am told that the privilege often is abused. Quite

recently I heard of a member of one of the clubs who shot 164 ducks and

geese in two days!

Apparently any suggestions made to North Carolina would not be treated

seriously, especially if they would tend really to elevate the sport of

game shooting, or better protect the game. There is, however, a

melancholy interest attached to the framing of good game laws, whether

they ever are likely to be adopted or not. Here is the duty of North

Carolina:

Stop the killing of robins, doves and larks for food, absolutely and

forever. This measure is necessary to agriculture and to the good

name of the state.

Stop the shooting of any game for sale, prohibit the possession of

game for sale, and the sale of wild native game.

Establish bag limits on all waterfowl, and on all other game birds

and mammals.

Prepare to protect, at an early date, the wild turkey and quail;

for soon they will need it. Moreover, enact a law prohibiting the

use of automatic and pump guns in hunting, covering the entire

state.

Provide a resident-license system and thereby make the game

department self-sustaining, and render it possible to employ a

salaried State Game Commissioner.

It is quite wrong for the people of North Carolina to hold grudges

against northern members of the ducking clubs of Currituck for the

passage of the Bayne law. They had nothing whatever to do with it, and I

can say this because I was in a position which enabled me to know.

NORTH DAKOTA:

In 1911, this sovereign state enacted a law \_prohibiting the use of

automobiles\_ in hunting wild-fowl; also rifles. North Dakota was the

first state to recognize officially the fact that the use of automobiles

in hunting is a serious menace to some forms of wild life. Beyond all

question, the machines do indeed bring an extra number of birds within

reach of the gun! They increase the annual slaughter; and it is right

and necessary to prohibit by law their use in hunting game of any kind.

In Putman County, New York, I have seen them in action. A load of three

or four gunners is whirled up to a likely mountain-side for ruffed

grouse, and presently the banging begins. After an hour or so spent in

combing out the birds, the hunters jump in, whirl away in a dust-cloud

to another spot two miles away, and "bang-bang-bang" again. After that,

a third locality; and so on, covering six or eight times the territory

that a man in a buggy, or on foot, could possibly shoot over in the same

time!

North Dakota has done well, in the passage of that act. On certain other

matters, she is not so sound.

For instance:

The killing of pinnated grouse should be stopped for ten years; and

it should be done immediately.

The killing of cranes as "game" should stop, instantly and forever.

It is barbarous.

Fifty dead birds in possession at one time is fully thirty too many.

The game cannot stand such slaughter!

All shore birds (\_Order Limicolae\_) should have at least a five-year

close season, before they are exterminated.

The use of machine guns in hunting should be stopped, forever.

It is to the credit of the state that antelope are absolutely protected

until 1920, and an unlimited close season has been accorded the quail,

dove and swan.

OHIO:

I think that Ohio comes the nearest of all the states to being gameless.

With but slight exceptions her laws are about as correct as those of

most other states, but the desire to "kill" is so strong, and the

majority of her gunners are so thoroughly selfish about their "rights"

that the game has ruthlessly been swept away \_according to law!\_ Ohio

is a striking example of the deplorable results of \_legalized\_

slaughter. The spirit of Ohio is like that of North Carolina. Her

"sportsmen" will not have an automatic gun law! Oh, no! "Limit the bag,

shorten the season, and the gun won't matter!"

To-day, the visible game supply of Ohio does not amount to anything; and

when the last game bird of that state falls before the greediest

shooter, we shall say, "A gameless state is just what you deserve!"

It is useless to make any suggestions to Ohio. Her shooting Shylocks

want the last pound of flesh from wild life, and I think they will get

it very soon. Ohio is in the area of barren states. The seed stock has

been too thoroughly destroyed to be recuperated. I think that Ohio's

last noteworthy exploit in lawmaking for the preservation (!) of her

game was in 1904, when she put all her shore birds into the list of

killable game, and bravely prohibited the shooting of doves \_on the

ground!\_ Great is Ohio in game conservation!

OKLAHOMA:

For a state so young, the wild-life laws of Oklahoma are in admirable

shape; but it is reasonably certain that there, as elsewhere, the game

is being killed much faster than it is breeding. The new commonwealth

must arouse, and screw up the brakes much tighter.

Recently, an observing friend told me that on a trip of 250 miles

westward from Lawton and back again, watching sharply for game all the

way, he saw only five pinnated grouse! And this in a good season for

"prairie chickens."

Oklahoma must stop all spring shooting.

The prairie chicken must have a ten-year close season, immediately.

Next time, her legislature will pass the automatic gun bill that

failed last year only because the session closed too soon for its

consideration.

Oklahoma is wise in giving long protection to her quail, and "wild

pigeon," and such protection should be made equally effective in the

case of the dove. She is wise in rigidly enforcing her law against the

exportation of game.

The Wichita National Bison herd, near Cache, now contains forty head of

bison, all in good condition. The nucleus herd consisted of fifteen head

presented by the New York Zoological Society in 1907.

OREGON:

The results of the efforts that have been made by Oregon to provide

special laws for each individual shooter are painful to contemplate.

Like North Carolina, Oregon has attempted the impossible task of

pleasing everybody, and at the same time protecting her wild life. The

two propositions can be blended together about as easily as asphalt and

water. The individual shooter desires laws that will permit him to

shoot--\_when\_ he pleases, \_where\_ he pleases, and \_what\_ he pleases! If

you meet those conditions all over a great state, then it is time to bid

farewell to the game; for it surely is doomed.

No, decidedly no! Do not attempt to pass game laws that will "please

everybody." The more the game-hogs are \_displeased\_, the better for the

game! The game-hogs form a very small and very insignificant minority of

the whole People. Why please one man at the expense of ninety-nine

others? The game of a state belongs to The People as a whole, not to the

gunners alone. The great, patient,--and sometimes sleepy,--majority has

vested rights in it, and it is for it to say how it shall and shall not

be killed. Heretofore the gunning minority has been dictating the game

laws of America, and the result is--progressive extermination.

First of all, Oregon should bury the pernicious idea of individual

and local laws.

She should enact a concise, clearly cut, and thoroughly effective

code of wild life laws, just as New York did last winter.

Her game seasons should be uniform in application, all over the

state.

Every species of bird, mammal or fish that is threatened with

extermination should be given a close season of from five to ten

years.

It is now time to protect the white goose and brant. Squirrels,

band-tailed pigeons and doves should be perpetually protected.

The State Game Commission should have power to close the shooting

seasons on any species of game in any locality, whenever a species

is threatened with extinction.

The sale of native wild game, from all sources, should be

permanently stopped, by a Bayne law.

The use of automatic, "autoloading" and pump shot guns in hunting

should be perpetually barred.

PENNSYLVANIA:

As a game protecting state, Pennsylvania is a close second to New York

and Massachusetts. She protects all native game from sale; \_she has the

courage to prohibit aliens from owning guns; she bars out automatic

shot-guns in hunting\_; she makes refuges for deer, and feeds her quail

in winter, and she permits the killing of no female deer, or fawns with

horns less than three inches in length. Her splendid State Game

Commission is fighting hard for a hunter's license law, and will win the

fight for it at the next session of the legislature (1913).

But there are certain things that Pennsylvania should do:

She should stop all spring shooting. She must stop killing doves,

blackbirds, wild turkeys, sandpipers, and all the squirrels save the

red squirrel.

She should give all her shore birds a rest of at least five years,

for recuperation.

She should enact a comprehensive Dutcher plumage law, stopping the

sale of aigrettes.

She should provide a resident license to furnish her Game Commission

with adequate funds to carry on its work and exterminate

game-killing vermin.

RHODE ISLAND:

Little Rhody needs some good, small bag limits; for now (1912) she

has none!

She should enact a Bayne law, a Pennsylvania law against aliens,

and a New Jersey law against the automatic and pump guns.

She should stop killing the beautiful wood-duck, and gray squirrel.

She should stop all spring shooting of waterfowl.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

She should save her game while she still has some to save.

First of all, stop spring shooting; secondly, enact a Bayne law.

In the name of mystery, who is there in South Carolina who desires

to kill grackles? And why?

And where is the gentleman sportsman who has come down to killing

foolish and tame little doves for "sport?" Stop it at once, for the

credit of the state.

Enact a dollar resident license law and thus provide adequate funds

for game protection.

South Carolina bag limits are all 50 per cent too high; and they

should be reduced.

It is strange to see one of the oldest of the states lagging in game

protection, far behind such new states as New Mexico and Oklahoma; but

South Carolina does lag. It is time for her to consider her position,

and reform.

SOUTH DAKOTA:

South Dakota should stop all spring shooting.

Her game-bag limits are really no limits at all! They should be

reduced about 66 per cent without a moment's unnecessary delay.

The two year term of the State Warden is too short for effective

work. It should be extended to four years.

Unless South Dakota wishes to repeat the folly of such states as

Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and Ohio, she needs to be up and

doing. If her people want a gameless state, except for migratory

waterfowl, all they need do is to slumber on, and they surely will have

it. Why wait until greedy sportsmen have killed the last game bird of

the state before seriously taking the matter in hand? In one act, all

the shortcomings of the present laws can be corrected.

South Dakota needs no Bayne law, because she prohibits at all times the

sale or exportation of all wild game.

TENNESSEE:

In wild life protection, Tennessee has much to do. She made her start

late in life, and what she needs to do is to draft with care and enact

with cheerful alacrity certain necessary amendments.

We notice that there are open seasons for \_blackbirds, robins, doves and

squirrels\_! It seems incredible; but it is true.

Behold the blackbird as a "game" bird, with a lawful open season from

September 1 to January 1. Consider its stately carriage, its rapid

flight on the wing, its running and hiding powers when attacked. As a

test of marksmanship, as the real thing for the expert wing shot, is it

not great? Will not any self-respecting dog be proud to point or

retrieve them? And what flesh for the table!

Fancy an able-bodied sportsman going out in a fifty-dollar hunting suit,

carrying a fifteen-dollar gun behind a seven-dollar dog, and returning

with a glorious bag of twenty-five blackbirds! Or robins! Or doves!

Proud indeed, would we be to belong (which we don't) to a club of

"sportsmen" who go out shooting blackbirds, and robins, and foolish

little doves, as "game!" "Game" indeed, are those birds,--for little

lads of seven who do not know better; but not for boys of twelve who

have in their veins any inheritance of sporting blood. (I am proud of

the fact that at twelve years of age,--and ever so keen to "go

hunting,"--I knew without being told that squirrels and doves were not

\_real\_ "game" for real boys.)

The killers of doves, squirrels, blackbirds and robins belong in the

same class as the sparrow-and-linnet-killing Italians of Venice, Milan

and Turin, and in that company we will leave them.

Tennessee needs:

A resident license system to provide funds for game protection.

A salaried warden force.

A law prohibiting spring shooting of shore birds and waterfowl.

A law protecting robins, doves and other non-game birds not covered

by the present statute.

TEXAS:

I remember well when the great battle was fought in Texas by the gallant

men and women of the State Audubon Society, to compel the people of

Texas to learn the economic value to agriculture and cotton of the

insectivorous birds. The name of the splendid Brigadier-General who led

the Army of the Defense was Capt. M.B. Davis. That was in 1903.

Since that great fight was won, Texas has been a partly reformed state,

at times quite jealous of her bird life; but still she tolerates spring

shooting and has not made adequate close seasons for her waterfowl;

which is wrong. To-day, the people of Texas do not need to be told that

forty-three species of birds feed on the cotton boll weevil; for they

know it.

On the whole, and for a southern state, the wild-life laws of Texas are

in fairly good shape. On account of the absence of game-scourge markets,

a Bayne law is not so imperatively necessary there as in certain other

states. All the game of the state is protected from sale.

We do assert, however, that if robins are slaughtered as F.L. Crow, the

former Atlantan asserts, all robin shooting should be forever stopped;

that the pinnated grouse should be given a seven-year close season, and

that doves should be taken off the list of game birds and perpetually

protected, both for economic and sentimental reasons, and also because

the too weak and confiding dove is not a "game" bird for red-blooded

men.

Texas should enact without delay a law providing close seasons for

ducks, geese and other waterfowl;

A law prohibiting spring shooting, and

A provision reducing the limit on deer to two bucks a season.

UTAH:

The laws of Utah are far from being up to the requirements of the

present hour. One strange thing has happened in Utah.

When I spent a week in Salt Lake City in 1888, and devoted some time to

inquiring into game conditions, the laws of the state were very bad. At

the mouth of Bear River, ducks were being slaughtered for the markets by

the tens of thousands. The cold-blooded, wide open and utterly shameless

way in which it was being done, right at the doors of Salt Lake City,

was appalling.

At the same time, the law permitted the slaughter of \_spotted fawns\_. I

saw a huge drygoods box filled to the top with the flat skins of

slaughtered innocents, \_260 in number\_, that a rascal had collected and

was offering at fifty cents each. In reply to a question as to their

use, he said: "I tink de sportsmen like 'em for to make vests oud of."

He lived at Rawlins, Wyo.

After a long and somnolent period, during which hundreds of thousands of

ducks, geese, brant and other birds had been slaughtered for market at

the Bear River shambles and elsewhere, the state awoke sufficiently to

abate a portion of the disgrace by passing a bag-limit law (1897).

And then came Nature's punishment upon Utah for that duck slaughter. The

ducks of Great Salt Lake became afflicted with a terrible epidemic

disease (intestinal coccidiosis) which swept off thousands, and stopped

the use of Utah ducks as food! It was a "duck plague," no less. It has

prevailed for three years, and has not yet by any means been stamped

out. It seems to be due to the fact that countless thousands of ducks

have been feeding on the exposed alluvial flats at the mouth of the

creek that drains off the \_sewage of Salt Lake City\_. The conditions are

said to be terrible.

To-day, Utah is so nearly destitute of big game that the subject is

hardly worthy of mention. Of her upland game birds, only a fraction

remains, and as her laws stand to-day, she is destined to become in the

near future a gameless state. In a dry region like this, the wild life

always hangs on by a slender thread, and it is easy to exterminate it!

Utah should instantly stop the sale of game that she now legally

provides for,--twenty-five shore birds and waterfowl per day to

private parties!

Deer should be given a ten-year close season, at once. All bag

limits should instantly be reduced one-half. The sage grouse, quail,

swans, woodcock, dove, and all shore birds should be given a

ten-year close season,--and rigidly protected,--before the stock is

all gone.

The model law for the protection of non-game birds should be enacted

at once.

The absolute protection of elk, antelope and sheep (until 1913)

should be extended for twenty years.

Utah should create a big-game preserve, at once.

If Utah proposes to save even a remnant of her wild life for posterity,

she must be up and doing.

VERMONT:

In view of all conditions, it must be stated that the game laws of

Vermont are, with but slight exceptions, in good condition. It is a

pleasure to see that there is no spring shooting; that there is no

"open" season of slaughter for the moose, caribou, wood-duck, swan,

upland plover, dove or rail; that no buck deer with antlers less than

three inches long may be killed; and that there is a law under which

damages by deer to growing crops may be assessed and paid for by the

county in which they occur. Moreover, if there is to be any killing of

game, her bag limits are not extravagant. All the game protected by the

state is immune from sale for food purposes, but preserve-reared game

may legally be sold. We recommend the following new measures:

Absolute close seasons of five-years' duration for ruffed grouse,

quail, woodcock, snipe and all shore birds without a single

exception.

The gray squirrel should be perpetually protected,--because he is

too beautiful, too companionable and too unfit for food to be

killed. Even the hungry savages of the East Indies do not eat

squirrels.

Pass an automatic pump-gun law.

Extend the term of the Fish and Game Commissioner to four years.

Vermont's great success in introducing and colonizing deer is both

interesting and valuable. Fifty years ago, she had no wild deer, because

the species had been practically exterminated. In 1875, thirteen deer

were imported from the Adirondacks and set free in the mountains. The

increase has been enormous. In 1909 the number of deer killed for the

year was about 5,311, which was possible without adversely affecting the

herds. It is a striking object-lesson in restoring the white-tailed deer

to its own, and it will be found more fully described in chapter XXIV.

VIRGINIA:

Virginia is far below the position that she should occupy in wild-life

conservation. To set her house in order, and come up to the level of the

states that have been born during the past twenty years, she must bestir

herself in these ways:

She must provide for a resident hunting license, a State Game

Commissioner and a force of salaried wardens.

She must prohibit spring shooting.

She must impose small bag limits on game-slaughter.

She must resolutely stop the sale of all wild game.

She must stop the killing of female deer, and of bucks with horns

under three inches long.

She must stop killing gray squirrels and doves as "game."

She should not permit the beautiful wood-duck to be killed as

"game."

She should accord a five-year close season to grouse, and all shore

birds.

She should rule out the machine shot-guns which gentlemen can no

longer use in hunting.

She should adopt at once a comprehensive code of game laws, and clean

her house in one siege, instead of fiddling and fussing with all these

matters one by one, through a series of ten long, weary years. The time

for puttering with game protection has gone by. It is now time to make

short cuts to comprehensive results, and save the game before it is too

late.

WASHINGTON:

The state of Washington still flatters herself that she has all kinds of

big game to kill,--moose, antelope, goat, sheep, caribou and deer.

Evidently this is on the theory that so long as a species is not

extinct, it is "legal" and right to pursue it with rifles during a

specified "open season."

The people of Washington need to be told that conditions have greatly

changed, and it is now high time to put on the brakes. It is time for

them to realize that if they wait any longer for the sportsmen to take

the initiative in securing the enactment of really adequate preservation

laws, all their big game will be dead before those laws are born! Every

man shrinks from cutting off his own pet privilege.

Some of the game laws of Washington are up to date; and her big-game

laws look all right to the unaided eye, but are not. Her bird laws are a

chaotic jumble of local exceptions and special privileges. As a net

result of all her shortcomings, the remnant of a once fine fauna of big

game and feathered game is surely being \_exterminated according to law.\_

A few local exceptions will not disprove the general truthfulness of

this assertion.

Ten years ago a few men in Seattle resented the idea of outside

co-operation in the protection of Washington game. They said they were

abundantly able to take care of it; but the march of events has proven

that they overestimated their capacity. To-day the wild-life laws of

that state are only half baked. Come what may to me, I shall set down

without malice the things that the great and admirable State of

Washington should do to set her house in order. It is not good for the

resourceful and progressive men of the Great Northwest to be clear

behind the times in these matters.

\_Stop local game legislation, and enact a code of laws covering the

entire state, uniformly. County legislation is twenty years behind the

times!\_

For ten (10) full years, stop the killing of elk, mountain sheep,

mountain goat, caribou, moose, and antelope. Regarding deer, I am in

doubt.

Prohibit the sale of all wild game, no matter where killed, by the

enactment of a Bayne law, complete, which will also

Promote the breeding, killing and sale of domestic game for food

purposes.

Make a careful investigation of the present status of your sage

grouse, every other grouse, quail, and all species of shore birds,

then give a five-year close season, all over the state, to every

species that is "becoming scarce." This will embrace certainly

one-half of the whole number, if not two-thirds.

Provide two bird refuges in the eastern portion of the state, where

they are very greatly needed to supplement the good effects of the

State Game Preserve established on Puget Sound in 1911.

Bar the use in hunting of the odious automatic and pump shotguns

that are now so generally in use all over the United States to the

great detriment of the game and the people.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Considering the fact that West Virginia contains no plague-spot city for

the consumption of commercial wild game, that the sale of all game is

prohibited at all times, and the game of the state may not be exported

for sale elsewhere, the wild life of West Virginia is reasonably secure

from the market gunner,--if an adequate salaried warden force is

provided. Without such a force her game must continue to be destroyed in

the future as in the past to supply the markets of Pittsburgh,

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The deer law is excellent, and

the non-game birds, and the dove and wood-duck are perpetually

protected.

One fly in the ointment is--spring shooting; which for ducks, geese and

brant continues from September 1 to April 20. Unfortunately the law

enacted in 1875 against spring shooting has been \_repealed,\_ and so has

the resident hunting license law (1911).

In view of the impossibility of imagining a good reason for the repeal

of a good law, we recommend:

That the law against spring shooting be re-enacted.

That the resident hunter's license law be re-enacted, and the

proceeds specifically devoted to the preservation and increase of

game.

That a force of regular salaried wardens be provided to enforce the

laws.

That the bag limit on quail should be 10 per day or 40 per season,

instead of 12 and 96; and on ruffed grouse it should be 3 per day

(as in New York) or 12 per season. One wild turkey per day, or three

per season is quite enough for one man. The visible supply will not

justify the existing limit of two and six.

WISCONSIN:

In spite of the fierce fight made in 1910-11 by the saloon-element

game-shooters of Milwaukee for the control of the wild-life situation,

and the repeal of the best protective laws of the state, the Army of

Defense once more defeated the Allied Destroyers, and drove them off the

field. Once more it was proven that when The People are aroused, they

are abundantly able to send the steam roller over the enemies of wild

life.

Alphabetically, Wisconsin may come near the end of the roll-call; but by

downright merit in protection, she comes mighty close to the head of the

list of states. Her slate of "Work to be done" is particularly clean;

and she has our most distinguished admiration. Her force of game wardens

is not a political-machine force. It amounts to something. The men who

get within it undergo successfully a civil service examination that

certainly separates the sheep from the goats. For particulars address

Dr. T.S. Palmer, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

According to the standards that have been dragging along previous to

this moment, Wisconsin has a good series of game laws. But the hour for

a Reformation of ideas and principles has struck. We heard it first in

April, 1911. The wild life of America must not be exterminated according

to law, contrary to law, or in the absence of law! Wisconsin must take

a fresh grip on her game situation, or it will get away from her, after

all.

Not another prairie chicken or woodcock should be killed in

Wisconsin between 1912 and 1922. When any small bird becomes so

scarce that the bag limit needs to be cut down to five, as it now is

for the above in Wisconsin, it is time to stop for ten years, before

it is too late.

Wisconsin should immediately busy herself about the creation of bird

and game preserves.

For goodness sake, Wisconsin, stop killing squirrels as "game!" You

ought to know better--and you do! Leave that form of barbarism for

the Benighted States.

And pass a law shutting out the machine guns. They are a disgrace to

our country, and a scourge to our game. Continually are they leading

good men astray.

Extend the term of your State Warden to four years.

WYOMING:

The State of Wyoming once had a magnificent heritage of game. It

embraced the Rocky Mountain species, and also those of the great plains.

First and last, the state has worked hard to protect her wild life, and

hold the killing of it down to a decent basis.

As far back as 1889, I met on the Shoshone River a very wide-awake

warden, actually "on his job," who was maintained by a body of private

citizens headed by Col. Pickett and known as the Northern Wyoming Game

Protective Association. And even then we saw that the laws were too

liberal for the game. In one man's cold-storage dug-out we saw enough

sheep, deer and elk meat to subsist a company of hungry dragoons, all

killed and possessed according to law.

In the protection of her mountain game, Wyoming has had a hard task. In

the Yellowstone Park between 1889 and 1894, the poachers for the

taxidermists of Livingston and elsewhere slaughtered 270 bison out of

300; and Howell was the only man caught. England can protect game in

far-distant mountains and wildernesses; but America can not,--or at

least \_we don't!\_ With us, men living in remote places who find wild

game about them say "To h--- with the law!" They kill on the sly, in

season and out of season, females and males; and the average local jury

simply \_will not\_ convict the average settler who is accused of such a

trifling indiscretion as killing game out of season when he "needs the

meat."

And so, with laws in full force protecting females, the volume of big

game steadily disappears, \_everywhere west of the Alleghanies where the

law permits big-game hunting!\_ An interesting chapter might be written

on game exterminated according to law.

The deadly defects in the protection of western big game are:

Structural weakness in the enforcement of the laws;

Collusion between offenders for the suppression of evidence;

Perjury on the witness stand;

Dishonesty and disloyalty on the part of local jurors when friends,

are on trial;

Sympathy of judges for "the poor man" who wants to eat the game to

save his cattle and sheep.

[Illustration: (Map of) STATES AND PROVINCES WHICH REQUIRE RESIDENTS TO

OBTAIN HUNTING LICENSES, 1912

In Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma and Rhode Island an

additional fee of 10 to 20 cents is charged for issuing the license.

Inclosed names indicate States which permit residents to hunt on

their own land without license. Nova Scotia has a $5 resident

license and exempts landowners.

Note that many of the States adopt the French method of exempting

landowners, while some, particularly in the West follow the English

method of requiring everyone who hunts to obtain a license.

From Farmers' Bulletin No. 510, U-S. Dept. of Agriculture]

Elsewhere there appears a statement regarding the elk of Jackson Hole,

and the efforts made and being made to save them. At this point we are

interested in the game of Wyoming as a whole.

First of all, the killing of mountain sheep should absolutely cease,

for ten years.

A similar ten-year close season should be accorded moose and

prong-horned antelope.

All grouse should now be classed with doves and swans (no open

season), and kept there for ten years.

Spring shooting is wrong in principle and vicious in practice; and

it should be stopped in Wyoming, as elsewhere.

The automatic and pump shotguns when used in hunting are a disgrace

to Wyoming, as they are to other states, and should be suppressed;

and the silencer for use in hunting is in the black list.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXXII

NEED FOR A FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD LAW, NO-SALE-OF-GAME LAW, AND OTHERS

We are assuming that the American people sincerely desire the adequate

protection and increase of bird life, for reasons that are both

sentimental and commercial. Surely every good citizen dislikes to see

millions of dollar's worth of national wealth foolishly wasted, and he

dislikes to pay any unnecessary increased cost of living. There must be

several millions of Americans who feel that way, and who are disposed to

demand a complete revolution in bird protection.

There are four needs of wild bird life that are fundamental, and that

can not be ignored, any more than a builder can ignore the four

cornerstones of his building. Listed in the order of their importance,

they are as follows:

1.--\_The federal protection of all migratory birds.\_

2.--\_The total suppression of the sale of native wild game\_.

3.--\_The total suppression of spring shooting and of shooting in the

breeding season, and\_

4.--\_Long close seasons for all species that are about to be "shot

out\_."

If the gunners of America wish to have a gameless continent, all they

need do to secure it is to oppose these principles, prevent their

translation into law, and maintain the status quo. If they do this, then

\_all our best birds are doomed to swift destruction\_. Let no man make a

mistake on that point. The "open seasons" and "bag limits" of the United

States to-day are just as deadly as the 5,000,000 sporting guns now in

use, and the 700,000,000 annual cartridges. It is only the ignorant or

the vicious who will seriously dispute this statement.

THE FEDERAL PROTECTION OF MIGRATORY BIRDS.--The bill now before Congress

for the protection of all migratory birds by the national government is

the most important measure ever placed before that body in behalf of

wild life. A stranger to this proposition will need to pause for thought

in order to grasp its full meaning, and appreciate the magnitude of its

influence.

The urgent necessity for a law of this nature is due to the utter

inadequacy of the laws that prevail throughout some portions of the

United States concerning the slaughter and preservation of birds. Any

law that is not enforced is a poor law. There is not one state in the

Union, nor a single province in Canada, in which the game birds, and

other birds criminally shot as game, are not being killed far faster

than they are breeding, and thereby being exterminated.

Several states are financially unable to employ a force of salaried game

wardens; and wherever that is true, the door to universal slaughter is

wide open. Let him who questions this take Virginia as a case in point.

A loyal Virginian told me only this year that in his state the warden

system is an ineffective farce, and the game is not protected, because

the wardens can not afford to patrol the state for nothing.

This condition prevails in a number of states, north and south,

especially south. It is my belief that throughout nine-tenths of the

South, the negroes and poor whites are slaughtering birds exactly as

they please. It is the \_permanent residents\_ of the haunts of birds and

game that are exterminating the wild life.

The value of the birds as destroyers of noxious insects, has been set

forth in Chapter XXIII. Their total value is enormous--or it \_would\_ be

if the birds were alive and here in their normal numbers. To-day there

are about one-tenth as many birds as were alive and working thirty years

ago. During the past thirty years the destruction of our game birds has

been enormous, and the insectivorous birds have greatly decreased.

The damages annually inflicted upon the farm, orchard and garden crops

of this country are very great. When a city is destroyed by earthquake

or fire, and $100,000,000 worth of property is swept away, we are racked

with horror and pity; and the cities of America pour out money like

water to relieve the resultant distress. We are shocked because we can

\_see\_ the flames, the smoke and the ruins.

And yet, we annually endure with perfect equanimity (\_because we can not

see it\_?) a loss of nearly $400,000,000 worth of value that is destroyed

by insects. The damage is inflicted silently, insidiously, without any

scare heads or wooden type in the newspapers, and so we pay the price

without protest. We know--when we stop to think of it--that not all this

loss falls upon the producer. We know that every consumer of bread,

cereals, vegetables and fruit \_pays his share of this loss\_! To-day,

millions of people are groaning under the "increased cost of living."

The bill for the federal protection of all migratory birds is directly

intended to decrease the cost of living, by preventing outrageous waste;

but of all the persons to whom the needs of that bill are presented, how

many will take the time to promote its quick passage by direct appeals

to their members of Congress? We shall see.

The good that would be accomplished, annually, by the enactment of a law

for the federal protection of all migratory birds is beyond computation;

but it is my belief that within a very few years the increase in bird

life would prevent what is now an annual loss of $250,000,000. It is

beyond the power of man to protect his crops and fruit and trees as the

bird millions would protect them--if they were here as they were in

1870. The migratory bird bill is of vast importance because it would

throw the strong arm of federal protection around 610 species of birds.

The power of Uncle Sam is respected and feared in many places where the

power of the state is ignored.

The list of migratory birds includes most of the perching birds; all the

shore birds (\_great\_ destroyers of bad insects); all the swifts and

swallows; the goat-suckers (whippoorwill and nighthawk); some of the

woodpeckers; most of the rails; pigeons and doves; many of the hawks;

some of the cranes and herons and all the geese, ducks and swans.

A movement for the federal protection of migratory game birds was

proposed to Congress by George Shiras, 3rd, who as a member of the House

in the 58th Congress introduced a bill to secure that end. An excellent

brief on that subject by Mr. Shiras appeared in the printed hearing on

the McLean bill, held on March 6, 1912, page 18. Omitting the bills

introduced in the 59th, 60th and 61st sessions, mention need be made

only of the measures under consideration in the present Congress. One of

these is a bill introduced by Representative J.W. Weeks, of

Massachusetts, and another is the bill of Representative D.R. Anthony,

Jr., of Kansas, of the same purport.

Finally, on April 24, 1912, an adequate and entirely reasonable bill was

introduced in the Senate by Senator George P. McLean, of Connecticut, as

No. 6497 (Calendar No. 606). This bill provides federal protection for

\_all\_ migratory birds, and embraces all save a very few of the species

that are specially destructive to noxious insects. The bill provides

national protection to the farmer's and fruit-grower's best friends. It

is entitled to the enthusiastic support of 90,000,000 of people, native

and alien. Every producer of farm products and every consumer of them

owes it to himself to write at once to his member of Congress and ask

him (1) to urge the speedy consideration of the bill for the federal

protection of all migratory birds, (2) to vote for it, and (3) to work

for it until it is passed. It matters not which one of the three bills

described finally becomes a law. Will the American people act rationally

about this matter, and protect their own interests?

SUPPRESS THE SALE OF ALL NATIVE WILD GAME.--The deadly effect of the

commercial slaughter of game and its sale for food is now becoming well

understood by the American people. One by one the various state

legislatures have been putting up the bars against the exportation or

sale of any "game protected by the state." The U.S. Department of

Agriculture says, through Henry Oldys, that "free marketing of wild game

leads swiftly to extermination;" and it is literally true.

Up to March, 1911, it appears that several states prohibited the sale of

game, sixteen states permitted the sale of all unprotected game, and in

eight more there was partial prohibition. Unfortunately, however, many

of these states permitted the sale of \_imported\_ game. Now, since it

happened to be a fact that the vast majority of the states prohibit the

\_export\_ of their game, as well as the sale of it, a very large quantity

of such game as quail, ruffed grouse, snipe, woodcock and shore birds

was illegally shot for the market, exported in defiance both of state

laws and the federal Lacey Act, and sold to the detriment of the states

that produced it. In other words, in the laws of each state that merely

sought to protect \_their own\_ game, regardless of the game of

neighboring states, there was not merely a loop-hole, but there was a

gap wide enough to drive through with a coach and four. The ruffed

grouse of Massachusetts and Connecticut often were butchered to make

Gotham holidays in joyous contempt of the laws at both ends of the line.

As a natural result the game of the Atlantic coast was disappearing at a

frightful rate.

[Illustration: EIGHTEEN STATES ENTIRELY PROHIBIT THE SALE OF GAME WHY DO

THE OTHERS LAG BEHIND?]

In 1911, the no-sale-of-game law of New York was born out of sheer

desperation. The Army of Destruction went up to Albany well-organized,

well provided with money and attorneys, with three senators in the

Senate and two assemblymen in the lower house, to wage merciless warfare

on the whole wild-life cause. The market gunners and game dealers not

only proposed to repeal the law against spring shooting but also to

defeat all legislation that might be attempted to restrict the sale of

game, or impose bag limits on wild fowl. The Milliners' Association

proposed to wipe off the books the Dutcher law against the use of the

plumage of wild birds in millinery, and an assemblyman was committed to

that cause as its special champion.

Then it was that all the friends of wild life in the Empire State

resolved upon a death grapple with the Destroyers, and a fight to an

absolute finish. The Bayne bill, entirely prohibiting the sale of all

native wild game throughout the state of New York, was drafted and

thrown into the ring, and the struggle began. At first the

no-sale-of-game bill looked like sheer madness, but no sooner was it

fairly launched than supporters came flocking in from every side. All

the organizations of sportsmen and friends of wild life combined in one

mighty army, the strength of which was irresistible. The real sportsmen

of the state quickly realized that the no-sale bill was \_directly in the

interest of legitimate sport\_. The great mass of people who love wild

life, and never kill, were quick to comprehend the far-reaching

importance of the measure, and they supported it, with money and

enthusiasm.

The members of the legislature received thousands of letters from their

constituents, asking them to support the Bayne-Blauvelt bill. They did

so. On its passage through the two houses, only \_one\_ vote was recorded

against it! Incidentally, every move attempted by the Army of

Destruction was defeated and in the final summing up the defeat amounted

to an utter rout.

In 1912, after a tremendous struggle, the legislature of Massachusetts

passed a counterpart of the Bayne law, and took her place in the front

rank of states. That was a great fight. The market-gunners of Cape Cod,

the game dealers and other interests entered the struggle with men in

the lower house of the legislature specially elected to look after their

interests. Just as in New York in 1911, they proposed to repeal the

existing laws against spring shooting and throw the markets wide open to

the sale of game. From first to last, through three long and stormy

months, the Destroyers fought with a degree of determination and

persistence worthy of a better cause. They contested with the Defenders

every inch of ground. In New York, the Destroyers were overwhelmed by

the tidal wave of Defenders, but in Massachusetts it was a prolonged

hand-to-hand fight on the ramparts. \_Five times\_ was a bill to repeal

the spring-shooting law introduced and defeated!

Even after the bill had passed both houses by good majorities, the

Governor declared that he could not sign it. And then there poured into

the Executive offices such a flood of callers, letters, telegrams and

telephone calls that he became convinced that the People desired the

law; so he signed the bill in deference to the wishes of the majority.

The principle that the sale of game is wrong, and fatal to the existence

of a supply of game, is as fixed and unassailable as the Rocky

Mountains. Its universal acceptance is only a question of intelligence

and common honesty. The open states owe it to themselves and each other

to enact both the spirit and the letter of the Bayne law, \_and do it

quickly\_, before it is too late to profit by it! Let them remember the

heath hen,--amply protected when entirely too late to save it from

extinction!

It is fairly beyond question that the killing of wild game for the

market, and its sale in the "open season" \_and out of it\_, is

responsible for the disappearance of at least fifty per cent of our

stock of American feathered game. It is the market-gunner, the game-hog

who shoots "for sport" and sells his game, and the game dealer, who have

swept away the wild ducks, the ruffed grouse, the quail and the prairie

chickens that thirty years ago were abundant on their natural ranges.

The foolish farmers of the middle West permitted the market-hunters of

Chicago and the East to slaughter their own legitimate game by the

barrel and the car-load, and ship it "East," to market. To-day the

waters of Currituck Sound are a wholesale slaughter-place for migratory

wild fowl with which to supply the markets of Baltimore, Washington and

Philadelphia. Furthermore, the market gunners of Currituck are robbing

the people of 16 states of tens of thousands of wild-fowl that

legitimately belong to them, during the annual autumn flight. The

accompanying map shows how it is done.

[Illustration: MAP USED IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE BAYNE LAW

This map shows how the sale of ducks killed on the Carrituck Sound

robs the people of 16 states, for the benefit of a few.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME!

(Signed W.T. Hornaday, March 6, 1911.)]

To-day, the cash rewards of the market-hunter who can reach a large city

with his product are dangerously great. Observe the following

\_wholesale\_ prices that prevailed in New York city in 1910, just prior

to the passage of the Bayne law. They were compiled and published by

Henry Oldys, of the Biological Survey.

Grouse, domestic per pair $3.00

Grouse, foreign " " $1.25 to 1.75

Partridge, domestic " " 3.50 " 4.00

Woodcock, domestic " " 1.50 " 2.00

Golden plover per dozen 2.50 " 3.50

English snipe " " 2.00 " 3.00

Canvasback duck per pair 2.25 " 3.00

Redhead duck " " 1.50 " 2.50

Mallard duck " " " 1.25

Bluewing teal " " .75 " 1.00

Greenwing teal " " .75 " .90

Broadbill duck " " .50 " .75

Rail, No. 1 per dozen " 1.00

Rail, No. 2 " " " .60

Venison, whole deer per pound .22 " .25

Venison, saddle " " .30 " .35

All our feathered game is rapidly slipping away from us. \_Are we going

to save anything from the wreck\_? Will we so weakly manage the game

situation that later on there will be no legitimate bird-shooting for

our younger sons, and our grandsons?

All laws that permit the killing of game for the market, and the sale of

it afterward, are class legislation of the worst sort. They permit a

hundred men selfishly to slaughter for their own pockets the game that

rightfully belongs to a hundred thousand men and boys who shoot for the

legitimate recreation that such field sports afford. Will any of the

sportsmen of America "stand for" this until the game is \_all\_ gone?

The people who pay big prices for game in the hotels and restaurants of

our big cities are not men who \_need\_ that game as food. Far from it.

They can obtain scores of fine meat dishes without destroying the wild

flocks. In civilized countries wild game is no longer necessary as

"food," to satisfy hunger, and ward off starvation. In the United States

the day of the hungry Indian-fighting pioneer has gone by and there is

an abundance of food everywhere.

The time to temporize and feel timid over the game situation has gone

by. The situation is desperate; and nothing but strong and vigorous

measures will avail anything worth while. The sale of all wild game

should be stopped, everywhere and at all seasons, throughout all North

America, and throughout the world. To-day this particular curse is being

felt even in India.

It is the duty of every true sportsman, every farmer who owns a gun, and

every lover of wild life, to enter into the campaign for the passage of

bills absolutely prohibiting all traffic in wild game no matter what its

origin. Of course the market hunters, the game-hogs and the game dealers

will bitterly oppose them, and hire a lobby to attempt to defeat them.

But the fight for no-sale-of-game is now on, and it must not stop short

of complete victory.

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REASONS WHY THE SALE OF WILD GAME SHOULD CEASE EVERYWHERE

1.--Because fully 95 per cent of our legitimate stock of feathered

game has already been destroyed.

2.--Because if market-gunning and the sale of game continue ten

years longer, all our feathered game will be swept away.

3.--Because when the sale of game was permitted one dealer was able

to sell 1,000,000 \_game birds per year in New York City\_, so he

himself said.

4.--Because it is a fixed fact that every wild species of mammal,

bird or reptile that is pursued for money-making purposes eventually

is wiped out of existence. Even the whales of the sea are no

exception.

5.--Because at least 50 per cent of the decrease in our feathered

game is due to market-gunning, and the sale of game. Look at the

prairie chicken of the Mississippi Valley, and the ruffed grouse of

New England.

6.--Because the laws that permit the commercial slaughter of wild

birds for the benefit of less than five per cent of the inhabitants

of any state are directly against the interest of the 95 per cent of

other people, to \_whom that game partly belongs\_.

7.--Because game killed "for sale" is not intended to satisfy

"hunger." The people who eat game in large cities do not know what

hunger is, save by hearsay. Purchased game is used chiefly in

over-feeding; and as a rule it does far more harm than good.

8.--Because the greatest value to be derived from any game bird is

in seeing it, and photographing it, and enjoying its living company

in its native haunts. Who will love the forests when they become

destitute of wild life, and desolate?

9.--Because stopping the sale of game \_will help bring back the game

birds to us, in a few years\_.

10.--Because the pace that New York and Massachusetts have set in

this matter will render it easier to procure the passage of Bayne

laws in other states.

11.--Because those who legitimately desire game for their tables can

be supplied from the game farms and preserves that now are coming

into existence.

When New York's far-reaching Bayne bill became a law, the following dead

birds lay in cold storage in New York City:

Wild duck 98,156

Plover 48,780

Quail 14,227

Grouse 21,202

Snipe 7,825

Woodcock 767

Rail 419

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191,376

They represented the last slaughterings of American game for New York.

To-day the remaining plague-spots are Chicago, Philadelphia, San

Francisco, Baltimore, Washington and New Orleans; but in New Orleans the

brakes have at last (1912) been applied, and the market slaughter that

formerly prevailed in that state has at least been checked.

As an instance of persistent market shooting on the greatest ducking

waters of the eastern United States, I offer this report from a

trustworthy agent sent to Currituck Sound, North Carolina, in March,

1911.

I beg to submit the following information relative to the number of

wild ducks and geese shipped from this market and killed in the

waters of Back Bay and the upper or north end of Currituck Sound,

from October 20th to March 1st, inclusive.

Approximately there were killed and shipped in the territory above

named, 130,000 to 135,000 wild ducks and between 1400 and 1500 wild

geese. From Currituck Sound and its tributaries there were shipped

approximately 200,000 wild ducks.

You will see from the above figures that each year the market

shooter exacts a tremendous toll from the wild water fowl in these

waters, and it is only a question of a short time when the wild duck

will be exterminated, unless we can stop the ruthless slaughter. The

last few years I have noted a great decrease in the number of wild

ducks; some of the species are practically extinct. I have secured

the above information from a most reliable source, and the figures

given approximately cannot be questioned.

The effect of the passage of the Bayne law, closing the greatest

American market against the sale of game was an immediate decrease of

fully fifty per cent in the number of ducks and geese slaughtered on

Currituck Sound. The dealers refused to buy the birds, and one-half the

killers were compelled to hang up their guns and go to work. The

duck-slaughterers felt very much enraged by the passage of the law, and

at first were inclined to blame the northern members of Currituck

ducking clubs for the passage of the measure; but as a matter of fact,

not one of the persons blamed took any part whatever in the campaign for

the new law.

THE UNFAIRNESS OF SPRING SHOOTING.--The shooting of game birds in late

winter and spring is to be mentioned only to be condemned. It is grossly

unfair to the birds, outrageous in principle, and most unsportsmanlike,

no matter whether the law permits it or not. Why it is that any state

like Iowa, for example, can go on killing game in spring is more than I

can understand. I have endeavored to find a reason for it, in Iowa, but

the only real reason is:--"The boys want the birds!"

I think we have at last reached the point where it may truthfully be

said that now no gentleman shoots birds in spring. If the plea is made

that "if we don't shoot ducks in the spring we can't shoot them at all!"

then the answer is--if you can't shoot game like high-minded,

red-blooded sportsman, \_don't shoot it at all\_! A gentleman can not

afford to barter his standing and his own self-respect for a few ducks

shot in the spring when the birds are going north to lay their eggs. And

the man who insists on shooting in spring may just as well go right on

and do various other things that are beyond the pale, such as shoot

quail on the ground, shoot does and fawns, and fish for trout with gang

hooks.

There are no longer two sides to what once was the spring shooting

question. Even among savages, the breeding period of the wild creatures

is under taboo. Then if ever may the beasts and birds cry "King's

excuse!" It has been positively stated in print that high-class fox

hounds have been known to refuse to chase a pregnant fox, even when in

full view.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

BRINGING BACK THE VANISHED BIRDS AND GAME

The most charming trait of wild-life character is the alacrity and

confidence with which wild birds and mammals respond to the friendly

advances of human friends. Those who are not very familiar with the

mental traits of our wild neighbors may at first find it difficult to

comprehend the marvelous celerity with which both birds and mammals

recognize friendly overtures from man, and respond to them.

At the present juncture, this state of the wild-animal mind becomes a

factor of great importance in determining what we can do to prevent the

extermination of species, and to promote the increase and return of wild

life.

I think that there is not a single wild mammal or bird species now

living that can not, or does not, quickly recognize protection, \_and

take advantage of it\_. The most conspicuous of all familiar examples are

the wild animals of the Yellowstone Park. They embrace the elk, mountain

sheep, antelope, mule deer, the black bear and even the grizzly. No one

can say precisely how long those several species were in ascertaining

that it was safe to trust themselves within easy rifle-shot of man; but

I think it was about five years. Birds recognize protection far more

quickly than mammals. In a comparatively short time the naturally wild

and wary big game of the Yellowstone Park became about as tame as range

cattle. It was at least fifteen years ago that the mule deer began to

frequent the parade ground at the Mammoth Hot Springs military post, and

receive there their rations of hay.

Whenever you see a beautiful photograph of a large band of big-horn

sheep or mule deer taken at short range amid Rocky Mountain scenery, you

are safe in labeling it as having come from the Yellowstone Park. The

prong-horned antelope herd is so tame that it is difficult to keep it

out of the streets of Gardiner, on the Montana side of the line.

But the bears! Who has not heard the story of the bears of the

Yellowstone Park,--how black bears and grizzlies stalk out of the woods,

every day, to the garbage dumping-ground; how black bears actually have

come \_into the hotels\_ for food, without breaking the truce, and how the

grizzlies boldly raid the grub-wagons and cook-tents of campers, taking

just what they please, because they \_know\_ that no man dares to shoot

them! Indeed, those raiding bears long ago became a public nuisance, and

many of them have been caught in steel box-traps and shipped to

zoological gardens, in order to get them out of the way. And yet,

outside the Park boundaries, everywhere, the bears are as wary and wild

as the wildest.

The arrogance of the bears that couldn't be shot once led to a droll

and also exciting episode.

During the period when Mr. C.J. Jones ("Buffalo" Jones) was

superintendent of the wild animals of the Park, the indignities

inflicted upon tourist campers by certain grizzly bears quite abraded

his nerves. He obtained from Major Pitcher authority to punish and

reform a certain grizzly, and went about the matter in a thoroughly

Buffalo-Jonesian manner. He procured a strong lariat and a bean-pole

seven feet long and repaired to the camp that was troubled by too much

grizzly.

The particular offender was a full-grown male grizzly who had become a

notorious raider. At the psychological moment Jones lassoed him in short

order, getting a firm hold on the bear's left hind leg. Quickly the end

of the rope was thrown over a limb of the nearest tree, and in a trice

Ephraim found himself swinging head downward between the heavens and the

earth. And then his punishment began.

Buffalo Jones thrashed him soundly with the bean-pole! The outraged bear

swung to and fro, whirled round and round, clawing and snapping at the

empty air, roaring and bawling with rage, scourged in flesh and insulted

in spirit. As he swung, the bean-pole searched out the different parts

of his anatomy with a wonderful degree of neatness and precision.

Between rage and indignation the grizzly nearly exploded. A

moving-picture camera was there, and since that day that truly moving

scene has amazed and thrilled countless thousands of people.

When it was over, Mr. Jones boldly turned the bear loose! Although its

rage was as boundless as the glories of the Yellowstone Park, it paused

not to rend any of those present, but headed for the tall timber, and

with many an indignant "Woof! Woof!" it plunged in and disappeared. It

was two or three years before that locality was again troubled by

impudent grizzly bears.

And what is the mental attitude of \_every\_ Rocky Mountain black or

grizzly bear \_outside\_ of the Yellowstone Park? It is colossal suspicion

of man, perpetual fear, and a clean pair of heels the moment man-scent

or man-sight proclaims the proximity of the Arch Enemy of Wild

Creatures. And yet there are one or two men who tell the American public

that wild animals do not think, that they do not reason, and are

governed only by "instinct"!

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!"

TAMING WILD BIRDS.--As incontestable proof of the receptive faculties of

birds, I will cite the taming of wild birds in the open, by friendly

advances. There are hundreds, aye, thousands, of men, women, boys and

girls who could give interesting and valuable personal testimony on this

point.

My friend J. Alden Loring (one of the naturalists of the Roosevelt

African Expedition), is an ardent lover of wild birds and mammals. The

taming of wild creatures in the open is one of his pastimes, and his

results serve well to illustrate the marvelous readiness of our wild

neighbors to become close friends with man \_when protected\_. I will

quote from one of Mr. Loring's letters on this subject:

"Taming wild birds is a new field in nature study, and one never can

tell what success he will have until he has experimented with different

species. Some birds tame much more easily than others. On three or four

occasions I have enticed a chickadee \_to my hand\_ at the first attempt,

while in other cases it has taken from fifteen minutes to a whole day.

"Chipping sparrows that frequent my doorway I have tamed in two days. A

nuthatch required three hours before it would fly to my hand, although

it took food from my stick the first time it was offered. When you find

a bird on her nest, it is of course much easier to tame that individual

than if you had to follow it about in the open, and wait for it to come

within reach of a stick. By exercising extreme caution, and approaching

inch by inch, I have climbed a tree to the nest of a yellow-throated

vireo, and at the first attempt handed the bird a meal-worm with my

fingers. At one time I had two house wrens, a yellow-throated vireo, a

chipping sparrow and a flock of chickadees that would come to my hand."

[Illustration: SIX WILD CHIPMUNKS DINE WITH MR. LORING]

It would be possible--and also delightful--to fill a volume with

citations of evidence to illustrate the quick acceptance of man's

protection by wild birds and mammals. Let me draw a few illustrations

from my own wild neighbors.

On Lake Agassiz, in the N.Y. Zoological Park, within 500 feet of my

office in the Administration Building, a pair of wild wood-ducks made

their nest last spring, and have just finished rearing nine fine,

healthy young birds. Whenever you see a wood-duck rise and fly in our

Park, you may know that it is a wild bird. During the summer of 1912 a

small flock of wild wood-ducks came every night to our Wild-Fowl Pond,

and spent the night there.

A year ago, a covey of eleven quail appeared in the Park, and have

persistently remained ever since. Last fall and winter they came at

least twenty times to a spot within forty feet of the rear window of my

office, in order to feed upon the wheat screenings that we placed there

for them.

When we first occupied the Zoological Park grounds, in 1899, there was

not one wild rabbit in the whole 264 acres. Presently the species

appeared, and rabbits began to hop about confidently, all over the

place. In 1906, we estimated that there were about eighty individuals.

Then the marauding cats began to come in, and they killed off the

rabbits until not one was to be seen. Thereupon, we addressed ourselves

to those cats, in more serious earnest than ever before. Now the cats

have disappeared; and one day last spring, as I left my office at six

o'clock, everyone else having previously gone, I almost stepped upon two

half-grown bunnies that had been visiting on the front door-mat.

When we were macadamizing the yards around the Elephant House, with a

throng of workmen all about every day, a robin made its nest on the

heavy channel-iron frame of one of the large elephant gates that swung

to and fro nearly every day.

In 1900 we planted a young pine tree in front of our temporary office

building, within six feet of a main walk; and at once a pair of robins

nested in it and reared young there.

[Illustration: WILD CREATURES QUICKLY RESPOND TO FRIENDLY ADVANCES

Chickadee and Chipmunk Tamed by Mr. Loring]

[Illustration: THE COLORADO OBJECT LESSON IN BRINGING BACK THE DUCKS]

Up in Putnam County, where for five years deer have been protected, the

exhibitions that are given each year of the supreme confidence of

protected deer literally astonish the natives. They are almost unafraid

of man and his vehicles, his cattle and his horses, but of course they

are unwilling to be handled. Strangers are astonished; but people who

know something about the mental attitude of wild animals under

protection know that it is the natural and inevitable result of \_real

protection\_.

At Mr. Frank Seaman's summer home in the Catskills, the phoebe birds

nest on the beams under the roof of the porch. At my summer home in the

Berkshires, no sooner was our garage completed than a phoebe built her

nest on the edge of the lintel over the side door; and another built on

a drain-pipe over the kitchen door.

Near Port Jervis, last year a wild ruffed grouse nested and reared a

large brood in the garden of Mr. W.I. Mitchell, within \_two feet\_ of the

foundation of the house.

On the Bull River in the wilds of British Columbia two trappers of my

acquaintance, Mack Norboe and Charlie Smith, once formed a friendship

with a wild weasel. In a very few visits, the weasel found that it was

among friends, and the trappers' log cabin became its home. I have a

photograph of it, taken while it posed on the door-sill. The trappers

said that often when returning at nightfall from their trap-lines, the

weasel would meet them a hundred yards away on the trail, and follow

them back to the cabin.

"Old Ben," the big sea-lion who often landed on the wharf at Avalon,

Santa Catalina, to be fed on fish, was personally known to thousands of

people.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN PROTECTION.--A remarkable object lesson in the

recognition of protection by wild ducks came under my notice in the

pages of "Recreation Magazine" in June, 1903, when that publication was

edited by G.O. Shields. The article was entitled,--" A Haven of Refuge,"

and the place described well deserved the name. It is impossible for me

to impress upon the readers of this volume with sufficient force and

clearness the splendid success that is easily attainable in encouraging

the return of the birds. The story of the Mosca "Haven of Refuge" was so

well told by Mr. Charles C. Townsend in the publication referred to

above, that I take pleasure in reproducing it entire.

One mile north of the little village of Mosca, Colorado, in San Luis

valley, lives the family of J.C. Gray. On the Gray ranch there is an

artesian well which empties into a small pond about 100 feet square.

This pond is never entirely frozen over and the water emptying

therein is warm even during the coldest winter.

Some five years ago, Mr. Gray secured a few wild-duck eggs, and

hatched them under a hen. The little ducks were reared and fed on

the little pond. The following spring they left the place, to return

in the fall, bringing with them broods of young; also bringing other

ducks to the home where protection was afforded them, and plenty of

good feed was provided. Each year since, the ducks have scattered in

the spring to mate and rear their families, returning again with

greatly increased numbers in the fall, and again bringing strangers

to the haven of refuge.

I drove out to the ranch November 24, 1902, and found the little

pond almost black with the birds, and was fortunate enough to secure

a picture of a part of the pond while the ducks were thickly

gathered thereon. Ice had formed around the edges, and this ice was

covered with ducks. The water was also alive with others, which paid

not the least attention to the party of strangers on the shore.

From Mr. Gray I learned that there were some 600 ducks of various

kinds on the pond at that time, though it was then early for them to

seek winter quarters. Later in the year, he assured me, there would

be between 2,000 and 3,000 teal, mallards, canvas-backs, redheads

and other varieties, all perfectly at home and fearless of danger.

The family have habitually approached the pond from the house, which

stands on the south side, and should any person appear on the north

side of the pond the ducks immediately take fright and flight. Wheat

was strewn on the ground and in the water, and the ducks waddled

around us within a few inches of our feet to feed, paying not the

least attention to us, or to the old house-dog which walked near.

Six miles east of the ranch is San Luis lake, to which these ducks

travel almost daily while the lake is open. When they are at the

lake it is impossible to approach within gunshot of the then timid

birds. Some unsympathetic boys and men have learned the habit of the

birds, and place themselves in hiding along the course of flight to

and from the lake. Many ducks are shot in this way, but woe to the

person caught firing a gun on or near the home-pond. When away from

home, the birds are as other wild-ducks and fail to recognize any

members of the Gray family. While at home they follow the boys

around the barn-yard, squawking for feed like so many tame ducks.

This is the greatest sight I have ever witnessed, and one that I

could not believe existed until I had seen it. Certainly it is worth

travelling many miles to see, and no one, after seeing it, would

care to shoot birds that, when kindly treated, make such charming

pets.

Since the above was published, the protected flocks of tame wild ducks

have become one of the most interesting sights of Florida. At Palm Beach

the tameness of the wild ducks when within their protected area, and

their wildness outside of it, has been witnessed by thousands of

visitors.

THE SAVING OF THE SNOWY EGRET IN THE UNITED STATES.--The time was when

very many persons believed that the devastations of the plume-hunters

of Florida and the Gulf Coast would be so long continued and so

persistently followed up to the logical conclusion that both species of

plume-furnishing egrets would disappear from the avifauna of the United

States. This expectation gave rise to feelings of resentment,

indignation and despair.

It happened, however, that almost at the last moment a solitary

individual set on foot an enterprise calculated to preserve the snowy

egret (which is the smaller of the two species involved), from final

extermination. The splendid success that has attended the efforts of Mr.

Edward A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, Louisiana, is entitled not only to

admiration and praise, but also to the higher tribute of practical

imitation. Mr. McIlhenny is, first of all, a lover of birds, and a

humanitarian. He has traveled widely throughout the continent of North

America and elsewhere, and has seen much of wild life and man's

influence upon it. To-day his highest ambition is to create for the

benefit of the Present, and as a heritage to Posterity, a

mid-continental chain of great bird refuges, in which migrating wild

fowl and birds of all other species may find resting-places and refuges

during their migrations, and protected feeding-grounds in winter. In

this grand enterprise, the consummation of which is now in progress, Mr.

McIlhenny is associated with Mr. Charles Willis Ward, joint donor of the

splendid Ward-McIlhenny Bird Preserve of 13,000 acres, which recently

was presented to the State of Louisiana by its former owners.

The egret and heron preserve, however, is Mr. McIlhenny's individual

enterprise, and really furnished the motif of the larger movement. Of

its inception and development, he has kindly furnished me the following

account, accompanied by many beautiful photographs of egrets breeding in

sanctuary, one of which appears on page 27.

In some recent publications I have seen statements to the effect

that you believed the egrets were nearing extinction, owing to the

persecution of plume hunters, so I know that you will be interested

in the enclosed photographs, which were taken in my heron rookery,

situated within 100 yards of my factory, where I am now sitting

dictating this letter.

This rookery was started by me in 1896, because I saw at that time

that the herons of Louisiana were being rapidly exterminated by

plume hunters. My thought was that the way to preserve them would be

to start an artificial rookery of them where they could be

thoroughly protected. With this end in view I built a small pond,

taking in a wet space that contained a few willows and other shrubs

which grow in wet places.

In a large cage in this pond, I raised some snowy herons. After

keeping the birds in confinement for something over six months I

turned them loose, hoping that they would come back the next season,

as they were perfectly tame and were used to seeing people. I was

rewarded the next season by four of the birds returning, and nesting

in the willows in the pond. This was the start of a rookery that now

covers 35 acres, and contains more than twenty thousand pairs of

nesting birds, embracing not only the egrets but all the species of

herons found in Louisiana, besides many other water birds.

With a view to carrying on the preservation of our birds on a larger

scale, Mr. Chas. W. Ward and I have recently donated to the State of

Louisiana 13,000 acres of what I consider to be the finest wild fowl

feeding ground on the Louisiana coast, as it contains the only

gravel beach for 50 miles, and all of the geese within that space

come daily to this beach for gravel. This territory also produces a

great amount of natural food for geese and ducks.

SAVING THE GULLS AND TERNS.--But for the vigorous and long-continued

efforts of the Audubon Societies, I think our coasts would by this time

have been swept clean of the gulls and terns that now adorn it. Twenty

years ago the milliners were determined to have them all. The fight for

them was long, and hotly contested, but the Audubon Societies won. It

was a great victory, and has yielded results of great value to the

country at large. And yet, it was only a small number of persons who

furnished the money and made the fight which inured to the benefit of

the millions of American people. Hereafter, whenever you see an American

gull or tern, remind yourself that it was saved to the nation by "the

Audubon people."

In times of grave emergency, such as fire, war and scarcity of food, the

wild creatures forget their fear of man, and many times actually

surrender themselves to his mercy and protection. At such times, hard is

the heart and low is the code of manly honor that does not respond in a

manner becoming a superior species.

The most pathetic wild-animal situation ever seen in the United States

on a large scale is that which for six winters in succession forced

several thousand starving elk into the settlement of Jackson Hole,

Wyoming, in quest of food at the hands of their natural enemies. The elk

lost all fear, partly because they were not attacked, and they

surrounded the log-enclosed haystacks, barns and houses, mutely begging

for food. Previous to the winter of 1911, thousands of weak calves and

cows perished around the haystacks. Mr. S.N. Leek's wonderful pictures

tell a thrilling but very sad story.

To the everlasting honor of the people of Jackson Hole, be it recorded

that they rose like Men to the occasion that confronted them. In 1909

they gave to the elk herds all the hay that their domestic stock could

spare, not pausing to ascertain whether they ever would be reimbursed

for it. They just handed it out! The famishing animals literally mobbed

the hay-wagons. To-day the national government has the situation in

hand.

In times of peace and plenty, the people of Jackson Hole take their toll

of the elk herds, but their example during starvation periods is to be

commended to all men.

A SLAUGHTER OF RESTORED GAME.--The case of the chamois in Switzerland

teaches the world a valuable lesson in how \_not\_ to slaughter game that

has come back to its haunts through protected breeding.

A few years ago, one of the provinces of Switzerland took note of the

fact that its once-abundant stock of chamois was almost extinct, and

enacted a law by which the remnant was absolutely protected for a long

period. During those years of protection, the animals bred and

multiplied, until finally the original number was almost restored.

Then,--as always in such cases,--there arose a strong demand for an open

season; and eventually the government yielded to the pressure of the

hunters, and fixed a date whereon an open season should begin.

[Illustration: GULLS AND TERNS OF OUR COASTS, SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION

These Birds have been Saved and Brought back to us by the Splendid Efforts

of the Audubon Societies, and other Bird-Lovers. But for the Anti-Plumage

Laws, not one Gull or Tern would now Remain on our Atlantic Coast

From the "American Natural History"]

During the period preceding that fatal date, the living chamois, grown

half tame by years of immunity from the guns, were all carefully located

and marked down by those who intended to hunt them. At daybreak on the

fatal day, the onset began. Guns and hunters were everywhere, and the

mountains resounded with the fusillade. Hundreds of chamois were slain,

by hundreds of hunters; and by the close of that fatal "open season" the

species was more nearly exterminated throughout that region than ever

before. Once more those mountains were nice and barren of game.

Let that bloody and disgraceful episode serve as a warning to Americans

who are tempted to demand an open season on game that has bred back from

the verge of extinction. Particularly do we commend it to the notice of

the people of Colorado who \_even now\_ are demanding an open season on

the preserved mountain sheep of that state. The granting of such an open

season would be a brutal outrage. Those sheep are now so tame and

unsuspicious that the killing of them would be \_cold-blooded murder!\_

THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION.--Within reasonable limits, any partly-destroyed

wild species can be increased and brought back by giving absolute

protection from harassment and slaughter. When a species is struggling

to recuperate, it deserves to be left \_entirely unmolested\_ until it is

once more on safe ground.

Every breeding wild animal craves seclusion and entire immunity from

excitement and all forms of molestation. Nature simply demands this as

her unassailable right. It is my firm belief that any wild species will

breed in captivity whenever its members are given a degree of seclusion

that they deem satisfactory.

With species that have not been shot down to a point entirely too low,

adequate protection generously long in duration will bring back their

numbers. If the people of the United States so willed it, we could have

wild white-tailed deer in every state and in every county (save city

counties) between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains. We could easily

have one thousand bob white quail for every one now living. We could

have squirrels in every grove, and songbirds by the million,--merely by

protecting them from slaughter and molestation. From Ohio to the great

plains, the pinnated grouse could be made far more common than crows and

blackbirds.

Inasmuch as all this is true,--and no one with information will dispute

it for a moment,--is it not folly to seek to supplant our own splendid

native species of game birds (\_that we never yet have decently

protected!\_) with foreign species? Let the American people answer this

question with "Yes" or "No."

The methods by which our non-game birds can be encouraged and brought

back are very simple: Protect them, put up shelters for them, give them

nest-boxes in abundance, protect them from cats, dogs, and all other

forms of destruction, and feed those that need to be fed. I should think

that every boy living in the country would find keen pleasure in making

and erecting nest-boxes for martins, wrens, and squirrels; in putting up

straw teepees in winter for the quail, in feeding the quail, and in

nailing to the trees chunks of suet and fat pork every winter for the

woodpeckers, nuthatches, and other winter residents.

Will any person now on this earth live long enough to see the present

all-pervading and devilish spirit of slaughter so replaced by the love

of wild creatures and the true spirit of conservation that it will be as

rare as it now is common?

But let no one think for a moment that any vanishing species can at any

time be brought back; for that would be a grave error. The point is

always reached, by every such species, that the survivors are too few to

cope with circumstances, and recovery is impossible. The heath hen could

not be brought back, neither could the passenger pigeon. The whooping

crane, the sage grouse, the trumpeter swan, the wild turkey, and the

upland plover never will come back to us, and nothing that we can do

ever will bring them back. Circumstances are against those species,--and

I fear against many others also. Thanks to the fact that the American

bison breeds well in captivity, we have saved that species from complete

extinction, but our antelope seems to be doomed.

It is because of the alarming condition of our best wild life that quick

action and strong action is vitally necessary. We are sleeping on our

possibilities.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXXIV

INTRODUCED SPECIES THAT HAVE BEEN BENEFICIAL

Man has made numerous experiments in the transplantation of wild species

of mammals and birds from one country, or continent, to another. About

one-half these efforts have been beneficial, and the other half have

resulted disastrously.

The transplantation of any wild-animal species is a leap in the dark. On

general principles it is dangerous to meddle with the laws of Nature,

and attempt to improve upon the code of the wilderness. Our best wisdom

in such matters may easily prove to be short-sighted folly. The trouble

lies in the fact that concerning transplantation it is \_impossible for

us to know beforehand all the conditions that will affect it, or that it

will effect, and how it will work out\_. In its own home a species may

\_seem\_ not only harmless, but actually beneficial to man. We do not

know, and \_we can not know\_, all the influences that keep it in check,

and that mould its character. We do not know, and we can not know

without a trial, how new environment will affect it, and what new traits

of character it will develop under radically different conditions. The

gentle dove of Europe may become the tyrant dove of Cathay. The

Repressed Rabbit of the Old World becomes in Australia the

Uncontrollable Rabbit, a devastator and a pest of pests.

No wild species should be transplanted and set free in a wild state to

stock new regions without consulting men of wisdom, and following their

advice. It is now against the laws of the United States to introduce and

acclimatize in a wild state, anywhere in the United States, any

wild-bird species without the approval of the Department of Agriculture.

The law is a wise one. Furthermore, the same principle should apply to

birds that it is proposed to transplant from one portion of the United

States into another, especially when the two are widely separated.

On this point, I once learned a valuable lesson, which may well point my

present moral. Incidentally, also, it was a narrow escape for me!

A gentlemen of my acquaintance, who admires the European magpie, and is

well aware of its acceptable residence in various countries in Europe,

once requested my cooperation in securing and acclimatizing at his

country estate a number of birds of that species. As in duty bound, I

laid the matter before our Department of Agriculture, and asked for an

opinion. The Department replied, in effect, "Why import a foreign magpie

when we have in the West a species of our own quite as handsome, and

which could more easily be transplanted?"

The point seemed well taken. Now, I had seen much of the American

magpie in its wild home,--the Rocky Mountains, and the western border

of the Great Plains,--and I \_thought\_ I was acquainted with it. I knew

that a few complaints against it had been made, but they had seemed to

me very trivial. To me our magpie seemed to have a generally

unobjectionable record.

Fortunately for me, I wrote to Mr. Hershey, Assistant Curator of

Ornithology in the Colorado State Museum, for assistance in procuring

fifty birds, for transplantation to the State of New York. Mr. Hershey

replied that if I really wished the birds for acclimatization, he would

gladly procure them for me; but he said that in the \_thickly-settled

farming communities\_ of Colorado, the magpie is now regarded as a pest.

It devours the eggs and nestlings of other wild birds, and not only

that, it destroys so many eggs of domestic poultry that many farmers are

compelled to keep their egg-laying hens shut up in wire enclosures!

Now, this condition happened to be entirely unknown to me, because I

never had seen the American magpie in action \_in a farming community\_!

Of course the proposed experiment was promptly abandoned, but it is

embarrassing to think how near I came to making a mistake. Even if the

magpies had been transplanted and had become a nuisance in this state,

they could easily have been exterminated by shooting; but the memory of

the error would have been humiliating to the party of the first part.

THE OLD WORLD PHEASANTS IN AMERICA.--In 1881 the first Chinese

ring-necked pheasants were introduced into the United States, twelve

miles below Portland, Oregon; twelve males and three females. The next

year, Oregon gave pheasants a five-year close season. A little later,

the golden and silver pheasants of China were introduced, and all three

species throve mightily, on the Pacific Coast, in Oregon, Washington and

western British Columbia. In 1900, the sportsmen of Portland and

Vancouver were shooting cock golden pheasants according to law.

The success of Chinese and Japanese pheasants on the Pacific Coast soon

led to experiments in the more progressive states, at state expense.

State pheasant hatcheries have been established in Massachusetts,

Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and

California.

In many localities, the old-world pheasants have come to stay. The rise

and progress of the ring-neck in western New York has already been

noted. It came about merely through protection. That protection was

protection in fact, not the false "protection" that shoots on the sly.

It is the irony of fate that full protection should be accorded a

foreign bird, in order that it may multiply and possess the land, while

the same kind of protection is refused the native bob white, and it is

now almost a dead species, so far as this state is concerned.

In looking about for grievances against the ring-necked and English

pheasant, some persons have claimed that in winter these birds are

"budders," which means that they harmfully strip trees and bushes of the

buds that those bushes will surely need in their spring opening. On

that point Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Game

Commission, sent out a circular letter of inquiry, in response to which

he received many statements. With but one exception, all the testimony

received was to the effect that pheasants are \_not\_ bud-eaters, and that

generally the charge is unfounded.

The introduction of old-world pheasants, and the attempted introduction

of the Hungarian partridge, are efforts designed first of all to furnish

sportsmen something to shoot, and incidentally to provide a new food

supply for the table. The people of this country are not starving, nor

are they even very hungry for the meat of strange birds; but as a

food-producer, the pheasant is all right.

It disgusts me to the core, however, to see states that wantonly and

wickedly, through sheer apathy and lack of business enterprise, have

allowed the quail, the heath hen, the pinnated grouse and the ruffed

grouse to become almost exterminated by extravagant and foolish

shooters, now putting forth wonderfully diligent efforts and spending

money without end, in introducing \_foreign\_ species! Many men actually

take the ground that our game "can't live" in its own country any

longer; but only the ignorant and the unthinking will say so! Give our

game birds decent, sensible, \_actual\_ protection, stop their being

slaughtered far faster than they breed, and \_they will live anywhere in

their own native haunts\_! But where is there \_one species\_ of upland

game bird in America that has been sensibly and adequately protected?

From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon there is \_not one,--not a

single locality in which protection from shooting has been sensible, or

just, or adequate\_.

We have universally given our American upland game birds an unfair deal,

and now we are adding insult to slaughter by bringing in foreign game

birds to replace them--because our birds "can't live" before five

million shot-guns!

Our American game birds CAN live, anywhere in the haunts where nature

placed them that are not to-day actually occupied by cities and towns!

Give me the making of the laws, and I will make the prairie chicken and

quail as numerous throughout the northern states east of the Great

Plains as domestic chickens are outside the regular poultry farms. There

is only one reason why there are not ten million quail in the state of

New York to-day,--one for each human inhabitant,--and that reason is the

infernal greed and selfishness of the men who have almost exterminated

our quail by over-shooting. Don't talk to me about the "hard winters"

killing off our quail! It is the hard cheek of the men who shoot them

when they ought to let them alone.

The State of Iowa could support 500,000 prairie chickens and never miss

the waste grain that they would glean in the fields; but now the prairie

chicken is practically extinct in Iowa, only a few scattered specimens

remaining as "last survivors" in some of the northern counties. The

migration of those birds that unexpectedly came down from the north last

winter was like the fall of a meteor,--only the birds promptly faded

away again. Why should New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts

exterminate the heath hen and coddle the ring-necked pheasant and the

Hungarian partridge?

The introduction of the old-world pheasants interests me very little.

Every one that I see is a painful reminder of our slaughtered quail and

grouse,--the birds that never have had a square deal from the American

people! Thus far the introduction of the Hungarian partridge has not

been successful, anywhere. Connecticut, Missouri, New Jersey and I think

other states have tried this, and failed. The failure of that species

brings no sorrow to me. I prefer our own game birds; and if the American

people will not conserve those properly and decently they deserve to

have no game birds.

THE EUROPEAN RED DEER IN NEW ZEALAND.--Occasionally a gameless land

makes a ten-strike by introducing a foreign game animal that does no

harm, and becomes of great value. The greatest success ever made in the

transplantation of game animals has been in New Zealand.

Originally, New Zealand possessed no large animals, and no "big-game."

When Nature passed around the deer, antelopes, sheep, goats, wild cattle

and bears, New Zealand failed to receive her share. For centuries her

splendid forests, her grand mountains and picturesque valleys remained

untenanted by big game.

In 1864, the Prince Consort of England caused seven head of European red

deer to be taken from the royal park at Windsor, and sent to

Christchurch, New Zealand. Only three of the animals survived the long

voyage; a buck and two does. For several weeks the two were kept in a

barn in Christchurch, where they served no good purpose, and were not

likely to live long or be happy. Finally some one said, "Let's set them

free in the mountains!"

The idea was adopted. The three animals were hauled an uncertain number

of miles into the interior mountains and set free.

They promptly settled down in their new home. They began to breed, and

now on the North Island there are probably five thousand European red

deer, every one of which has descended directly from the famous three!

And here is the strangest part of the story:

The red deer of the North Island represent the greatest case of

in-and-in breeding of wild animals on record. According to the

experience of the world in the breeding of domestic cattle (\_not

horses\_), we should expect physical deterioration, the development of

diseases, and disaster. On the contrary, the usual evil results of

in-breeding in domestic cattle have been totally absent. \_The red deer

of New Zealand are to-day physically larger and more robust animals,

with longer and heavier antlers, and longer hair, than any of the red

deer of Europe west of Germany\_!

Red deer have been introduced practically all over New Zealand, and the

total number now in the Islands must be somewhere near forty thousand.

The sportsmen of that country have grand sport, and take many splendid

trophies. That transplantation has been a very great success.

Incidentally, the case of the in-bred deer of the North Island, taken

along with other cases of which we know, establishes a new and important

principle in evolution. It is this:

\_When healthy wild animals are established in a state of nature, either

absolutely free, or confined in preserves so large that they roam at

will, seek the food of nature and take care of themselves, in-and-in

breeding produces no ill effects, and ceases to be a factor. The animals

develop in physical perfection according to the climate and their food

supply; and the introduction of new blood is not necessary\_.

THE FALLOW DEER ON THE ISLAND OF LAMBAY.--In the Irish Sea, a few miles

from the southeast coast of Ireland, is the Island of Lambay, owned by

Cecil Baring, Esq. The island is precisely one square mile in area, and

some of its sea frontage terminates in perpendicular cliffs. In many

ways the island is of unusual interest to zoologists, and its fauna has

been well set forth by Mr. Baring.

In the year 1892 three fallow deer (\_Dama vulgaris\_) a buck and two

does, were transplanted from a park on the Irish mainland to Lambay, and

there set free. From that slender stock has sprung a large herd, which,

but for the many deer that have been purposely shot, and the really

considerable number that have been killed by going over the cliffs in

stormy weather, the progeny of the original three would to-day number

several hundred head. No new blood has been introduced, and \_no deer

have died of disease\_. Even counting out the losses by the rifle and by

accidental death, the herd to-day numbers more than one hundred head.

Mr. Baring declares that neither he nor his gamekeeper have ever been

able to discover any deterioration in the deer of Lambay, either in

size, weight, size of antlers, fertility or general physical stamina.

The deterioration through disease, especially tuberculosis, that always

is dreaded and often observed in closely in-bred domestic cattle, has

been totally absent.

In looking about for wild species that have been transplanted, and that

have thriven and become beneficial to man, there seems to be mighty

little game in sight! The vast majority belong in the next chapter. We

will venture to mention the bob white quail that were introduced into

Utah in 1871, into Idaho in 1875, and the California valley quail in

Washington in 1857. Wherever these efforts have succeeded, the results

have been beneficial to man.

In 1879 a well-organized effort was made to introduce European quail

into several of the New England and Middle States,--to take the place of

the bob white, we may suppose,--the bird that "can't stand the winters!"

About three thousand birds were distributed and set free,--and went down

and out, just as might have been expected. During the past twenty years

it is safe to say that not less than $500,000 have been expended in the

northern states, and particularly in the northeastern states, in

importing live quail from Kansas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas,

the Carolinas and other southern states, for restocking areas from which

the northern bob white had been exterminated by foolish over-shooting! I

think that fully nine-tenths of these efforts have ended in total

failure. The quail could not survive in their strange environment. I

cannot recall a \_single instance\_ in which restocking northern covers

with southern quail has been a success.

There is no royal road to the restoration of an exterminated bird

species. Where the native seed still exists, by long labor and travail,

thorough protection and a mighty long close season, it can be encouraged

to \_breed back and return\_; but it is an evolution that can not be

hurried in the least. Protect Nature, and leave the rest to her.

With mammals, the case is different. It is possible to restock depleted

areas, provided Time is recognized as a dominant factor. I can cite two

interesting cases by way of illustration, but this subject will form

another chapter.

In the transplantation of fishes, conditions are widely different, and

many notable successes have been achieved.

One of the greatest hits ever made by the United States Bureau of

Fisheries in the planting of fish in new localities was the

introduction of the striped bass or rock-fish (\_Roccus lineatus\_) of

our Atlantic coast, into the coast waters of California. In 1879,

135 live fish were deposited in Karquines Strait, at Martinez, and

in 1882, 300 more were planted in Suisun Bay, near the first

locality chosen.

Twelve years after the first planting in San Francisco Bay, the

markets of San Francisco handled 149,997 pounds of striped bass. At

that time the average weight for a whole year was eleven pounds, and

the average price was ten cents per pound. Fish weighing as high as

forty-nine pounds have been taken, and there are reasons for the

belief that eventually the fish of California will attain as great

weight as those of the Atlantic and the Gulf.

The San Francisco markets now sell, annually, about one and one half

million pounds of striped bass. This fish has taken its place among

anglers as one of the game fishes of the California coast, and

affords fine sport. Strange to say, however, it has not yet spread

beyond the shores of California.

Regarding this species, the records of the United States Bureau of

Fisheries are of interest. In 1897, the California markets handled

2,949,642 pounds, worth $225,527.--(American Natural History.)

Nowhere else in the world, we venture to say, were such extensive,

costly and persistent efforts put forth in the transplantation of any

wild foreign species as the old U.S. Fish Commission, under Prof.

Spencer F. Baird, put forth in the introduction of the German carp into

the fresh water ponds, lakes and rivers of the United States. It was

held that because the carp could live and thrive in waters bottomed with

mud, that species would be a boon to all inland regions where bodies of

water, or streams, were scarce and dear. Although the carp is not the

best fish in the world for the table, it seemed that the dwellers in the

prairie and great plains regions would find it far better than

bullheads, or no fish at all,--which are about the same thing.

By means of special fish cars, sent literally all over the United

States, at a great total expense, live carp, hatched in the ponds near

the Washington Monument were distributed to all applicants. The German

carp spread far and wide; but to-day I think the fish has about as many

enemies as friends. In some places, strong objections have been filed to

the manner in which carp stir up the mud at the bottom of ponds and

small lakes, greatly to the detriment of all the native fishes found

therein.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XXXV

INTRODUCED SPECIES THAT HAVE BECOME PESTS

The man who successfully transplants or "introduces" into a new habitat

any persistent species of living thing, assumes a very grave

responsibility. Every introduced species is doubtful gravel until panned

out. The enormous losses that have been inflicted upon the world through

the perpetuation of follies with wild vertebrates and insects would, if

added together, be enough to purchase a principality. The most

aggravating feature of these follies in transplantation is that never

yet have they been made severely punishable. We are just as careless and

easy-going on this point as we were about the government of the

Yellowstone Park in the days when Howell and other poachers destroyed

our first national bison herd, and when caught red-handed--as Howell

was, skinning seven Park bison cows,--\_could not be punished for it,

because there was no penalty prescribed by any law\_.

To-day, there is a way in which any revengeful person could inflict

enormous damage on the entire South, at no cost to himself, involve

those states in enormous losses and the expenditure of vast sums of

money, yet go absolutely unpunished!

THE GYPSY MOTH is a case in point. This winged calamity was imported at

Maiden, Massachusetts, near Boston, by a French entomologist, Mr.

Leopold Trouvelot, in 1868 or '69. History records the fact that the man

of science did not purposely set free the pest. He was endeavoring with

live specimens to find a moth that would produce a cocoon of commercial

value to America; and a sudden gust of wind blew out of his study,

through an open window, his living and breeding specimens of the gypsy

moth. The moth itself is not bad to look at, but its larvae is a great,

overgrown brute, with an appetite like a hog. Immediately Mr. Trouvelot

sought to recover his specimens, and when he failed to find them all.

like a man of real honor, he notified the State authorities of the

accident. Every effort was made to recover all the specimens, but enough

escaped to produce progeny that soon became a scourge to the trees of

Massachusetts. The method of the big, nasty-looking mottled-brown

caterpillar was very simple. It devoured the entire foliage of every

tree that grew in its sphere of influence.

The gypsy moth spread with alarming rapidity and persistence. In course

of time the state authorities of Massachuestts were forced to begin a

relentless war upon it, by poisonous sprays and by fire. It was awful!

Up to this date (1912) the New England states and the United States

Government service have expended in fighting this pest about $7,680,000!

The spread of this pest has been retarded, but the gypsy moth never

will be wholly stamped out. To-day it exists in Rhode Island,

Connecticut and New Hampshire, and it is due to reach New York at an

early date. It is steadily spreading in three directions from Boston,

its original point of departure, and when it strikes the State of New

York, we, too, will begin to pay dearly for the Trouvclot experiment. It

is said that General S.C. Lawrence, of Medford, Massachusetts, has spent

$75,000 in trying to protect his trees from the ravages of this scourge.

THE RABBIT PLAGUE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.--The rabbit curse upon

Australia and New Zealand is so well known as to require little comment.

In this case the introduction was deliberate. In the days when the sheep

industry was most prosperous, a patriotic gentleman conceived the idea

that the introduction of the rabbit, and its establishment as a wild

animal, would be a good thing. He reasoned that it would furnish a good

food supply, that it would furnish sport, and being unable to harm any

other creature of flesh and blood it was therefore harmless.

Accordingly, three pairs of rabbits were imported and set free.

In a short time, the immense number of rabbits that began to overrun the

country furnished food for reflection, as well as for the table. A very

simple calculation brought out the startling information that, under

perfectly favorable conditions, a single pair of rabbits could in three

years' time produce progeny amounting to 13,718,000 individuals. Ever

since that time, in discussing the rabbits of Australia it has been

necessary to speak in millions.

"The inhabitants of the colony," says Dr. Richard Lydekker, "soon found

that the rabbits were a plague, for they devoured the grass, which was

needed for the sheep, the bark of trees, and every kind of fruit and

vegetable, until the prospects of the colony became a very serious

matter, and ruin seemed inevitable. In New South Wales upwards of

15,000,000 rabbits skins have been exported in a single year; while in

thirteen years ending with 1889 no less than 39,000,000 were accounted

for in Victoria alone.

"To prevent the increase of these rodents, the introduction of weasels,

stoats, mongooses, etc., has been tried; but it has been found that

those carnivores neglected the rabbits and took to feeding on poultry,

and thus became as great a nuisance as the animals they were intended to

destroy. The attempt to kill them off by the introduction of an epidemic

disease has also failed. In order to protect such portions of the

country as are still free from rabbits, fences of wire netting have been

erected; one of these fences erected by the Government of Victoria

extending for a distance of upwards of one hundred and fifty

geographical miles. In New Zealand, where the rabbit has been introduced

little more than twenty years, its increase has been so enormous, and

the destruction it inflicts so great, that in some districts it has

actually been a question whether the colonists should not vacate the

country rather than attempt to fight against the plague. The average

number of rabbit skins exported from New Zealand is now twelve

millions."--(Royal Natural History.)

THE FOX PEST IN AUSTRALIA.--And now unfortunate Australia has a new

pest, also acquired by importation of an alien species. It is the

European fox (\_Vulpes vulpes\_). The only redeeming feature about this

fresh calamity is found in the fact that the species was not

deliberately introduced into Australia for the benefit of the local

fauna. Mr. O.W. Rosenhain, of Melbourne, informs me (1912) that about

thirty years ago the Hunt Club brought to Australia about twenty foxes,

for the promotion of the noble sport of fox hunting. In some untoward

manner, the most of those animals escaped. They survived, multiplied,

and have provided New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia with a

fox pest of the first rank.

The destruction of wild bird life and poultry has become so serious that

Australia now is making vigorous efforts to exterminate the pest. The

government pays ten shillings bounty on fox scalps, besides which each

prime fox skin is worth from four to five dollars. It is hoped that

these combined values will eliminate the fox pest.

Regarding foxes in Australia, Mr. W.H.D. Le Souef has this to say in his

extremely interesting and valuable book, "Wild Life in Australia," page

146:

"We found that foxes were unfortunately plentiful in this district, and

in a hollow log that served to shelter some cubs were noticed the

remains of ducks, fowls, rabbits, lambs, bandicoots and snakes; so they

evidently vary their fare, snakes even not coming amiss. They also sneak

on wild ducks that are nesting by the edge of the water among the rushes

and tussocky grass, and catch quail also, especially sitting birds.

\_These animals are, and always will be, a great source of trouble in the

thickly timbered country and stony ranges, and will gradually, like the

rabbit, extend all over Australia\_. They are evidently not contented

with ground game only, as Mr. A.F. Kelly, of Barwonleigh, in Victoria,

states: "When riding past a bull-oak tree about twenty-five feet high,

with either a magpie's or crow's nest on top. I noticed the nest looked

very bulky, and had something red in it. On going nearer I saw a large

fox coiled up in it!"

THE MONGOOSE.--Circumstances alter cases, and a change of environment

sometimes works marvelous changes in the character of an animal species.

Now, \_why\_ should not the gray Indian mongoose (formerly called the

ichneumon, \_(Herpestes griscus\_)) destroy poultry in India, as it does

elsewhere? There is poultry in plenty to be destroyed, but

"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" elects to specialize on the killing of rats, and

cobras, and other snakes.

In his own sphere of influence,--India and the orient,--the mongoose is

a fairly decent citizen, and he fits into the time-worn economy of that

region. As a destroyer of the thrice-anathema domestic rat, he has no

equal in the domain of flesh and blood. His temper is so fierce that one

"pet" mongoose has been known to kill a full grown male giant bustard,

and put a greyhound to flight.

In an evil moment (1872) Mr. W.B. Espeut conceived the idea that it

would be a good thing to introduce mongooses to the rats of Barbadoes

and Jamaica that were pestering the cane-fields to an annoying extent.

It was done. The mongooses attacked the rats, cleaned them out,

multiplied, and then looked about for more worlds to conquer. Snakes and

lizards were few; but they cheerfully killed and devoured all there

were. Then, being continuously hungry, they attacked the wild birds and

poultry, indiscriminately, and with their usual vigor. I have been told

that in Barbadoes "they cleaned out every living thing that they could

catch and kill, and then they attacked the sugar-cane." The last count

in the indictment may seem hard to believe; but it is a fact that the

Indian mongoose often resorts to fruit and vegetable food.

In Jamaica, at the end of the rat-killing period, the planters joyfully

estimated that the labors of Herpestes had saved between 500,000 pounds

and 750,000 pounds to the industries of that island. That was before the

slaughter of wild birds and poultry began. I am told that up to date the

damage done by the mongoose far exceeds the value of the benefit it once

conferred, but the total has not been computed.

Up to this date, the mongoose has invaded and become a destructive pest

in Barbadoes, Jamaica, Cuba, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Nevis,

Fiji and all the larger islands of the Hawaiian group. It would require

many pages to contain a full account of each introduction, awakening,

reckoning of damages and payment of bounties for destruction that the

fiendish mongoose has wrought out wherever it has been introduced. The

progress of the pest is everywhere the same,--sweeping destruction of

rats, snakes, wild birds, small mammals, and finally poultry and

vegetables.

Every country that now is without the mongoose will do well to shut and

guard diligently all the doors by which it might be introduced.

Throughout its range in the western hemisphere, the mongoose is a pest;

and the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has done well

in securing the enactment of a law peremptorily prohibiting the

importation of any animals of that species into the United States or any

of its colonies. The fierce temper, indomitable courage and vaulting

appetite of the mongoose would make its actual introduction in any of

the warm portions of the United States a horrible calamity. In the

southern states, and all along the Pacific slope clear up to Seattle, it

could live, thrive and multiply; and the slaughter that it could and

would inflict upon our wild birds generally, especially all those that

nest and live on the ground, saying nothing of the slaughter of poultry,

would drive the American people crazy.

Fancy an animal with the murderous ferocity of a mink, the agility of a

squirrel, the penetration of a ferret and the cunning of a rat,

infesting the thickets and barnyards of this country. The mongoose can

live wherever a rat can live, provided it can get a fair amount of

animal food. Not for $1,000,000 could any one of the southern or Pacific

states afford to have a pair of these little gray fiends imported and

set free. If such a calamity ever occurs, all wheels should stop, and

every habitant should turn out and hunt for the animals until they are

found and pulverized. No matter if it should require a thousand men and

$100,000, \_find them!\_ If not found, the cost to the state will soon be

a million a year, with no ending.

In spite of the vigilance of our custom house officers, every now and

then a Hindoo from some foreign vessel sneaks into the country with a

pet mongoose (and they do make great pets!) inside his shirt, or in the

bottom of a bag of clothing. Of course, whenever the Department of

Agriculture discovers any of these surreptitious animals, they are at

once confiscated, and either killed or sent to a public zoological park

for safe-keeping. In New York, the director of the Zoological Park is so

genuinely concerned about the possibility of the escape of a female

mongoose that he has issued two standing orders: All live mongooses

offered to us shall at once be purchased, and every female animal shall

immediately be chloroformed.

If \_Herpestes griseus\_ ever breaks loose in the United States, the crime

shall not justly be chargeable to us.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.--In the United States, the English sparrow is a

national sorrow, almost too great to be endured. It is a bird of plain

plumage, low tastes, impudent disposition and persistent fertility.

Continually does it crowd out its betters, or pugnaciously drive them

away, and except on very rare occasions it eats neither insects nor weed

seeds. It has no song, and in habits it is a bird of the street and the

gutter. There is not one good reason why it should exist in this

country. If it were out of the way, our native insect-eaters of song and

beauty could return to our lawns and orchards. The English sparrow is a

nuisance and a pest, and if it could be returned to the land of its

nativity we would gain much.

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CHAPTER XXXVI

NATIONAL AND STATE GAME PRESERVES, AND BIRD REFUGES

Out West, there is said to be a "feeling" that game and forest

conservation has "gone far enough." In Montana, particularly, the

National Wool-Growers' Association has for some time been firmly

convinced that "the time has come to call a halt." Oh, yes! A halt on

the conservation of game and forests; but not on the free grazing of

sheep on the public domain. No, not even while those same sheep are

busily growing wool that is so fearfully and wonderfully conserved by a

sky-high tariff that the truly poor Americans are forced to wear

garments made of shoddy because they cannot afford to buy clothing made

of wool! (This is the testimony of a responsible clothing merchant, in

1912.)

We can readily understand the new hue and cry against conservation that

the sheep men now are raising. Of course they are against all new game

and forest reserves,--unless the woolly hordes are given the right to

graze in them!

Many men of the Great West,--the West beyond the Great Plains,--are

afflicted with a desire to do as they please with the natural resources

of that region. That is the great curse that to-day rests upon our game.

When the nearest game warden is 50 miles away, and big game is only 5

miles away, it is time for that game to take to the tall timber.

But in the West, and East and South, there are many men and women who

believe in reasonable conservation, and deplore destruction. We have not

by any means reached the point where we can think of stopping in the

making of game preserves, or forest preserves. Of the former, we have

scarcely begun to make. The majority of the states of our Union know of

\_state\_ game preserves only by hearsay. But the time is coming when the

states will come forward, and perform the serious duty that they neglect

to-day.

Let the statesmen of America be not afraid of making too many game

preserves! For the next year, one per day would be none too many!

Remember, that on one hand we have the Army of Destruction, and on the

other the expectant millions of Posterity. No executor or trustee ever

erred in safeguarding an estate too carefully. Fifty years hence, if

your successors and mine find that too much land has been set aside for

the good of the people, they can mighty easily restore any surplus to

the public domain, and at a vastly increased valuation. Give Posterity

at least \_one\_ chance to debate the question: "Were our forefathers too

liberal in the making of game and forest reserves?"

We can always carve up any useless surplus of the public domain, and

restore it to commercial uses; but none of the men of to-day will live

long enough to see so strange a proceeding carried into effect.

The game preserves of the United States government are so small (with

the exception of the Yellowstone and Glacier Parks), that very few

people ever hear of them, and fewer still know of them in detail. It

seems to be quite time that they should be set forth categorically; and

it is most earnestly to be hoped that this list soon will be doubled.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.--This was the first of the national parks

and game preserves of the United States. Some of our game preserves are

not exactly national parks, but this is both, by Act of Congress.

It is 62 miles long from north to south, 54 miles wide and contains a

total area of 3,348 square miles, or 2,142,720 acres. Its western border

lies in Idaho, and along its northern border a narrow strip lies in

Montana. It is under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior,

and it is guarded by a detachment of cavalry from the United States

Army. The Superintendent is now a commissioned officer of the United

States Army. The business of protecting the game is performed partly by

four scouts, who are civilians specially engaged for that purpose, but

the number has always been totally inadequate to the work to be

performed.

At least one-half of the public interest attaching to the Yellowstone

Park is based upon its wild animals. There, the average visitor sees,

for the first time, wild mountain sheep, antelope, mule deer, elk,

grizzly bears and white pelicans, roaming free. But for the tragedy of

the Park bison herd,--slaughtered by poachers from 1890 to 1893, from

300 head down to 30--visitors would see wild bison also; but now the few

wild bison remaining keep as far as possible from the routes of tourist

travel. The bison were slaughtered through an inadequate protective

force, and (then) utterly inadequate laws.

Lieut.-Col. L.M. Brett, U.S.A., Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park

advises me (July 29, 1912) that the wild big game in the Yellowstone

Park in the summer of 1912, is as shown below, based on actual counts

and estimates of the Park scouts, and particularly Scout McBride. "The

estimates of buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, sheep and bear are based on

actual counts, or very close observations, and are pretty nearly

correct." (Col. Brett).

Wild Buffalo 49

Moose 550

Elk (in summer) 35,000

Antelope 500

Mountain Sheep 210

Mule Deer 400

White-tailed Deer 100

Grizzly Bears 50

Black Bears 100

Pumas 100

Gray Wolves none

Coyotes 400

Pelicans 1,000

The actual count of 49 wild bison in the Park, 10 of which are calves of

1912, will be to all friends of the bison a delightful surprise.

Heretofore the little band had seemed to be stationary, which if true

would soon mean a decline.

The history of the wild game of the Yellowstone Park is blackened by two

occurrences, and one existing fact. The fact is: the town of Gardiner is

situated on the northern boundary of the Park, in the State of Montana.

In Gardiner there are a number of men, armed with rifles, who toward

game have the gray-wolf quality of mercy.

The first stain is the massacre of the 270 wild bison for their heads

and robes, already noted. The second blot is the equally savage

slaughter in the early winter of 1911, by some of the people of

Gardiner, reinforced by so-called sportsmen from other parts of the

state, of all the park elk they could kill,--bulls, cows and

calves,--because a large band wandered across the line into the shambles

of Gardiner, on Buffalo Flats.

If the people of Gardiner can not refrain from slaughtering the game of

the Park--the very animals annually seen by 20,000 visitors to the

Park,--then it is time for the American people to summon the town of

Gardiner before the bar of public opinion, to show cause why the town

should not be wiped off the map.

The 35,000 elk that summer in the Park are compelled in winter to

migrate to lower altitudes in order to find grass that is not under two

feet of snow. In the winter of 1911-12, possibly 5,000 went south, into

Jackson Hole, and 3,000 went northward into Montana. The sheep-grazing

north of the Park, and the general settlement by ranchmen of Jackson

Hole, have deprived the elk herds of those regions of their natural

food. For several years past, up to and including the winter of 1910-11,

some thousands of weak and immature elk have perished in the Jackson

Hole country, from starvation and exposure. The ranchmen of that region

have had terrible times,--in witnessing the sufferings of thousands of

elk tamed by hunger, and begging in piteous dumb show for the small and

all-too-few haystacks of the ranchmen.

The people of Jackson Hole, headed by S.N. Leek, the famous photographer

and lecturer on those elk herds, have done all that they could do in the

premises. The spirit manifested by them has been the exact reverse of

that manifested in Gardiner. To their everlasting credit, they have kept

domestic sheep out of the Jackson Valley,--by giving the owners of

invading herds "hours" in which to get their sheep "all out, and over

the western range."

In 1909, the State of Wyoming spent in feeding starving elk $5,000

In 1911, the State of Wyoming spent in feeding starving elk 5,000

In 1911, the U.S. Government appropriated for feeding starving elk,

and exporting elk $20,000

In 1912, the Camp-Fire Club of Detroit gave, for feeding hungry elk

100

In 1910-11, about 3,000 elk perished in Jackson Hole

In 1911-12, Mr. Leek's photographs of the elk herds showed an alarming

absence of mature bulls, indicating that now the most of the breeding is

done by immature males. This means the sure deterioration of the species.

The prompt manner in which Congress responded in the late winter of 1911

to a distress call in behalf of the starving elk, is beyond all ordinary

terms of praise. It was magnificent. In fear and trembling, Congress was

asked, through Senator Lodge, to appropriate $5,000. Congress and

Senator Lodge made it $20,000; and for the first time the legislature of

Wyoming appealed for national aid to save the joint-stock herds of

Wyoming and the Yellowstone Park.

GLACIER PARK, MONTANA.--In the wild and picturesque mountains of

northwestern Montana, covering both sides of the great Continental

Divide, there is a region that has been splendidly furnished by the hand

of Nature. It is a bewildering maze of thundering peaks, plunging

valleys, evergreen forests, glistening glaciers, mirror lakes and

roaring mountain streams. Its leading citizens are white mountain goats,

mountain sheep, moose, mule deer and white-tailed deer, and among those

present are black and grizzly bears galore.

Commercially, the 1,400 square miles of Glacier Park, even with its 60

glaciers and 260 lakes, are worth exactly the price of its big trees,

and not a penny more. For mining, agriculture, horticulture and

stock-raising, it is a cipher. As a transcendant pleasure ground and

recreation wilderness for ninety millions of people, it is worth ninety

millions of dollars, and not a penny less. It is a pleasure park of

which the greatest of the nations of the earth,--whichever that may

be,--might well be overbearingly proud; and its accessibility is almost

unbelievable until seen.

This park is bounded on the south by the Great Northern Railway, on the

east by the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, on the north by Alberta and

British Columbia, and on the west by West Fork of the Flathead River.

Horizontally, it contains 1,400 square miles; but as the goat climbs,

its area is at least double that. Its valleys are filled and its lakes

are encircled by grand forests of Douglas fir, hemlock, spruce, white

pine, cedar and larch; and if ever they are destroyed by fire, it will

be a national calamity, a century long.

\_So long as the American people keep out of the poorhouse, let there be

no lumber-cutting vandalism in that park, destroying the beauty of every

acre of forest that is touched by axe or saw. The greatest beauty of

those forests is the forest floor, which lumbering operations would

utterly destroy\_.

Never mind if there is "ripe timber" there! The American nation is not

suffering for the dollars that those lovely forest giants would fetch by

board measure. What if a tree does fall now and then from old age! We

can stand the expense. If Posterity a hundred years hence finds itself

lumberless, and wishes to use those trees, then let Posterity pay the

price, and take them. We are not suffering for them; and our duty is to

save them inviolate, and hand them down as a heritage that we proudly

transmit unimpaired.

[Illustration: UNITED STATES NATIONAL GAME PRESERVES

and Five Pacific Bird Refuges]

The friends of wild life are particularly interested in Glacier Park as

a national game reservoir, and refuge for wild life. On the north, in

Alberta, it is soon to be extended by Waterton Lakes Park.

When I visited Glacier Park, in 1909, with Frederick H. Kennard and

Charles H. Conrad, I procured from three intelligent guides their best

estimates of the amount of big game then in the Park. The guides were

Thomas H. Scott, Josiah Rogers and Walter S. Gibb.[L]

[Footnote L: See \_Recreation\_ Magazine, May, 1910, p. 213]

They compared notes, and finally agreed upon these figures:

Elk 200

Moose 2,500

Mountain Sheep 700

Mountain Goats 10,500

Grizzly Bears 1,000 to 1,500

Black Bears 2,500 to 3,000

As previously stated, one of the surprising features of this new wonder

land is its accessibility. The Great Northern lands you at Belton. A

ride of three miles over a good road through a beautiful forest brings

you to the foot of Lake McDonald, and in one hour more by boat you are

at the hotels at the head of the lake. At that point you are within

three hours' horse-back ride of Sperry Glacier and the marvelous

panorama that unrolls before you from the top of Lincoln Peak. At the

foot of that Peak we saw a big, wild white mountain goat: and another

one watched us climb up to the Sperry Glacier.

MT. OLYMPUS NATIONAL MONUMENT.--For at least six years the advocates of

the preservation of American wild life and forests vainly desired that

the grand mountain territory around Mount Olympus, in northwestern

Washington, should be established as a national forest and game

preserve. In addition to the preservation of the forests, it was greatly

desired that the remnant bands of Olympic wapiti (described as \_Cervus

roosevelti\_) should be perpetuated. It now contains 1,975 specimens of

that variety. In Congress, two determined efforts were made in behalf of

the region referred to, but both were defeated by the enemies of forests

and wild life.

In an auspicious moment, Dr. T.S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the

Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, thought of a law under

which it would be both proper and right to bring the desired preserve

into existence. The law referred to expressly clothes the President of

the United States with power to preserve any monumental feature of

nature which it clearly is the duty of the state to preserve for all

time from the hands of the spoilers.

With the enthusiastic approval and assistance of Representative William

E. Humphrey, of Seattle, Dr. Palmer set in motion the machinery

necessary to the carrying of the matter before the President in proper

form, and kept it going, with the result that on March 2, 1909,

President Roosevelt affixed his signature to the document that closed

the circuit.

Thus was created the Mount Olympus National Monument, preserving forever

608,640 acres of magnificent mountains, valleys, glaciers, streams and

forests, and all the wild creatures living therein and thereon. The

people of the state of Washington have good reason to rejoice in the

fact that their most highly-prized scenic wonderland, and the last

survivors of the wapiti in that state, are now preserved for all coming

time. At the same time, we congratulate Dr. Palmer on the brilliant

success of his initiative.

THE SUPERIOR NATIONAL GAME AND FOREST PRESERVE.--The people of Minnesota

long desired that a certain great tract of wilderness in the extreme

northern portion of that state, now well stocked with moose and deer,

should be established as a game and forest preserve. Unfortunately,

however, the national government could go no farther than to withdraw

the lands (and waters) from entry, and declare it a forest reserve. At

the right moment, some bright genius proposed that the national

government should by executive order create a "\_forest\_ reserve," and

then that the legislature of Minnesota should pass an act providing that

every national forest of that state should also be regarded as a \_state

game preserve\_!

Both those things were done,--almost as soon as said! Mr. Carlos Avery,

the Executive Agent of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of

Minnesota is entitled to great credit for the action of his state, and

we have to thank Mr. Gifford Pinchot and President Roosevelt for the

executive action that represented the first half of the effort.

The new Superior Preserve is valuable as a game and forest reserve, and

nothing else. It is a wilderness of small lakes, marshes, creeks,

hummocks of land, scrubby timber, and practically nothing of commercial

value. But the wilderness contains many moose, and zoologically, it is

for all practical purposes a moose preserve.

In it, in 1908 Mr. Avery saw fifty-one moose in three days, Mr.

Fullerton saw 183 in nine days, and Mr. Fullerton estimated the total

number of moose in Minnesota as a whole at 10,000 head.

In area it contains 1,420,000 acres, and the creation of this great

preserve was accomplished on April 13, 1909.

THE WICHITA NATIONAL GAME PRESERVE.--In the Wichita Mountains, of

southwestern Oklahoma, there is a National game preserve containing

57,120 acres. On this preserve is a fenced bison range and a herd of

thirty-nine American bison which owe their existence to the initiative

of the New York Zoological Society. On March 25, 1905, the Society

proposed to the National Government the founding of a range and herd, on

a basis that was entirely new. To the Society it seemed desirable that

for the encouragement of Congress in the preservation of species that

are threatened with extermination, the scientific corporations of

America, and private individuals also, should do something more than to

offer advice and exhortations to the government.

Accordingly, the Zoological Society offered to present to the

Government, delivered on the ground in Oklahoma, a herd of fifteen

pure-blood bison as the nucleus of a new national herd, provided

Congress would furnish a satisfactory fenced range, and maintain the

herd. The offer was at once accepted by Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of

Agriculture, and the Society was invited to propose a site for a range.

The Society sent a representative to the Wichita National Forest

Reserve, who recommended a range, and made a report upon it, which the

Society adopted.

By act of Congress the range was at once established and fenced. Its

area is twelve square miles (9,760 acres). In October, 1908, the

Zoological Society took from its herd in the Zoological Park nine female

and six male bison, and delivered them at the bison range. There were

many predictions that all those bison would die of Texas fever within

one year; but the parties most interested persisted in trying

conclusions with the famous tick of Texas.

Mr. Frank Rush was appointed Warden of the new National Bison Range, and

his management has been so successful that only two of the bison died of

the fever, the disease has been stamped out, and the herd now contains

thirty-nine head. Within five years it should reach the one-hundred

mark. Elk, deer and antelope have been placed in the range, and all save

the antelope are doing well. The Wichita Bison Range is an unqualified

success.

THE MONTANA NATIONAL BISON RANGE.--The opening of the Flathead Indian

Reservation to settlement, in 1909, afforded a golden opportunity to

locate in that region another national bison herd. Accordingly, in 1908,

the American Bison Society formulated a plan by which the establishment

of such a range and herd might be brought about. That plan was

successfully carried into effect, in 1909 and '10.

The Bison Society proposed to the national government to donate a herd

of at least twenty-five bison, provided Congress would purchase a range,

fence it and maintain the herd. The offer was immediately accepted, and

with commendable promptness Congress appropriated $40,000 with which to

purchase the range, and fence it. The Bison Society examined various

sites, and finally recommended what was regarded as an ideal location

situated near Ravalli, Montana, north of the Jocko River and Northern

Pacific Railway, and east of the Flathead River. The nearest stations

are Ravalli and Dixon.

The area of the range is about twenty-nine square miles (18,521 acres)

and for the purpose that it is to serve it is beautiful and perfect

beyond compare. In it the bison herd requires no winter feeding

whatever.

In 1910 the Bison Society raised by subscription a fund of $10,526, and

with it purchased 37 very perfect pure-blood bison from the famous

Conrad herd at Kalispell, 22 of which were females. One gift bison was

added by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodnight, two were presented by the

estate of Charles Conrad, and three were presented from the famous

Corbin herd, at Newport, N.H., by the Blue Mountain Forest Association.

Starting with that nucleus (of 43 head) in 1910, the herd has already

(1912) increased to 80 head. The herd came through the severe winter of

1911-1912 without having been fed any hay whatever, and the founders of

it confidently expect to live to see it increase to one thousand head.

THE GRAND CANYON NATIONAL GAME PRESERVE of northern Arizona, embraces

the entire Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, for a meandering distance

of 101 miles, and adjacent territory to an extent of 2,333 square miles

(1,492,928 acres). Owing to certain conditions, natural and otherwise,

it is not the finest place in the world for the peaceful increase of

wild game. The Canyon contains a few mountain sheep, and mule deer, but

Buckskin Mountain, on the northwestern side, is reeking with mountain

lions and gray wolves, and both those species should be shot out of the

entire Grand Canyon National Forest. It was on Buckskin and the western

wall of the Canyon itself that "Buffalo" Jones, Mr. Charles S. Bird, and

their party caught nine live mountain lions, in 1909.

I regret to say that "Buffalo" Jones's catalo experiment on the Kaibab

Plateau seems to have met an untimely and disappointing fate. For three

years the bison and domestic cattle crossed, and produced a number of

cataloes; but in 1911, practically the whole lot was wiped off the earth

by cattle rustlers! Mr. Jones thinks that it was guerrillas from

southern Utah who murdered his enterprise, partly for the reason that no

other persons were within striking distance of the herd.

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK.--This fine forest park is the great summer

outing ground of the people of the state of Washington. Its area is 324

square miles, and as its name implies it embraces Mount Rainier. Easily

accessible from Seattle and Tacoma, and fairly well--though not

\_adequately\_--provided with roads, trails, tent camps, hotels and livery

transportation, it is really the Yellowstone Park of the Northwest.

THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK in California is so well known that no

description of it is necessary. Its area is 1,124 square miles (719,622

acres). Its great value lies in its scenery, but along with that it is a

sanctuary for such of the wild mammals and birds of California as will

not wander beyond its borders to the certain death that awaits

everything that may legally be killed in that state.

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK.--Like all the National Parks of America

generally, this one also is a game sanctuary. It is situated on the

summit of the Cascade Mountains of Oregon. The wonderful Crater Lake

itself is 62 miles from Klamath Falls, 83 miles from Ashland, and it is

6 miles long, 4 miles wide and 200 feet deep. This National Park was

created by Act of Congress in 1902. Its area is 249 square miles

(159,360 acres), and it contains Columbian black-tailed deer, black

bear, the silver-gray squirrel, and many birds, chiefly members of the

grouse family. Owing to its lofty elevation, there are few ducks.

THE SEQUOIA AND GENERAL GRANT NATIONAL PARKS were created for the

special purpose of preserving the famous groves of "big trees,"

\_(Sequoia gigantea\_). The former is in Tulare County, the latter in

Tulare and Fresno counties, California, on the western slope of the

Sierra Nevadas. The area of Sequoia Park is 169,605 acres, and that of

General Grant Park is 2,560 acres. They are under the control of the

Interior Department. These Parks are important bird refuges, and Mr.

Walter Fry, Forest Ranger, reports in them the presence of 261 species

of birds, none of which may be hunted or shot. Into Sequoia Park 20

dwarf elk and 84 wild turkeys have been introduced, the former from the

herd of Miller and Lux.

OTHER NATIONAL PARKS

SULLY HILLS NATIONAL PARK, at Devil's Lake (Fort Totten), North Dakota.

Area 960 acres.

PLATT NATIONAL PARK, Sulphur Springs, Oklahoma; on account of many

mineral springs. Area 848 acres.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, Southwestern Colorado; on account of cliff

dwellings, and wonderful cliff and canyon scenery. Area, 66 square

miles.

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NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Under a special act of Congress, the President of the United States has

the power forever to set aside from private ownership and occupation any

important natural scenery, or curiosity, or wonderland, the preservation

of which may fairly be regarded as of National importance, and a duty to

the whole people of the United States. This is accomplished by

presidential proclamation creating a "national monument."

Under the terms of this act, 28 national monuments have been created, up

to 1912, of which 17 are under the jurisdiction of the Department of the

Interior, and 11 are managed by the Department of Agriculture. The full

list is as follows:

ALASKA: COLORADO: SOUTH DAKOTA:

Sitka Wheeler Jewel Cave

Colorado

ARIZONA:

Montezuma Castle MONTANA: UTAH:

Petrified Forest Lewis & Clark Cavern Natural Bridges

Tonto Big Hole Battlefield Mukuntuweap

Grand Canyon Rainbow Bridge

Tumacacori

Navajo NEW MEXICO:

El Morro WASHINGTON:

CALIFORNIA: Chaco Canyon Mount Olympus

Lassen Peak Gila Cliff Dwellings

Cinder Cove Gran Quivira

Muir Woods WYOMING:

Pinnacles OREGON: Devil's Tower

Devil's Postpile Oregon Caves Shoshone Cavern

\* \* \* \* \*

THE NATIONAL BIRD REFUGES.--Says Dr. T.S. Palmer[M]: "National bird

reservations have been established during the last ten years by

Executive order for the purpose of affording protection to important

breeding colonies of water birds, or to furnish refuges for migratory

species on their northern or southern flights, or during winter. With

few exceptions these reservations are either small rocky islets or

tracts of marsh land of no agricultural value."

[Footnote M: National Reservations for the Protection of Wild Life, by

T.S. Palmer, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Circular No. 87, Oct. 5, 1912.]

These reservations are of immense value to bird life, and their creation

represents the highest possible wisdom in utilizing otherwise valueless

portions of the national domain. Dr. Palmer's alphabetical list of them

is as follows, numbered in the order of their creation:

Belle Fourche, S. Dak. 34

Bering Sea, Alaska 44

Bogoslof, Alaska 51

Breton Island, La. 2

Bumping Lake, Wash. 39

Carlsbad, N. Mex. 31

Chase Lake, N. Dak. 20

Clealum, Wash. 38

Clear Lake, Cal. 52

Cold Springs, Oreg. 33

Conconully, Wash. 40

Copalis Rock, Wash. 13

Culebra, P. R. 48

Deer Flat, Idaho 29

East Park, Cal. 28

East Timhalier, La. 14

Farailon, Cal. 49

Flattery Rocks, Wash. 11

Forrester Island, Alaska 53

Green Bay, Wis. 56

Hawaiian Is., Hawaii 26

Hazy Islands, Alaska 54

Huron Islands, Mich. 4

Indian Key, Fla. 7

Island Bay, Fla. 24

Kachess, Wash. 37

Kecchelus, Wash. 36

Key West, Fla. 17

Klamath Lake, Oreg. 18

Loch-Katrine, Wyo. 25

Malheur Lake, Oreg. 19

Matlacha Pass, Fla. 23

Minidoka, Idaho 43

Mosquito Inlet, Fla. 15

Niobrara, Nebr. 55

Palma Sola, Fla. 22

Passage Key, Fla. 6

Pathfinder, Wyo. 41

Pelican Island, Fla. 1

Pine Island, Fla. 21

Pribilof, Alaska 50

Quillayute N'dles, Alaska 12

Rio Grande, N. Mex. 32

St. Lazaria, Alaska 46

Salt River, Ariz. 27

Shell Keys, La. 9

Shoshone, Wyo. 42

Siskiwit, Mich. 5

Strawberry Valley, Utah 35

Stump Lake, N. Dak. 3

Tern Islands, La. 8

Three Arch Rocks, Oreg. 10

Tortugas Keys, Fla. 16

Tuxedni, Alaska 45

Willow Creek, Mont. 30

Yukon Delta, Alaska 47

In addition to the above, the following governmental reservations have

been established for the protection of wild life: Yes Bay, Alaska, of

35,200 acres; Afognak Island, Alaska, 800 sq. miles; Midway Islands

Naval Reservation, H.T.; Farallon Island, Point Reyes and Ano Nuevo

Island, California; Destruction Island, Washington, and Hawaiian Islands

Reservation (Laysan).

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STATE GAME PRESERVES IN THE UNITED STATES

PENNSYLVANIA.--The proposition that every state, territory and province

in North America and everywhere else, should establish a series of state

forest and game preserves, is fairly incontestable. As a business

proposition it is to-day no more a debatable question, or open to

argument, than is the water supply or sewer system of a city. The only

perfect way to conserve a water supply for a great human population is

by acquiring title to water sheds, and either protecting the forests

upon them, or planting forests in case none exist.

In one important matter the state of Pennsylvania has been wide awake,

and in advance of the times. I will cite her system of forest reserves

and game preserves as a model plan for other states to follow; and I

sincerely hope that by the time the members of the present State Game

Commission have passed from earth the people of Pennsylvania will have

learned the value of the work they are now doing, and at least give them

the appreciation that is deserved by public-spirited citizens who do

large things for the People without hope of material reward. At this

moment, Commissioner John M. Phillips and Dr. Joseph Kalbfus are putting

their heart's blood into the business of preserving and increasing the

game and other wild life of Pennsylvania; and the utter lack of

appreciation that is now being shown \_in some quarters\_ is really

distressing. I refer particularly to the utterly misguided and mistaken

body of hunters and anglers having headquarters at Harrisburg, whose

members are grossly mislead into a wrong position by a man who seeks to

secure a salaried state position through the hostile organization that

he has built up, apparently for his own use. In the belief that those

members generally are mislead and not mean-spirited, and that the

organization contains a majority of conscientious sportsmen, I predict

that ere long the evil genius of Pennsylvania game protection will be

ordered to the rear, while the organization as a whole takes its place

on the side of the Game Commission, where it belongs.

The game sanctuary scheme that Pennsylvania has developed is so new that

as yet only a very small fraction of the people of that state either

understand it, or appreciate its far-reaching importance.

To begin with, Pennsylvania has acquired up to date about one million

acres of forest lands, scattered through 26 of the 67 counties of the

state. These great holdings are to be gradually increased. These wild

lands, including many sterile mountain "farms" of no real value for

agricultural purposes, have been acquired, first of all, for the purpose

of conserving the water supply of the state; and they are called the

State Forest Reserves.

Next in order, the State Game Commission has created, in favorable

localities in the forest reserves, five great game preserves. The plan

is decidedly novel and original, but is very simple withal. In the

center of a great tract of forest reserve, a specially desirable tract

has been chosen, and its boundaries marked out by the stringing of a

single heavy fence wire, surrounding the entire selection. The area

within that boundary wire is an absolute sanctuary for all wild

creatures save those that prey upon game, and in it no man may hunt

anything, nor fire a gun. The boundary wire is by no means a fence, for

it keeps nothing out nor in.

Outside of the wire and the sanctuary, men may hunt in the open season,

but at the wire every chase must end. If the hunted deer knows enough to

flee to the sanctuary when attacked, so much the better for the deer.

The tide of wild life ebbs and flows under the wire, and beyond a doubt

the deer and grouse will quickly find that within it lies absolute

safety. There the breeding and rearing of young may go on undisturbed.

In view of the fact that hunting may go on in the forest reserve areas

surrounding these sanctuaries, no intelligent sportsman needs to be told

that in a few years all such regions will be teeming with deer, grouse

and other game. Where there is one deer to-day there will be twenty ten

years hence,--because the law of Pennsylvania forbids the killing of

does; and then there will be twenty times the legitimate hunting that

there is to-day. For example, the Clinton County Game Preserve of 3,200

acres is surrounded by 128,000 acres of forest reserve, which form

legitimate hunting grounds for the game bred in the sanctuary reservoir.

In Clearfield County the game sanctuary is surrounded by 47,000 acres of

Forest Reserve.

The \_game\_ preserves created in Pennsylvania up to date are as follows:

In Clinton County 3,200 acres

In Clearfield County 3,200 acres

In Franklin County 3,200 acres

In Perry County 3,200 acres

In Westmoreland County 2,500 acres

It is the deliberate intention of the Game Commission to increase these

game preserves until there is at least one in each county.

It is the policy of the Commission to clear out of the game sanctuaries

all the mammals and birds that destroy wild life, such as foxes, mink,

weasels, skunks and destructive hawks and owls. This is accomplished

partly by buying old horses, killing them in the preserves and poisoning

them thoroughly with strychnine.

Each preserve now contains a nucleus herd of white-tailed deer, some of

them imported from northern Michigan. Ruffed grouse are breeding

rapidly, and in the Clearfield County Preserve there are said to be at

least three thousand. The Game Commission considers it a patriotic duty

to preserve the wild turkey, ruffed grouse and quail, rather than have

those species replaced at great expense by species imported from the old

world. In their work for the protection, preservation and increase of

the game of Pennsylvania--partly for the purpose of providing legitimate

hunting for the mechanic as well as the millionaire,--the State Game

Commissioners are putting a great amount of thought and labor, and

whenever their efforts are criticized, their motives impugned or their

honesty questioned by men who are not worthy to unlace their shoes, it

makes me tired and angry.

NEW YORK:

THE ADIRONDACK STATE PARK.--With wise and commendable forethought, the

state of New York has preserved in the Adirondack wilderness, familiarly

known as "the North Woods," a magnificent forest domain forever

dedicated to campers, outdoorsmen and hunters. At present (1912) it

contains 2,031 square miles (1,300,000 acres) of forest-clad hills,

valleys and mountains, adorned by countless lakes and streams. By some

persons it has been believed that in the State's forests the cutting and

sale of large trees would be justifiable business, and agreeable to the

public; but it has been demonstrated that this is not the case. The

people of the state firmly object to the havoc that is \_unavoidably\_

wrought by logging operations in beautiful forests. The state does not

yet need any of the money that could be derived from such operations.

The chief anxiety of the public is that hereafter forest fires shall be

prevented, no matter what fire protection may cost! The burning of coal

on any railway operated through the Adirondacks should be made a penal

offense.

MONTANA:

In 1911 Governor Norris, Senator Cone and the legislature of Montana, at

the solicitation of W.R. Felton, L.A. Huffman and others, created the

SNOW CREEK GAME PRESERVE, fronting for ten miles on the Missouri River,

in the northern side of Dawson County. It is a magnificent tract of

bad-lands, very deeply eroded and carved, and highly picturesque. The

new state preserve contains 96 square miles, but there is so little

grazing ground for antelope and bison it is absolutely imperative that a

narrow strip of level grass land should be added along the southern

border. This proposed addition is being fiercely resisted, by an

organized movement of the sheep owners of Montana (the National Wool

Growers' Association), who naturally want the public domain for the free

grazing of their tariff-protected sheep-herds. It remains to be seen

whether the \_three\_ sheep men south of the preserve,--the only men who

really are affected,--will be able to thwart a movement that has for its

object the development of a very good game preserve for the benefit of

the ninety millions of the general American public. The range is

necessary to contain representatives of the big game of the plains that

has been so ruthlessly swept away, and particularly the vanishing

prong-horned antelope, once very numerous in that region.

In order to relieve the sheep men of all trouble on account of that

preserve, the area should be enlarged to the right dimensions and made a

national preserve. A bill for that purpose (Senate 5,286) is now before

the Senate, in Senator McLean's Committee, and \_help is needed\_ to

overcome the active hostility of the sheep men, \_who vow that it never

shall be passed\_! All persons who read this are invited to take this

matter up with their Senators and Representatives, without a moment's

delay.

WYOMING:

THE TETON STATE PRESERVE.--One of the largest and most important state

game preserves thus far established by any of our states is that which

was created by Wyoming, in 1904. It is situated along the south of, and

fully adjoining, the Yellowstone Park, and its area is 900 square miles

(576,000 acres). Its special purpose is to supplement for the elk herds

and other big game the protection from killing that previously had been

found in the Yellowstone Park alone. The State Preserve is an admirable

half-way house for the migrating herds when they leave the National Park

to seek their regular winter ranges in and around the Jackson Valley.

[Illustration: BIRD RESERVATIONS ON THE GULF COAST AND FLORIDA]

In 1909, Wyoming established the Big Horn Game Preserve, in the mountain

range of that name. Into it 25 elk were taken from Jackson Hole, and set

free, in 1910, at the expense of the Sheridan County Sportsmen's Club.

LOUISIANA:

Great developments for the preservation of wild life have recently been

witnessed in Louisiana, all due to the initiative and persistent

activities of two men, Edward A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, La., and

Charles Willis Ward, of Michigan, lumberman and horticulturist.

THE LOUISIANA STATE WILD FOWL REFUGE on Vermillion Bay, has an area of

13,000 acres. It was presented to the state by Messrs. Ward and

McIlhenny, and formally accepted and protected. It contains a great area

of fresh-water ponds and marshy meadows, wherein grows an abundant

supply of food for wild fowl. It contains several miles of gravel beach,

which during the winter season is visited by thousands of wild geese in

quest of their indispensable supply of gravel. The ponds within its

borders furnish feeding-grounds for canvasback ducks, redhead, mallard,

blackhead and various species of wild geese.

OTHER STATE GAME PRESERVES

Acres

IDAHO.--Payette River Game Preserve 230,000

CALIFORNIA.--Pinnacles Game Preserve 2,080

WYOMING.--Big Horn Mountains Game Preserve.

MONTANA.--Yellowstone Game Preserve.

Pryor Mountain Game Preserve.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

GAME PRESERVES AND GAME LAWS IN CANADA

As now set forth on the map of North America, Canada is a vast country.

We must no longer think of Ontario and Quebec as "Canada West" and

"Canada East," because the new assistant-nation owns and rules

everything from Labrador to British Columbia, and all the northern

mainland save Alaska.

Although the fauna of Canada is strictly boreal, it is sufficiently

dispersed and diversified to demand wise legislation, and plenty of it.

For a nation with an outfit of provinces so new, Canada already is well

advanced in the matter of game laws and game preserves, and in some

respects she has set the pace for her southern neighbors. For example,

in New Brunswick we see the lordly moose successfully hunted for sport,

not only without being exterminated but actually on a basis that permits

it to increase in number. In Nova Scotia we see a law in force \_which

successfully prohibits the waste of moose meat\_, a loss that

characterizes moose hunting everywhere else throughout the range of that

animal. All over southern Canada the use of automatic shotguns in

hunting is strictly prohibited.

On the other hand, the laws of the Canadians are weak in not preventing

the sale of all wild game and the killing of antelope. In the matter of

game-selling, there are far too many open doors, and a sweeping reform

is very necessary.

Speaking generally, and with application from Labrador to British

Columbia, the American process of game extermination according to law is

vigorously and successfully being pursued by the people of Canada. The

open seasons are too long, and the bag limits are too generous to the

gunners. As it is elsewhere, the bag-limit laws on birds are a farce,

because it is impossible to enforce them, save on every tenth man. For

example, in his admirable "Final Report of the Ontario Game and

Fisheries Commission" (1912), Commissioner Kelly Evans says:

"The prairie chicken, which formerly was comparatively plentiful

throughout the greater portion of the Rainy River District, has now

become practically extinct in that region. Various causes have been

assigned for this, but it would seem, as usual, to have been mainly the

fault of indiscriminate and excessive slaughter." (Page 226.)

Like the United States, the various portions of Canada have their

various local troubles in wild-life protection. I think the greatest

practical difficulties, and the most real opposition to adequate

measures, is found in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Is it because

the French-descended population is impatient of real restraint, and

objects to measures that are drastic, even though they are necessary? In

Ontario, Commissioner Evans has been splendidly supported by the

Government, and by all the real sportsmen of that province; but the

gunners and guerrillas of destruction have successfully postponed

several of the reforms that he has advocated, and which should have been

carried into effect.

So far as \_public\_ moral support for game protection is concerned I

think that the prairie and mountain provinces have the best of it. In

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Athabasca and British Columbia, the

spirit of the people is mainly correct, and the chief thing that seems

to be lacking is a Kelly Evans in each of those provinces to urge public

sentiment into strong action. For example, why should Alberta still

permit the hunting and killing of prong-horned antelope, when it is so

well known that that species is vanishing like a mist before the morning

sun? I think it is because no one seems to have risen up as G.O. Shields

did in the United States, to make a big fuss about it, and demand a

reform. At any rate, all the provinces of Canada that still possess

antelope should \_immediately pass laws giving that species absolute

close seasons for ten years\_. Why neglect it longer, when such neglect

is now so very wrong? Whether this is done or not, I sincerely hope that

hereafter no true American sportsman, will be guilty of killing one of

the vanishing antelope of Canada, even though "the law doth give it."

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THE GAME PRESERVES OF CANADA

In the creation of National parks and game preserves, some of the

provinces of the Canadian nation have displayed a degree of foresight

and enterprise that merits sincere admiration. While in different

provinces the exact status of these establishments may vary somewhat,

the main purpose of each is the same,--the preservation of the forests

and the wild life. In all of them a regulated amount of fishing is

permitted, and in some the taking of fur-bearing animals is permitted;

but I believe in all the birds and furless mammals are strictly

protected. In some parks the carrying of firearms still is permitted,

but that privilege is quite out of harmony with the spirit and purposes

of a game preserve, and should be abolished. If it is necessary to carry

firearms through a preserve, as often happens in the Yellowstone Park,

it can be done under seals that are affixed by duly appointed officers

and thus will temptation be kept out of the way of sinners.

Up to this date I never have seen a publication which set forth in one

place even so much as an annotated list of the game preserves of the

various provinces of Canada, and at present exact information regarding

them is rather difficult to obtain. It seems that an adequate

governmental publication on this subject is now due, and overdue.

ONTARIO.--"At the present time," says Commissioner Evans in his "Final

Report," "the Algonquin National Park is the only actual game preserve

in the Province, being in fact a game reserve and not a forest reserve;

but in the past at least a measure of protection would seem to have been

afforded the game in most of the [forest] reserves, owing to the fact

that the carrying of firearms therein has been discouraged, and it would

appear to require but the passing of an Order-in-Council to render the

carrying of firearms in all reserves illegal. It is sincerely to be

hoped that not only will such action be taken without delay, but also

that all the forest reserves will be declared game reserves in the

strictest sense."

To this sentiment all friends of wild life will join a fervent wish for

its realization. As conditions are to-day, it is \_impossible to have too

many game reserves\_! There is everything to gain and nothing to lose by

making every national forest and forest reserve on the whole continent

of North America a game preserve in the strictest sense, and we hope to

live to see that end accomplished, both in the United States and Canada.

\_The Algonquin National Park\_ is situated in the Parry Sound region,

just above the Muskoka Lakes, and it has an area of 1,930 square miles.

It is well stocked with moose, caribou, white-tailed deer, black bear

and beaver. During the period of protection the beaver have increased so

greatly that about 1,000 were trapped last year for the market, by

officers of the government; and about 25 were sold to zoological gardens

and parks, at $25 each.

\_The Quetico Forest Reserve\_, area 1,560 square miles, was created as

the Canadian complement of the Minnesota National Forest and Game

Preserve. The two join on the international boundary, and each helps to

protect the other. Both are well stocked with moose, and will render

valuable service in the preservation of a mid-continental contingent of

that species.

ALBERTA.--In the making of game preserves the province of Alberta has

been splendidly progressive and liberal. The total result is fairly

beyond the reach of ordinary words of praise. It sets a pace that should

result in wide-spread benefits to the wild life of North America. In it

there is nothing faint-hearted. It should make some of our States think

seriously regarding their own shortcomings in this particular field of

endeavor.

ALBERTA'S NATIONAL PARKS

Acres Sq. miles

Rocky Mountains Park 2,764,800 4,320

Yoho Park 1,799,680 2,812

Glacier Park 1,474,560 2,304

Buffalo Park 384,000 600

Elk Island Park 40,000 62

Jasper Park 3,488,000 5,450

Waterton Lakes Park 34,560 54

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9,985,600 15,602

\_The Rocky Mountains Park\_ is near Banff. The \_Yoho\_ and \_Glacier Parks\_

are near Field. The \_Buffalo Park\_ is near Wainwright, on the plains,

and it was created and fenced especially as a home for the herd of

American bison that was purchased in Montana in 1909. It now contains

1,052 head of bison, 20 moose, 35 deer, 7 elk, and 6 antelope.

\_The Elk Island Park\_ is near Fort Saskatchewan and Lamont, and at this

date (1912) it contains 53 bison, 28 elk, 30 deer and 5 moose. The bison

subsist entirely by grazing, and upon hay cut within the Park.

\_Jasper Park\_, established in 1908, is on the Athabasca River and the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, near Strathcona. Sixty miles of the railway

line lie within the Park. Scenically, Jasper Park is a rival of Rocky

Mountains Park, and undoubtedly possesses great attractions for

travellers who appreciate the beauties and grandeur of Nature as

expressed in mountains, valleys, lakes and streams.

\_Waterton Lakes Park\_ is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of

Alberta, in the Rocky Mountains surrounding the Waterton Lakes. At

present it is nine miles long from north to south and six miles wide,

with its southern end resting on the international boundary, and

adjoining our Glacier Park. It is the home of a few bands of mountain

sheep that carry very large horns. Through the initiative of Frederick

K. Vreeland, the Camp-Fire Club of America two years ago represented to

the Government of Alberta the great desirability of enlarging this

preserve, toward the north and west, the better to protect the mountain

sheep and other big game of that region. The suggestion was received in

a friendly spirit, and there is good reason to hope that at an early

date the enlargement will be made.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.--This province has made an excellent beginning in the

creation of game preserves. The first agitation on that subject was

begun in 1906, by two sportsmen whose names in connection with it have

long since been forgotten. On November 15, 1908, the Legislative Council

of British Columbia issued a proclamation that created a very fine game

preserve in the East Kootenai District, between the Elk and Bull Rivers

and northwestward thereof to the White River country. By an unfortunate

oversight, the new preserve never has been officially named, but we may

designate it here as

\_The Elk River Game Preserve\_.--This preserve has a total area of about

450 square miles, and includes a fine tract of mountains, valleys, lakes

and streams. It contained in 1908 about 1,000 mountain goats, 200 sheep,

a few elk and deer, and about 50 grizzly bears. All these have notably

increased during the period of absolute protection that they have

enjoyed. It is probable that this preserve contains more white mountain

goats than any other preserve that thus far has been made. It was in

this region that Mr. John M. Phillips and Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne

made the first mountain goat photographs ever made at close range. It is

to be hoped that the protection of this preserve, both as to its wild

life and its timber, will be made perpetual.

\_Frazer River Preserve\_.--Next after the above there was created in

British Columbia a game preserve covering a large portion of the

mountain territory that rises between the North and South Forks of the

Fraser River. It is about 75 miles long by 30 miles wide and contains

about 2,250 square miles. Concerning its character and wild-life

population we have no details.

\_Yalakom Game Preserve\_.--On the north side of Bridge River (a western

tributary of the Fraser), about twenty miles above Lilloet. there has

been established a game preserve having an area of about 215 square

miles.

MANITOBA.--In the making of game preserves, Manitoba has made an

excellent beginning. It is good to see from Duck Mountain in the north

to Turtle Mountain in the south a chain of four liberal preserves, each

one protected in unmistakable terms as follows: "Carrying firearms,

hunting or trapping strictly prohibited within this area."

The lake regions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta form what is

probably the most important wild-fowl breeding-ground in North America.

To a great extent it rests with those provinces to say whether the

central United States shall have any ducks and geese, or not! \_It is

high time that an international treaty should be made between the United

States, Canada and Mexico for the federal protection of all migratory

birds\_.

These preserves are of course intended to conserve wild-fowl,

shore-birds, grouse and all other birds, as well as big game. Thanks to

the cooperation of Mr. J.M. Macoun, of the Canadian Geological Survey, I

am able to offer the following:

LIST OF MANITOBA'S GAME PRESERVES

DUCK MOUNTAIN PRESERVE 324 sq. miles, 207,360 acres.

RIDING MOUNTAIN PRESERVE 360 " " 230,000 "

SPRUCE WOODS PRESERVE 64 " " 40,960 "

TURTLE MOUNTAIN PRESERVE 100 " " 64,000 "

848 " " 542,320 "

Manitoba is to be congratulated on this record.

QUEBEC.--This province has created two huge game preserves, well worthy

of the fauna that they are intended to conserve when all hunting in them

is prohibited!

\_The Laurentides National Park\_ is second in area of all the national

parks of Canada, being surpassed only by the Rocky Mountains Park of

British Columbia. Its area is 3565 square miles, or 2,281,600 acres. It

occupies the entire central portion of the great area surrounded by Lake

St. John, the Saguenay River, the wide portion of the St. Lawrence, and

the St. Maurice River on the west. Its southern boundary is in several

places only 16 miles from the St. Lawrence, while its most northern

angle is within 13 miles of Lake St. John. Its greatest width from east

to west is 71 miles, and its greatest length from north to south is 79

miles. It covers a huge watershed in which over a dozen large rivers and

many small ones have their sources. It is indeed a forest primeval. The

rivers are well stocked with fish, and the big game includes moose,

woodland caribou, black bear, lynx, beaver, marten, fisher, mink, fox,

and--sad to say--the gray wolf. The caribou live in rather small bands,

from 10 up to 100.

Unfortunately, hunting under license is permitted in the Laurentian

National Park, and therefore it is by no means a \_real\_ game preserve!

It is a near-preserve.

\_The Gaspesian Forest, Fish and Game Preserve\_, created in 1906, is in

"the Gaspe country," and it has an area of 2500 square miles situated in

the eastern Quebec counties of Gaspe and Matane.

\_The Connaught National Park\_, to be named in honor of H.R.H. the Duke

of Connaught, has been proposed by Mr. J.M. Macoun, of the Canadian

Geological Survey. The general location chosen is the mountains and

forested territory north of Ottawa and the Ottawa River, within easy

access from the Canadian capitol. On the map the location recommended

lies between the Gatineau River on the east and Wolf Lake on the west.

The proposal is meeting with much popular favor, and it is extremely

probable that it will be carried into effect at an early date.

LABRADOR.--During the past two years Lieut.-Col. William Wood has

strongly advocated the making of game preserves in Labrador, that will

not only tend to preserve the scanty fauna of that region from

extinction but will also aid in bringing it back. While Col. Wood's very

energetic and praiseworthy campaign has not yet been crowned with

success, undoubtedly it will be successful in the near future, because

ultimately such causes always win their objects, provided they are

prosecuted with the firm and unflagging persistence which has

characterized this particular campaign. We congratulate Col. Wood on the

success that he \_will achieve\_ in the near future!

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GAME LAWS OF THE CANADIAN PROVINCES

ALBERTA.--The worst feature of the Alberta laws is the annual open

season on antelope, two of which may be killed under each license. This

is \_entirely wrong\_, and a perpetual close season should at once be

enacted. Duck shooting in August is wrong, and the season should not

open until September. It is not right that duck-killing should be made

so easy and so fearfully prolonged that extermination is certain. \_All

killing of cranes and shore birds should be absolutely stopped, for five

years\_. No wheat-producing province can afford the expense to the wheat

crops of the slaughter of shore birds, \_thirty species\_ of which are

great crop-protectors.

The bag limit of two sheep is too high, by 50 per cent. It should

immediately be cut down to one sheep, before sheep hunting in Alberta

becomes a lost art. \_Sheep hunting should not be encouraged\_--quite the

reverse! There are already too many sheep-crazy sportsmen. The bag limit

on grouse and ptarmigan of 20 per day or 200 in a season is simply

legalized slaughter, no more and no less, and if it is continued, a

grouseless province will be the quick result. The birds are not

sufficiently numerous to withstand the guns on that basis. Alberta

should be wiser than the states below the international boundary that

are annihilating their remnants of birds as fast as they can be found.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.--We note with much satisfaction that the Provincial

Game Warden, Mr. A. Bryan Williams, has been allowed $37,000 for the pay

of game wardens, and $28,000 for the destruction of wolves, coyotes,

pumas and other game-destroying animals. During the past two years the

following game-destroyers were killed, and bounties were paid upon them:

1909-10 1910-11

Wolves 655 518

Coyotes 1,464 3,653

Cougars 382 277

Horned Owls 854 2,285

Golden Eagles 29 73

3,374 6,806

"Now," says Warden Williams in his excellent annual report for 1911, "in

these two years a total of 2,896 wolves and cougars and 5,141 coyotes

were destroyed, as well as a number of others poisoned and not recovered

for the bounty. Allowing fifty head for each wolf and cougar and ten for

each coyote, by their bounties alone 196,210 head of game and domestic

animals were saved. Is it any wonder that deer are increasing almost

everywhere?"

The great horned owl has been and still is a great scourge to the upland

game birds, partly because when game is abundant "they become

fastidious, and eat only the brains of their prey." The destruction of

3,139 of them on the Lower Mainland during the last two years has made

these owls sing very small, and says the warden, "Is it any wonder that

grouse are again increasing?"

I have discussed with the Provincial Game Warden the advisability of

putting a limit of one on the grizzly bear, but Mr. Williams advances

good reasons for the opinion that it would be impracticable to do so at

present. I am quite sure, however, that the time has already arrived

when a limit of one is necessary. During the present year three of my

friends who went hunting in British Columbia, \_each killed 3 grizzly

bears!\_ Hereafter I will "locate" no more bear hunters in that country

until the bag limit is reduced to one grizzly per year. Since 1905 the

trapping of bears south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway

has been stopped; and an excellent move too. A Rocky Mountain without a

grizzly bear is like a tissue-paper rose.

The bag limit on the big game of British Columbia is at least twice too

liberal,--five deer, two elk, two moose (one in Kootenay County), three

caribou and three goats. There is no necessity for such wasteful

liberality. Few sportsmen go to British Columbia for the sake of a large

lot of animals. I know many men who have been there to hunt, and the

great majority cared more for the scenery and the wild romance of

camping out in ground mountains than for blood and trophies.

MANITOBA.--What are we to think of a "bag limit" of fifty ducks per day

in October and November? A "limit" indeed! Evidently, Manitoba is tired

of having ducks, ruffed grouse, pinnated and other grouse pestering her

farmers and laborers. While assuming to fix bag limits that will be of

some benefit to those species, the limit is distinctly off, and nothing

short of a quick and drastic reform will save a remnant that will remain

visible to the naked eye.

NEW BRUNSWICK.--This is the banner province in the protection of moose,

caribou and deer, even while permitting them to be shot for sport. Of

course, only males are killed, and I am assured by competent judges that

thus far the killing of the finest and largest male moose has had no bad

effect upon the stature or antlers of the species as a whole.

NOVA SCOTIA.--If there is anything wrong with the game laws of Nova

Scotia, it lies in the wide-open sale of moose meat and all kinds of

feathered game during the open season. If that province were more

heavily populated, it would mean a great destruction of game. Even with

conditions as they are, the sale permitted is entirely wrong, and

against the best interests of 97 per cent of the people.

As previously mentioned, the law against the waste of moose meat is both

novel and admirable. The saving of any considerable portion of the flesh

of a full-grown bull moose, along with its head, is a large order; but

it is right. The degree of accountability to which guides are held for

the doings of the men whom they pilot into the woods is entirely

commendable, and worthy of imitation. If a sportsman or gunner does the

wrong thing, the guide loses his license.

SASKATCHEWAN.--This is another of the too-liberal provinces having no

real surplus of big game with which to sustain for any length of time an

excess of generosity. I am told that in this province there is now a

great deal of open country around each wild animal. And yet, it

cheerfully offers two moose, two elk, two caribou and two \_antelope\_ per

season to each licensed gunner or sportsman. The limit is too generous

by half. Why throw away an extra $250 worth of game with each license?

That is precisely what the people of Saskatchewan are doing to-day.

And that antelope-killing! It should be stopped at once, and for ten

years.

YUKON.--This province permits the sale of all the finest and best wild

game within its borders,--moose, elk, caribou, \_bison\_, musk-ox, sheep

and goats! The flesh of all these may be sold during the open season,

and for sixty days thereafter. Of the species named above, the barren

ground caribou is the only one regarding which we need not worry;

because that species still exists in millions. The Osborn caribou

(\_Rangifer osborni\_), can be exterminated in our own times, because it is

nowhere really numerous, and it inhabits exposed situations.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII

PRIVATE GAME PRESERVES

Primarily, in the early days of the Man-on-Horseback, the self-elected

and predatory lords of creation evolved the private game preserve as a

scheme for preventing other fellows from shooting, and for keeping the

game sacred to slaughter by themselves. The idea of conserving the game

was a fourth-rate consideration, the first being the estoppel of the

other man. The old-world owner of a game preserve delights in the annual

killing of the surplus game, and we have even heard it whispered that in

the Dark Ages there were kings who enjoyed the wholesale slaughter of

deer, wild boar, pheasants and grouse. If we may accept as true the

history of sport in Europe, there have been men who have loved slaughter

with a genuine blood-lust that is quite foreign to the real

nature-loving sportsman.

In America, the impulse is different. Here, there is raging a genuine

fever for private game preserves. Some of those already existing are of

fine proportions, and cost fortunes to create. Every true sportsman who

is rich enough to own a private game preserve, sooner or later acquires

one. You will find them scattered throughout the temperate zone of North

America from the Bay of Fundy to San Diego. I have had invitations to

visit preserves in an unbroken chain from the farthest corner of Quebec

to the Pacific Coast, and from Grand Island, Lake Superior to the Gulf

of Mexico. It was not necessarily to hunt, and kill something, but to

\_see\_ the game, and the beauties of nature.

The wealthy American and Canadian joyously buys a tract of wilderness,

fences it, stocks it with game both great and small, and provides game

keepers for all the year round. At first he has an idea that he will

"hunt" therein, and that his guests will hunt also, and actually kill

game. In a mild way, this fiction sometimes is maintained for years. The

owner may each year shoot two or three head of his surplus big game, and

his tenderfoot guests who don't know what real hunting is may also kill

something, each year. But in most of the American preserves with which I

am well acquainted, the gentlemanly "sport" of "hunting big game" is

almost a joke. The trouble is, usually, the owner becomes so attached to

his big game, and admires it so sincerely, he has not the heart to kill

it himself; and he finds no joy whatever in seeing it shot down by

others!

In this country the slaughter of game for the market is not considered a

gentlemanly pastime, even though there is a surplus of preserve-bred

game that must be reduced. To the average American, the slaughter of

half-tame elk, deer and birds that have been bred in a preserve does not

appeal in the least. He knows that in the protection of a preserve, the

wild creatures lose much of their fear of man, and become easy marks;

and shall a real sportsman go out with a gun and a bushel of cartridges,

on a pony, and without warning betray the confidence of the wild in

terms of fire and blood? Others may do it if they like; but as a rule

that is not what an American calls "sport." One wide-awake and

well-armed grizzly bear or mountain sheep outwitted on a mountain-side

is worth more as a sporting proposition than a quarter of a mile of deer

carcasses laid out side by side on a nice park lawn to be photographed

as "one day's kill."

In America, the shooting of driven game is something of which we know

little save by hearsay. In Europe, it is practiced on everything from

Scotch grouse to Italian ibex. The German Crown Prince, in his

fascinating little volume "From My Hunting Day-Book," very neatly fixes

the value of such shooting, as a real sportsman's proposition, in the

following sentence:

"The shooting of driven game is merely a question of marksmanship, and

is after all more in the nature of a shooting exercise than sport."

I have seen some shooting in preserves that was too tame to be called

sport; but on the other hand I can testify that in grouse shooting as it

is done behind the dogs on Mr. Carnegie's moor at Skibo, it is sport in

which the hunter earns every grouse that falls to his gun. At the same

time, also, I believe that the shooting of madly running ibex, as it is

done by the King of Italy in his three mountain preserves, is

sufficiently difficult to put the best big-game hunter to the test.

There are times when shooting driven game calls for far more dexterity

with the rifle than is ordinarily demanded in the still-hunt.

In America, as in England and on the Continent of Europe, private game

preserves are so numerous it is impossible to mention more than a very

few of them, unless one devotes a volume to the subject. Probably there

are more than five hundred, and no list of them is "up to date" for more

than one day, because the number is constantly increasing. I make no

pretense even of possessing a list of those in America, and I mention

only a few of those with which I am best acquainted, by way of

illustration.

One of the earliest and the most celebrated deer parks of the United

States was that of Hon. John Dean Caton, of two hundred acres, located

near Ottawa, Ill., established about 1859. It was the experiments and

observations made in that park that yielded Judge Caton's justly famous

book on "The Antelope and Deer of America."

The first game preserve established by an incorporated club was

"Blooming Grove Park," of one thousand acres, in Pennsylvania, where

great success has been attained in the breeding and rearing of

white-tailed deer.

In the eastern United States the most widely-known game preserve is Blue

Mountain Forest Park, near Newport, New Hampshire. It was founded in

1885, by the late Austin Corbin, and has been loyally and diligently

maintained by Austin Corbin, Jr., George S. Edgell and the other members

of the Corbin family. Ownership is vested in the Blue Mountain Forest

Association. The area of the preserve is 27,000 acres, and besides

embracing much fine forest on Croydon Mountain, it also contains many

converted farms whose meadow lands afford good grazing.

This preserve contains a large herd of bison (86 head), elk,

white-tailed deer, wild boar and much smaller game. The annual surplus

of bison and other large game is regularly sold and distributed

throughout the world for the stocking of other parks and zoological

gardens. Each year a few surplus deer are quietly killed for the Boston

market, but a far greater number are sold alive, at from $25 to $30 each

in carload lots.

In the Adirondacks of northern New York, there are a great many private

game preserves. Dr. T.S. Palmer, in his pamphlet on "Private Game

Preserves" (Department of Agriculture) places the number at 60, and

their total area at 791,208 acres. Some of them have caused much

irritation among some of the hunting, fishing and trapping residents of

the Adirondack region. They seem to resent the idea of the exclusive

ownership of lands that are good hunting-grounds. This view of property

rights has caused much trouble and some bloodshed, two persons having

been killed for presuming to assert exclusive rights in large tracts of

wilderness property.

"In the upland preserve under private ownership." says Dr. Palmer, "may

be found one of the most important factors in the maintenance of the

future supply of game and game birds. Nearly all such preserves are

maintained for the propagation of deer, quail, grouse, or pheasants.

They vary widely in area, character, and purpose, and embrace some of

the largest game refuges in the country. Some of the preserves in North

Carolina cover from 15,000 to 30,000 acres; several in South Carolina

exceed 60,000 acres in extent." The Megantic Club's northern preserve,

on the boundary between Quebec and Maine, embraces nearly 200 square

miles, or upward of 125,000 acres.

Comparatively few of the larger preserves are enclosed, and on such

grounds, hunting becomes sport quite as genuine as it is in regions open

to free hunting. In some instances part of the tract is fenced, while

large unenclosed areas are protected by being posted. The character of

their tenure varies also. Some are owned in fee simple; others,

particularly the larger ones, are leased, or else comprise merely the

shooting rights on the land. In both size and tenure, the upland

preserves of the United States are comparable with the grouse moors and

large deer forests of Scotland.

Of the game preserves in the South, I know one that is quite ideal. It

is St. Vincent Island, near Apalachicola, Florida, in the northern edge

of the Gulf of Mexico. It was purchased in 1909 by Dr. Ray V. Pierce,

and his guests kill perhaps one hundred ducks each year out of the

thousands that flock to the ten big ponds that occupy the eastern third

of the island. Into those ponds much good duck food has been

introduced,--\_Potamogeton pectinatus\_ and \_perfoliatus\_. The area of

the island is twenty square miles. Besides being a great winter resort

for ducks, its sandy, pine-covered ridges and jungles of palms to and

live oak afford fine haunts and feeding grounds for deer. Those jungles

contain two species of white-tailed deer (\_Odocoileus louisiana\_ and

\_osceola\_), and Dr. Pierce has introduced the Indian sambar deer and

Japanese sika deer \_(Cervus sika\_), both of which are doing well. We are

watching the progress of those big sambar deer with very keen interest,

and it is to be recorded that already that species has crossed with the

Louisiana white-tailed deer.

[Illustration: MAP OF MARSH ISLAND AND ADJACENT WILD-FOWL PRESERVES]

During the autumn of 1912, public attention in the United States was for

a time focused on the purchase of Marsh Island, Louisiana, by Mrs.

Russell Sage, and its permanent dedication to the cause of wild-life

protection. This delightful event has brought into notice the Louisiana

State Game Preserve of 13,000 acres near Marsh Island, and its

hinterland (and water) of 11,000 acres adjoining, which constitutes the

Ward-McIlhenny Wild Fowl Preserve. These three great preserves taken

together as they lie form a wild-fowl sanctuary of great size, and of

great value to the whole Mississippi Valley. Now that all duck-shooting

therein has been stopped, it is safe to predict that they shortly will

be inhabited by a wild-fowl population that will really stagger the

imagination.

DUCK-SHOOTING "PRESERVES."--A ducking "preserve" is a large tract of

land and water owned by a few individuals, or a club, for the purpose of

preserving exclusively for themselves and their friends the best

possible opportunities for killing large numbers of ducks and geese

without interference. In no sense whatever are they intended to preserve

or increase the supply of wild fowl. The real object of their existence

is duck and goose slaughter. For example, the worst goose-slaughter

story on record comes to us from the grounds of the Glenn County Club in

California, whereon, as stated elsewhere, two men armed with automatic

shotguns killed 218 geese in one hour, and bagged a total of 452 in one

day.

I shall not attempt to give any list of the so-called ducking

"preserves." The word "preserve," when applied to them, is a misnomer.

Thirteen states have these incorporated slaughtering-grounds for ducks

and geese, the greatest number being in California, Illinois, North

Carolina and Virginia. California has carried the ducking-club idea to

the limit where it is claimed that it constitutes an abuse. Dr. Palmer

says that one or two of the club preserves on the western side of the

San Joaquin Valley contain upward of \_40 square miles, or 25,000 acres

each\_! With considerable asperity it is now publicly charged (in the

columns of \_The Examiner\_ of San Francisco) that for the unattached

sportsmen there is no longer any duck-shooting to be had in California,

because all the good ducking-grounds are owned and exclusively

controlled by clubs. In many states the private game preserves are a

source of great irritation, and many have been attacked in courts of

law.[N]

[Footnote N: "Private Game Preserves and their Future in the United

States," by T.S. Palmer, United States Department of Agriculture, 1910.]

But I am not sorrowing over the woes of the unattached duck-hunter, or

in the least inclined to champion his cause against the ducking-club

member. As slaughterers and exterminators of wild-fowl, rarely

exercising mercy under ridiculous bag-limits, they have both been too

heedless of the future, and one is just as bad for the game as the

other. If either of them favored the game, I would be on his side; but I

see no difference between them. They both kill right up to the

bag-limit, as often as they can; and that is what is sweeping away all

our feathered game.

Curiously enough, the angry unattached duck-hunters of California are

to-day proposing to have revenge on the duck-clubbers by \_removing all

restrictions on the sale of game\_! This is on the theory that the

duckless sportsmen of the State of California would like to \_buy\_ dead

ducks and geese for their tables! It is a novel and original theory, but

the sane people of California never will enact it into law. It would be

a step just \_twenty years backward\_!

THE PUBLIC vs. THE PRIVATE GAME PRESERVE.--Both the executive and the

judiciary branches of our state governments will in the future be called

upon with increasing frequency to sit in judgment on this case.

Conditions about us are rapidly changing. The precepts of yesterday may

be out of date and worthless tomorrow. By way of introspection, let us

see what principles of equity toward Man and Nature we would lay down as

the basis of our action if we were called to the bench. Named in logical

sequence they would be about as follows:

1. Any private game "preserve" that is maintained chiefly as a

slaughter-ground for wild game, either birds or mammals, may become

detrimental to the interests of the people at large.

[Illustration: EGRETS AND HERONS IN SANCTUARY ON MARSH ISLAND]

2. It is not necessarily the duty of any state to provide for the

maintenance of private death-traps for the wholesale slaughter of

\_migratory\_ game.

3. An oppressive monopoly in the slaughter of migratory game is

detrimental to the interests of the public at large, the same as any

other monopoly.

4. Every de facto game preserve, maintained for the preservation of wild

life rather than for its slaughter, is an institution beneficial to the

public at large, and therefore entitled to legal rights and privileges

above and beyond all which may rightly be accorded to the so-called

"preserves" that are maintained as killing-grounds.

5. The law may justly discriminate between the actual game preserve and

the mere killing-ground.

6. Whenever a killing-ground becomes a public burden, it may be abated,

the same as any other public infliction.

In private game preserves the time has arrived when lawmakers and judges

must begin to apply the blood-test, and separate the true from the

false. And at every step, \_the welfare of the wild life involved\_ must

be given full consideration. No men, nor body of men, should be

permitted to practice methods that spell extermination.

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CHAPTER XXXIX

BRITISH GAME PRESERVES IN AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA

This brief chapter is offered as an object-lesson to the world at large.

In the early days of America, the founders of our states and territories

gave little heed, or none at all, to the preservation of wild life. Even

if they thought of that duty, undoubtedly they felt that the game would

always last, and that they had no time for such sentimental side issues

as the making of game preserves. They were coping with troubles and

perplexities of many kinds, and it is not to be wondered at that up to

forty years ago, real game protection in America went chiefly by

default.

In South Africa, precisely the same conditions have prevailed until

recent times. The early colonists were kept so busy shooting lions and

making farms that not one game preserve was made. If any men can be

excused from the work and worry of preserving game, and making

preserves, it is those who spend their lives pioneering and

state-building in countries like Africa. Men who continually have to

contend with disease, bad food, rains, insect pests, dangerous wild

beasts and native cussedness may well claim that they have troubles

enough, without going far into campaigns to preserve wild animals in

countries where animals are plentiful and cheap. It is for this reason

that the people of Alaska can not be relied upon to preserve the Alaskan

game. They are busy with other things that are of more importance to

them.

In May, 1900, representatives of the great powers owning territory in

Africa held a conference in the interests of the wild-animal life of

that continent. As a result a Convention was signed by which those

powers bound themselves "to make provision for the prevention of further

undue destruction of wild game." The principles laid down for universal

observance were as follows:

1. Sparing of females and immature animals.

2. The establishment of close seasons and game sanctuaries.

3. Absolute protection of rare species.

4. Restrictions on export for trading purposes of skins, horns,

tusks, etc.

5. Prohibition of the use of pits, snares and game traps.

The brave and hardy men who are making for the British people a grand

empire in Africa probably are greater men than far-distant people

realize. To them, the white man's burden of game preservation is

accepted as all in the day's work. A mere handful of British civil

officers, strongly aided by the Society for the Preservation of the

Fauna of the British Empire, have carved out and set aside a great chain

of game preserves reaching all the way from Swaziland and the Transvaal

to Khartoum. Taken either collectively or separately, it represents

grand work, characteristic of the greatest colonizers on earth. Those

preserves are worthy stones in the foundation of what one day will be a

great British empire in Africa. The names of the men who proposed them

and wrought them out should, in some way, be imperishably connected with

them as their founders, as the least reward that Posterity can bestow.

In Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton's fine work, "Animal Life in Africa,"[O]

the author has been at much pains to publish an excellent series of maps

showing the locations of the various British game preserves in Africa,

and the map published herewith has been based chiefly on that work. It

is indeed fortunate for the wild life of Africa that it has today so

powerful a champion and exponent as this author, the warden of the

Transvaal Game Preserves.

[Footnote O: Published by Heinemann, London, 1912.]

Events move so rapidly that up to this date no one, so far as I am

aware, has paused long enough to make and publish an annotated list of

the African game preserves. Herein I have attempted to \_begin\_ that task

myself, and I regret that at this distance it is impossible for me to

set down under the several titles the names of the men who made these

preserves possible, and actually founded them.

To thoughtful Americans I particularly commend this list as a showing of

the work of men who have not waited until the game had been \_practically

exterminated\_ before creating sanctuaries in which to preserve it. In

view of these results, how trivial and small of soul seems the mercenary

efforts of the organized wool-growers of Montana to thwart our plan to

secure a paltry fifteen square miles of grass lands for the rugged and

arid Snow Creek Antelope Preserve that is intended to help save a

valuable species from quick extermination.

At this point I must quote the views of a high authority on the status

of wild life and game preserves in Africa. The following is from Major

Stevenson-Hamilton's book.

"It is a remarkable phenomenon in human affairs how seldom the

experience of others seems to turn the scale of action. There are, I

take it, very few farmers, in the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, or

the Transvaal, who would not be glad to see an adequate supply of game

upon their land. Indeed, the writer is constantly dealing with

applications as to the possibility of reintroducing various species from

the game reserves to private farms, and only the question of expense and

the difficulty of transport have, up to the present, prevented this

being done on a considerable scale. When, therefore, the relatively

small populations of such protectorates as are still well stocked with

game are heard airily discussing the advisability of getting rid of it

as quickly as possible, one realizes how often vain are the teachings of

history, and how well-nigh hopeless it is to quote the result of similar

action elsewhere. It remains only to trust that things may be seen in

truer perspective ere it is too late, and that those in whose temporary

charge it is may not cast recklessly away one of nature's most splendid

assets, one, moreover, which once lightly discarded, can never by any

possibility, be regained.

[Illustration: THE MOST IMPORTANT GAME PRESERVES OF AFRICA

The Numbers Refer to Corresponding Numbers in the Text]

"It is idle to say that the advance of civilization must necessarily

mean the total disappearance of all wild animals. This is one of those

glib fallacies which flows only too readily from unthinking lips.

Civilization in its full sense--not the advent of a few scattered

pioneers--of course, implies their restriction, especially as regards

purely grass-feeding species, within certain definite bounds, both as

regards numbers and sanctuaries. But this is a very different thing from

wholesale destruction, that a few more or less deserving individuals may

receive some small pecuniary benefit, or gratify their taste for

slaughter to the detriment of everyone else who may come after. \_The

fauna of an empire is the property of that empire as a whole, and not of

the small portion of it where the animals may happen to exist; and while

full justice and encouragement must be given to the farmer and pioneer,

neither should be permitted to entirely demolish for his own advantage

resources which, strictly speaking, are not his own\_."--("Animal Life in

Africa." p. 24.)

\* \* \* \* \*

AFRICAN GAME PRESERVES

BRITISH EAST AFRICA:

1.[P] \_The Athi Plains Preserve\_.--This is situated between the Uganda

Railway and the boundary of German East Africa. Its northern boundary is

one mile north of the railway track. It is about 215 miles long east and

west by 105 miles from north to south, and its area is about 13,000

square miles. It is truly a great preserve, and worthy of the plains

fauna that it is specially intended to perpetuate.

[Footnote P: These numbers refer to corresponding numbers on the map of

Africa.]

2. \_The Jubaland Preserve\_.--This preserve lies northwest of Mount

Kenia. Its southwestern corner is near Lake Baringo, the Laikipia

Escarpment is its western boundary up to Mt. Nyiro, and from that point

its northern boundary runs 225 miles to Marsabit Lake. From that point

the boundary runs south-by-west to the Guaso Nyiro River, which forms

the eastern half of the southern boundary. Its total area appears to be

about 13,000 square miles.

In addition to the two great preserves described above the government of

British East Africa has established on the Uasin Gishu Plateau a

centrally located sanctuary for elands, roan antelopes and hippopotamii.

There is also a small special rhinoceros preserve about fifty miles

southeastward of Nairobi, around Kiu station, on the railway.

EGYPTIAN SUDAN:

3. A great nameless sanctuary for wild life exists on the eastern bank

of the Nile, comprising the whole territory between the main stream, the

Blue Nile and Abyssinia. Its length (north and south) is 215 miles, and

its width is about 125 miles; which means a total area of about 26,875

square miles. Natives and others living within this sanctuary may hunt

therein--if they can procure licenses.

SOMALILAND:

4. \_Hargeis Reserve\_, about 1,800 square miles.

5. \_Mirso Reserve\_, about 300 square miles.

UGANDA:

6. \_Budonga Forest Reserve\_.--This small reserve embraces the whole

eastern shore and hinterland of Lake Albert Nyanza, and is shaped like a

new moon.

7. \_Toro Reserve\_.--This small reserve lies between Lakes Albert Nyanza

and Albert Edward Nyanza, touching both.

NYASALAND, OR THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA PROTECTORATE.--A small

territory, but remarkably well stocked with game.

8. \_Elephant Marsh Preserve\_.--A small area in the extreme southern end

of the Protectorate, on both sides of the Shire River, chiefly for

buffalo.

9. \_Angoniland Reserve\_.--This was created especially to preserve about

one thousand elephants. It is forty miles west of the southwestern arm

of Lake Nyasa.

TRANSVAAL:

10. \_Sabi-Singwitza-Pongola Preserve\_.--This great preserve occupies the

whole region between the Drakenberg Mountains and the Lebombo Hills. Its

total area is about 10,500 square miles. It lies in a compact block

about 210 miles long by 50 miles wide, along the Portuguese border.

11. \_Rustenburg Reserve\_.--This is situated at the head of the Limpopo

River, and covers about 3,500 square miles.

SWAZILAND:

12. \_The Swaziland Reserve\_ contains about 1,750 square miles, and

occupies the southwestern corner of Swaziland.

RHODESIA:

13. \_The Nweru Marsh Game Reserve\_ is in northwestern Rhodesia,

bordering the Congo Free State. The description of its local boundaries

is quite unintelligible outside of Rhodesia.

\_Luangwa Reserve\_.--The locality of this reserve cannot be determined

from the official description, which gives no clue to its shape or size.

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GAME PRESERVES IN AUSTRALASIA

NEW ZEALAND:

\_Little Barrier Island\_ in the north, and \_Resolution Island\_, in the

south; and concerning both, details are lacking.

AUSTRALIA:

\_Kangaroo Island\_, near Adelaide, South Australia, is 400 miles

northwest of Melbourne. Of the total area of this rather large island of

300 square miles, 140 square miles have been set aside as a game

preserve, chiefly for the preservation of the mallee bird (\_Lipoa

occelata\_). It is believed that eventually the whole island will become

a wild-life sanctuary, and it would seem that this can not be

consummated a day too soon for the vanishing wild life.

\_Wilson's Promontory\_. Adelaide, is a peninsula well suited to the

preservation of wild life, especially birds, and it is now a sanctuary.

Many private bird refuges have been created in Australia.

TASMANIA:

\_Eleven Bird Refuges\_ have been created, with a total area of 26,000

acres,--an excellent record for Tasmania!

\_Freycinet's Peninsula\_.--At present this wild-life sanctuary is not

adequately protected from illicit hunting and trapping; but its full

protection is now demanded, and no doubt this soon will be provided by

the government. I am informed that this offers a golden opportunity to

secure a fine wild-life sanctuary at ridiculously small cost to the

public. The whole world is interested in the preservation of the

remarkable fauna of Tasmania. The extermination of the thylacine would

be a zoological calamity; but it is impending.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XL

BREEDING GAME AND FUR IN CAPTIVITY

GAME BREEDING.--The breeding of game in captivity for sale in the

markets of the world is just as legitimate as the breeding of domestic

species. This applies equally to mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes. It

is the duty of the nation and the state to foster such industries and

facilitate the marketing of their products without any unnecessary

formalities, delays or losses to producers or to purchasers.

Already this principle has been established in several states. Without

going into the records, it is safe to say that Colorado was the pioneer

in the so-called "more-game" movement, about 1899; but there is one

person who would like to have the world believe that it started in the

state of New York, about 1909. The idea is not quite as "old as the

hills," but the application of it in the United States dates back

through a considerable vista of years.

The laws of Colorado providing for the creation of private game

preserves and the marketing of their product under a tagging system, are

very elaborate, and they show a sincere desire to foster an industry as

yet but slightly developed in this country. The laws of New York are

much more simple and easy to understand than those of Colorado.

There is one important principle now fully recognized in the New York

laws for game breeding that other states will do well to adopt. It is

the fact that certain kinds of wild game \_can not be bred and reared in

captivity on a commercial basis\_; and this being true, it is clearly

against public policy to provide for the sale of any such species. Why

provide for the sale of preserve-bred grouse and ducks which we know can

not be bred and reared in confinement in marketable numbers? For

example, if we may judge by the numerous experiments that \_thus far\_

have been made,--as we certainly have a right to do,--no man can

successfully breed and rear in captivity, on a commercial basis, the

canvasback duck, teal, pintail duck, ruffed grouse or quail. This being

the case, no amount of clamor from game dealers and their allies ever

should induce any state legislature to provide for the sale of any of

those species \_until it has been fully demonstrated\_ that they \_have

been\_ and \_can be\_ bred in captivity in large numbers. The moment the

markets of a state are thrown open to these impossible species, from

that moment the state game wardens must make a continuous struggle to

prevent the importation and sale of those birds contrary to law. This

proposition is so simple that every honest man can see it.

All that any state legislature may rightfully be asked to do is to

provide for the sale, under tags, of those species which \_we know\_ can

be bred in captivity in large numbers.

When the Bayne law was drafted, its authors considered with the utmost

care the possibilities in the breeding of game in the United States on a

commercial basis. It was found that as yet only two wild native species

have been, and can be, reared in captivity on a large scale. These are

the white-tailed deer and mallard duck. Of foreign species we can breed

successfully for market the fallow deer, red deer of Europe and some of

the pheasants of the old world. For the rearing, killing and marketing

of all these, the Bayne law provides the simplest processes of state

supervision that the best game protectors and game breeders of New York

could devise. The tagging system is expeditious, cheap and effective.

Practically the only real concession that is required of the

game-breeder concerns the killing, which must be done in a systematic

way, whereby a state game warden can visit the breeder's premises and

affix the tags without any serious sacrifice of time or convenience on

either side. The tags cost the breeder five cents each, and they pay the

cost of the services rendered by the state.

By this admirable system, which is very plainly set forth in the New

York Conservation Commission's book of game laws, all the \_wild\_ game of

New York, \_and of every other state\_, is absolutely protected at all

times against illegal killing and illegal importation for the New York

market. Now, is it not the duty of Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, the

Carolinas and every other state to return our compliment by passing

similar laws? Massachusetts came up to public expectations at the next

session of her legislature after the passage of our Bayne law. In 1913,

California will try to secure a similar act; and we know full well that

her ducks, geese, quail, grouse and band-tailed pigeon need it very

much. If the California protectors of wild life succeed in arousing the

great quiet mass of people in that state, their Bayne bill will be swept

through their legislature on a tidal wave of popular sentiment.

\_Elk\_.--For people who own wild woodlands near large cities there are

good profits to be made in rearing white-tailed deer for the market. I

would also mention elk, but for the fact that every man who rears a fine

herd of elk quickly becomes so proud of the animals, and so much

attached to them, that he can not bear to have them shot and butchered

for market! Elk are just as easy to breed and rear as domestic cattle,

except that in the fall breeding season, the fighting of rival bulls

demands careful and intelligent management. Concerning the possibilities

of feeding elk on hay at $25 per ton and declaring an annual profit, I

am not informed. If the elk require to be fed all the year round, the

high price of hay and grain might easily render it impossible to produce

marketable three-year-old animals at a profit.

\_White-tailed Deer\_.--Any one who owns from one hundred to one thousand

acres of wild, brushy or forest-covered land can raise white-tailed (or

Virginia) deer at a profit. With smaller areas of land, free range

becomes impossible, and the prospects of commercial profits diminish

and disappear. In any event, a fenced range is absolutely essential; and

the best fence is the Page, 88 inches high, all horizontals of No. 9

wire, top and bottom wires of No. 7, and the perpendicular tie-wires of

No. 12. This fence will hold deer, elk, bison and wild horses. In large

enclosures, the white-tailed deer is hardy and prolific, and when fairly

cooked its flesh is a great delicacy. In Vermont the average weights of

the deer killed in that state in various years have been as follow:--in

1902, 171 lbs.; in 1903, 190 lbs.; in 1905, 198 lbs.; in 1906, 200 lbs.;

in 1907, 196 lbs.; in 1908, 207 lbs.; and in 1909, 155 lbs. The reason

for the great drop in 1909 is yet to be ascertained.

In 1910, in New York City the wholesale price of whole deer carcasses

was from 22 to 25 cents per pound. Venison saddles were worth from 30 to

35 cents per pound. On the bill of fare of a first class hotel, a

portion of venison costs from $1.50 to $2.50 according to the diner's

location. It is probable that such prices as these will prevail only in

the largest cities, and therefore they must not be regarded as general.

Live white-tailed deer can be purchased for breeding purposes at prices

ranging from $25 to $35 each. A good eastern source of supply is Blue

Mountain Forest, Mr. Austin Corbin, president (Broadway and Cortlandt

St., New York). In the West, good stock can be procured from the

Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, through C.V.R. Townsend, Negaunee, Mich.,

whose preserve occupies the whole of Grand Island, Lake Superior.

The Department of Agriculture has published for free distribution a

pamphlet entitled "Raising Deer and Other Large Game Animals" in the

United States, by David E. Lantz, which contains much valuable

information, although it leaves much unsaid.

All breeders of deer are cautioned that during the fall and early winter

months, all adult white-tailed bucks are dangerous to man, and should be

treated accordingly. A measure of safety can be secured in a large park

by compelling the deer always to keep at a respectful distance, and

making no "pets," whatever. Whenever a buck finds his horns and loses

his fear of man, climb the fence quickly. Bucks in the rutting season

sometimes seem to go crazy, and often they attack men, wantonly and

dangerously. The method of attack is to an unarmed man almost

irresistible. The animal lowers his head, stiffens his neck and with

terrible force drives straight forward for your stomach and bowels.

Usually there are eight sharp spears of bone to impale you. The best

defense of an unarmed man is to seize the left antler with the left

hand, and with the right hand pull the deer's right front foot from

under him. Merely holding to the horns makes great sport for the deer.

He loves that unequal combat. The great desideratum is to put his fore

legs out of commission, and get him down on his knees.

Does are sometimes dangerous, and inflict serious damage by rising on

their hind feet and viciously striking with their sharp front hoofs.

These tendencies in American deer are mentioned here as a duty to

persons who may desire to breed deer for profit.

\_The Red Deer of Europe\_.--Anyone who has plenty of natural forest food

for deer and a good market within fair range, may find the European red

deer a desirable species. It is of size smaller, and more easily

managed, than the wapiti; and is more easily marketed because of its

smaller size. As a species it is hardy and prolific, and of course its

venison is as good as that of any other deer. Live specimens for

stocking purposes can be purchased of S.A. Stephan, Agent for Carl

Hagenbeck, Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, or of Wenz & Mackensen,

Yardley, Pa., at prices ranging from $60 to $100 each, according to size

and age. At present the supply of specimens in this country on hand for

sale is very small.

\_The Fallow Deer\_.--This species is the most universal park deer of

Europe. It seems to be invulnerable to neglect and misuse, for it has

persisted through countless generations of breeding in captivity, and

the abuse of all nations. In size it is a trifle smaller than our

white-tailed deer, with spots in summer, and horns that are widely

flattened at the extremities in a very interesting way. It is very hardy

and prolific, but of course it can not stand everything that could be

put upon it. It needs a dry shed in winter, red clover hay and crushed

oats for winter food; and no deer should be kept in mud. As a commercial

proposition it is not so meaty as the white-tail, but it is \_less

troublesome to keep\_. The adult males are not such vicious or dangerous

fighters as white-tail bucks. Live specimens are worth from $50 to $75.

The Essex County Park Commissioners (Orange, New Jersey) have had

excellent success with this species. In 1906 they purchased twenty-five

does and four bucks and placed them in an enclosure of 150 acres, on a

wooded mountain-side. In 1912 they had 150 deer, and were obliged to

take measures for a disposal of the surplus. Messrs. Wenz & Mackensen,

keep an almost continuous supply of fallow deer on hand for sale.

\_The Indian Sambar Deer\_.--I have long advocated the introduction in the

southern states, \_wherever deer can be protected\_, of this great,

hulking, animated venison-factory. While I have not delved deeply into

the subject of weight and growth, I feel sure from casual observations

of the growth of about twenty-five animals that this species produces

more venison during the first two years of its life than any other deer

with which I am acquainted. I regard it as the greatest venison-producer

of the whole Deer Family; and I know that is a large order. The size of

a yearling is almost absurd, it is so great for an animal of tender

years. When adult, the species is for its height very large and heavy.

As a food-producing animal, located in the southern hill forests and

taking care of itself, "there's millions in it!" But \_it must be kept

under fence\_; for in no southern (or northern) state would any such mass

of juicy wild meat long be permitted to roam at large unkilled. Through

this species I believe that a million acres of southern timber lands,

now useless except for timber growth, could be made very productive in

choice venison. The price would be,--a good fence, and protection from

poachers.

The Indian sambar deer looks like a short-legged big-bodied understudy

of our American elk. It breeds well in captivity, and it is of quiet

and tractable disposition. It can not live in a country where the

temperature goes down to 25 degrees F. and \_remains there for long

periods\_. It would, I am firmly convinced, do well all along the Gulf

coast, and if acclimatized along the Gulf, with the lapse of time and

generations it would become more and more hardy, grow more hair, and

push its way northward, until it reached the latitude of Tennessee. But

then, in a wild state it could not be protected from poachers. As stated

elsewhere, Dr. Ray V. Pierce has successfully acclimatized and bred this

species in his St. Vincent Island game preserve, near Apalachicola,

Florida. More than that, the species has crossed with the white-tailed

deer of the Island.

Living specimen of the Indian Sambar deer are worth from $125 to $250,

according to size and other conditions. Just at present it seems

difficult for Americans to procure a sufficient number of \_males!\_ We

have had very bad luck with several males that we attempted to import

for breeding purposes.

\_The Mallard Duck\_.--A great many persons have made persistent attempts

to breed the canvasback, redhead, mallard, black duck, pintail, teal and

other species, on a commercial basis. So far as I am aware the mallard

is the only wild duck that has been bred in sufficient numbers to

slaughter for the markets. The wood duck and mandarin can be bred in

fair numbers, but only sufficient to supply the demand for \_living\_

birds, for park purposes. One would naturally suppose that a species as

closely allied to the mallard as the black duck \_is\_ known to be, would

breed like the mallard; but the black duck is so timid and nervous about

nesting as to be almost worthless in captivity. All the species named

above, except the mallard, must at present, and in general, be regarded

as failures in breeding for the market.

Of all American ducks the common mallard is the most persistent and

successful breeder. It quickly becomes accustomed to captivity, it

enjoys park life, and when given even half a chance it will breed and

rear its young.

Unquestionably, the mallard duck can be reared in captivity in numbers

limited only by the extent of breeder's facilities. The amount of net

profit that can be realized depends wholly upon the business acumen and

judgment displayed in the management of the flock. The total amount of

knowledge necessary to success is not so very great, but at the same

time, the exercise of a fair amount of intelligence, and also careful

diligence, is absolutely necessary. Naturally the care and food of the

flock must not cost extravagantly, or the profits will inevitably

disappear.

As a contribution to the cause of game-breeding for the market, and the

creation of a new industry of value, Mr. L.S. Crandall and the author

wrote for the New York State Conservation Commission a pamphlet on

"Breeding Mallard Ducks for Market." Copies of it can be procured of our

State Conservation Commission at Albany, by enclosing ten cents in

stamps.

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BREEDING FUR-BEARING ANIMALS

When hundreds of persons wrote to me asking for literature on the

breeding of fur-bearing animals for profit, for ten years I was

compelled to tell them that there was no such literature. During the

past three years a few offerings have been made, and I lose not a moment

in listing them here.

"\_Life Histories of Northern Animals\_", by Ernest T. Seton (Charles

Scribner's Sons, 2 volumes, $18), contains carefully written and

valuable chapters on fox farming, skunk farming, marten farming, and

mink farming, and other valuable life histories of the fur-bearing

animals of North America.

\_Rod and Gun in Canada\_, a magazine for sportsmen published by W.J.

Taylor, Woodstock, Ontario, contained in 1912 a series of articles on

"The Culture of Black and Silver Foxes," by R.B. and L.V. Croft.

\_Country Life in America\_ has published a number of illustrated articles

on fox and skunk farming.

With its usual enterprise and forethought, the Biological Survey of the

Department of Agriculture has published a valuable pamphlet of 22 pages

on "Silver Fox Farming," by Wilfred H. Osgood, copies of which can be

procured by addressing the Secretary of Agriculture. In consulting that

contribution, however, it must be borne in mind that just now, in fox

farming, history is being made more rapidly than heretofore.

I do not mean to say that the above are the only sources of information

on fur-farming for profit, but they are the ones that have most

impressed me. The files of all the journals and magazines for sportsmen

contain numerous articles on this subject, and they should be carefully

consulted.

BLACK-FOX FARMING.--The ridiculous prices now being paid in London for

the skins of black or "silver" foxes has created in this country a small

furore over the breeding of that color-phase of the red fox. The prices

that actually have been obtained, both for skins and for live animals

for breeding purposes, have a strong tendency to make people crazy.

Fancy paying $12,000 in real money for one pair of live black foxes!

That has been done, on Prince Edward Island, and $10,000 per pair is now

regarded as a bargain-counter figure.

On Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, black-fox breeding

has been going on for ten years, and is now on a successful basis. One

man has made a fortune in the business, and it is rumored that a stock

company is considering the purchase of his ten-acre fox ranch at a

fabulous figure. The enormous prices obtainable for live black foxes,

male or female, make diamonds and rubies seem cheap and commonplace; and

it is no wonder that enterprising men are tempted to enter that

industry.

The price of a black fox is one of the wonders of a recklessly

extravagant and whimsical age. All the fur-wearing world knows very well

that fox fur is one of the poorest of furs to withstand the wear and

tear of actual use. About two seasons' hard wear are enough to put the

best fox skin on the wane, and three or four can be guaranteed to throw

it into the discard. Even the finest black fox skin is nothing

superlatively beautiful! A choice "cross" fox skin costing only $50 \_is

far more beautiful, as a color proposition\_; but London joyously pays

$2,500 or $3,000 for a single black-fox skin, to wear!

Of course, all such fads as this are as ephemeral as the butterflies of

summer. The Russo-Japanese war quickly reduced the value of Alaskan blue

foxes from $30 to $18; and away went the Alaskan fox farms! A similar

twist of Fortune's fickle wheel may in any year send the black fox out

of royal favor, and remove the bottom from the business of producing it.

Let us hope, however, that the craze for that fur will continue; for we

like to see our friends and neighbors make good profits.

PHEASANT REARING.--This subject is so well understood by game-breeders,

and there is already so much good literature available regarding it, it

is not necessary that I should take it up here.

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CHAPTER XLI

TEACHING WILD LIFE PROTECTION TO THE YOUNG

Thousands of busy and burdened men and women are to-day striving hard,

early and late, to promote measures that will preserve the valuable wild

life of the world. They desire to leave to the boys and girls of

tomorrow a good showing of the marvelous bird and animal forms that make

the world beautiful and interesting. They are acting on the principle

that the wild life of to-day is not ours, to destroy or to keep as we

choose, but has been given to us \_in trust\_, partly for our benefit and

partly for those who come after us and audit our accounts. They believe

that we have no right to squander and destroy a wild-life heritage of

priceless value which we have done nothing to create, and which is not

ours to destroy.

DUTY OF PARENTS.--This being the case, it is very necessary that the

young people of to-day should be taught, early and often, the virtue and

the necessity of wild-life protection. There is no reason that the boy

of to-day should not take up his share of the common burden, just as

soon as he is old enough to wander alone through the woods. Let him be

taught in precise terms that he must \_not rob birds' nests\_, and that he

\_must not shoot song-birds, woodpeckers and kingfishers\_ with a

22-calibre rifle, or any other gun. At this moment there lies upon my

side table a vicious little 22-calibre rifle that was taken from two

boys who were camping in the woods of Connecticut, and amusing

themselves by shooting valuable insectivorous birds. Now those boys were

not wholly to blame for what they were doing; but their fathers and

mothers were \_very much to blame\_! They should have been taught at the

parental knee that it is very wrong to kill any bird except a genuine

game bird, and then only in the lawful open season. Those two fathers

paid $10 each for having failed in their duty; and it served them right;

for they were the real culprits.

Small-calibre rifles are becoming alarmingly common in the hands of

boys. \_Parents must do their duty in the training of their boys against

bird-shooting!\_ It is a very serious matter. A million boys who roam the

fields with small rifles without having been instructed in protection,

can destroy an appalling number of valuable birds in the course of a

year. Some parents are so slavishly devoted to their children that they

wish them to do everything they please, and be checked in nothing. Such

parents constitute one of the pests of society, and a drag upon the

happiness of their own children! It is now the bounden duty of each

parent to teach each one of his or her children that the time has come

when the resources of nature, and especially wild life, must be

conserved. To permit boys to grow up and acquire guns without this

knowledge is very wrong.

THE DUTY OF TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS.--A great deal of "nature study" is

being taught in the public schools of the United States. That the young

people of our land should be taught to appreciate the works of nature,

and especially animal life and plant life, is very desirable. Thus far,

however, there is a screw loose in the system, and that is the shortage

in definite, positive instruction regarding \_individual duty\_ toward the

wild creatures, great and small. Along with their nature studies all our

school children should be taught, in the imperative mood:

1. That it is wrong to disturb breeding birds, or rob birds' nests;

2. That it is wrong to destroy any harmless living creature not properly

classed as game, except it be to preserve it in a museum;

3. That it is no longer right for civilized man to look upon wild game

as \_necessary\_ food; because there is plenty of other food, and the

remnant of game can not withstand slaughter in that basis;

4. That the time has come when it is the duty of every good citizen to

take an active, aggressive part in \_preventing\_ the destruction of wild

life, and in \_promoting\_ its preservation;

5. That every boy and girl over twelve years of age can do \_something\_

in this cause, and finally,

6. That protection and encouragement will bring back the almost vanished

birds.

We call upon all boards of education, all principals of schools and all

teachers to educate our boys and girls, constantly and imperatively,

along those lines. Teachers, do not say to your pupils,--"It is right

and nice to protect birds," but say:--"It is your \_Duty\_ to protect all

harmless wild things, and \_you must do it\_!"

In a good cause, there is great virtue in "Must."

Really, we are losing each year an immense amount of available wild-life

protection. The doctrine of imperative individual duty never yet has

been taught in our schools as it should be taught. A few teachers have,

indeed, covered this ground; but I am convinced that their proportion is

mighty small.

TEXT BOOKS.--The writers of the nature study text books are very much to

blame because nine-tenths of the time this subject has been ignored. The

situation has not been taken seriously, save in a few cases, by a very

few authors. I am glad to report that in 1912 there was published a fine

text book by Professor James W. Peabody, of the Morris High School, New

York, and Dr. Arthur E. Hunt, in which from beginning to end the duty to

protect wild life is strongly insisted upon. It is entitled "Elementary

Biology; Plants, Animals and Man."

Hereafter, no zoological or nature study text book should be given a

place in any school in America unless the author of it has done his full

share in setting forth the duty of the young citizen toward wild life.

Were I a member of a board of education I would seek to establish and

enforce this requirement. To-day, any author who will presume to write a

text book of nature study or zoology without knowing and doing his duty

toward our vanishing fauna, is too ignorant of wild life and too

careless of his duty toward it, to be accepted as a safe guide for the

young. The time for criminal indifference has gone by. Hereafter, every

one who is not for the preservation of wild life is against it and it is

time to separate the sheep from the goats.

From this time forth, the preservation of our fauna should be regarded

as a subject on which every candidate for a teacher's certificate should

undergo an examination before receiving authority to teach in a public

school. The candidate should be required to know \_why\_ the preservation

of birds is necessary; why the slaughter of wild life is wrong and

criminal; the extent to which wild birds and mammals return to us and

thrive under protection; why wild game is no longer a legitimate food

supply; why wild game should not be sold, and why the feathers of wild

birds (other than game birds) never should be used as millinery

ornaments.

As sensible Americans, and somewhat boastful of our intelligence, we

should put the education of the young in wild-life protection on a

rational business basis.

STATE EFFORTS.--In several of our states, systematic efforts to educate

children in their duty toward wild life are already being made. To this

end, an annual "Bird Day" has been established for state-wide

observance. This splendid idea is now legally in force in the following

states:

California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, Ohio

and Wisconsin.

Bird Day is also more or less regularly observed, though not legally

provided for, in New York, Indiana, Colorado and Alabama, and locally in

some cities of Pennsylvania. Usually the observance of the day is

combined with that of Arbor Day, and the date is fixed by proclamation

of the Governor.

Alabama and Wisconsin regularly issue elaborate and beautiful Arbor and

Bird Day annuals; and Illinois, and possibly other states, have issued

very good publications of this character.

THE PHILLIPS EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE BIRDS.--Quite recently there

has come under my notice an episode in the education of school children

that has given the public profound satisfaction. I cite it here as an

object lesson for pan-America.

In Carrick, Pennsylvania, just across the Monongahela River from the

city of Pittsburgh, lives John M. Phillips, State Game Commissioner,

nature-lover, sportsman and friend of man. He is a man who does things,

and gets results. Goat Mountain Park (450 square miles), in British

Columbia, to-day owes its existence to him, for without his initiative

and labor it would not have been established. It was the first game

preserve of British Columbia.

Three years ago, Mr. Phillips became deeply impressed by the idea that

one of the best ways in the world to protect the wild life, both of

to-day and the future, would be in teaching school children to love it

and protect it. His fertile brain and open check-book soon devised a

method for his home city. His theory was that by giving the children

\_something to do\_, not only in protecting but in actually \_bringing

back\_ the birds, much might be accomplished.

[Illustration: BIRD DAY AT CARRICK, PA.

Marching Behind the Governor]

In studying the subject of bringing back the birds, he found that the

Russian mulberry is one of the finest trees in the world as a purveyor

of good fruit for many kinds of birds. The tree does not much resemble

our native mulberry, but is equally beautiful and interesting. "The

fruit is not a long berry, nor is it of a purple color, but it grows

from buds on the limbs and twigs something after the manner of the

pussy-willow. It is smaller, of light color and has a very distinct

flavor. The most striking peculiarity about the fruit is that it keeps

on ripening during two months or more, new berries appearing daily while

others are ripening. This is why it is such good bird food. Nor is it

half bad for folks, for the berries are good to look at and to eat,

either with cream or without, and to make pies that will set any sane

boy's mouth a-watering at sight."--(Erasmus Wilson).

Everyone knows the value of sweet cherries, both to birds and to

children.

Mr. Phillips decided that he would give away several hundred bird boxes,

and also several hundred sweet cherry and Russian mulberry trees. The

first gift distribution was made in the early spring of 1909. Another

followed in 1910, but the last one was the most notable.

On April 11, 1912, Carrick had a great and glorious Bird Day. Mr.

Phillips was the author of it, and Governor Tener the finisher. On that

day occurred the third annual gift distribution of raw materials

designed to promote in the breasts of 2,000 children a love for birds

and an active desire to protect and increase them. Mr. Phillips gave

away 500 bird boxes, 500 sweet cherry trees and 200 mulberry trees. The

sun shone brightly, 500 flags waved in Carrick, the Governor made one of

the best speeches of his life, and Erasmus Wilson, faithful friend of

the birds, wrote this good story of the occasion for the \_Gazette-Times\_

of Pittsburgh:

The Governor was there, and the children, the bird-boxes, and the

young trees. And was there ever a brighter or more fitting day for a

children and bird jubilee! The scene was so inspiring that Gov.

Tener made one of the best speeches of his life.

The distribution of several hundred cherry and mulberry trees was

the occasion, and the beautiful grounds of the Roosevelt school,

Carrick, was the scene.

Mr. John M. Phillips, sane sportsman and enthusiastic friend of the

birds, has been looking forward to this as the culmination of a

scheme he has been working on for years, and he was more than

pleased with the outcome. The intense delight it afforded him more

than repaid him for all it has cost in all the years past.

But it was impossible to tell who were the more delighted,--he, or

the Governor, or the children, or the visitors who were so fortunate

as to be present. County Superintendent of Schools Samuel Hamilton

was simply a mass of delight. And how could he be otherwise,

surrounded as he was by 2,000 and more children fairly quivering

with delight?

Children will care for and defend things that are their very own,

fight for them and stand guard over them. Realizing this Mr.

Phillips undertook to show them how they could have birds all their

own. Being clever in devising schemes for achieving things most to

be desired, he began giving out bird-boxes to those who would agree

to put them up, and to watch and defend the birds when they came to

make their homes with them. And he found that no more faithful

sentinel ever stood on guard than the boy who had a bird-house all

his own.

Here was the solution to the vexed problem. Provide boxes for those

who would agree to put them up, care for the birds, and study their

habits and needs. The children agreed at once, and the birds did not

object, so Mr. Phillips had some hundreds, four or five, blue-bird

and wren boxes constructed during the past winter. These were passed

out some weeks ago to any boys or girls who would present an order

signed by their parents, and countersigned by the principal of the

school.

He knows enough about a boy to know that he does not prize the

things that come without effort, nor will he become deeply

interested in anything for which he is not held more or less

responsible. Hence the advantage in having him write an order, have

it indorsed by his parents, and vouched for by his school principal.

That he had struck the right scheme was proven by the avidity with

which the girls and boys rushed for the boxes. The fact that a heavy

rain was falling did not dampen their ardor for a moment, nor did

the fact that they were tramping Mr. Phillips' beautiful lawn into a

field of mud.

Mr. Phillips, seeing the necessity of providing food for the

prospective hosts of birds, and wishing to place the responsibility

on the boys and girls, offered to provide a cherry tree or mulberry

tree for every box erected, provided they should be properly planted

and diligently cared for.

This was practically the culmination of the most unique bird scheme

ever attempted, and yesterday was the day set apart for the

distribution of these hundreds of fruit trees, the products of which

are to be divided share and share alike with the birds.

Nowhere else has such a scheme been attempted, and never before has

there been just such a day of jubilee. The intense interest

manifested by the children, and the earnest enthusiasm manifested,

leaves no doubt about their carrying out their part of the contract.

[Illustration: DISTRIBUTING BIRD BOXES AND FRUIT TREES]

Up to date (1912) Mr. Phillips has given away about 1,000 bird boxes,

1,500 cherry and Russian mulberry trees, and transformed the schools of

Carrick into seething masses of children militantly enthusiastic in the

protection of birds, and in providing them with homes and food. As a

final coup, Mr. Phillips has induced the city of Pittsburgh to create

the office of City Ornithologist, at a salary of $1200 per year. The

duty of the new officer is to protect all birds in the city from all

kinds of molestation, especially when nesting; to erect bird-houses,

provide food for wild birds, on a large scale, and report annually upon

the increase or decrease of feathered residents and visitors. Mr.

Frederic S. Webster, long known as a naturalist and practical

ornithologist, has been appointed to the position, and is now on active

duty.

So far as we are aware, Pittsburgh is the first city to create the

office of City Ornithologist. It is a happy thought; it will yield good

results, and other cities will follow Pittsburgh's good example.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XLII

THE ETHICS OF SPORTSMANSHIP

I count it as rather strange that American and English sportsmen have

hunted and shot for a century, and until 1908 formulated practically

nothing to establish and define the ethics of shooting game. Here and

there, a few unwritten principles have been evolved, and have become

fixed by common consent; but the total number of these is very few.

Perhaps this has been for the reason that every free and independent

sportsman prefers to be a law unto himself. Is it not doubly strange,

however, that even down to the present year the term "sportsmen" never

has been defined by a sportsman!

Forty years ago, a sportsman might have been defined, according to the

standards of that period, as a man who hunts wild game for pleasure.

Those were the days wherein no one foresaw the wholesale annihilation of

species, and there were no wilderness game preserves. In those days,

gentlemen shot female hoofed game, trapped bears if they felt like it,

killed ten times as much big game as they could use, and no one made any

fuss whatever about the waste or extermination of wild life.

Those were the days of ox-teams and broad-axes. To-day, we are living in

a totally different world,--a world of grinding, crunching, pulverizing

progress, a world of annihilation of the works of Nature. And what is a

sportsman to-day?

A SPORTSMAN is a man who loves Nature, and who in the enjoyment of the

outdoor life and exploration takes a reasonable toll of Nature's wild

animals, but not for commercial profit, and only so long as his hunting

does not promote the extermination of species.

In view of the disappearance of wild life all over the habitable globe,

and the steady extermination of species, the ethics of sportsmanship has

become a matter of tremendous importance. If a man can shoot the last

living Burchell zebra, or prong-horned antelope, and be a sportsman and

a gentleman, then we may just as well drop down all bars, and say no

more about the ethics of shooting game.

But the real gentlemen-sportsmen of the world are not insensible to the

duties of the hour in regard to the taking or not taking of game. The

time has come when canon laws should be laid down, of world-wide

application, and so thoroughly accepted and promulgated that their

binding force can not be ignored. Among other things, it is time for a

list of species to be published which no man claiming to be either a

gentleman or a sportsman can shoot for aught else than preservation in a

public museum. Of course, this list would be composed of the species

that are threatened with extermination. Of American animals it should

include the prong-horned antelope, Mexican mountain sheep, all the

mountain sheep and goats in the United States, the California grizzly

bear, mule deer, West Indian seal and California elephant seal and

walrus.

In Africa that list should include the eland, white rhinoceros,

blessbok, bontebok, kudu, giraffes and southern elephants, sable

antelope, rhinoceros south of the Zambesi, leucoryx antelope and

whale-headed stork. In Asia it should include the great Indian

rhinoceros and its allied species, the burrhel, the Nilgiri tahr and the

gayal. The David deer of Manchuria already is extinct in a wild state.

In Australia the interdiction should include the thylacine or Tasmanian

wolf, all the large kangaroos, the emu, lyre bird and the mallee-bird.

Think what it would mean to the species named above if all the sportsmen

of the world would unite in their defense, both actively and passively!

It would be to those species a modus vivendi worth while.

Prior to 1908, no effort (so far as we are aware) ever had been made to

promote the establishment of a comprehensive and up-to-date code of

ethics for sportsmen who shoot. A few clubs of men who are hunters of

big game had expressed in their constitutions a few brief principles for

the purpose of standardizing their own respective memberships, but that

was all. I have not taken pains to make a general canvass of sportsmen's

clubs to ascertain what rules have been laid down by any large number of

organizations.

The Boone and Crockett Club, of New York and Washington, had in its

constitution the following excellent article:

"Article X. The use of steel traps, the making of large bags, the

killing of game while swimming in water, or helpless in deep snow, and

the unnecessary killing of females or young of any species of ruminant,

shall be deemed offenses. Any member who shall commit such offenses may

be suspended, or expelled from the Club by unanimous vote of the

Executive Committee."

In 1906, this Club condemned the use of automatic shotguns in hunting as

unsportsmanlike.

The Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh, has in its constitution, as

Section 3 of Article 3, the following comprehensive principle:

"The term 'legitimate sport' means not only the observance of local

laws, but excludes all methods of taking game other than by fair

stalking or still hunting."

At the end of the constitution of this club is this declaration, and

admonition:

"\_Purchase and sale of Trophies\_.--As the purchase of heads and horns

establishes a market value, and encourages Indians and others to "shoot

for sale," often in violation of local laws and always to the detriment

of the protection of game for legitimate sport, the Lewis and Clark Club

condemns the purchase or the sale of the heads or horns of any game."

In 1906 the Lewis and Clark Club condemned the use of automatic

shotguns as unsportsmanlike.

The Shikar Club, of London, a club which contains all the big-game

hunters of the nobility and gentry of England,[Q] and of which His

Majesty King George is Honorary President, has declared the leading

feature of its "Objects" in the following terms:

"To maintain the standard of sportsmanship. It is not squandered bullets

and swollen bags which appeal to us. The test is rather in a love of

forest, mountains and desert; in acquired knowledge of the habits of

animals; in the strenuous pursuit of a wary and dangerous quarry; in the

instinct for a well-devised approach to a fair shooting distance; and in

the patient retrieve of a wounded animal."

[Footnote Q: This organization contains in its list of members the most

distinguished names in the modern annals of British sport and

exploration. Its honorary membership, of eight persons, contains the

names of three Americans: Theodore Roosevelt, Madison Grant and W.T.

Hornaday; and of this fact at least one person is extremely proud!]

In 1908 the Camp-Fire Club of America formally adopted, as its code of

ethics, the "Sportsman's Platform" of fifteen articles that was prepared

by the writer and placed before the sportsmen of America, Great Britain

and her colonial dependencies in that year. In the book of the Club it

regularly appears as follows:

\* \* \* \* \*

CODE OF ETHICS

OF THE

CAMP-FIRE CLUB OF AMERICA

\_Proposed by Wm. T. Hornaday and adopted December 10, 1908\_

1. The wild animal life of to-day is not ours, to do with as we

please. The original stock is given to us \_in trust\_, for the

benefit both of the present and the future. We must render an

accounting of this trust to those who come after us.

2. Judging from the rate at which the wild creatures of North

America are now being destroyed, fifty years hence there will be no

large game left in the United States nor in Canada, outside of

rigidly protected game preserves. It is therefore the duty of every

good citizen to promote the protection of forests and wild life and

the creation of game preserves, while a supply of game remains.

Every man who finds pleasure in hunting or fishing should be willing

to spend both time and money in active work for the protection of

forests, fish and game.

3. The sale of game is incompatible with the perpetual preservation

of a proper stock of game; therefore it should be prohibited by laws

and by public sentiment.

4. In the settled and civilized regions of North America there is no

real \_necessity\_ for the consumption of wild game as human food: nor

is there any good excuse for the sale of game for food purposes. The

maintenance of hired laborers on wild game should be prohibited

everywhere, under severe penalties.

5. An Indian has no more right to kill wild game, or to subsist upon

it all the year round, than any white man in the same locality. The

Indian has no inherent or God-given ownership of the game of North

America, anymore than of its mineral resources; and he should be

governed by the same game laws as white men.

6. No man can be a good citizen and also be a slaughterer of game or

fishes beyond the narrow limits compatible with high-class

sportsmanship.

7. A game-butcher or a market-hunter is an undesirable citizen, and

should be treated as such.

8. The highest purpose which the killing of wild game and game

fishes can hereafter be made to serve is in furnishing objects to

overworked men for tramping and camping trips in the wilds; and the

value of wild game as human food should no longer be regarded as an

important factor in its pursuit.

9. If rightly conserved, wild game constitutes a valuable asset to

any country which possesses it; and it is good statesmanship to

protect it.

10. An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, fine country,

and a \_very few\_ trophies per hunter.

11. In an ideal hunting trip, the death of the game is only an

incident; and by no means is it really necessary to a successful

outing.

12. The best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the

least, and leaves behind him no wounded animals.

13. The killing of an animal means the end of its most interesting

period. When the country is fine, pursuit is more interesting than

possession.

14. The killing of a female hoofed animal, save for special

preservation, is to be regarded as incompatible with the highest

sportsmanship; and it should everywhere be prohibited by stringent

laws.

15. A particularly fine photograph of a large wild animal in its

haunts is entitled to more credit than the dead trophy of a similar

animal. An animal that has been photographed never should be killed,

unless previously wounded in the chase.

This platform has been adopted as a code of ethics by the following

organizations, besides the Camp-Fire Club of America:

The Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh, John M. Phillips, President.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association (International)

Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Boston.

Camp-Fire Club of Michigan, Detroit.

Rod and Gun Club, Sheridan County, Wyoming.

The platform has been endorsed and published by The Society for the

Preservation of the Wild Fauna of the British Empire (London), which is

an endorsement of far-reaching importance.

Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton, C.M.Z.S., Warden of the Government Game

Reserves of the Transvaal, South Africa, has adopted the platform and

given it the most effective endorsement that it has received from any

single individual. In his great work on game protection in Africa and

wild-animal lore, entitled "Animal Life in Africa" (and "very highly

commended" by the Committee on Literary Honors of the Camp-Fire Club),

he publishes the entire platform, with a depth and cordiality of

endorsement that is bound to warm the heart of every man who believes in

the principles laid down in that document. He says, "It should be

printed on the back of every license that is issued for hunting in

Africa."

I am profoundly impressed by the fact that it is high time for sportsmen

all over the world to take to heart the vital necessity of adopting high

and clearly defined codes of ethics, to suit the needs of the present

hour. The days of game abundance, and the careless treatment of wild

life have gone by, never to return.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XLIII

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN ZOOLOGISTS AND EDUCATORS TO AMERICAN WILD LIFE

The publication of this chapter will hardly be regarded as a bid for

fame, or even popularity, on the part of the author. However, the

subject can not be ignored simply because it is disagreeable.

Throughout sixty years, to go no further back, the people of America

have been witnessing the strange spectacle of American zoologists, as a

mass, so intent upon the academic study of our continental fauna that

they seem not to have cared a continental about the destruction of that

fauna.

During that tragic period twelve species of North American birds have

been totally exterminated, twenty-three are almost exterminated, and the

mammals have fared very badly.

If "by their works ye shall know them," then no man can say that the men

referred to have been conspicuous on the firing line in defense of

assaulted wild life. In their hearts, we know that in an academic way

the naturalists of America do care about wild-life slaughter, and the

extermination of species; and we also know that perhaps fifty American

zoologists have at times taken an active and serious interest in

protection work.

I am speaking now of the general body of museum directors and curators;

professors and teachers of zoology in our institutions of learning--a

legion in themselves; teachers of nature study in our secondary schools;

investigators and specialists in state and government service; the

taxidermists and osteologists; and the array of literary people who,

like all the foregoing, \_make their bread and butter out of the

exploitation of wild life\_.

Taken as a whole, the people named above constitute a grand army of at

least five thousand trained, educated, resourceful and influential

persons. They all \_depend upon wild life for their livelihood\_. When

they talk about living things, the public listens with respectful

attention. Their knowledge of the value of wild life would be worth

something to our cause; but thus far it never has been capitalized!

These people are hard workers; and when they mark out definite courses

and attainable goals, they know how to get results. Yet what do we see?

For sixty long years, with the exception of the work of a corporal's

guard of their number, this grand army has remained in camp, partly

neglecting and partly refusing to move upon the works of the enemy. For

sixty years, with the exception of the non-game-bird law, as a class and

a mass they have left to the sportsmen of the country the dictating of

laws for the protection of all the game birds, the mammals and the game

fishes. When we stop to consider that the game birds alone embrace \_154

very important species\_, the appalling extent to which the zoologist has

abdicated in favor of the sportsman becomes apparent.

It is a very great mistake, and a wrong besides, for the zoologists of

the country to abandon the game birds, mammals and fishes of North

America to the sportsmen, to do with as they please! Yet that is

practically what has been done.

The time was, thirty or forty years ago, when wild life was so abundant

that we did not need to worry about its preservation. That was the

golden era of study and investigation. That era ended definitely in

1884, with the practical extermination of the wild American bison,

partly through the shameful greed and partly through the neglect of the

American people. We are now living \_in the middle of the period of

Extermination!\_ The questions for every American zoologist and every

sportsman to answer now are: Shall the slaughter of species go on to a

quick end of the period? Shall we give posterity a birdless, gameless,

fishless continent, or not? Shall we have close seasons, all over the

country, for five or ten years, or for five hundred years?

If we are courageous, we will brace up and answer these questions now,

like men. If we are faint-hearted, and eager for peace at any price,

then we will sidestep the ugly situation until the destroyers have

settled it for us by the wholesale extermination of species.

If the zoologist cares to know, then I will tell him that to-day the

wild life of the world \_can\_ be saved by law, but \_not by sentiment

alone!\_ You cannot "educate" a poacher, a game-hog, a market-gunner, a

milliner or a vain and foolish woman of fashion. All these must be

curbed and controlled \_by law\_. Game refuges alone will not save the

wild life! \_All\_ species of birds, mammals and game fishes of North

America must have more thorough and far-reaching protection than they

now have.

Do not always take your cue from the sportsmen, especially regarding the

enactment of long close seasons! If you need good advice, or help about

drafting a bill, write to Dr. T.S. Palmer, Department of Agriculture,

Washington, and you will receive prompt and valuable assistance. The

Doctor is a wise man, and there is nothing about protective laws that is

unknown to him. Go to \_your\_ state senator and \_your\_ assemblyman with

the bills that you know should be enacted into law, and assure them that

those measures are necessary for the wild life, and beneficial to 98 per

cent of the people \_who own the wild life\_. You will be heard with

respectful attention, in any law-making body that you choose to enter.

People who cannot give time and labor must supply you with money for

your campaigns. \_Ask\_, and you will receive! I have proven this many

times. With care and exactness account to your subscribers for the

expenditure of all money placed in your hands, and you will receive

continuous support.

In times of great stress, print circulars and leaflets by the

ten-thousand, and get them into the hands of the People, calling for

\_their\_ help. Our 42,000 copies of the "Wild Life Call" (sixteen pages)

were distributed by organizations all over the state of New York, and

along with Mr. Andrew D. Meloy's letters to the members of the New York

State League, aroused such a tidal wave of public sentiment against the

sale of game that the Bayne bill was finally swept through the

Legislature with only one dissenting vote! And yet, in the beginning not

one man dared to hope that that very revolutionary measure could by any

possibility be passed in its first year in New York State, even if it

ever could be!

It was the aroused Public that did it!

This volume has been written (under great pressure) in order to put the

whole situation before the people of America, including the zoologists,

and to give them some definite information, state by state, regarding

the needs of the hour. Look at the needs of your own state, in the "Roll

Call of States," and you will find work for your hand to do. Clear your

conscience by taking hold now, to do everything that you can to stop the

carnage and preserve the remnant. Twenty-five or fifty years hence, if

we have a birdless and gameless continent, let it not be said that the

zoologists of America helped to bring it about by wicked apathy.

At this juncture, a brief survey of the attitude toward wild life of

certain American institutions of national reputation will be decidedly

pertinent. I shall mention only a few of the many that through their

character and position owe specific duties to this cause. \_Noblesse

oblige\_!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Biological Survey of the U.S. Department of Agriculture is a

splendid center of activity and initiative in the preservation of our

wild life. The work of Dr. T.S. Palmer has already been spoken of, and

thanks to his efforts and direction, the Survey has become the

recognized special champion of preservation in America.

The U.S. Forestry Bureau is developing into a very valuable ally, and we

confidently look forward to the time when its influence in preservation

will be a hundred times more potent than it is to-day. \_That will be

when every national forest is made a game preserve, and every forest

ranger is made a game warden\_. Let us have both those developments, and

quickly.

In 1896 the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY became a center of

activity in bird protection, and the headquarters of the New York State

Audubon Society. The president of the Museum (Professor Henry Fairfield

Osborn) is also the president of that organization.

In several of the New York State movements for bird conservation,

especially those bearing on the plumage law, the American Museum has

been active, and at times conspicuous. No one (so I believe) ever

appealed to the President of the Museum for help on the firing line

without receiving help of some kind. Unfortunately, however, the

preservation of wild life is not one of the declared objects of the

American Museum corporation, or one on which its officers may spend

money, as is so freely and even joyously done by the Zoological Society.

The Museum's influence has been exerted chiefly through the active

workers of the State Audubon Society, and it was as president of that

body that Professor Osborn subscribed to the fund that was so largely

instrumental in creating the New York law against the sale of game.

There is room for an important improvement in the declared objects of

the American Museum. To the cause of protection it is a distinct loss

that that great and powerful institution should be unable to spend any

money in promoting the preservation of our fauna from annihilation. An

amendment to its constitution is earnestly recommended.

The activities of the NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY began in 1896, and

they do not require comment here. They have been continuous, aggressive

and far-reaching, and they have been supported by thousands of dollars

from the Society's treasury. It is true that the funds available for

protection work have not represented a great annual sum, such as the

work demands, but the amount being expended from year to year is

steadily increasing. In serious emergencies there is \_always something

available\_! During the past two years, to relieve the Society of a

portion of this particular burden, the director of the Park secured

several large subscriptions from persons outside the Society, who

previously had never entered into this work.

The MILWAUKEE PUBLIC MUSEUM has entered actively and effectively into

the fight to preserve the birds of Wisconsin from annihilation by the

saloon-loafer element that three years ago determined to repeal the best

bird laws on the books, and throw the shooting privilege wide open. Mr.

Henry L. Ward, Director of the Museum, went to the firing line, and

remained there. Last year the saloon element thought that they had a

large majority of the votes in the legislature pledged to vote their

way. It looked like it; but when the decent people again rose and

demanded justice for the birds, the members of the legislature stood by

them in large majorities. The spring-shooting, bag-limit and

hunting-license laws were \_not\_ repealed.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS (Lawrence) scored heavily for the cause of

wild-life protection when in 1908 it gave to the Governor of the state

the services of a member of its faculty, Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche,

who was wanted to fill the position of State Fish and Game Commissioner.

Professor Dyche proved to be a very live wire, and his activities have

covered the State of Kansas to its farthest corners. We love him for the

host of enemies he has made--among the poachers, game-butchers,

pseudo-"sportsmen" and lawbreakers generally. The men who thought they

had the "pull" of friendship for lawbreaking were first warned, and then

as second offenders hauled up to the bar, one and all. The more the

destroyers try to hound the Commissioner, the more popular is he with

the great, solid mass of good citizens who believe in the saving of wild

life.

THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY has at last made a beginning in the

field of protection. Last winter, while the great battle raged over the

Wharton no-sale-of-game bill, several members of the Museum staff

appeared at the hearings and otherwise worked for the success of the

measure. It was most timely aid,--and very much needed. It is to be

hoped that that auspicious beginning will be continued from year to

year. The Museum should keep at least one good fighter constantly in the

field.

THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY takes a very active part in

promoting the preservation of the fauna of Massachusetts, and in

resisting the attempts of the destroyers to repeal the excellent laws

now in force. Its members put forth vigorous efforts in the great

campaign of 1912.

THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES is well represented in the

field of protection by Director Franklin W. Hooper, now president of the

American Bison Society, and an earnest promoter of the perpetuation of

the bison. When, the Wind Cave National Bison Herd is fully established,

in South Dakota, as it practically \_is already\_, the chief credit for

that coup will be due to the unflagging energy and persistence of

Professor Hooper.

THE BUFFALO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES in 1911 entered actively and

effectively, under the leadership of Dr. Lee H. Smith, into the campaign

for the Bayne bill. Besides splendid service rendered in western New

York, Dr. Smith appeared in Albany with a strong delegation in support

of the bill.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA was the first institution of learning to

enter the field of wild-life protection for active, aggressive and

permanent work. W.L. Taylor and Joseph Grinnell, of the University

Museum, have taken up the fight to save the fauna of California from the

dangers that now threaten it.

At this point our enumeration of the activities of American zoological

institutions comes to an unfortunate end. There are many individuals to

be named elsewhere, in the roll of honor, but that is another story. I

am now going to set before the public the names of certain institutions

largely devoted to zoology and permeated by zoologists, which thus far

seem to have entirely ignored the needs of our fauna, and which so far

we know have contributed neither men, money nor encouragement to the

Army of the Defense.

\* \* \* \* \*

PARTIAL LIST OF INSTITUTIONS OWING SERVICE TO WILD LIFE.

\_The United States National Museum\_ contains a large and expensive corps

of zoological curators and assistant curators, some of whom long ago

should have taken upon themselves the task of reforming the laws of the

District of Columbia, Virginia and Maryland, at their very doors! This

museum should maintain at least one man in the field of protection, and

the existence of the Biological Survey is no excuse for the Museum's

inactivity.

\_The Field Museum\_ of Chicago is a great institution, but it appears to

be inactive in wild-life protection, and indifferent to the fate of our

wild life. Its influence is greatly needed on the firing line,

especially in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and northern Minnesota. First of

all the odious sale-of-game situation in Chicago should be cleaned up!

\_The Philadelphia Academy of Sciences\_ has been represented on the

A.O.U. Committee on Bird Protection by Mr. Witmer Stone. The time has

come when this Academy should be represented on the firing line as a

virile, wide-awake, self-sacrificing and aggressive force. It is perhaps

the oldest zoological body in the United States! Its scientific standing

is unquestioned. Its members \_must\_ know of the carnage that is going on

around them, for they are not ignorant men. The Pennsylvania State Game

Commission to-day stands in urgent need of active, vigorous and

persistent assistance from the Philadelphia Academy in the fierce

campaign already in progress for additional protective laws. Will that

help be given?

\_The Carnegie Institute\_ of Washington (endowment $22,000,000)

unquestionably owes a great duty toward wild life, no portion of which

has yet been discharged. Academic research work is all very well, but it

does not save faunas from annihilation. In the saving of the birds and

mammals of North America a hundred million people are directly

interested, and the cause is starving for money, men and publicity.

Education is not the ONLY duty of educators!

\_The Carnegie Museum\_ at Pittsburgh should be provided by Pittsburgh

with sufficient funds that its Director can put a good man into the

field of protection, and maintain his activities. The State of

Pennsylvania, and the nation at large, needs such a worker at

Pittsburgh; and this statement is not open to argument!

The California Academy of Sciences; |

The Chicago Academy of Sciences; | Appear to have done nothing

The New York Academy of Sciences; | noteworthy in promoting

The National Academy of Sciences; | the preservation and increase

The Rochester Academy of Sciences; | of the wild life of America.

The Philadelphia Zoological Society; |

The National Zoological Park; |

\* \* \* \* \*

A FEW OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING WHICH SHOULD EACH DEVOTE ONE MAN

TO THIS CAUSE.

\_Columbia University\_, of New York, has a very large and strong corps of

zoological professors in its Department of Biology. No living organism

is too small or too worthless to be studied by high-grade men; but does

any man of Columbia ever raise his voice, actively and determinedly, for

the preservation of our fauna, or any other fauna? Columbia should give

the services of one man wholly to this cause.

There are men whose zoological ideals soar so high that they can not see

the slaughter of wild creatures that is so furiously proceeding on the

surface of this blood-stained earth. We don't want to hear about the

"behavior" of protozoans while our best song birds are being

exterminated by negroes and poor whites.

\_Cornell University\_ should now awaken to the new situation. All the

zoological Neros should not fiddle while Rome burns. For the sake of

consistency, Cornell should devote the services of at least one member

of its large and able faculty to the cause of wild-life protection.

Cornell was a pioneer in forestry teaching; and why should she not lead

off now in the new field?

\_Yale University\_, in Professor James W. Toumey, Director of the School

of Forestry, possesses a natural, ready-made protector of wild life.

From forestry to wild life is an easy step. We hopefully look forward to

the development of Professor Toumey into a militant protectionist,

fighting for the helpless creatures that \_must\_ be protected by man \_or

perish\_! If Yale is willing to set a new pace for the world's great

universities, she has the Man ready at hand.

\_The University of Chicago\_ should become the center of a great new

protectionist movement which should cover the whole Middle West area,

from the plains to Pittsburgh. This is the inflexible, logical necessity

of the hour. \_Either protect zoology, or else for very shame give up

teaching it\_!

\_Every higher institution of learning in America now has a duty in this

matter\_. Times have changed. Things are not as they were thirty years

ago. To allow a great and valuable wild fauna to be destroyed and wasted

is a crime, against both the present and the future. If we mean to be

good citizens we cannot shirk the duty to conserve. We are trustees of

the inheritance of future generations, and we have no right to squander

that inheritance. If we fail of our plain duty, the scorn of future

generations surely will be our portion.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER XLIV

THE GREATEST NEEDS OF THE WILD-LIFE CAUSE AND THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

The fate of wild life in North America hangs to-day by three very

slender threads, the names of which you will hardly guess unaided. They

are Labor, Money and Publicity! The threads are slender because there is

so little raw material in them.

We do not need money with which to "buy votes" or "influence," but money

with which to pay workers; to publish things to arouse the American

people; to sting sportsmen into action; to hire wardens; to prosecute

game-hogs and buy refuges for wild life. If a sufficient amount of money

for these purposes cannot be procured, then as sure as the earth

continues to revolve, our wild life will pass away, forever.

This is no cause for surprise, or wonder. In this twentieth century

money is essential to every great enterprise, whether it be for virtue

or mischief. The enemies of wild life, and the people who support them,

are very powerful. The man whose pocket or whose personal privilege is

threatened by new legislation is prompted by business reasons to work

against you, and spend money in protecting his interests.

Now, it happens that the men of ordinary means who have nothing personal

at stake in the preservation of wild life save sentimental

considerations, cannot afford to leave their business more than three or

four days each year on protection affairs. Yet many times services are

demanded for many days, or even weeks together, in order to accomplish

results. Bad repeal bills must be fought until they are dead; and good

protective bills must be supported until the breath of life is breathed

into them by the executive signature.

With money in hand, good men aways can be found who will work in game

protection for about one-half what they would demand in other pursuits.

With the men \_whom, you really desire\_, sentiment is always a

controlling factor. It is my inflexible rule, however, in asking for

services, that men who give valuable time and strength to the cause

shall not be allowed to take their expense money from their own pockets.

Soldiers on the firing line \_cannot\_ provide the sinews of war that come

from the paymaster's chest!

Campaigns of publicity are matters of tremendous necessity and

importance; but their successful promotion requires hundreds, or

possibly thousands of dollars, for each state that is covered.

I believe that the wealthy men and women of America are the most liberal

givers for the benefit of humanity that can be found in all the world.

New York especially contains a great number of men who year in and year

out work hard for money--in order to give it away! The depth and breadth

of the philanthropic spirit in New York City is to me the most

surprising of all the strange impulses that sway the inhabitants of that

seething mass of mixed humanity. Every imaginable cause for the benefit

of mankind,--save one,--has received, and still is receiving, millions

of gift dollars.

Some enterprises for the transcendant education of the people are at

this moment hopelessly wallowing in the excess of wealth that has been

thrust upon them. Men are being hired at high salaries to help spend

wealth in high, higher, highest education and research. It is now

fashionable to bequeath millions to certain causes that do not need them

in the least! In education there is a mad scramble to educate every

young man to the topmost notch, often far above his probable station in

life, and into tastes and wants far beyond his powers to maintain.

In all this, however, there would be no cause for regret if the wild

life of our continent were not in such a grievous state. If we felt no

conscience burden for those who come after us, we would not care where

the millions go; but since things are as they are, it is heartbreaking

to see the cause of wild-life protection actually starving, or at the

best subsisting only on financial husks and crumbs, while less important

causes literally flounder in surplus wealth.

This regret is intensified by the knowledge that \_in no other cause for

the conservation of the resources most valuable to mankind will a dollar

go so far, or bring back such good results, as in the preservation of

wild life!\_ The promotion of "the Bayne bill" and the enactment of the

Bayne law is a fair example. That law is to-day on the statute books of

the State of New York because fifty men and women promptly subscribed

$5,000 to a fund formed with special reference to the expenses of the

campaign for that measure; and the uplift of that victory will be felt

for years to come, just as it already has been in Massachusetts.

At one time I was tempted to show the financial skeleton in the closet

of wild-life protection, by inserting here a statement of the funds

available to be expended by all the New York organizations during the

campaign year of 1911-1912. But I cannot do it. The showing is too

painful, too humiliating. From it our enemies would derive too much

comfort.

Even in New York State, in view of the great interests at stake, the

showing is pitiful. But what shall we say of Massachusetts,

Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, and a dozen other states where

the situation is much worse? In the winter of 1912 a cry for help came

to us from a neighboring state, where a terrific fight was being made by

the forces of destruction against all reform measures, and in behalf of

retrogression on spring shooting. The appeal said: "The situation in our

legislature is the worst that it has been in years. Our enemies are very

strong, well organized, and they fight us at every step. We have \_no

funds\_, and we are expected to make bricks without straw! Is there not

\_something\_ that you can do to help us?"

There was!

Only one week previously, a good friend (who declines to be named) gave

us \_two thousand dollars\_, of real money, for just such emergencies.

Within thirty-six hours an entirely new fighting force had been

organized and equipped for service. Within one week, those

reinforcements had made a profound impression on the defenses of the

enemy, and in the end the great fight was won. Of our small campaign

fund it took away over one thousand dollars; but the victory was worth

it.

With money enough,--a reasonable sum,--the birds of North America, and

some of the small-mammal species also, can be saved. The big game that

is hunted and killed outside the game preserves, and outside of such

places as New Brunswick and the Adirondacks, can \_not\_ be saved--until

\_each species\_ is given perpetual protection. Colorado is saving a small

remnant of her mountain sheep, but Montana and Wyoming are wasting

theirs, because they allow killing, and the killers are ten times too

numerous for the sheep. They imagine that by permitting only the killing

of rams they are saving the species; but that is an absolute fallacy,

and soon it will have a fatal ending.

With an endowment fund of $2,000,000 (only double the price of the two

old Velasquez paintings purchased recently by a gentleman of New York!)

a very good remnant of the wild life of North America could be saved.

But who will give the fund, or even a quarter of it?

Thus far, the largest sums ever given in America for the cause of

wild-life protection, so far as I know personally, have been the

following:

Albert Wilcox, to the National Association of Audubon Societies, $322,000

Mary Butcher Fund, to the National Association of Audubon

Societies 12,000

Mrs. Russell Sage, for the purchase of Marsh Island 150,000

American Game Protective and Propagation Association, from

the manufacturers of firearms and ammunition, annually 25,000

Charles Willis Ward and E.A. McIlhenny, purchase of game

preserve presented to Louisiana 39,000

Mrs. Russell Sage, miscellaneous gifts to the National Audubon

Society 20,000

The American Bison Society for the Montana National Herd 10,526

New York Zoological Society, total about 20,000

John E. Thayer, purchase of game preserve 5,000

Caroline Phelps Stokes Bird Fund, N.Y. Zoological Society 5,000

Boone and Crockett Fund for Preservation 5,000

A Friend in Rochester 2,500

Henry C. Frick 1,500

Samuel Thorne 1,250

Of all the above, the only endowment funds yielding an annual income are

those of the National Association of Audubon Societies and the Caroline

Phelps Stokes fund of $5,000 in the treasury of the Zoological Society.

A fund of $25,000 per year for five years has been guaranteed by the

makers of shot-guns, rifles and ammunition, to the American Game

Protective and Propagation Association. This is like a limited

endowment.

In the civilized world there are citizens of many kinds; but all of them

can be placed in two groups: (1) those with a sense of duty toward

mankind, and who will do their duty as good citizens; and (2) those who

from the cradle to the grave meanly and sordidly study their own selfish

interests, who never do aught save in expectation of a quick return

benefit, and who recognize no such thing as duty toward mankind at

large.

Men and women of the first class are honored in life, mourned when dead,

and gratefully remembered by posterity. They leave the world better than

they found it, and their lives have been successful.

Men and women of the second class are merely so many pieces of animated

furniture; and when they pass out the world cares no more than when old

chairs are thrown upon the scrap-heap.

There are many men so selfish, so ignorant and mean of soul that even

out of well-filled purses they would not give ten dollars to save the

whole bird fauna of North America from annihilation. To all persons of

that brand, it is useless to appeal. As soon as you find one, waste no

time upon him. Get out of his neighborhood as quickly as you can, and

look for help among real MEN.

The wild life of the world cannot be saved by a few persons, even though

they work their hearts out in the effort. The cause needs two million

more helpers; and they must be sought in Group No. 1. They are living,

somewhere; but the great trouble is to find them, \_before it is too

late\_.

There are times and causes in which the good citizen has no option but

to render service. The most important of such causes are: the relief of

suffering humanity, the conservation of the resources of nature, and the

prevention of vandalism. If the American Nation had refused aid to

stricken San Francisco, the callous hard-heartedness of it would have

shocked the world. If the German army of 1871 had destroyed the art

treasures and the libraries of Paris, it would have set the German

nation back ten centuries, into the ranks of the lowest barbarians.

And yet, in America, and in the regions now being scourged by the

feather trade, a wonderful FAUNA is being destroyed! It took \_millions

of years\_ to develop that marvelous array of wild life; and when gone

\_it never can be replaced\_! Yet the Army of Destruction is sweeping it

away as joyously as a hired laborer cuts down a field of corn.

That wild life \_can\_ be saved! If done, it must be done by the men and

women of Group No. 1. The means by which it can be saved are: \_Money,

labor\_ and \_publicity. Every man of\_ ordinary means and intelligence can

contribute either money or labor. The men on the firing line must not be

expected to furnish their own food and ammunition. The Workers MUST be

provided with the money that active campaign work imperatively demands!

Those who cannot conveniently or successfully labor should give money

to this cause; but at the same time, every good citizen should keep in

touch with his lawmaking representatives, and in times of need ask for

votes for whatever new laws are necessary.

With money enough to arouse the American people in certain ways, the

wild life of North America (north of Mexico) can be saved. \_Money\_ can

secure labor and publicity, and the People will do the rest. For this

campaign work I want, \_and must have\_, a permanent fund of $10,000 per

annum,--cash always ready for every emergency in field work. I greatly

need, \_and must have, immediately\_, an endowment Wild-Life Fund of at

least $100,000, and eventually $250,000. I can no longer "pass the hat"

each year. This is needed in addition to the several thousands of

dollars annually being expended by the Zoological Society in this work.

The Society is already doing its utmost in wild-life protection, just as

it is in several other fields of activity.

Outside of New York many wealthy men will say, "Let New York do it!"

That often is the way when national campaigning is to be done. In

\_national\_ wild-life protection work, New York is to-day bearing about

nine-tenths of the burden. It is my belief that in 1912 outside of New

York City less than $10,000 was raised and expended in wild-life

protection save by state and national appropriations. We know that in

the year mentioned New York expended $221,000 in this cause, all from

private sources.

In a very short time I shall call for the $100,000 that I now must have

as an endowment fund for nation-wide work, to be placed at 5-1/2 per

cent interest for the $5,500 annual income that it will yield. How much

of this will come from outside the State of New York? Some of it, I am

sure, will come from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; but will any of it

come from Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco?

\* \* \* \* \*

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

I have now said my say in behalf of wild life. Surely the path of duty

toward the remnant of wild life is plain enough. Will those who read

this book pass along my message that the hour for a revolution has

struck? Will the millions of men commanded by General Apathy now arouse,

before it is too late to act?

Will the true sportsmen rise up, and do their duty, bravely and

unselfishly?

Will the people with wealth to give away do their duty toward wild life

and humanity, fairly and generously?

Will the zoologists awake, leave their tables in their stone palaces of

peace, and come out to the firing-line?

Will the lawmakers heed the handwriting on the wall, and make laws that

represent the full discharge of their duty toward wild life and

humanity?

Will the editors beat the alarm-gong, early and late, in season and out

of season, until the people awake?

On the answers to these questions hang the fate of the wild creatures of

the world,--their preservation or their extermination.

\* \* \* \* \*

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